

Radio Romances

FORMERLY

Radio Mirror

MAY

15¢

CHARLOTTE
MANSON

TWO ON A CLUE

BEFORE WE PART

A Love Story to Remember

A woman with dark hair styled in a classic 1940s fashion, wearing a white lace wedding veil and a pearl necklace. She is looking slightly to the right with a soft expression.

Endearing! Your Skin's Softer, Smoother

with just One Cake
of Camay!

Mrs. Robert W. Strong
Columbus, Ohio

"Try Camay . . . as I did . . . my
very first cake brought a delicate
new freshness to my skin."

Tests by doctors prove—Camay is Really Mild!

It's a dream come true! The softer, smoother look that comes to your skin . . .
with just *one cake* of Camay! So change today, from careless cleansing
to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this *mild* skin care on over
100 complexions . . . yes, on skin *like yours!* And with the very *first* cake of Camay,
most complexions fairly glowed! Looked fresher . . . clearer!

. . . it cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's mildness—proved it can benefit skin.
In the doctor's own words—"Camay is really mild . . . it cleansed without irritation."

Discover for yourself, Camay's helpful care on *your* skin.
Look for the softer loveliness that comes with just *one cake* of Camay.



. . . go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

It's quick! Easy! Takes only one minute—night and morning.
Simply smooth Camay's mild lather over your face—forehead,
nose and chin. Rinse warm. If you've oily skin, follow with
a C-O-L-D splash. It's simple as that! But, oh, how exciting
to see how *one cake* of Camay can make your complexion
look lovelier . . . softer . . . more endearing!



Won't you—make each cake of Camay last as long as
possible? Soap is made of essential war materials.

"Breaking more dishes than hearts, Honey?"

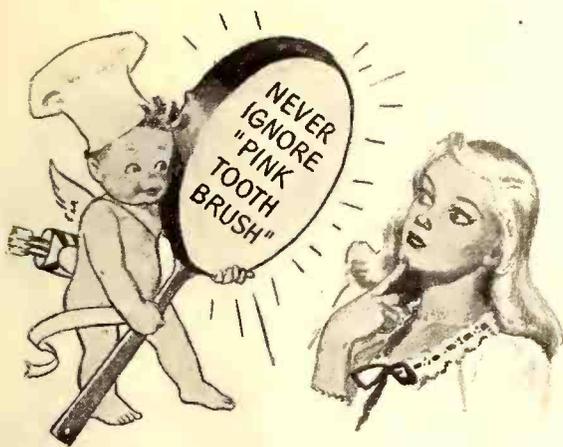


GIRL: Don't know, Cupid. Just seems like some girls are pretty and some girls are dishwashers.

CUPID: Could be, Honey. But you wouldn't be on permanent K.P. around here if you'd smile a little. Sparkle at these boys, Sugar! Go gleam at 'em!

GIRL: Sparkle? Cupid, Baby, with my dull teeth I don't even dare grin! I brush 'em regular as anything, but—no sparkle!

CUPID: Oh? Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?



GIRL: Yes. But what's "pink" on my tooth brush got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Do? Baby, only a mental midget ignores that tinge of "pink." It's a warning to *see your dentist!* Because he may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may very likely suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and Massage."

GIRL: I still want to know, "what's that got to do with my smile?"

CUPID: Please, Pet! When you massage a little extra Ipana on your gums after you brush your teeth, you're helping your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. A smile with more sparkle! Get it? Now get started on Ipana and massage for a smile that'll help keep you out of the kitchen!

For the Smile
of Beauty



IPANA AND MASSAGE

Radio Romances

FORMERLY
Radio Mirror

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ON THE COVER—Charlotte Manson, radio actress—Natural Color
Photograph by Salvatore Consentino, Smolin Studios
Fabric background by Scalamandre Silks

His heart in his eyes ...
his eyes on your lips ... your lips
irresistible in IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED
LIPSTICK! WHIP-TEXT through a
secret process to be creamy-soft,
non-drying, color-true.
Matching rouge and powder.



irresistible lips are

Dearly Beloved

the
bride-to-be
wears

Irresistible ruby red Lipstick

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R! A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR



10c-25c
SIZES

Did You Know?

NEW THINGS TO EAT—The candy of the future, or some of it, anyway, will be made of fruit juices. Almost any fruit juice, it seems, can be candied, or concentrated into tablet form. And how does the idea of puffed banana flakes strike you? They will be a really new taste experience for us to look forward to.

New things to use—No telephone? Console yourself with postwar prospects. You won't be pleading with the telephone company to install an instrument in your home, because very likely you'll be carrying your own portable telephone around with you. The wonderful "walkie-talkie", now made exclusively for the purposes of the armed forces and used extensively by them, is being planned in a streamlined version for use by all of us as we go about our business. How it will be carried, and what it will look like, is still a deep secret from everybody but the designers—but one thing is certain: no telephone subscriber will ever be isolated from the rest of the world.

Even the Post Office Department is hatching plans for the future. One of them is a new type of postal money order, to be used for transmitting less than ten dollars. A time- and trouble-saver, it will consist of a pre-punched card that you can simply purchase and send off, without filling in blanks and standing on line. Also on the Post Office post-war project list is the possibility of talking letters. Many of us have already learned to use personal recordings as means of communication, sending our voices in spoken messages to loved ones overseas, for example. Now the Post Office plans to have a regular system of recording letters, which will then be transmitted with as much efficiency and speed as present-day written letters. The system is already under way in Latin America.

New things to think about—The most important thing, right now—the acute need for nurses as war activity approaches a climax. The Army needs nurses. The Navy needs nurses. They shouldn't have to plead with us for any service we can possibly give!

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Give the Boss a Break, Sister!

Every day the same mistake!
Yet just half a minute
would prevent it!



PRIVATE

Something's wrong all right—and it's *you*, Sugar! But don't expect your boss to point out a fault like underarm odor. It's up to *you* to avoid offending. So step on it, before he buzzes again, and buy a jar of Mum.



Mum does the trick—in 30 seconds. You're safe all day from risk of underarm odor. When you ask for Mum, you say bye-bye to the blues a girl gets when she's frowned on—and doesn't know why.



You're going over big with the boss. And doing fine, thanks, with the rest of the office force, too. Yes—thanks to Mum—one of the most dependable little partners in charm a working girl ever had.



Products of Bristol-Myers

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION

Mum's Quick—Only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you're dressed, even when you're busy, you still have time for Mum.

Mum's Safe—Won't irritate skin. Won't harm fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering.

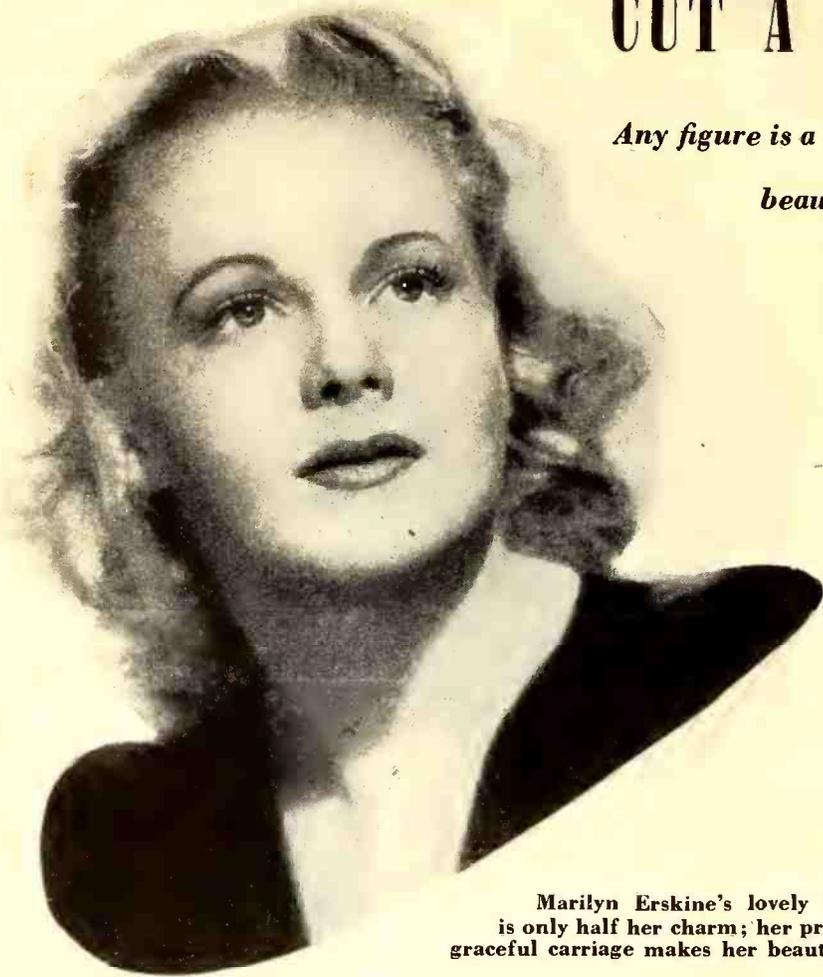
Mum's Certain—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening.

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

CUT A GOOD FIGURE

Any figure is a better figure when it moves

beautifully, as nature intended.



Marilyn Erskine's lovely face is only half her charm; her proud, graceful carriage makes her beautiful.

of it—by flattening your back and pulling your hips forward. How do you feel? Do your stomach muscles protest; have you a dull little pain in your chest, and between your shoulder blades? Don't worry—you haven't thrown anything out of place. It's just that your body, having been in the wrong position so long, is protesting at being so suddenly put back into the right one. It will get used to it very shortly, and you'll feel a hundred percent better!

Another way to make sure that you're holding yourself properly, says Marilyn, is to "stand with your heels and back against the wall, feet six inches apart and toes pointed slightly inward; then flatten your lower back against the wall. Lift your chest, stand tall and straight, chin in, stomach flat, pelvis forward. Now move away from the wall and walk in this—correct—position."

At first, it may seem awkward, and make you feel as affected as a drum major. But just remember you won't look affected to others—instead, you'll appear at ease, being your most charmingly graceful self. It will do more than almost anything you can think of to make you "look like somebody" and make people want to know you.

Don't forget, either, Marilyn reminds you, the old books-on-the-head trick. Can you walk across the room with several solid, heavy books firmly balanced on your head—without spilling them before you've taken more than a few steps? If you can't, you just aren't walking properly and standing properly, and it's time to take steps!

There's a right way to sit, too, of course, Marilyn adds. Your trunk should be in the same position as when you are standing, your hips well back in the chair. Even girls who stand and walk well sometimes dump themselves into chairs for all the world like a sack of flour. If you're leaning forward in your chair for some reason—writing a letter to your soldier, perhaps—lean from the hips, instead of sagging, round-shouldered, from the waist.

"I met a girl at a party recently," Marilyn says, "who really taught me a posture lesson. She had a pretty a face as you could ask for, and she was all done up in her best bib and tucker, with her hair beautifully done and her nails freshly manicured. But when she stood up and walked across the room she simply folded up like an accordion—as if she'd been hit. And it spoiled the whole picture—she just simply wasn't pretty any more!"

YOU can say what you like about exercise and diet—and you can do what you like about them, too—but the fact remains that a pretty girl, no matter how good her face or her figure, is never really a pretty girl until she learns to *stand up straight!*"

That's the opinion of one of radio's prettiest girls—and standing-up-straightest-girls—Marilyn Erskine, who, among her other radio chores is heard daily on National Broadcasting Company's Young Widder Brown.

There are many types of figures, she will tell you, and all of them good to look at—the tall, willowy girl, the cute, little-girl sort, the curvacious kind, the generous, statuesque modern-day Venus—but the one thing that makes a good-looking girl into a breath-takingly handsome one is good posture.

"There aren't any cut and dried rules for a handsome contour," Marilyn says. The idea that certain precise measurements for bust and waist and hips are essential is a long-ago disproved one. A girl may not have a 'form divine,' of perfect proportions, but if she has a good carriage her figure can be much



The book trick, as good as ever.

more appealing than a correctly-dimensioned slouch.

"So, if you ask me how to improve your figure," Marilyn adds, "the first thing to do, no matter what your fault, is to correct your posture. Your whole appearance can be ruined by the way you stand!"

According to Marilyn, good posture means

simply this: chest and head up, chin in, shoulders back, stomach flat and back straight.

Start like this—stand with your feet side by side, your toes pointing straight ahead, your weight resting mainly on the balls of your feet. Now bring your head up—stand tall and proud. But don't exaggerate—don't throw your head back so that your chin points skyward. Chest up, too, but don't overdo that either. Contract your lower abdominal muscles and *make* your stomach stay *in*. By now, if you've followed directions, you probably have an exaggerated curve in your back. Get rid



Whenever you can, try this.



The "bottle bacillus", known to science as *Pityrosporum ovale*, is held to be a causative agent of infectious dandruff by many noted dermatologists.

Don't let Infectious Dandruff spoil your "Crowning Glory"

As a precaution, as a treatment, use Listerine Antiseptic systematically. Don't disregard such symptoms as excess flakes and scales, itching and irritation. They can mean that you have infectious dandruff which *can* and *does* often play hob with your scalp.

It's Delightful, Easy

At the first symptom of trouble get started with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the delightful, easy, inexpensive home treatment that has helped so many . . . and it may help you. Early and frequent applications may arrest a case of infectious dandruff before it can get started, and even if the infection has gotten a head start, this simple treatment may overcome it.

As a precaution against this troublesome condition make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your usual hair-washing. And, if you've been troubled for some time, apply Listerine Antiseptic once a day. If you do not note rapid improvement repeat the treatment morning and night.

You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and follow with vigorous, rotary, fingertip massage. That's all there is to it!

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus", (*Pityrosporum ovale*), regarded by many a noted dermatologist, as a causative agent of infectious dandruff. As Listerine Antiseptic goes to work those annoying flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching, too, is alleviated. Your scalp tingles and glows, and your hair feels wonderfully fresh.

If infectious dandruff has already started, repeat the Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. This is the method that in tests brought improvement, or complete relief, to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.



LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine Antiseptic the Tested Treatment

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS



An undisguised Groucho Marx, lovely Georgia Gibbs, Frank Morgan and Corporal Bill Morrow as they looked before they were all well shaken up together on a recent broadcast of the NBC Frank Morgan Show.



Mad, mad, mad—Danny Kaye's fast-talking wit, his Saturday night CBS show—and his coat.

THIS year marks the Silver Jubilee of Radio. Did you know that? Twenty-five years of radio network broadcasting. Remember the crystal sets? Remember the songs they were playing on the air then? Remember "I Used To Love You But It's All Over" and "Broadway Rose" and "Look For The Silver Lining" and "When My Baby Smiles At Me" and "Whispering" and "Pale Moon"?

For that matter—in these fast, news-packed days, can you remember as far back as ten years ago? Just about that time news broadcasts started to be regular, commercial features on radio. Back, ten years ago, critics raised their eyebrows because Bing Crosby started out emceeding his own variety program. They didn't think he had a chance. Ten years ago, Kate Smith dethroned Jane Froman as the top singer of the year—and no one has budged our Kate from that spot since. Ten years ago, Guy Lombardo's band was voted the leading dance orchestra. And ten years ago, everyone was listening as avidly as is done today to the war news, for news about the Hauptman trial for the kidnap-murder of the Lindbergh baby.

Remember?

Peggy Allenby is a girl who didn't have to stray very far from her home hearth to reach success and fame. Peggy was born at 10 East 50th Street and now she works—and practically lives—at the NBC studios, which are one block from the place where she was born.

If you're one of the fans of the Home Is What You Make It show—to which you should listen, by the way, because it has some pretty good ideas to put over about the place where most of us like to do more than hang our hats—you'll be interested to know that you can now get copies of a handbook put out by NBC's University of the Air.

The subjects covered in the book are—family relations, housing, food and nutrition, clothing, family health, cultural influences in the home, civic



Dorothy Day's refreshing humor rounds out her "Woman's View of What's New," WINS, daily.

interests and household equipment. Each chapter also contains lists of books that you can read, if you'd like to get more information on any one of the subjects. Write to NBC University of the Air for your handbook.

It's a gag—but Danny O'Neill takes it the right way. Whenever the ex-sailor singer goes to a night club to hear other singers perform, he's greeted by the band swinging into "Danny Boy".

Mona Kent, who authors Portia Faces Life, has a fan who saves her a lot of headaches, hours in research and an occasional blush. The fan is a New Jersey lawyer, who goes through all of "Portia's" cases and advises Mona Kent on whether the cases go according to the legal Hoyle—which is known as Blackstone.

Servicemen overseas now have their

own radio script-writing contest. The judges—radio-famous characters like Norman Corwin, William N. Robson and William Spier among them—will select three radio-scripts and produce and direct them for the Armed Forces Radio Service. The scripts are to be penned by GI's overseas, or Navy men on duty. Scripts are to be for half hour shows, either comedy, mystery, documentary or straight drama. The writers will give up only one-time radio performance rights, by sending in their scripts (if they win, of course) and retain any future rights to earnings that may come from future performances. Something to write to the boys about—if they haven't already heard.

Love to watch Cass Daley perform. She always starts out slick and neat—one of the best dressed girls on the airways, we always thought—and winds up by looking like a tossed green salad before the show goes off the air. The frenzy you hear on the air tousles her hair and does things to the hang of her skirt. But fun to watch, just the same.

Jesse Crawford—the famous radio organist—has a deep worry on his mind these days. He's waiting for the din of battle to die down sufficiently to clear the air lanes for news other than war news from abroad. He's worried

about whether the organ at the Aachen Cathedral has been destroyed in the war and would like to hear about same. Jesse says that organ is the oldest working instrument of its kind in the world—and even the Nazis should have felt reverent before it.

It isn't hard to believe, of course, but did you know that Alec Templeton was a child prodigy? He was. And he's one of the ones, we're happy to say, who has come through on all the promise.

Alec composed his first piece at the age of four and he never stopped after that one. He was very young when he won himself a place in England as a concert pianist. And it wasn't long after that before his talent for mimicry made him internationally famous. He toured England, France, Holland and Germany, very much like a medieval minstrel, playing the masters seriously and otherwise and making comic hash out of famous figures and fads.

That's the thing we like best about him, his way of making pretentious music and equally pretentious people seem just a bit ridiculous. Kind of gives you the feeling that maybe you're not always wrong when the urge to yawn hits you in the middle of some ponderous passage of music. And the straight recitals we've heard him give at Carnegie Hall have a way of staying alive and exciting, too. He's got a way with piano keys, that Alec—pretty close to genius we'd say.

Somebody just called our attention to a thing. How often have you heard that one about girls being smarter than boys? We've been hearing that all our lives.

Now comes the information that on the Quiz Kids show there have been more little boy geniuses than little girl geniuses!

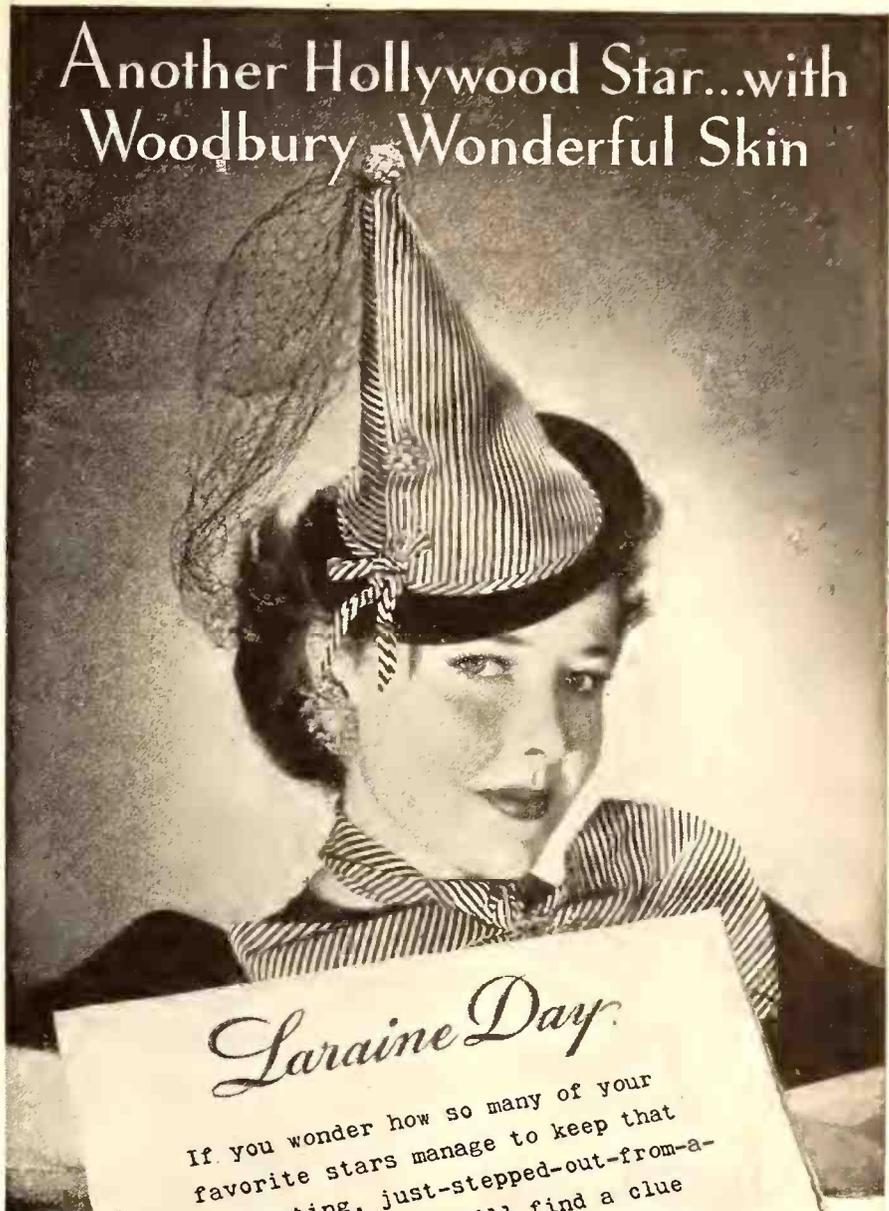
Facts, you want—and here they are. Of the 191 super bright urchins who have dazzled the adult world on the Quiz Kids show, 85 have been girls and 106 have been boys. In contests throughout the country nine girls have come out on top, but more than three times that many boys—twenty-nine of them—have ended up in first place. And, when it comes to high marks in the quiz sessions on the program, the boys are way out in the lead again. Richard Williams, 15, has been among the top scorers 179 times. Harve Fishman, 14, is next with 105. Joel Kupperman, 8, has won out 75 times. And the closest runner up among the girls is 10-year-old Ruthie Duskin, who holds the record for girls with 61 wins to her credit.

It certainly is a changing world. Not even the old saws that we've grown so accustomed to believing are holding up any more.

Sammy Kaye is looking for poems to read on his Sunday Serenade program. If you have maybe written a little gem yourself, or if you've come across a small sonnet that has touched you close to where you live, send it along to the maestro. He's looking for poems mainly that have to do with sentiment and romance. And who isn't? Anyway, send the poems to Sammy Kaye, Blue Network, Radio City 20, N. Y. And then listen.

For our money, some of the very best shows on the air these days are the shows put out by the Army and Navy.

LARAINÉ DAY, STARRING IN M.G.M.'S "KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY"



Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury Wonderful Skin

Laraine Day

If you wonder how so many of your favorite stars manage to keep that enchanting, just-stepped-out-from-a-rainbow look...you'll find a clue in Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. - One cream that gives complete beauty care...the newest Hollywood "facial."

One miracle cream to cherish your skin forever! To do so much more for you than cold and cleansing cream can do!

You'll know when you feel your skin respond to its *cleansing, softening, smoothing* effects. Use it as a *powder base*; as a *night cream* against dryness. And only Woodbury has "Stericin", purifying the cream in the jar, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.



**Woodbury
Complete Beauty
Cream**

... it's all you need!

For new beauty, try Complete Beauty Cream now. 10¢ to \$1.25, plus tax.

Help Yourself -



to a swoonful hair-do when you have no spare time or spare funds for beauty shops... It's easy to twist your ends into flat curls, fasten them with Bob Pins. But be sure to use DeLong Bob Pins because they have a *Stronger Grip*, clamping each curl in place so firmly that you need only one Bob Pin per curl... When you're dried, combed-out and captivating, a DeLong Bob Pin or two will keep your handiwork intact. They're made for wear and tear and your social security...

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
 BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
 SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
 HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
 SANITARY BELTS



Arthur Lake ("Dagwood" of the Blondie series) and Arthur Jr. let two-month-old Marion Rose have the center of the stage for her very first appearance before any camera.

They have ideas and meat and punch and acting and writing. We went out to Governor's Island awhile back and got a slant on how one of these shows gets into the works.

"The Voice of the Army" show is a transcription program that's sent to about 730 radio stations in the country. It's produced by NBC with top flight production men, actors and technical personnel.

The production of each script usually begins with an idea based on the current mission assigned by the Adjutant General to the U. S. Army Recruiting and Induction Service. The idea is discussed and its possibilities are explored and then passed on to the editorial staff of the Recruiting Publicity Bureau. Here the idea is given the works by Col. Le Roy W. Yarborough, the officer in charge, and, if it is found worthy is assigned to one or several writers.

After the scripts are prepared, the editorial staff again goes into conference on it and technical points in the stories are gone over. Sometimes, officers of that particular branch of Army with which the script deals are called in to make sure everything is accurate. Then the completed and checked script is sent to NBC for production. When the show goes into rehearsal and is waxed it is under military supervision.

No wonder the shows are so good. It takes a lot of heads to put one together. A lot of good heads, we might add.

The time to visit the Star Theatre is at rehearsals. Lots of things go on at rehearsals that never get on the air. Al Goodman's voice, for instance.

Not so long ago we dropped in at one of those rehearsals and found the maestro standing in front of the mike, waving his baton and singing—sounded like from the top of his head—in a real soprano, well practically. Seems one of the guest stars couldn't get to rehearsal on time and Goodman was pinching for her—just so they could time the show.

Have you heard the song "Back Home For Keeps?" Seems Carmen Lombardo and Bob Russell, the guy

who pens such nice lyrics, began to be haunted by a series of advertisements—for Oneida Limited—which showed a serviceman returning from battle to his home and his loved ones and they couldn't stand it until they'd written the song around the title of the ads. The sentiment we can understand.

This year, the oldest commercial program in radio is celebrating its 19th year on the air. The first broadcast of the Cities Service show was on February 18, 1927—a long time before Radio City came into existence. Paul Lavalle, who is still working for the same outfit—now directing the orchestra for the Cities Service "Highways in Melody"—was a mere nobody in music then. Paul played the clarinet in the orchestra at that first broadcast.

Jack Kirkwood's front and back yards are something to see, even in Hollywood, where fancy fixings are not very unique. Reason? Jack's gardens are filled with lush and strange tropical plants—plants which he began collecting in the Orient and India twenty years ago when he was busy touring the world as an actor.

There are all kinds of ways to do one's share in the war effort. Linda Carlton Reid—actress who appears regularly in the cast of The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters—does her bit by teaching English and phonetics to refugees. This is part of the work of the Committee for Refugee Education, which is going great guns in New York.

And—talking about teaching—we hear that Boatswain's Mate Sam Brandt, who announces for CBS on the We Deliver The Goods show from the Maritime Service training base on Catalina Island, is also doing a little teaching. He conducts a weekly class for "boots" who have post-war broadcasting ambitions.

We like the story Lawrence Tibbett tells about himself and the night he stopped the show at the Metropolitan Opera with his singing in "Falstaff". Feeling rather good about the whole thing, Lawrence could hardly wait for the next day's papers to see what the

critics had to say about his achievement. Naturally, the minute he got his hands on the newspapers the next morning, he turned to the theatre and music sections—only to find there wasn't even a mention of his performance. That was no small blow. Unhappily, he folded the paper and was about to toss it aside; when he discovered that his triumph was written up on the Front Page!

We've often wondered what Murray Forbes—he plays Willy Fitz on the Ma Perkins show—does with the large ledger he carries around with him. Caught him writing in it during a rehearsal the other day. Murray's working on a novel in his spare time—writes it in long hand. He's already written about 165,000 words of it.

Ronnie Reiss really had a headache for awhile, recently, before he could make up his mind. Vanity finally got the best of the young supporting player on the Miss Hattie program.

Not many years ago, young Ronnie allowed his blond hair to be dyed a fiery red so he could play the part of the second youngest Day son in "Life With Father." Like all the other boys who have appeared in that role in the perennial stage hit, Ronnie eventually grew too big for the part.

Not long ago, Ronnie was asked to rejoin the cast, this time in the role of the eldest son. It's a nice part and Ronnie was sorely tempted—but he wouldn't dye his hair red again.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . Dave Willock—Jack Carson's "nephew" has reached man's estate. He's been signed by Warners to play a featured adult comedy role in "This Love of Ours" . . . Martin Block, announcer on the Supper Club show, is the highest paid announcer in the world . . . Ted Collins' book, "New York Murders" is now selling well on into the second printing—a big thing for a mystery book . . . Eugenie Chapel, the girl who plays Susie on the Mr. Keen show, will soon be heard by American movie audiences as the English narrator for the Russian film "Wait For Me" . . . Keep listening—keep cheerful—keep writing to the boys.



Angel Casey, of NBC's Ma Perkins, is "the girl who . . ." to marines in the Gilbert Islands.

Don't lose your daintiness
when you put on your dress!



Protect your natural
SWEET SELF with NEW
ODO·RO·NO
CREAM DEODORANT

Don't risk losing the feminine daintiness that's yours *naturally*. Yes, your prettiest dress can ruin it all . . . by catching and holding under-arm perspiration odor.

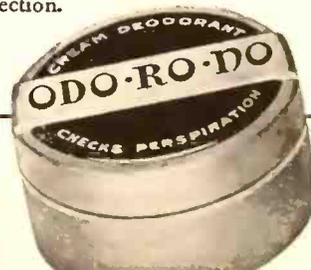
Stop this threat *before you dress* with fast-acting, long-lasting ODO·RO·NO . . . the new cream deodorant that protects you *faster than you can slip on your slip*.

The new ODO·RO·NO Cream Deodorant contains science's most effective per-

spiration stopper . . . protects up to three days. Does not irritate your skin. Can be used after shaving. Does not harm fine fabrics, or turn gritty in jar. No waiting to dry.

So before you think of what dress to wear . . . think of your Sweet Self. Change to new, snowy-white ODO·RO·NO Cream for instant, full, lasting protection.

BE JUST AS SWEET AFTER YOU DRESS WITH



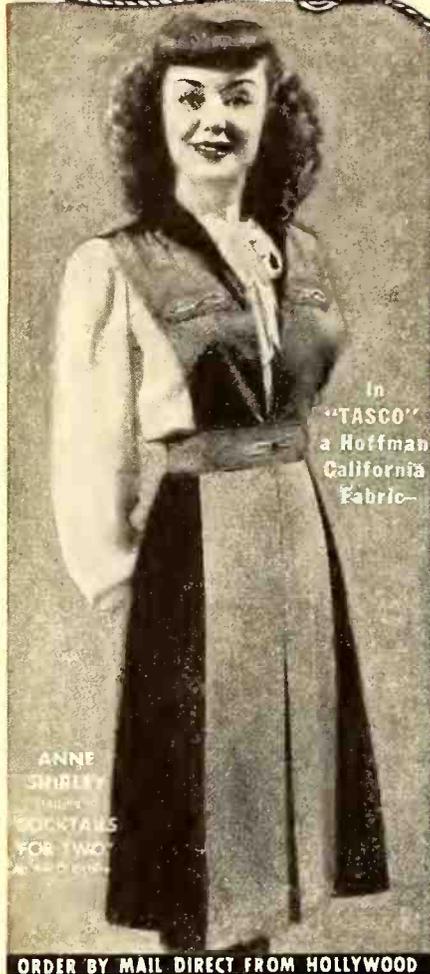
39¢

Also 59¢ & 10¢
(Plus Fed. Tax)

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD PRESENTS

EXCITEMENT
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"NAILHEAD
JUMPER"



In
"TASCO"
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California
Fabric

ANNE
SHIBLEY
DRINKING
COCKTAILS
FOR TWO

ORDER BY MAIL DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD

Twa-tone harmony... glamau-plus tailoring! Smart nailhead trim. Twa-tone idea, slenderizing waistband make you look slim as a reed! Sizes 10 to 18. \$7.98, plus postage.

"Bow Blouse"—Flattering high neck—caquette bow! Long full sleeves! Rich rayon fabric, in white only. Sizes 32 to 38. \$3.98, plus postage.

SEND NO MONEY. WE MAIL C. O. D.

Or save C. O. D. charges by enclosing cashier's check or money order plus 25c mailing charge.

Buy with confidence from Hollywood's pioneer mail-order fashion house!

If you are not completely satisfied, we will gladly refund your money!

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6253 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 28, California

PROMPT DELIVERY!

BETTY CO-ED of HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 932
6253 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 28, California

Please send "Nailhead Jumper", at \$7.98, plus postage.

Flower and Green and Gold and Red and Navy
 Brown Navy (Mark 1st and 2nd choice of color combination)

Size: 10 12 14 16 18 (Circle size wanted)

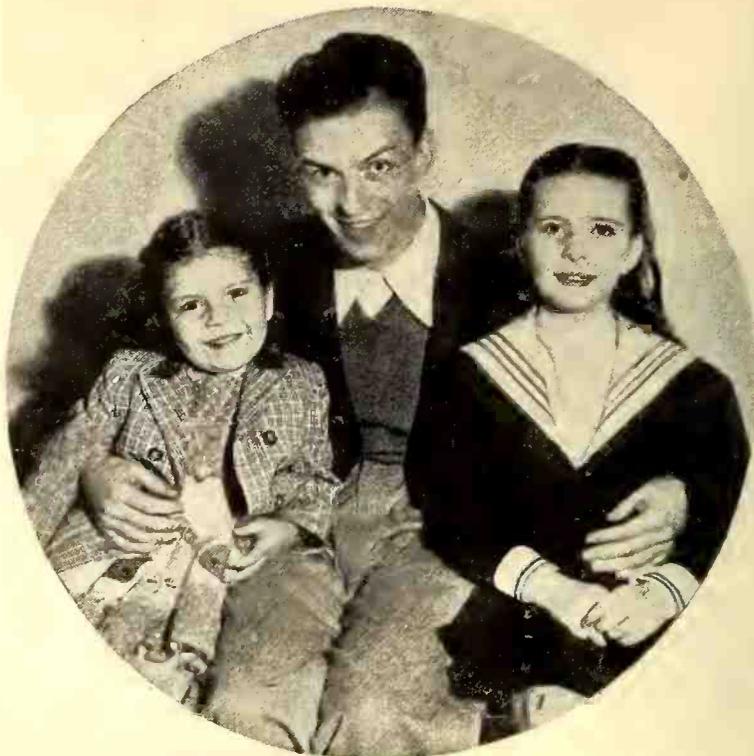
Send "Bow Blouse", at \$3.98, plus postage.

Size: 32 34 36 38 (WHITE ONLY)

(Please print name, etc., plainly)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Zone _____
State _____

Sandwiching Frank Sinatra are two of his favorite women—on the left, his four-year-old daughter Nancy Sandra, on the right, movie star Margaret O'Brien.



FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

WELL-WISHERS are unhappy because Artie Shaw's return to civilian bandleading hasn't changed him any. He's still escorting Hollywood's most alluring females... currently it's the attractive Ava Gardner, Mickey Rooney's ex... and he's still treating his audience admirers with conceit and contempt.

Kate Smith recently made another visit to the Red Cross blood bank, making contributions that total a gallon. There's a gal who really practises what she preaches.

Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, who have been happily married for almost ten years, are launching a campaign to focus attention on the many Hollywood professional couples who are happily wed and live peaceful and normal lives. Such troupers include Burns and Allen, Eddie and Ida Cantor, the Cagneys, Eddie Robinsons, Jimmy Gleasons, the Fibber McGees. Ozzie and Harriet plan to throw a party for these folks and salute them. We think this a good idea. Too much has been written about the marital unions that hit the rocks that it's about time some attention was paid to the happy ones.

Georgia Auld has a brand new

band... The MacFarland twins are reorganizing their crew... Drummer Ray Bauduc and saxophonist Gil Rodin plan to head up a new orchestra... Sonny Dunham returns to Gotham's Hotel New Yorker in May with a CBS wire... Jeri Sullivan, the CBS songstress and Morey Amsterdam, the USO comic, expect to make \$100,000 from their song hit, "Rum and Coca Cola" which the networks prefer to call "Lime and..."

The King Cole Trio, just about the most sensational small rhythm trio to come along in many a musical note, will be paid \$12,000 just to play in a few scenes of the forthcoming film "Stork Club."

Careful audience surveys showed that Jerry Wayne got the most favorable reactions from listeners who tuned in the late but not lamented Ed Wynn show so the baritone was rewarded with stardom on the same sponsor's new Blue network series.

Wayne, who had infantile paralysis when he was a boy, has been climbing up the ladder steadily, almost hit the jackpot on The Hit Parade but got snowed under by the Sinatra craze. His managers believe this is it, so don't

be surprised if Jerry really becomes a big star in 1945.

Mark Warnow has turned down all other offers and will play exclusively for the Hit Parade. . . . Sponsors are angling for Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz when the pair return from their USO tour. . . . Dinah Shore has re-signed with RCA-Victor. . . . Eddie Cantor's daughter, Marjorie, plans a night club career. . . . Witnesses swear they saw Frank Sinatra flatten a wise guy with one blow. . . . Oscar Bradley because of his fine stick work on WE, the People has practically a life-time contract with his grateful sponsor. . . . Jerry Wayne and singer Evelyn Knight really taking each other seriously. They met on the Ed Wynn show. . . . They say that in Bing Crosby's next picture, the Groaner will hardly sing a note. What's the big idea? . . . Nora Martin is a possibility to star in the Eddie Cantor summer replacement show. She is E.C.'s singing protege. Her husband is a serviceman.

PLENTY OF COMO-TION

Perry Como has just about decided that life for him was just one bumpy bus ride after another. Add to this a monotonous diet of warmed-over hamburgers, late rehearsals in drafty ball-rooms, and trying to call some second rate hotel room home, and you'll know why the young singer had his fill of trouping with a touring dance band.

"To make matters more difficult my wife Roselle found the going even tougher," explained Perry, "and who wouldn't, caring for a baby along with it?"

And so after seven years of de-glamourized trouping, a much discouraged and disconsolate young singer surprised bandleader Ted Weems by resigning and going back home.

Home was Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, right in the heart of the steel country. Had Perry stayed home, resuming his early career of tonsorial artist, this story would have never been written. There are plenty of better barbers than Perry Como and magazine space in these paper-rationed days is scarce. But there happened to be a long distance telephone call and the voice from New York belonged to



Coming up fast in the Swooner Race is young Perry Como, of the Chesterfield Supper Club variety show, heard daily at 7:00 P.M. EWT over the NBC network.

Lipstick I. Q. Test

FOR SMART WOMEN



WHAT'S YOUR MAKE-UP TIMETABLE?

Some girls seem to reach for their lipsticks about once every hour. Not you, of course! You're different. You use longer-lasting Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. It holds all sorts of "endurance records"—clings to your lips for many extra hours.

WHAT ARE TODAY'S SMARTEST LIP-

STICK COLORS? Don't answer this one until you see Tangee's exciting new colors. There's Tangee Red-Red—bold, dark and handsome. Tangee Theatrical Red—it dramatizes your lips! Tangee Medium-Red—the fashionable new shade that goes with everything.



WHEN DO LIPS LOOK JUST RIGHT?

When they're not too dry—or too moist. Avoid these extremes by using Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Its exclusive cream base protects against chapping and dryness—yet does not smear.



WHAT'S HER NAME? This is Constance Luft Huhn, one of America's best known authorities on beauty and make-up, Head of the House of Tangee. Mrs. Huhn's cosmetic masterpiece—Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick—gives your lips a soft satin-smooth gleam that adds greatly to their loveliness.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

"Mommy, here's
Speshul
Delivery
News!"



"Hurry up and read this, Mom—"

"Y'wanna keep my skin smooth as satin, doncha? And y'don't want me to suffer from nasty prickly heat, chafing and skin troubles like that? Well, then y'better use the *best* baby powder on me—and that means Mennen Baby Powder—it's *antiseptic*, mild and soothing!"

1. Most baby specialists prefer Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Powder to any other baby powder (and 3 out of 4 doctors say baby powder should be antiseptic)!
2. Mennen is smoothest—shown in microscopic tests of 3 leading baby powders. Only Mennen powder is "cloud-spun" for extra smoothness, extra comfort.
3. Makes baby smell so sweet ... new, mild flower-fresh scent!

"Buy me the
best ...

Mennen!"



Also ... 4 times as many doctors prefer Mennen ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL as any other baby oil or lotion*

IT'S BACK!
50¢ Money-Saver Size
(Also 25¢ Size)

*According to surveys



Eugenie Baird, twenty-year-old show business veteran, is the featured singer on NBC's Kraft Music Hall, starring Bing Crosby.

astute agent Tommy Rockwell.

"At first I thought it was another offer to sing with a band," continued Perry, "I had turned down jobs with Lombardo and Dorsey because I was tired of that life. But Tommy had other ideas. He was going to build me as a singer on my own."

Today the dark-brown haired singer is still a bit bewildered by the encouraging turn of events. His first movie role in "Something for the Boys" was a hit. His phonograph records are stacked like wheatcakes in the nation's juke boxes and he's the singing star of NBC's nightly sponsored Supper Club.

No longer do his wife and schoolyard sweetheart and his five year old son, Ronald Perry, have to roam the countryside following their itinerant bread winner. The Comos live in a comfortable east side apartment when they're in New York and when in Hollywood they live in the fashionable Garden of Allah apartments. The Como income now averages several thousand a week. Not so long ago Perry was trying to make \$90 per do double duty.

Perry comes of rugged Italian stock, who settled in the milltown of Cannonsburg. After finishing school, Perry was determined to get-rich-quick. So in the daytime he ran a modest barber shop and at night he sang at local church and social affairs.

When a friend told him that Freddy Carlone's band in nearby Cleveland was looking for a singer, Perry turned in his razor and hot towel. Carlone signed him. Later on Perry joined Ted Weems. The latter had a fine band. They made recordings. The Tin Pan Alley circle heard Perry on the disks and marked his name in their future books. Unfortunately Weems' band seldom hit Broadway and Perry never had much chance to sell himself personally. Not the pushy type, Perry bided his time, hoping and praying for that big break. After seven years he decided to give up and once again trade back the tuxedo for the white coat of his original trade.

Manager Rockwell first secured Perry a singing engagement in the famous New York night club, Copacabana. He stayed there sixteen weeks.

Then came a \$4,000 a week engagement at the New York Paramount Theater, and a seven year contract from 20th Century-Fox. Simultaneously his first Victor record, "I Love You" sold well over 400,000 copies.

Perry's press agent has a difficult time with his charge because Perry is rather serious in his determination to play down the swoon-and-scream angles in audience appreciation.

Modest and unassuming, Perry doesn't go out of his way to have his increasingly large following cause stage door riots or hold mass meetings. He delights in pleasing his listeners, of course, but isn't flattered by the noisy, raucous variety of reaction from them. It seems very pointless to Perry, who likes to sing, because naturally, when the audience is screaming its head off, what chance have you got to make your singing heard?

"I'd rather sing and get applause instead of screams."

Perry points out that 60 per cent of his fan mail is from men, plenty of them in the services. This, he hopes, indicates that his popularity is of a solid, enduring kind, the kind that can be built upon and will not be exhausted when the audience's energy is. It's particularly flattering, and a tribute to his genuine qualities as an entertainer, he feels, that men overseas who have heard him will take the trouble to write and say that they've enjoyed hearing him.

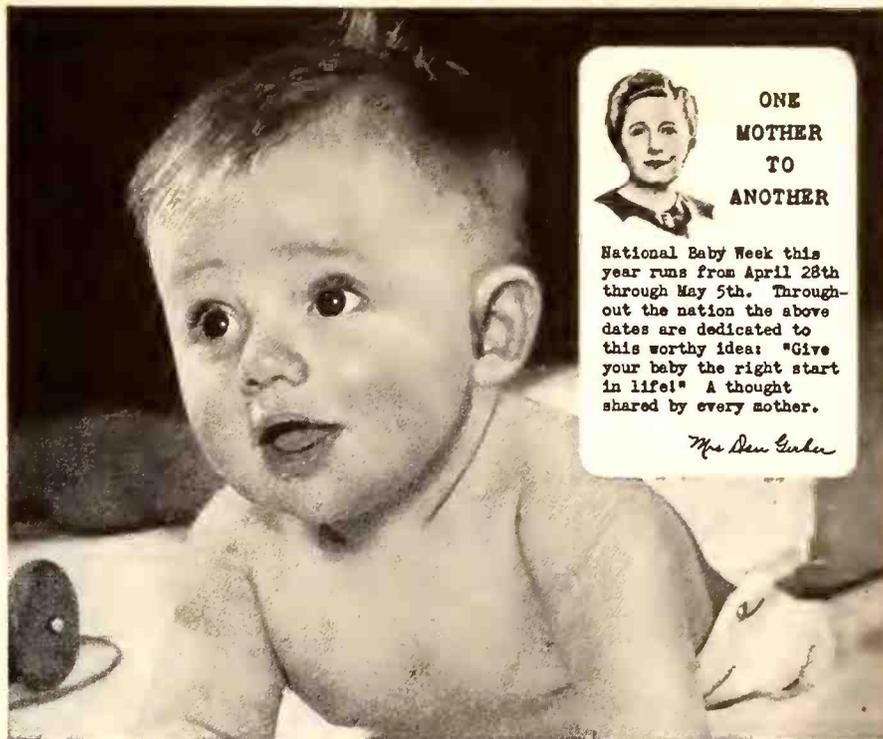
And anyway, Perry says, "Once you've earned some sort of reputation as a popular singer it's not too tough to turn on the heat and get them swooning."

Perry's attractive brown eyes, lithe build, and pleasant manner doesn't make it difficult for the bobby soxers to adore the 33 year old ex-barber.

But Perry has resolved one thing about his belated success. He wants it only for as long as his singing deserves it, and not one moment longer.

"I'm not kidding when I tell you that if I'm doing okay only because I'm swimming upstream with the swoon craze I'd rather go back to cutting hair."

Just to keep in practice Perry cuts the locks of his young son, giving the job an extra fillip because now it's fun.



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

National Baby Week this year runs from April 28th through May 5th. Throughout the nation the above dates are dedicated to this worthy idea: "Give your baby the right start in life! A thought shared by every mother."

Mrs. Dan Gerber

The look every mother knows

The look that says plain as day, "Ah, food—bring it on!" Mothers who serve Gerber's get to know that look very well. Because, Gerber's is famous for: (1) Extra good taste. (2) Cooked the Gerber way by steam to better retain precious minerals and vitamins. (3) Uniform, smooth texture. (4) Every step in the making laboratory-checked. Do as thousands of mothers do—get Gerber's, with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

What's this—iron for babies?

Many babies, your doctor will tell you, need extra iron after the age of three months or more. Both Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal have generous amounts of added iron and Vitamin B₁. Serve both cereals—variety helps baby eat better. Both cereals are pre-cooked—just add milk or formula, hot or cold, and serve.

© 1945, G. P. C.



15 kinds of Strained Foods, 8 kinds of Chopped Foods



Lilyann Carol's recording of "I'll Walk Alone" is a favorite GI request on the Armed Forces Network's Dufflebag Program.

Gerber's
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods
Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

Free sample

Address: Gerber Products Company, Dept. W5-5, Fremont, Michigan

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

Name.....

Address..... City and State.....



COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS

IT'S become almost impossible to twirl your radio dial and not have the voice of Charlotte Manson fill your room at once. She's Marjorie Whitney in *The Romance of Helen Trent*, and she's a regular in *Counter-Spy*, *Gang-busters*, the *Nick Carter* series, *Real Story*, and countless other shows. On the cover you can see the glamour that goes with the voice—and just to be more specific, we'll tell you that Miss Manson is five-feet-five, brown-eyed, and 118 pounds worth of whistle-making figure!

If you wanted to see all this in the flesh for yourself, and if you live in New York City—it's fairly easy. Just do one of three things, the first being to drop by the Barberry Room restaurant, where you'd find Charlotte making backgammon history.

Then there's a second way of seeing her: hie yourself down Fifth Avenue past the fanciest shops—and when you see an eye-stopping brunette in a stunning outfit surreptitiously drawing sketches of some swank shop's window display . . . that's Charlotte! She has the habit of copying the latest modes on exhibit, and then sneaking off to her favorite remnant shops to buy a few yards of some unique material for a song. Then she spends a couple of hours at home over a hot sewing machine—and presto! she advances on her evening's date in a costume that looks like a million dollars and cost just about five.

If neither the Barberry Room (at night) nor Fifth Avenue (in the afternoon) fit into your schedule, there's always the third way of spotting Charlotte. Try the simple ruse of strolling into almost any nightclub. There she is, performing a mean rumba in her newest home-made dress, with one of her bachelors.

Charlotte was fresh out of college, with a Bachelor of Science degree, when she got her first job—which was screaming in an East Coast movie—and she might be screaming yet if she hadn't found her way into the Theater Guild trouts for the play "Ringside Seat." Here she was given the unexciting job of understudy to the leading lady—but, just as in the story-books, came opening night and the leading lady got desperately ill, with Charlotte the Understudy transformed like magic into Charlotte the Star.

Everyone has an amazing year in his life, and Charlotte's was the next year—1940. She was picked to play Bryn Barrington in *Society Girl* for CBS—both for her superb acting and for the reason that she looked like debutante Brenda Frazier's twin. Once established as radio's society girl, she established herself as radio's housewife,

This complete 8-minute 'BEAUTY-LIFT' works wonders for face and neck



Famous HOPPER Method Helps Skin Appear Firmer, Smoother, Fresher with Each Treatment!

Here's a complete de luxe 'Beauty-Lift' you can give yourself at home with famous Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream—one of the most beautifying creams in cosmetic history!

This homogenized facial makes your skin appear heavenly smooth, firmer, with an adorable baby-freshness—after even the first treatment. It actually enhances the natural beauty of the skin.

The HOPPER Method—Why It's So Active
Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face and neck (follow arrows in dia-

gram). Gently press an extra amount of this super-lubricating cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes.

The reason Hopper's Cream lubricates the skin so evenly—so expertly—leaving it looking so smooth and delicately textured—is because it's homogenized! Faithful use helps maintain natural dazzling beauty throughout the years.

Be sure to buy Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream today. You can get it at any cosmetic counter.

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM



Clever, versatile Charlotte Manson—one of radio's busiest actresses, and one of its prettiest, best-dressed girls.

gangster's moll, and any other type of woman you wish, in shows like Myrt and Marge, Hilltop House, Gangbusters and many Arch Oboler plays. Meanwhile, though her radio personality shifted with the hours of the day, she had become a permanent society girl when she wasn't acting—she was invited, as Bryn Barrington, to join many Junior League committees along with top-drawer socialites like Brenda Frazier, Josette Daly, Josephine Johnson, Oona O'Neill (Mrs. Charles Chaplin), and others. On top of being one of 1940's society girls, she was picked as CBS' Good Will Ambassador, and thus toured the United States. Charlotte Manson, the girl from Brooklyn, was the toast of New York and a country-wide traveler.

And at the end of that miracle year, she had to move 1,000 miles from New York in honor of her success—to Chicago, to play the lead in Stepmother which was broadcast from that city. For a year and a half she performed this role, meanwhile being chosen actress of the year by Princeton University; then she played Rose Kransky in Guiding Light. By this time she was so famous in radio circles that Hollywood took note of the lovely girl who looked exactly like beautiful Brenda Frazier and who furthermore, could certainly act. Three different Hollywood executives flew to Chicago to argue with her—but each time they were turned down for new Eastern triumphs.

She had been in Chicago four years when she finally returned to New York because of illness. After only a few weeks of rest she was in the thick of radio life again in her home town, where she still is. Because of her illness, she has added the outdoor sports of horseback riding, tennis playing and swimming to her indoor sport of backgammon playing. And some day—after a successful Broadway play—she wants to finally nod "yes" to Hollywood.

Meanwhile, she's happy acting in a dozen radio roles, wearing stunning clothes to the smartest parties and places in New York, and going out with every eligible man on the East Coast. Maybe Hollywood's men are put out because of her neglect of the film city, but Hollywood women are praying every night that she stays right where she is—a safe 3,000 miles away!

"Problem" HAIR

made lovely again

See how much more you can do with your hair,
how much more your hair can do for you . . .
after an Admiracion shampoo. Be through with



your hair problem! Dirt, loose dandruff, soap film float away . . . and there is all your hair's natural, shining softness! When it looks and feels like that, your hair is so quick and easy to fix that it's fun . . . and your hair's more fun to show off too!

Admiracion Shampoo, at home or at your hairdresser's . . . red carton for the no-lather type, green carton for the foamy type.

ADMIRACION

Shampoo



Are you in the know?



What's best for keeping metal earrings bright?

- Colorless nail polish
- Ammonio and water
- Elbow grease

They'll be all a-glitter indefinitely—if you treat those metal earbobs to a thin coating of colorless nail polish. It's tops as a safeguard against tarnish. And at Kotex time, remember that now there's a new safeguard for your personal *daintiness*.

Yes! Now a deodorant is locked inside each Kotex napkin. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on! A new Kotex "extra" at no extra cost!



Which part of a suit must fit perfectly?

- The collar
- The waistline
- The shoulders

A drape shape demands 20-20 tailoring. Each answer is correct, for your suit should be trim-shouldered . . . the collar nestling close to your neck. And the waistline should jibe with your own (not hit you above the belt). Wrong lines ruin your rating. Especially those "certain" lines that may bulge through when you choose the wrong napkin. So choose *Kotex*—for unlike thick, stubby pads Kotex has patented, *flat tapered ends* that don't cause revealing lines.



A king-size teen looks smoothest if she's—

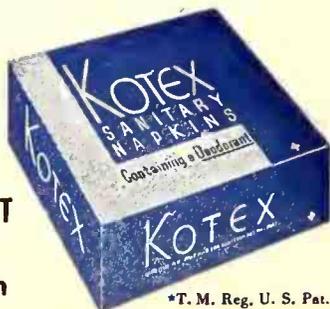
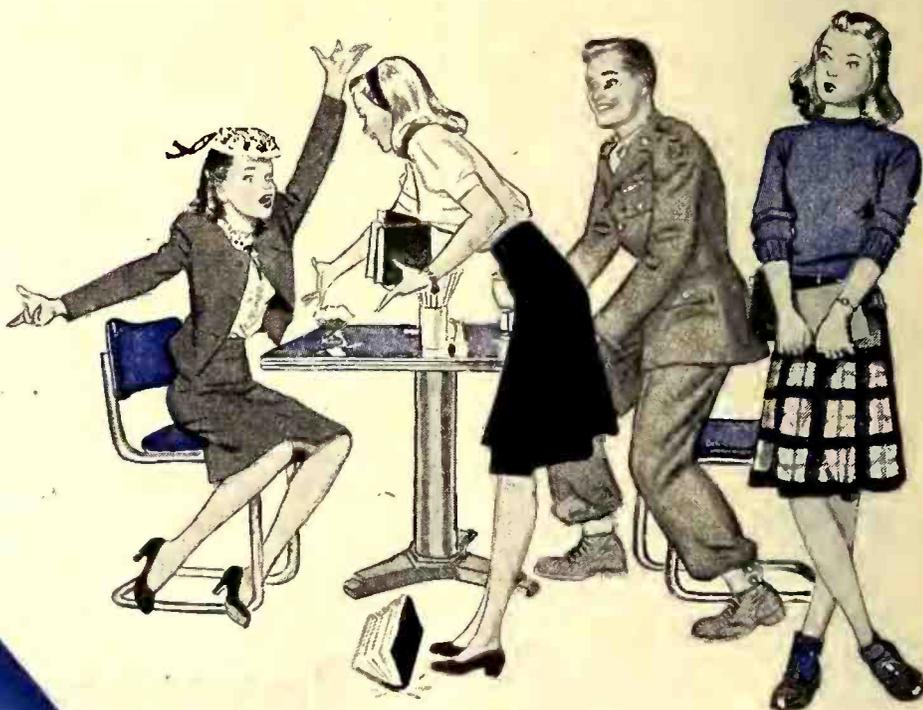
- Wedded to flat heeled shoes
- A frilly dilly
- Posture-perfect

Are you a glamazon? Be proud of it! "Flats" are fine, but higher heels are flatterers. Shun fussy, frilly clothes. Above all, never be a stoop droop . . . you'll look smoothest if you're *posture-perfect*. Poise comes too when you rout the panicky little cares of problem days—with Kotex. That special *safety center* gives you *extra* protection because it keeps moisture from the sides of Kotex. You can feel both regal and reassured, day in—day out.

If your friend doesn't introduce you—

- Should you just stand there
- Walk slowly on
- Feel offended

When pal Julie stops to talk with friends of hers in a public place—introductions aren't necessary. It's awkward merely to stand by. Walk slowly on. Knowing what to do can be such a comfort! So too, at "those" times, knowing your napkins can bring *real* comfort—the unfailing kind you get from Kotex. Far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, the softness of Kotex stays faithfully yours. Without bunching, without roping. Yes, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing!*



Now
A DEODORANT
in every
Kotex napkin

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

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

Before we part

The web they had spun together, frail and lovely as moonlight, yet to Linna strong as steel—was Lance's heart no longer caught in it?



NOW, I can remember only happiness and unhappiness, only joy and sorrow. I can remember happiness so heady, so sharp-sweet that it seemed to set me above all the rest of the world, unhappiness so bitter that it was like chains on my dragging feet. I can remember knowing that I was storing up memories more precious than any treasure, memories to warm me, to keep my love a living thing, and I can remember crying out in the long darkness of too many nights, *what*

shall I do with my memories? Where shall I hide them, where bury them, so that I shall not die of the pain of remembering?

Those are the heights and the depths, the blacks and the whites of feeling. Of the in-between greys of emotion I have no memory. For me, in my love for Lance, there was no in-between.

The happiness came first—in meeting Lance, in knowing him, in being a part of his life and his love, so that we were two halves of a whole, and

A PROBLEM FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR

The story Before We Part was inspired by a problem originally heard on the Good Will Hour, conducted by John J. Anthony



The first time I met Lance . . .

not separate people any more. Even when Lance went overseas I wasn't unhappy. I was sure, as I had never been so sure of anything in the world before, that Lance—my love, my very life—would come safely home to me, that the end of the war would mark the true beginning of life for us, when we could be married, and raise those children we had already named, and live forever together in the little white house on the hill . . . and be happier than any two people ever were. Meanwhile, while he was fighting and we were separated, I had my memories of the past, my dreams of the future, to keep me going cheerfully through the long days of waiting. And—almost—through the longer nights.

We were happy, even, the night before Lance went away, our last time together. Because that night, for us, was not the end of anything, it was only the beginning of a waiting period that had to be. And we were sure enough of our love so that we couldn't let a hint of sadness mar it. Each of us wanted to take away, he in his heart, I in mine, a happy, loving, wonderful picture of the other, to stay us through the months or the years before we would see each other again.

Lance and I went dancing the night he went away. He'd come home for a ten-day furlough before going overseas, and we had spent those days just as if there were no war, and no parting. It was better that way, we told ourselves. We'd go on as if all the tomorrows belonged to us, and there would be no end of them. That way, we could spend our little time together in happiness, and have even more happiness to remember.

And so we went dancing, that last night. Dad gave us the keys to the car, and his precious stock of gasoline, and we set out for The Rainbow, a lovely little inn by the river in Hillside,

the next town to ours. Lance drove, and I rode beside him with my head pillowed lightly on his shoulder. We were quietly, calmly happy, in that wonderful, secure knowledge that lovers have that if all infinity stretched ahead and were ours, we would always feel like this, always be close, like this.

We were glad that none of our friends had chosen this night to dine at the Inn, too. We had dinner, and danced a little between courses, and danced again, after dessert was cleared away, and kept up beautifully our pretense that this was only one of many more such evenings—tomorrow, and the next day, and next week—together. We talked of little things—would a dining room with yellow walls and grey woodwork be better than a dining room with rose walls and white woodwork? Wasn't linoleum, after all, the best possible thing for a nursery floor? Did I think that Mary Phillips was falling in love with Johnnie Parker? When I went to buy a spring coat, wouldn't grey be more practical than black, because then I could wear it over my brown suit, too? Would we make the little white house too quaint and story-bookish if we planted hollyhocks all around it? We filled the

moments with words so that there would be no silences . . .

"Let's dance again," Lance said at last, and stood up, holding out his arms to me. I slipped into them, and felt once more, as I always did, that wonderful, peaceful sense of belonging. We moved out onto the floor, slipping easily among the other couples.

Lance often sang the words of the song to which we were dancing, softly, in my ear. When other men I'd known, before Lance, had done that, I'd hated it, and wished they'd be still and concentrate on their dancing. But with Lance it

(Continued on page 92)



The time the boat drifted off . . .

Never before a kiss like this . . .





*Sometimes at night, when I
lay in bed, I would feel a great
loneliness creeping over me, and
then I would remember. . . .*

GO right in—Mr. Davis's expecting you." From my reception desk I indicated the office of KLMO's Program Director and the fussy little man minced his way in. I couldn't help smiling, thinking how Valerie would mimic him tonight at home. She was apt to be unkind about her boss' visitors, but she was always funny.

Our wheezy, ancient self-service elevator bumped to a noisy stop opposite my desk. Busy morning, I thought, looking out of the corner of my eye as the door slid open.

The young man who had shoved open the elevator stood for a moment, not looking at me, his hand still on the heavy scrolled iron door. Then he did the strangest thing! Half-smiling, his hand moved to stroke the face of the door, almost as if it were the face of an old, dear friend. I sat up, sharply. How could a stranger—? I thought I was the only one who felt that way about our elevator, as though it were indeed an old companion, dependable in its groaning and stumbling as it went its weary ups and downs talking to itself and to me—*I-can't-make-it, I'm-too-tired.*

The stranger turned to my desk. I felt my face grow red. He was young, but he had a look of sureness that just didn't jibe with my silly fancies of a second ago.

"Hello—is Mr. Davis busy?"

"Yes, he is. Do you have an appoint-

ment?" primly. My cheeks were still warm. I knew he had seen my blush.

"I was supposed to see Ben at eleven." So he knew Mr. Davis well enough to call him by his first name!

"Oh—then you're a little early. He has someone with him now. Won't you wait—" motioning to the hard, narrow bench against the wall.

"On that! Have a heart!" shoving his hat onto the back of his head and leaning comfortably over the rail by my desk. "I just got out of the Army—I'm not used to such luxurious comfort." He looked around him happily. "Nothing is changed. It's just the same. I was afraid that by the time I got back here KLMO would have a fancy decor and overstuffed chairs and overstuffed lounges and—" here he looked at me, his eyes dancing—"an overstuffed blonde at the desk."

There was impudence in the way he took in my red hair and slim figure, but his smile was disarming and I smiled right back. I couldn't help it. "Were you here before? I'm sorry I don't recognize you, but I'm new. I've only been here six months."

He nodded. "My name is—" the oddest expression came over his face. He seemed to be struggling with some inner torment; his eyes were swimming; his forehead was purple—"my name—" he began again, "my name—KACHOO!" It was a terrific sneeze! One hand held his handkerchief, the

other waved in my direction, imploringly.

I grabbed for the aspirin on my desk. He waved it aside, pointing at the switchboard. KACHOO!

Frantic now, I filled a paper cup with water and handed it to him. He took it, but it was evidently not what he wanted. His hand shook, spilling the water, as he tried to make me understand. I shared his agony; I wanted so badly to help him; somehow I had forgotten he was a stranger. Again he pointed, sneezing—and this time I got it. I snatched the bowl of roses from my desk and ran with them into the announcers' room.

When I got back he was wiping his eyes. He took a long drink of water and then threw the crumpled cup expertly into the wastebasket.

"Thanks!" he breathed in relief. "Rose fever—hay fever—it drives me crazy! It washed me out of the Army, although I managed to hide it for nearly ten months. But all that hay in Normandy finally got me—I couldn't see a thing!"

Somehow our little comic struggle together had broken down the usual formality between us, created a bond between us. I felt a warm glow of liking for him. More than mere liking—I wanted, almost irresistibly, to push back the brown hair that curled, damply, on his forehead. I wanted to touch his firm, square chin; to smooth

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his rumpled collar. Thank goodness, the switchboard came alive with lights and I was busy for a minute plugging in calls!

But when I turned my head again I found his eyes on me, intent and searching. My own were caught in his, and for a long moment we stayed like that. A moment snatched out of time. A moment that stripped us, suddenly, arrestingly, of our surface selves and we looked deeply, our hearts speaking to each other through our eyes: *Who are you? What do you mean to me? Why did you come here?*

"Thank you, miss. Mr. Davis said to

tell you he was free now." The little man's fussy voice broke the spell. He clicked open the gate and the young man caught its backward swing and strode through.

"Don't announce me. I want to give him that much of a surprise, though he knows I'm coming." Then he paused. "But, anyway, the name is Bill Scott. And I'll be seeing more of you."

I stared after him, my heart plunging painfully, coldly, sickeningly, in my body. Bill Scott! *The Bill Scott!* The legendary figure, the boy wonder who had taken on the job of program director here four years ago when KLMO

was nearly bankrupt and had built up the station until now we were a small, but respected and sturdy, member of the radio family. In a farming community such as ours, KLMO and Bill Scott shared equal honors in the hearts of our audience.

But there was something more. Something that made the memory of my recent emotions seem treacherous and shameful.

Bill Scott was the man who had so cruelly, callously jilted Valerie. Jilted her the night before he had left for the Army. Left her to face the whispers and the gossip and the tears she had

"My name . . ." he began, and then an odd change came over his face.



GO right in—Mr. Davis's expecting you." From my reception desk I indicated the office of KLMO's Program Director and the fussy little man mimed his way in. I couldn't help smiling, thinking how Valerie would mimic him tonight at home. She was apt to be unkind about her boss' visitors, but she was always funny.

Our wheezy, ancient self-service elevator bumped to a noisy stop opposite my desk. Busy morning, I thought, looking out of the corner of my eye as the door slid open.

The young man who had shoved open the elevator stood for a moment, not looking at me, his hand still on the heavy scrolled iron door. Then he did the strangest thing! Half-smiling, his hand moved to stroke the face of the door, almost as if it were the face of an old, dear friend. I sat up, sharply. How could a stranger—? I thought! I was the only one who felt that way about our elevator, as though it were indeed an old companion, dependable in its groaning and stumbling as it went its weary ups and downs talking to itself and to me—"I-can't-make-it, I'm-too-tired."

The stranger turned to my desk. I felt my face grow red. He was young, but he had a look of sureness that just didn't jibe with my silly fancies of a second ago.

"Hello—is Mr. Davis busy?"

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still shed on my shoulder when I had come to be her roommate three months later. I had hated him for what he had done to her. And now there was a terrible confusion in me because of the things I had seen in his face—and the things I had learned of him from Valerie.

I was still staring after him when he reached Mr. Davis' room at the opposite end of the corridor. I saw him reach—but the door opened before his hand touched it.

That was how I happened to witness the meeting of Bill and Valerie.

THERE were others in the hall and they, too, were held motionless. We could hear her startled, involuntary gasp; we could see her face whiten; her instant recoil; her hands shaking on the door jamb. But his face remained perfectly unruffled. There was not the slightest remorse or tremor in his cool, "Hello, Val."

It was over in a second. He strode past her into the office and she walked, trembling visibly, to my desk.

"Get hold of yourself, Valerie," I whispered fiercely. "Don't let him see you care." She stared at me for a moment as if she didn't know who I was, but my words must have had some effect because the color came slowly back into her cheeks.

"I'll be in Studio A if anyone wants me," she managed to say.

Anger poured over me like an icy flood, wiping out the sympathy I had felt for Bill Scott, the delight I had experienced in his humorous charm. There were people, I knew, who practiced charm as they would a profession, and evidently he was one of these. Otherwise he could not have been so untouched at poor Valerie's heart-breaking distress. What a ghastly thing—to confront her like that without any warning! He must have known she still worked for Mr. Davis, just as she had worked for him, Bill Scott, before he left for the Army. It was inhuman—that utter indifference of his.

Twelve o'clock. Janie came to relieve me at the desk and I walked to the elevator, angrily punching the bell to bring it to the top. Protesting and complaining, it ground its way to a stop. But before I could pull open the heavy door a hand reached across me to give it a shove. I looked up. It was Bill Scott.

Without thinking, I automatically stepped inside and he followed me. The door slid shut; slowly we began to descend. The elevator was empty except for the two of us. And in its narrow four walls we were shut into an inescapable intimacy that set my heart to beating in a suffocating panic. I could feel his nearness. Once he even put out his arm to brace my shoulders as the elevator bounced.

"You feel it, too, don't you?" His voice was low and softer than I had heard it before. "This little cage has a personality all its own, like a wizened, bent, but tough, old man who just won't quit. His rheumatism bothers him and his bones ache but he likes being around people—certain people—

so he stays on the job." So vivid was his fancy that, unwillingly, I could see the picture he created—and it amazed me that anyone else could feel the way I did. "I saw it in your face," he went on, "when I walked into the reception room. I knew you understood why I had to say 'hello' to the Old Man." Against my will, dissolving my anger, I felt this subtle sympathy between us. I had the feeling he didn't talk like that to many people.

"Mr. Scott—" I began, with all the firmness I could muster, "I think you should know that Valerie Cody is my best friend. In fact, she's my roommate."

"Oh." Regret and grim soberness changed his voice. "I see. So we can't be friends. I thought that temper and loyalty would go with that red hair of yours. But sometimes it's a good idea to take your loyalties out and dust them off and examine them—all right!"—he said, hastily, as I flung my head back for a furious retort—"don't bother—don't say it. At least we'll have one mutual friend, our Elevator Man. It will be a secret between us." For a moment I thought he was laughing at me, but his face remained sober. And again I felt that tug of sympathy between us, because we had the same kind of crazy imagination.

But the first person I saw when I

walked out of the elevator was Valerie, her eyes red, her chin defiant. And my hatred and contempt for Bill came rushing back. He and his Little Old Man! If that were the real Bill Scott—how could he have treated Valerie so meanly?

"How could he?" It was Valerie and she was sobbing, face down, on our livingroom couch. Our untouched dinner was still on the card table. Darkness had come slowly, in our summer of long twilights, but I had lit the Chinese pagoda-shaped lamp and I sat on the floor under its yellow glow, trying to quiet her trembling body.

"Judy—why do these things always happen to me? Other girls fall in love and get married; other people get ahead in business—but I always lose out! He loved me, Judy! I know he did, even if he never said much. And yet, today, he looked at me as if I didn't exist—as if my feelings meant nothing to him!" Her grief shook her body.

It came to me just then that I was always feeling sorry for Valerie. And that was surprising because she was really better-looking and much smarter than I was. But even in school, when I had been her closest—sometimes her only—friend, I had seen her lose out on prizes that other girls, not half as smart, had won. And I had often refused dates just so that she wouldn't have to

"Don't you touch that phone, Bill Scott—I know what you'd tell him!" Valerie spoke in rage.



spend her Saturday nights alone. But all that was unimportant, compared to her tragedy in losing Bill.

She pulled herself up off the couch, wiping her eyes in what seemed to me a gallant gesture.

"Oh, well, I'd better get used to it. I'll be seeing him nearly every day." Her voice shook.

I gasped. "You don't mean he's coming back to work—to his old job!"

"No—Mr. Davis offered to step out in favor of him. But—" grudging, "I understand he refused. Said he'd like to start in on the announcing end. So he'll

be a staff—a junior—announcer for a while."

While I was still thinking about that, trying to control the senseless leap my heart gave, Valerie spoke again.

"I think I could forgive him if he'd just fallen out of love with me and told me so, decently. But he's gone out of his way to hurt me. I'd been learning the business, you know, and it was understood between us that I'd get his job when he left. But the same day he told me, so brutally, that our marriage was off, he brought Mr. Davis in and introduced him as my new boss." Anger and

frustration almost wiped out the grief in her voice.

Poor Valerie! I knew how desperately hard she worked for everything in her life. Sometimes I felt a little humble before her consuming ambition, before her desire to be somebody.

I shared her ordeal in the next few weeks. I knew what it cost her to hold her head high in the office—because I saw the price she paid for it in tears at night. In spite of everything she said I knew she still cared for Bill, and sometimes I wondered how she could have so little pride.

His attitude toward me made me furious. I could insult him and snub him or even refuse to speak at all—it made no difference. His smile was just as friendly, his manner as imper-turbably affable as if we two had established a comradeship between us. He would save little funny stories to tell me, or some incident that he knew would amuse me—and no one else. I could almost believe that he was as calculating as Valerie said he was. Certainly he knew my weak spot; knew that there was a reckless spring of laughter in me that bubbled out at his kind of gentle, ridiculous humor.

"You know, Judy—" he would say, lounging over the rail at my desk—"you know that old-fashioned goose-neck microphone we have in Studio B? Well, I suppose I shouldn't have been so impolite but I called it the Old Gander the other day and—you know—the darn thing hissed back at me! And right in the middle of the soup commercial, too!" He looked so righteously indignant—it was all I could do to keep my face coldly averted.

BILL went right on talking. "I like this announcing, Judy. Gives me a new slant on programs. I've been thinking lately that the farmers around here might like a program, a dramatization of war stories that have to do with food and supplies, things that would particularly interest farmers. If I can get the War Department interested—"

"Don't you think that's Mr. Davis' job—not yours?"

"Right you are." He would smile, not at all bothered by my rudeness. And, tossing his cigarette away, he would give me a friendly salute and saunter away. Sometimes I would feel a little contrite. It wasn't like me to be rude. But then I would remember that underneath that pleasant, handsome exterior Bill Scott was utterly ruthless, coldly self-centered, a man who worked at his charm for what it might bring him.

It was the next day, I think, that little Velma from the Music Department rushed up to my desk panting and waving a slip of paper.

"Judy—rush these changes into Studio B, quick! I have a long-distance call—I'll watch your switchboard. But I made a mistake and gave the announcer next week's program instead of this week's—but he still has this week's records! He goes on in ten seconds!"

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Your hand

Pat carried a love song in h



in mine

heart—but, although the melody rose strong and clear, she wasn't sure of the words

HAVE you ever had the feeling of being able to tell, without apparent reason, when things are going to go wrong? You suddenly find your throat dry and your heart thumping convulsively, and you catch your breath at every sound. Your very spirit seems to cringe before the unseen, unknown blow about to fall.

I felt that way one morning, several months ago, as I faced my husband across the breakfast table. For a long time—almost from the very day of our marriage—things had not gone too well between Tom and me. But those small disturbances, the strange little wall between us—built of nothing, but which neither of us could seem to break through or surmount—had become so much a part of our life together that I was no longer consciously aware of it. This was different.

Ever since we'd come downstairs, I'd been conscious of some vague inner disturbance which I had impatiently labeled "nerves," and tried to brush aside. But little shivers of apprehension continued to run warning signals along my nerves. Even the sunny breakfast nook, with its crisp organdy curtains and gay, rose-trellised windows, seemed somehow ominous.

I tried to reason it away. Tom had a hangover, I told myself, and that was what was wrong. But there was nothing unusual in that. Not unusual enough to be called a reason for my being upset. But I was.

Tom sat with averted face, screened by the morning paper. Silently I refilled his coffee cup. I gulped down my own coffee, and found that my hand shook, so that I spilled some of it on the bright yellow of the tablecloth. Lack of sleep, I told myself grimly. Lack of sleep, and worry about Tom.

Tom . . . I wished suddenly that I could see through the paper, and find that his face had changed. Find that all the worry-lines had smoothed out, that the puffy, unhealthy-looking dark circles beneath his eyes had flattened away, that the skin of his cheeks had become firm over the bones again, that the mouth had lost its slackness. Sud-

denly, I was afraid for him. Before, I had been only annoyed, or angry, or even fastidiously revolted. Before, I had only cringed from the thought that people, when I passed them on the street, would whisper to each other, "Poor Mrs. Farnum—her husband drinks, you know!"

Now I was sorry for him, sorry and frightened. I wished that I could pull down that wall between us, as easily as I might reach across the table and pull down the paper that hid his face. But he was as far away as if he were on another planet, and there was no way of reaching him. No way of making him care—care that he was on his way to losing his job, his reputation. Care that Dr. Graves had warned him repeatedly that his heart wouldn't stand the strain of his drinking much longer. That was the trouble—the whole trouble—with Tom. He didn't care, anymore, I told myself.

I looked at my wrist watch impatiently, putting a definite period to my thoughts. This was an old problem. I had worried at it so many times before, and just as fruitlessly. There was no use in starting an argument now. There had been too many of those, all alike, all ending in bitterness, never reaching any conclusion or solution. No, better to say nothing, and get off to work. I'd be late if I waited any longer.

I swallowed the last of my coffee. "Feel better?" I asked casually, knowing from long experience that it was better to sound as if I didn't really care.

Tom nodded without lowering his paper.

But this morning I couldn't let it go at that. "Anything special the matter?" I prodded. "You aren't sick, are you?" This time I couldn't keep the concern out of my voice, though I knew it irritated him. Dr. Graves had frightened me, even if he hadn't managed to frighten Tom.

Tom put his paper down at last, and looked at me. The fear of a few moments before, the premonition of trouble, came flooding back to me.

"See here, Pat," he said, his mouth tensing to a straight line, "I don't like my wife getting letters from another man. I won't have it! Understand?"

I stared at him in amazement.

"Tom, are you crazy?" My voice took on once more the sharp, rasping quality which seemed reserved for Tom these last few months, and even in my astonishment I tried to calm it, lower it. "I haven't had a letter in days—not from anyone, let alone some strange man. What are you talking about anyway?"

"I didn't say a *strange* man. I'm talking about this. It came this morning." He hesitated a moment, a hard light flickering in his eyes, and then he reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a letter; looking at it a moment before he flipped it across the table to me. "It's from Jeff, of course."

I could feel the blood drain from my face as I looked at the smudged envelope. I stared at the French postmark while my throat clogged, swelling until I could feel the pulse in my neck.

"Aren't you going to open it?"

I nodded. "It's—it's a shock, hearing from him after so long a time." I felt my voice tapering to a whisper, and couldn't help it. "I—I was afraid he was dead. I haven't heard a word from him—not since . . ."

Tom's voice was unpleasant. "Go ahead—why not say it? You haven't heard from him since he jilted you."

His words were a flood of cold water spilling over me, cooling me. Pride came to my rescue, and I managed to speak naturally again.

"Yes, that's right. I haven't heard from him since—then, if you must be nasty about it."

Tom laughed. "Why not? Do you think I enjoy seeing my wife make a fool of herself about a man who didn't want her?"

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Adapted from "Thought" by Ralph Rose, heard on CBS' Stars Over Hollywood.

Your hand in mine

Pat carried a love song in her heart—but, although the melody rose strong and clear, she wasn't sure of the words



HAVE you ever had the feeling of being able to tell, without apparent reason, when things are going to go wrong? You suddenly find your throat dry and your heart thumping convulsively, and you catch your breath at every sound. Your very spirit seems to cringe before the unseen, unknown blow about to fall.

I felt that way one morning, several months ago, as I faced my husband across the breakfast table. For a long time—almost from the very day of our marriage—things had not gone too well between Tom and me. But those small disturbances, the strange little wall between us—built of nothing, but which neither of us could seem to break through or surmount—had become so much a part of our life together that I was no longer consciously aware of it. This was different.

Ever since we'd come downstairs, I'd been conscious of some vague inner disturbance which I had impatiently labeled "nerves," and tried to brush aside. But little shivers of apprehension continued to run warning signals along my nerves. Even the sunny breakfast nook with its crisp organza curtains and gay, rose-trellised windows, seemed somehow ominous.

I tried to reason it away. Tom had a hangover, I told myself, and that was what was wrong. But there was nothing unusual in that. Not unusual enough to be called a reason for my being upset. But I was.

Tom sat with averted face, screened by the morning paper. Silently I refilled his coffee cup. I gulped down my own coffee, and found that my hand shook, so that I spilled some of it on the bright yellow of the tablecloth. Lack of sleep, I told myself grimly. Lack of sleep, and worry about Tom.

Tom . . . I wished suddenly that I could see through the paper, and find that his face had changed. Find that all the worry-lines had smoothed out, that the puffy, unhealthy-looking dark circles beneath his eyes had flattened away, that the skin of his cheeks had become firm over the bones again, that the mouth had lost its sickness. Sud-

denly, I was afraid for him. Before, I had been only annoyed, or angry, or even fastidiously revolted. Before, I had only cringed from the thought that people, when I passed them on the street, would whisper to each other, "Poor Mrs. Farum—her husband drinks, you know!"

Now I was sorry for him, sorry and frightened. I wished that I could pull down that wall between us, as easily as I might reach across the table and pull down the paper that hid his face. But he was as far away as if he were on another planet, and there was no way of reaching him. No way of making him care—care that he was on his way to losing his job, his reputation. Care that Dr. Graves had warned him repeatedly that his heart wouldn't stand the strain of his drinking much longer. That was the trouble—the whole trouble—with Tom. He didn't care, anymore, I told myself.

I looked at my wrist watch impatiently, putting a definite period to my thoughts. This was an old problem. I had worried at it so many times before, and just as fruitlessly. There was no use in starting an argument now. There had been too many of those, all alike, all ending in bitterness, never reaching any conclusion or solution. No, better to say nothing, and get off to work. I'd be late if I waited any longer.

I swallowed the last of my coffee. "Feel better?" I asked casually, knowing from long experience that it was better to sound as if I didn't really care.

Tom nodded without lowering his paper.

But this morning I couldn't let it go at that. "Anything special the matter?" I prodded. "You aren't sick, are you?" This time I couldn't keep the concern out of my voice, though I knew it irritated him. Dr. Graves had frightened me, even if he hadn't managed to frighten Tom.

Tom put his paper down at last, and looked at me. The fear of a few moments before, the premonition of trouble, came flooding back to me.

"See here, Pat," he said, his mouth tensing to a straight line, "I don't like my wife getting letters from another man. I won't have it! Understand?"

I stared at him in amazement.

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could speak. I felt suddenly as if everything in the world had stopped except the beating of my heart. I half rose from the table and then sank back again. It wouldn't do to carry this letter away unopened. "I'll see what he says," I forced myself to say quietly.

It was little enough. A friendly letter, that might have been written to anyone. Not at all the kind of letter a girl expects and hopes for from the man she loved all her childhood, all her girlhood, whom she once expected to marry, and whose very name, even now, could make her heart stand still in her throat. Strange, I thought dully, as I handed the letter across the table to Tom. How he must have changed . . . and he doesn't even know that I am married.

Tom read it through swiftly, flung it down on the table. "Not much in it, is there, Pat. Not much that you'd be looking for anyway. Oh, Pat—it's perfectly obvious that the man doesn't care a damn about you, and never did!"

When I didn't answer, he stared sharply across at me, commanding my eyes to his, "You still love him," Tom accused flatly.

"Tom—"

"You still love him. That's why we've made such a mess of our marriage. You've only pretended—to yourself and to me—that you cared about me. Whenever I've touched you, it's been his touch you've dreamed about. Whenever you speak my name, you're thinking his. You've never forgotten him—never for one moment forgotten him!"

"Tom, that's not true . . ." And then

*The months would be very short,
for love lay at the end of them.*



my voice faded away. Or was it? Was it true? Our marriage, our life together—Tom's and mine—was a failure. And yet Tom had been truly in love with me—and still was, I knew somehow, in spite of everything. That's one thing every woman knows—when she is loved. But was he right, when he said that my love for him was only pretense? It was now—or, rather, I had given up all pretense. But—at first? It was true that I hadn't forgotten Jeff. Even if I had wanted to, I couldn't have. Tom wouldn't let me—his jealousy had been a whip, lashing my memory to sharp, reluctant life. Reluctant at first, at least—pride had made me anxious to forget, if I could, the boy who had gone away, who had so easily put me out of his life.

TOM's eyes, hard and unyielding, met mine. "Well, why don't you say something? Can't you talk?"

I was conscious of a white-hot rage welling up in me. And yet I wanted to be fair. I continued to look at Tom, trying to get a true perspective. But I couldn't. My emotions were too mixed up, too muddled. Finally I managed to speak—and in my own ears I sounded cool and impersonal, as if I were talking to a stranger.

"If I didn't answer you, it was because I didn't know what to say. I still don't. What can I say to you. If I say that all of these things you talk about are figments of your own mind, you won't believe me. And perhaps you're right. I don't know. I don't know what's happened to us, honestly I don't, Tom. But I know that we can't go on like this, forever and forever quarreling about something, anything. There's no dignity, no real decency in it. We've been married five years, and you still don't trust me. Even a letter throws you off balance. Look at you! Your shirt looks as if you'd slept in it. Your tie—even your face. Once you wouldn't have come to the table without shaving. Now you haven't even thought of it!"

That reached him. Blood mounted slowly into his face, and I could see his hands shaking against the yellow tablecloth. He felt it too, and thrust them abruptly into the pockets of his coat.

His voice, when he answered, was surly. "You knew what you were doing when you married me. You knew you were making a bad bargain. You knew you were taking second best. What did you expect?"

I felt the familiar desire to get away from him, to run away and put an end to the bickering . . . and put an end to the nagging little feeling of guilt that sometimes came to me when we fought like this.

"I'm not quite sure what I expected, Tom," I said, getting to my feet again. "I think, perhaps, that I expected you to stay as you were when I married you, and not to change into—what you are now. And now I am going to work—I'm late as it is."

I marched swiftly by him, but he put out a hand to catch mine.

"Pat—you know I love you. You know that, don't you, Pat?"

At the note of torment in his voice, my anger left me as suddenly as it had come. "Yes," I told him honestly, "I know that. And stop worrying, Tom. Stop making up things to torture yourself and me with. There's no need of it. I'm your wife, and all that happened before I married you was finished on our wedding day. Believe that!"

They were brave words. But were they true? All day as I sat in the office my mind kept running away—back into the past. Perhaps we could never get away from the past, Tom and I—perhaps it would haunt us all our lives. I didn't want to think of Jeff. I wanted to forget him. And Tom didn't want to think of him, either. It was like a sore that will not heal, with Tom. Tom, who had loved me all my life, but who, until Jeff went away, had always had to be the one to step aside. It was Jeff I'd loved then, and Tom knew it.

The three of us had grown up together. Jeff—dark, charming, appealing, in appearance more like his French mother than his American father, who had died when I was fourteen. Jeff was nineteen at that time, and during the two years that followed his father's death he tried in vain to rouse her from a threatened physical collapse brought on by his father's death. The only thing that seemed to interest her then was her intense desire to go back to France. Finally Jeff had agreed to take her back. Fortunately, his father had left them a little money, and Jeff had been working, of course, so that money wasn't much of a problem.

With me, it was. I had to help earn the family living. As soon as I was out of high school I took a business course to prepare to take care of myself, and to help take care of Mother.

I wasn't too much troubled when Jeff left. After all, it wasn't to be for long, and we were engaged. He would be back, he said, just as soon as he had established his mother with her relatives, and it was safe to leave her. And for a while, after he left, I had the sweet memory of our last time together to cling to.

It was summer, then. Dusk was just closing in, tinting the world with a rosy haze left over from the setting of the sun. The garden was scented with breath-taking magic. And best of all, Jeff was at my side.

We sat very still in the twilight, looking at each other, the knowledge of the coming separation waking us to new, sharp awareness. Suddenly I could feel my eyes filling with tears.

"Don't, dearest," Jeff begged. "Don't cry. There's no reason. I hate to leave you, but it won't be for long. I'll be back—and you'll be waiting. You will wait, won't you, Pat—wait for me?"

I nodded, my throat too full of the sweet ache of love, the sad ache of parting, to speak.

His eyes were serious, his face suddenly mature. "You won't be sorry, dearest." Then, with wonder, "You're so beautiful, Pat. Your eyes are a pool of stars. I'm lost in them, and I'm afraid I'll never find myself again."

That was late in 1937. The next two years brought (Continued on page 75)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Two on a Clue

—two Spencers who add up to one Master Mind



LET us imagine that you are starting off for a quiet evening with some old friends. All the dinner dishes are done, and off you go to have a lovely time over the bridge table. Seems simple, doesn't it? But it isn't! Not if you happen to be Jeff and Debby Spencer. Time after time, the Spencers will start out for such a pleasant, harmless evening—and time after time, all they get is trouble. They just can't go round the corner without bumping into murder; and no sooner have they solved one than they find another on their hands.

Two on a Clue heard daily, 2:00 P.M. EWT, over CBS

JEFF SPENCER doesn't want to be a detective. He's a good lawyer, a good father, a good citizen, and he feels that these three jobs are enough for any one man. But somehow, each crime he comes across is like a personal challenge; he can't rest until he has painstakingly, relentlessly run the criminal into the ground. Fortunately for his happy home life, his wife Debby is every bit as fascinated as he is by the complicated workings of the criminal mind, and every bit as talented at unraveling a mystery. So wherever Jeff goes, Debby comes along to help him into and out of trouble.

(Jeff Spencer is played by Ned Wever)





DEBBY SPENCER sometimes seems as giddy as the little hats she perches on her bright red hair—but she isn't. The mind underneath those hats functions as sharply and as swiftly as her lawyer husband's; very often it is Debby who sees the answer to a problem long before Jeff has seen the problem. Debby is misleading because she approaches everything—dish-washing, mystery, or the disciplining of her young son Mickey—in the same gay, lively spirit. Sometimes Jeff thinks she is being altogether too lively and too audacious, but there isn't anything Debby is afraid of. (Debby Spencer is played by Louise Fitch)



IT'S beginning to look as though any member of the Spencer family can make **SERGEANT CORNELIUS TRUMBULL** look foolish. Not only do Jeff and Debby have to show the honest Sergeant how the mystery comes out, but it takes their nine-year-old son **MICKEY** to explain to him which end of the model airplane is up. Nevertheless, the Sergeant keeps hoping that some day, somehow, he'll get to the answer first. (Sgt. Trumbull played by John Gibson; Mickey by Ronny Liss)



MICKEY is often left with kindly **MRS. GROVER**, the Spencers' nextdoor neighbor, on nights when his active young parents are off on the trail of some public enemy. Mickey doesn't mind Mrs. Grover's overseeing while he slaves over his homework, but he feels that she doesn't quite understand how much nourishment a man needs in order to keep going—particularly the chocolate-covered variety. So, when he can't get what he wants by asking, he often resorts to guile.

(Mrs. Grover played by
Kate McComb)



Stranger's Kiss

Who was Cappy Scanlon? No one knew—not even Joanne, who gave him her heart

EVERYONE knew me in Ellenville. The town had been named for my great-grandfather, and I was the daughter of John Ellen, the founder of Ellen House. I was a person in my own right, too—I'd been running Ellen House, the mainstay of the town's resort business, ever since my father had died.

Nobody knew Cappy Scanlon at all. He came to Ellen House in May, the month out of all the year that I loved best. I was rested then, after the winter months in which the house was closed to trade, and I loved the bustle of cleaning, ordering new equipment and re-furnishing old, getting everything ready

From Stars Over Hollywood's "The Dear Children," by Monita Caldwell and Helen Kerr.

for Memorial Day, when the first guests would arrive to open the season. I was washing the windows at the front entrance, and I was busy with my own job, and with keeping an eye on the girls who were cleaning the front hall and on Ed Jenson, the handy-man-porter-gardener, who was turning the hose on the wicker porch furniture. I didn't hear the footsteps on the gravel drive, didn't know that I had a visitor until a voice spoke at my elbow.

"I BEG YOUR PARDON," said the voice, "but can you tell me where I'll find the proprietor?"

I turned. He was a tall, thin young man, who moved rather carefully, as if he did not quite trust his muscles. He carried a crumpled gray hat in one hand, and in the other a small traveling bag. His dark red hair, I noticed, was almost exactly the same shade as mine.

"I'm the proprietor," I said with as much dignity as I could summon, with my head bound in a towel and my arms running soapy water to the elbows.

His gray eyes twinkled a little, but he spoke gravely. "Then you're Miss Joanne Ellen," he said. "I'm Cappy Scanlon. They told me in the village that you might have a job for me."

"What sort of job do you want?"

"Well..." his eyes roved over the stately red brick front of the building,

rested briefly on Ed and the wicker furniture, "I could paint this entrance for you, to begin with."

I stiffened. The entrance did need painting, and I'd been wondering how Ed would find time to do it. But to have a stranger tell me about it was like—well, it was like his making a decision for me.

He went on, "And I could spray those wicker chairs, if you've a little green paint around. They'll dry light after this washing, you know, and they'll look kind of faded. And—oh, I'd find things to do. You see, I—I'd like to work here." He looked out across the trim green lawns and the big old trees, at Fairly's Field, which bordered our land, at the blue waters of the Curling River below us. "It's the most beautiful spot I've ever seen."

My brief resentment vanished. "My great-grandfather built it," I said proudly. "It was his home. He had a flour mill back in the steamboat days, but the mill vanished with the steamboats. Grandfather kept the house up as best he could, and my father turned it into a hotel. Most of our trade comes from Paignton,"—Paignton was the city about thirty miles up-river—"but we get people from all over the state. Some of the younger ones are grandchildren of our first guests."

Cappy nodded. "It's a tradition," he

said. "Are you running the place all by yourself?"

"Ever since Dad died, three years ago. Of course, I helped him a lot before that. Mother died when I was little, and I grew up following him around—" Then I checked myself. What in the world was I thinking of, talking this way to a stranger, and idling away a morning when there was work to be done? "What experience have you had?" I asked abruptly.

He smiled, and it was a smile that made you forget the thinness of his face. "A little of everything. Odd jobs, mostly, but I had a good business just before the war. I was in partnership with a fellow who had a filling station. In the Navy I was a gunner's mate. I was wounded and given my discharge papers, but I'm perfectly able to work now."

He spoke matter-of-factly, not trying to trade upon sympathy, but I was instantly ashamed of having hesitated to hire him. And we needed help badly! With so many young people gone from the village, and because we couldn't afford to pay high wages for imported help, we had been seriously short-handed since the war began.

"I'm sure we can use you," I said. "Can you—will you stay until the season's over?"

"Will I stay?" he repeated. He looked around him again, and then at me, and there was a kind of peace in his eyes. "Yes, I think I can promise to stay as long as you have use for me."

I don't know now how we would have opened on Memorial Day without him. From the first morning, when he painted the entrance, he was everywhere, it seemed—connecting the big range and repairing the deep fryer in the kitchen, laying the heavy carpets in the lounge, stacking furniture so that the girls could clean the upstairs-rooms, getting little odd jobs done almost before I knew they needed doing. On opening day the woman I'd engaged to do the baking sent a telegram saying that she would be delayed, and at noon, when I should have been dressed and out at the front desk welcoming guests, I was back in the bakery, frantically turning out the fruit rolls and the popovers that were a part of our reputation. With some misgivings, I told Alma, the headwaitress, to take off her apron and go out to the desk. Alma was invaluable in the diningroom, but as a hostess she was abrupt and easily flustered. At two-thirty, when most of the luncheon guests had been served, I escaped from the bakery. The sight of Alma in the diningroom, busily serving dessert, sent me scurrying in a panic to the front desk, expecting to find it unattended. But there was Cappy, who had been left to help Ed park cars and carry luggage. Very spruce and neat in a dark suit, he was taking registrations, answering calls at the switchboard, bowing out the guests who had come only for luncheon with an air and a courtesy my father would have admired.

He grinned a little self-consciously when he saw me. "We were busy," he said. "Alma was needed in the dining



There was Cappy, very spruce in a dark suit, taking registrations.

room, and she asked me to take over. I hope you don't mind."

I couldn't have said whether I minded or not. I was too surprised—both at the smoothness of the job he was doing, and at the change the dark suit and the starched white collar made in his appearance. The next instant surprise was swallowed up in relief over having a problem solved. Cappy could stay at the desk from now on, I thought. It was too much for me in the busy hours when I had to oversee the rest of the place and a half-dozen emergencies often arose at once. "Of course not," I said. "I'd like you to stay—" And then I was interrupted by the buzzing switchboard.

Cappy took the call, promised a sandwich to Room Twelve in ten minutes, and sent the order to the kitchen. He turned to me eagerly. "I've been thinking," he said, "that those room service calls are a nuisance. They take time, and they jam the switchboard, and it's almost impossible to get the orders out when you're busy—"

"I know," I said. "We used to have a boy who did nothing but answer them. But that was before the war. I don't know what can be done—"

"There's a system of bells, isn't there, to summon servants? If we could use that, each summons would go directly to the pantry."

I saw what he meant, but I frowned doubtfully. "It hasn't been connected in years, and I'm afraid rewiring would be expensive. And besides, not all of the calls are for food."

"Most of them are, and we could post a notice in the rooms saying that the bells are for food and bar service only. And if you'll let me try, I think I could do the wiring."

THAT was the first of the changes that Cappy made at Ellen House, and it was successful beyond our expectations. He did all of the work himself, and instead of attaching the batteries to the push buttons we'd had before, he connected them to bell pulls. The guests loved the pulls; they gave an illusion of luxury, and they fitted in beautifully with the old-fashioned charm of the house. We had to put an extra girl on room service over weekends, but it was worth it. We had what Cappy called a "talking point"—something our guests told their friends about, along with the scenery and the fresh trout dinners and the fruit rolls.

It was Cappy's idea, too, to serve both luncheon and dinner buffet-fashion one day a week. The buffets, which required less serving, solved the almost impossible problem of giving the waitresses adequate time off, and the guests liked the idea of filling their own plates—and the privilege of going back for a second helping.

There was hardly a day in the first few weeks that Cappy didn't come to me with some suggestion, and most of his ideas worked so well that I fell into the habit of telling him to use his own judgment. I didn't realize how much responsibility I was giving him, how much of my work he was doing. All I knew was that I was mistress and hostess again at Ellen House, instead of



Lydia had a talent for finding the weak spot in another person

a harried jack-of-all-trades. I had time to drive out in the afternoons and shop at the neighboring farms for their choicest fruits and vegetables instead of relying entirely upon the market in the village, time to sew new drapes and spreads for the rooms, time to chat with the guests. I had time to spend on myself, too—on my hair and my nails and my clothes—and that, as the days went by, became increasingly important. Because Cappy noticed. Cappy's eyes lighted when I came down to breakfast bright and cheerful in a new dress; Cappy's mouth tightened in concern when I was tired and nervous after a heavy day. I couldn't help knowing that he noticed, and it gave me a queer, unsettled feeling, a deliciously unsettled feeling. I wasn't used to being thought of as a person, as a woman. I was used to being thought of as a boss, or a part of the hotel.

I began to look forward to the hours we were alone together—and that was at night, when everyone else had gone to their rooms, and the hotel was quiet around us, and I brought the checks out to the desk to be tabulated. Cappy always stayed to help me, and the job that had once taken hours was quickly done, and there was time to sit back and talk over the events of the day, to laugh at the amusing things that had happened. We were Cappy and Joanne

to each other then, and I could talk to him as I hadn't talked to anyone since my father had died. I had friends in the village, of course, boys and girls I'd gone to school with, but they thought me a little odd for my absorption in Ellen House. Cappy was as interested in it as I was, and everything, from the planting of a new perennial in the gardens to the pleasing of a fussy guest, was important to him. And always, more satisfying in a way than our talk, and yet disturbing, too, was the expression in Cappy's eyes when he looked at me, the expression I'd come to think of as his "noticing" look.

One night after an especially busy day, he reached over and took the checks from my hands. "You're not going to finish them tonight, Joanne. There must be a hundred in that batch." I ached with weariness, but I shook my head. "I have to. They've got to be billed in the morning."

For an answer he slid the checks into a drawer. "I'll do them. You get some rest."

I liked his concern—and, yes, I liked his overruling me. Still, I protested. "That's silly. You've work enough—" I reached for the drawer, and Cappy caught my wrist—and then I was in his arms, and he was kissing me, a long, slow, unhurried kiss, deep, like the

new-found depths within me, steady as the beat of Cappy's heart.

He raised his head, and we stood motionless, looking at each other. Then he said, "Jo?" and his voice shook a little over the single syllable. I said "Yes, Cappy," and that's how things were settled between us.

"Are you happy?"

I NODDED. I couldn't tell him how happy I was. It was as if all of my twenty-six years I'd been waiting for a moment like this, not knowing I waited for it, wanting it, not knowing I wanted it. "Are you?"

"Oh, honey—" His arms tightened, and he laid his cheek quickly, tenderly against my hair. "I want to take care of you, do things for you. That's all there is in life—doing things for someone you care about. I told you how I happened to come here, Jo, how Mother died while I was in the Navy, and I just didn't have anyone left. Dad died so long ago that I don't even remember him, and she'd always taken care of me, and I've always looked forward to the day I could pay her back. I was just beginning to do it when the war came along. Then when I got out of the Navy, and she was gone—well, I just got on a bus, thinking I'd ride to the first pretty town I saw, and see if I couldn't start over again there. I didn't expect to find—you."

I listened dreamily. Cappy'd told me once how he happened to come to Ellenville, but he hadn't said then *I want to do things for you, take care of you*. The new lines ran through my head like a song, I, Joanne Ellen, who all my life had been doing things for myself, taking care of myself—and taking care of the dozen-odd people who worked for me, too—wanted to be taken care of. . . .

In the morning when I went downstairs Cappy was already at work. The checks were tabulated, and he was making out the bills. I felt almost shy at the sight of him—hesitant, as if the wonderful night before hadn't really happened, and I'd only dreamed it. But Cappy didn't hesitate. His smile swept over me, and he pulled me to him. Fortunately for the dignity of Ellen House, there was no one around, but if there had been, I wouldn't have cared.

"Let's play hookey," he said. "Let's just walk out and be by ourselves. It's too nice a morning to stay inside."

I laughed at him, even though his little grin told me he wasn't really serious. I felt like playing hookey myself. We stood for a while, arms linked, looking out at the flower-dotted meadow that was Fairly's Field, at the peaked yellow roof of the Selby Hotel on the far side. Even in my happiness, I took time out for a disparaging thought about the Selby place—it wasn't a hotel, really, just an overgrown tourist home. Then Cappy said thoughtfully, "Does that meadow land belong to you, Joanne?"

I laughed ruefully. "I wish it did. I do have an option of sorts, but all it means is that old man Fairly will let me know if he gets another offer. If he should, I'd probably mortgage Ellen House to get the land."

"You could have tennis courts," said Cappy. "They'd be easy to keep up, on this high ground. And the land slopes right to the river, doesn't it. You could have a dock—"

"I intend to have them someday," I said. "That's why I'm paying thirty dollars a year to keep the option. The auditor renews it for me each July. The Selby family wants Fairly's, too, you see—and if they get it, they'll have room to expand, and then they'll ruin both themselves and us. There isn't business enough for two places the size of Ellen House."

But for once the problem of Fairly's Field didn't nag at me as it usually did when it came to my attention. It had been my dearest dream—to buy Fairly's, to make Ellen House secure—but now I had sweeter things to dream about. Cappy and I hadn't talked about it in so many words, but we both knew that we'd be married some time after Thanksgiving, when the season closed. Until then, we'd have no time for ourselves, no time to make plans. Right now, it was all we could do to meet the tide of business, so that at the end of each day we knew that we had served everyone and served him well. Parties were larger and more unwieldy with gasoline rationing. People no longer drove down from the city by twos and threes; cars came packed full, and often our guests arrived by chartered bus, in groups of a dozen or twenty or thirty.

And then, on a Friday, when our usual rush of weekend business was augmented by a wedding reception scheduled for Saturday, I was called away. "Influenza. Come at once," Aunt Elizabeth's telegram read, and I carried it to Cappy immediately. "I can't go!" I wailed. "Not now, with the Overman wedding and everything. I can't just drop things and go—"

Cappy took the telegram. "Who," he asked, "is Elizabeth, Ellen?"

"My aunt, Dad's sister in Paignton. She isn't really sick, I know. She's as healthy as I am. Only, once in a while she gets a cold and thinks she's on her deathbed."

Cappy said nothing, and the harshness of my own words began to ring unpleasantly in my ears. After all,

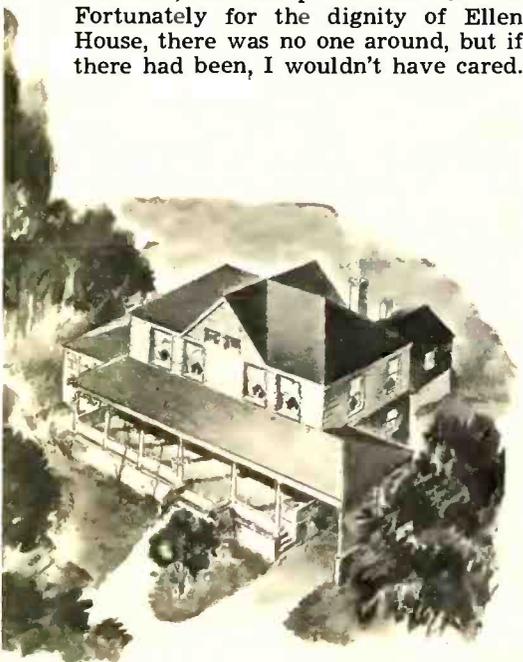
Aunt Elizabeth was old and lonely—and she was the only relative I had. Silently I took the telegram, handed Cappy the diagram of the tables for the wedding party. "Everything here will be all right," he reassured me. "We'll get Alma's sister to help out in the dining room, and you won't have to worry about a thing."

"I won't," I promised, but I did. Always before when I'd been called away, I'd returned to find things all wrong—the best waitress quitting, the wrong menus sent to the kitchen, the most important guests shown to the least desirable tables. I arrived in Paignton late that afternoon to find Aunt Elizabeth no more ill than I'd predicted. She did have a cold and a little fever, but she sat straight up in bed and hugged me joyfully, and demanded to be told all the news from Ellenville. I did my best to keep her entertained, and I cooked dishes that she especially liked, and ran errands for the practical nurse, but all the while my mind was at Ellen House. Had I remembered to tell Alma about the flowers for Saturday? Would Cappy remember about the canopy that was to be erected on the lawn? And the shrimp for old Mrs. Canby's dinner on Sunday, had I marked them "Jumbo" on the menu? We couldn't afford to offend Mrs. Canby.

Saturday noon it began to rain, and I was nearly frantic when I called the weather bureau and was told that it was raining in Ellenville, too. Bad weather would ruin the wedding arrangements. There would be no canopy, no reception on the lawn; they would have to move the whole party inside, and the diningroom was already filled with regular business. . . . I tried to call Ellen House, and the long distance operator told me that the switchboard was either out of order or constantly busy. Then I sent a telegram. Cappy's answering wire arrived late that night. It read "Everything under control. Don't worry. Love, Cappy," and it did little to relieve my fears. Cappy, I realized, wouldn't have told me if things had gone wrong. He wouldn't want to worry me.

It rained intermittently all weekend, and Tuesday, when Aunt Elizabeth was so much better that there was no reason for me to stay in Paignton, brought a steady downpour. Aunt Elizabeth shook her head over my starting out in such weather, but for once she made no effort to detain me. I'd told her a little about Cappy, and she'd guessed the rest. "You want to get back to that young man of yours," she murmured as she kissed me goodbye. "I don't blame you, and I'm so glad for you. Only—" she added anxiously, "be sure he's a good young man. I mean, you've so much to offer. . . . If that river-damp didn't give me rheumatism, I'd come down and take a look at him myself." And then she kissed me again, so affectionately that I was ashamed of having grudged her the few days I'd spent with her.

The ride to Ellenville seemed endless. The windows were shut against the rain, and it was (Continued on page 61)



When you're in love

For Gale Page, there is no glamour in her career that matches the glamour of her private life with Count Aldo Solito de Solis

By GALE PAGE

I HAVE been told that most young girls yearn for fame and glamour and a spotlighted niche among "people who do things," and that they are content with what life gives them—a husband, and children and a home—only as a sort of dreary second choice.

I find this impossible to believe—for I have lived in the bright lights, and had all the fame and glamour and public attention that prominence in motion pictures and on the radio brings with it—and I know how terribly empty and frustrating it is. And I know that, for me at least, real happiness wasn't possible until I had met and married the man I love—and bore his children, and cooked and sewed, and scrubbed and cleaned for them as it is a woman's rare privilege to do.

Oh, I know—I still have my "career." But it is honestly secondary in my thoughts and my plans, and my hopes for the future. If ever I had to make a choice between my family and my job—as much as I love broadcasting as "your Hollywood Neighbor" on NBC's Star Playhouse—the job would have to go.

This was never clearer to me than the time—only a few weeks ago—when our two and a half year old son Luan fell out of a second story window onto a cement porch and fractured his skull. My husband was alone with the children at the time—I am gone from the house less than two hours a day for my broadcasts, but the accident would have to happen during those hours. But no show in the world would have "gone on" with me in it, no matter how sacred the tradition of the theatre, so long as my little boy was in danger.

I don't know how he lived—he can fly, that's all. But he's home again with us now—not a sign of a scar—as cheer-

ful and healthy and full of mischief as ever.

Aldo and I were never closer than in those first few days when the extent of Luan's injuries was not known. And my "career" was never farther from my thoughts.

Aldo is my husband. Count Aldo Solito de Solis, to be exact. The possessor of eighteen hereditary titles, dating from the Sacred Roman Empire, he is the most democratic person I have ever known—with a true democracy that comes from his heart.

My own background was not nearly as interesting or as glamorous as Aldo's. I was born in Spokane, Washington, and lived a perfectly ordinary

and normal childhood on the Coast. My parents were non-professional (Dad was a banker), but I had a sister who had made a name for herself in Broadway musicals. And I wanted to do something of the sort myself.

In October of 1933, armed with a few weeks' singing on a Spokane radio station as my only professional experience, I set out for Chicago and fame. Station KYW was kind enough to give me a start. Then things began to happen rapidly.

I was determined that, once decided on a radio career, I wasn't simply going to mark time. And I knew that if I wanted to get somewhere I would have to do it under my own power. And so



One day spent in her busy house gives Gale Page more satisfaction than all her career in movies and radio.

I began a regular campaign of appearances at NBC, wearing a perpetual "anything for me today?" look on my face. You can see that things weren't going too well when I tell you that on the ninth of those tries I ran short of cash, and had to offer the taxi driver who brought me to NBC my lucky dime—the one that was coined the year I was born, and that had been with me ever since. I couldn't help telling the driver, though, that it was my lucky dime I was giving up to him—and when he refused it (bless his heart!) I somehow had a feeling that the rest of the day was going to be just as lucky.

And it was. For that was the day NBC signed me for a sustaining show—a show that only two weeks later turned into a commercial. Now I was on my way.

In those days I was known strictly as a singer—what was called a "blues singer," although I didn't like the term even then. I hadn't given much thought to acting, but when a chance came for me to join the cast of one of the daytime serials I jumped at it, and spent the next few years as a regular member of the cast of *Today's Children*.

The hard part was over. And after that the things that happened were altogether unexpected. Warner Brothers screen-tested me, and before I quite knew what was happening I was no longer in Chicago, but in Hollywood—in movies.

When I met Aldo, he was something of a social lion in Hollywood—his titles and his indisputably real gifts as a concert pianist and composer titillated the curiosity of the town's glamour-hostesses.

The night I met him, at a party at Irene Castle's, I sat on his left at dinner, and had to vie for his attention with Ina Claire who was on his right.

I came off a bad second after he asked us both, "Parlez-vous Francais?" Ina responded gaily "Oui, oui," and I had to stammer, "Je ne le parle pas, mais je comprends un peu."

But I managed—after surreptitiously dismissing my driver, for I had come to the party alone—to hoodwink him into driving me home. There I invited him in for a night-cap (I'm glad he likes milk, for there was nothing stronger in the house) and played records for him until the small hours. And the next day I phoned a language

school and asked for a French teacher—vite!

We saw all too little of one another after that auspicious beginning—Aldo was booked for a concert tour and had to leave Hollywood soon after we met.

For the whole year he was gone, I lived on memories of that party—when I had been so impressed, and had tried so hard not to let him know it. I even remembered the dress I had worn—a long, grey dinner dress, with a white lace collar. And I remembered how he had looked, how rapt his attention had been when he sat in my house later and listened to symphonic records.

WHEN we met again, things had changed. The country was at war—Aldo was an "enemy alien," subject to strict surveillance. His concertizing, of course, had come to an abrupt halt. But he was still Aldo—and that was enough for me.

That was in the summer of 1942. We saw one another as often as we could—the 8 P.M. "curfew" for enemy aliens making only an interesting complication—and we knew very soon that we wanted to be married.

Where we wanted to be married was another question. We changed our minds, as a matter of fact, after we had left home to drive north for the ceremony.

Our destination, originally, was my sister's ranch in Portland, Oregon, but Portland is a long drive from Los Angeles and we had to make it non-stop—because of the complications about Aldo's "alien" status. We made it to my mother's home in Spokane, Washington, after a day and a night—stopping only for quick meals in drive-in lunch counters along the way.

We were too tired for another long drive—so my father made all arrangements for us to be married in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, just across the border from Spokane, the next morning. Father routed out a minister by telephone. The ring was no problem. We had bought it weeks before and I had carried the little velvet box in my purse ever since—I wasn't going to let that get out of my hands.

A minister and a ring—we were set. So we started. But I felt let down at first.

It wasn't very romantic, I objected, to be married in the crinkled, soiled suit in which I had driven 1,000 miles the day before.

"But Toni," Aldo reminded me, "there is a dress in the back of the car that you were going to take to the cleaners."

So there was—and not too crushed or spotted.

We stopped at a filling station, and I changed quickly in the ladies room—emerged looking something less like a member of the Joad family. We stopped once more, at a florist's, where Aldo bought me the loveliest snapdragons and gladioli I had ever seen, a veritable garden bouquet. Our wedding, put together so quickly—like a not-too-good jig-saw puzzle—was as nice a wedding as I've ever seen! I loved every minute of it.

Mother had kept busy at home while

were gone. When we returned, she invited us into the dining room where a wedding cake and champagne waited for the bride and groom and for the handful of neighbors and friends who had drifted in to wish us well. After resting at mother's that night, we finally finished our trip—and arrived at my sister's an old married couple.

Back in Hollywood, we settled down to the simple life of any 'average American couple not too rich but very much in love.

Aldo, denied his concerts, began industriously to compose; I busied myself making a home for Aldo and what I hoped would be a tremendous family.

We have been lucky. Luan, our "Noni," arrived first, a brief year later came the twins, Marina Franchesca and Lucchinio Giovanni, Mina and Lukey to their friends. And since I have a fine 13-year-old son, Freddie, by an earlier marriage, the house was soon filled with children and happy times.

Aldo, who has composed suites in honor of all of the children, as well as a Spanish suite which Stokowski is going to play very soon, is, I think, learning to be happy—despite the fact that his father had died during the war, his younger brother also is dead—killed in action—and he hasn't seen his mother or sister since before the terrible war began. When he can forget all that and feel really happy, he tells me so in a silly verse, which goes something like this:

"I love you Toni,
Mother of Noni
And Mina and Lukey
My two darling twins . . ."

I try to make him add a line: "And of the quintuplets we still want to have." But he chokes a little over this.

Aldo and the children—and a big house with no help—and a job which demands my appearance in a broadcasting studio five mornings a week almost before dawn, make for a full and satisfying life.

I say "no help"—but that is no longer true. When the newspapers carried the story of Luan's fall, a wonderful woman, Mrs. Reed, wrote to me from Bakersfield that she "just had to come take care of that child." And she came, too. She'll have her hands full—for Luan is a born adventurer. He ran away from home when he was a year and a half old—wearing only his diaper pants, and accompanied only by his collie dog, Kiki. He resided happily in jail until the police could trace his identity through Kiki's dog tag; then he came triumphantly home in a police car with sirens blaring—a policeman and Kiki and Luan sitting proudly in the front seat.

When he was two, he "flew" out of a second story window. Poor Mrs. Reed.

What career could offer a woman half as much satisfaction as one day in my busy house?

A friend who doesn't agree with me entirely on this shook her head the other day as she watched me running from kitchen to nursery to front door, and said:

"You must love children."
"I love my husband," I replied.
And I guess that covers it.





GALE PAGE thought she had made no impression on *COUNT ALDO SOLITO DE SOLIS*, because he was a brilliant musician and a Hollywood social lion—and she couldn't speak French! So, the day after she met him she started taking French lessons—and the Count left for a concert tour. But she must have been wrong about that impression, because even after his year-long tour was over he hadn't forgotten the dark, slim girl who had sat beside him once at a dinner party. As soon as he was back in Hollywood, Gale discovered that it didn't matter whether she spoke in French or English—she and Aldo understood each other perfectly.

Forever yours

In one heartbeat's time, Mary

slipped from the shadows into the un-

familiar glory of a love she claimed as her own

THE STORY:

ALL of my life I had loved Philip James, and, when he returned home on furlough, before going overseas, I confidently expected that we would be married before the furlough was up. Henry McCarthy, Phil's and my friend since childhood, became interested in Stephanie Vosper, one of the "Trailertown" people who had come to our town to work in the big war plant, and I soon realized, to my amazement and hurt, that Phil was interested in her, too. In fact, I knew that both he and Henry were seeing a good deal of Stephanie. The day Phil and Henry were to return to camp, I overheard what I thought was a conversation concerning marriage between Henry and Stephanie, but I found a few moments later that it was Phil, not Henry! My dreams of marriage shattered, I returned home—and later that evening, Phil came to our house—to ask me to marry him! I was sure that he had come to me after being refused by Stephanie, but I loved him so much that I wanted him at any price, and so I accepted. We were married hastily, and I accompanied Phil to the train.



His last words to me were not an affirmation of his love, but rather, "Keep an eye on Stephanie for me!" While Phil was gone, I had time to see things from a calmer point of view, and I had nearly convinced myself that most of my troubles were imaginary, when Phil came home, medically discharged. And I soon knew that my troubles were far from imaginary—there was a wall between Phil and me that neither of us could break through—a wall which made our marriage a travesty. Then one night Trailertown caught fire. Phil rushed to help fight the fire, and it soon became apparent that all of the ramshackle dwellings were going to be destroyed, and that, in order to keep war production going, the townspeople would have to house the Trailertown folks until some sort of shelter could be built for them. I was at home when Phil brought our Trailertown guest home—brought her home, injured, in his arms. Stephanie Vosper! Stephanie—whom Phil loved, I was sure—to live with us!

I stood looking down at that motionless form on the bed. Philip had gone back to the fire. It was the first time I had ever been alone with

Stephanie, but there was no feeling of strangeness that she was here, lying on a bed in my house. It seemed inevitable. That she was here was due to a force I had been powerless to stop, a force that had started with our first meeting.

I found myself looking at her quite unmoved, feeling neither hatred nor jealousy nor dislike. I was drained of emotion for the time. And in this detachment I studied the black hair lying like a cloud on the white pillow, the long lashes trembling against her closed eyes. The injection Dr. Bassmer had given her made her sleep, but her body moved now and then, as if in protest.

Huddled on a slipper chair I kept my vigil, my knees propped under my chin, my arms hugging my knees—holding myself tightly because I knew that behind my surface calm lurked a flood of stormy rebellion that might at any moment break its dam and send me hurtling out of the house, running to Philip, demanding that he take this girl out of our house! I forced myself not to think—to concentrate on the sleeping figure as if she were any injured stray that Philip might have brought home to

me for help, for shelter.

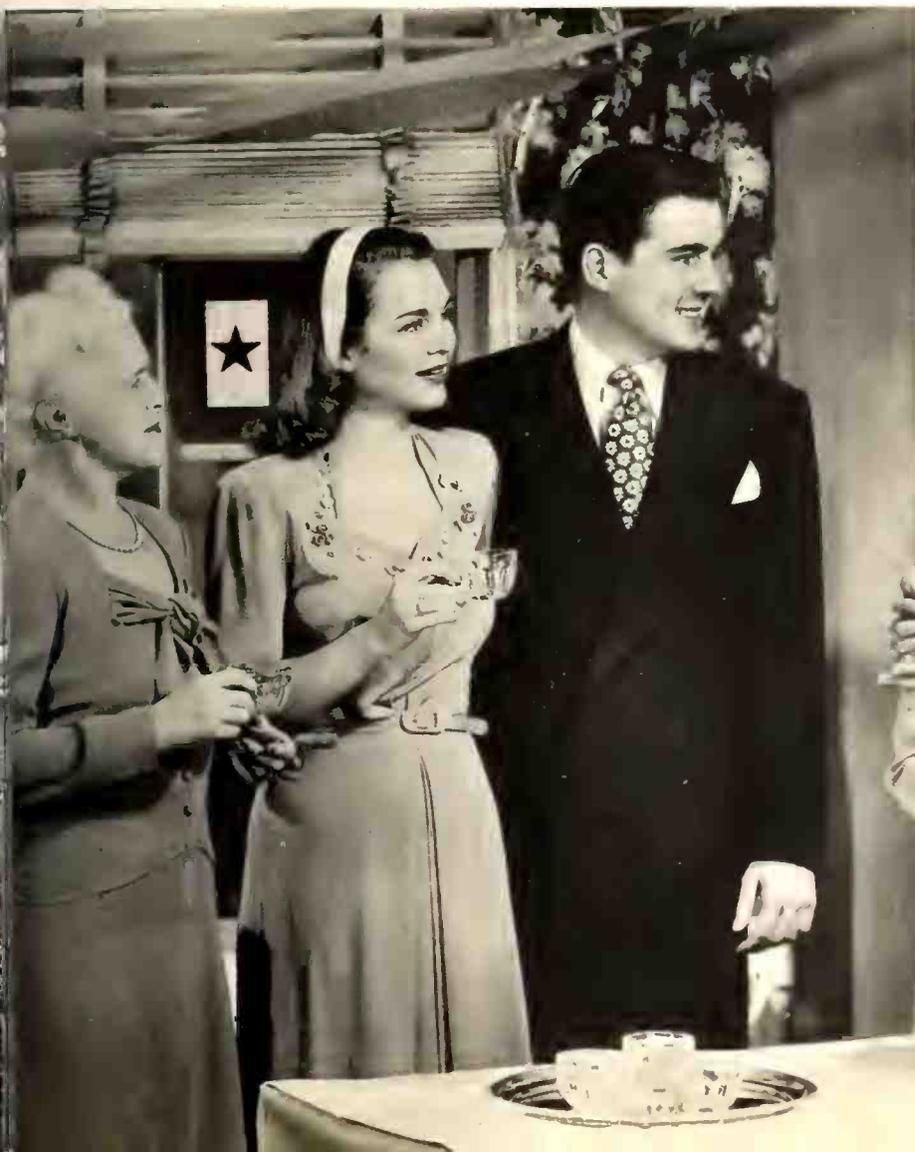
Her face was grey with soot. Like an automaton, I got a washcloth from the bathroom and softly wiped her face. She stirred as I did so, murmuring something broken.

Washed, her face looked strangely different, clean and young and, oddly, innocent. Color was beginning to seep back into her cheeks. I noted, with an involuntary twinge of pity, that one of her eyebrows had been badly singed and little blister burns had been treated on her neck. The drug she had been given could not entirely banish the shock from her mind because I saw that she muttered, brokenly, to herself and tossed restlessly on the bed.

Stephanie in this house! She couldn't stay—she couldn't! Philip couldn't ask it of me . . . I buried my face in arms that were beginning to tremble. The words I had nerved myself to say to Philip tonight—too late! I could never go to him now as a cringing suppliant, as if her coming here had prodded me into begging for his love!

She couldn't stay—but even while the mutinous refrain ran through my

(Continued on page 82)



Like a tableau, we were all held silent and motionless by the new, forceful hardness in Henry's face.



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Can you take it?

Don't answer this until you've read what you are asked to take. And then answer, as all Americans should—Yes, I can!

By PHIL BAKER

WE'RE going to do a switch. You're going to take my place and I'm going to answer the questions. Which is an idea that will probably make a lot of listeners very happy. That'll be fine. Only I'm not doing this to make listeners happy. I'm doing it this way, because, this time, I know all the answers—right up to the \$64 question—and I want to be darned sure the answers get across.

You won't have any trouble. You know how it goes. A contestant steps up to the microphone and you go through the routine. You have to put him at his ease—like this.

YOU: Hello, Mr. Baker. Nervous?

ME: Hummm—a little. I'm not used to being on this spot.

YOU: Tell us something about yourself, Mr. Baker. What do you do?

ME: I'm by way of being a comedian. But right this minute I don't feel funny.

YOU: All right, Mr. Baker. It's up to you. What would you like to talk about?

ME: The most beautiful, the most wonderful, the most glamorous girls in the world. No—not movie stars. Nurses. I want to talk about the nurses in the Army and Navy.

YOU: Well, that's not a bad way to put it, Mr. Baker—the most beautiful, the most etcetera—

ME: I can't take any credit for that. That's what the GIs say about them. Take Sgt. Robert Gold of New York—take what he said. Quote—*I'll never forget the first nurse I saw after I'd been hit. She was in the receiving tent—a pretty redhead. It's funny when you stop to think of it. You wouldn't think you'd notice whether or not a nurse was pretty, or the color of her hair at a time like that. But you do. She was busy as the dickens. There were a lot of casualties. It was muddy in that tent. She had on her field uniform and heavy shoes and she was doing the work of four nurses, I guess. But she kept her smile and kept telling the boys they'd be all right.* Unquote. That was on the Anzio beachhead. And Staff Sgt. John Shuster of New Jersey who was wounded at St. Lo in France. Again, quote. *It happened so quickly I scarcely remember the details. The first thing I really remember is an Army nurse standing over me giving me blood plasma. I'm an old hand at it now. I've had plasma twenty times and they're now giving me whole blood transfusions. If it wasn't for the plasma they gave me I'd have been a goner. There were six nurses at that field hospital in France. Four were on duty during the day and two at night. That didn't mean a thing to them. They were there all the* (Continued on page 52)



PHIL BAKER has been around in every phase of the entertainment business from the rockbottom of amateur shows up to radio, where his Take It Or Leave It (Sundays, 10:00 P.M. EWT, over CBS) is one of the biggest money- and laugh-dispensers of radio time. A total of 1600 pencils, 1000 pens, more than \$50,000 has gone to contestants, who have so much fun that it doesn't seem fair to pay them for it.



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My heart knew

Beth was hurt, confused . . . but her gallant young heart was not. And so when love came with two different faces, her heart chose wisely for her

IMPORTANT things come to me slowly. Even after my 24th birthday, when I was tired and disillusioned and divorced, I didn't realize that you can't escape from life, itself—that you can't find happiness by running away. Probably I never could have faced life squarely, accepting its tears with its laughter, its black midnights with its brilliant sunshine, without the help of Damon Bryson—Damon with his wisdom and gentle understanding. Because up to the time I knew Damon, I had run away from every crisis in my life, seeking always an elusive happiness which continued to fade into tragedy and dark confusion.

If Damon hadn't had patience along with his wisdom, he never could have overthrown my running-away habits of a lifetime. Because I started running away from the outside world when I was six years old. That year my parents were killed in an automobile accident and I went to live with my great-aunt Mabel in her lonely grey house. On hot summer afternoons I lay out under the poplar trees and pretended that my mother and father were alive, and that we still lived in the little brown house crammed with love and laughter. I was escaping in daydreams. Later, in my teens, as Aunt Mabel's severity became more intense with age, I turned to romantic books and movies to satisfy my need for love and affection, denied me in my lonely existence with this stern old lady. And, at last, I tried physical escape—I really ran away from home. But I didn't go alone. I eloped with Tony Fielding, an irresponsible, roving gambler, whom I had known only a week—a dark-eyed, full-lipped man, who taught me that there are things that hurt more than cold reproof and constant criticism—there are black nights and different kinds of physical cruelties so shocking that

the woman who once knows them carries a scar in her pride, forever.

After the tragedy of my marriage, I determined never to let life touch me again. "I will build a wall around my heart," I told myself, "and it will shut out brutality and selfishness and cruelty." That it also would shut out love didn't concern me. The only man who had promised me love had given me lust and brutality, instead. Never again would I break my heart in a search for romance. I concentrated on preparing myself for a job, on beginning a new solitary life which would include no other person—and no hurt!

After you know someone well, you can hardly remember your first impression of him, can you? I suppose I must have realized that Damon was handsome that first day I applied for a job in his law office. But I don't remember his strong, lean face, his greying temples, and his wide-set eyes so much as I recall being struck by his kindness and his understanding.

"I'm not worried about your lack of experience," he said, looking straight into my eyes, "not if you really mean what you say about wanting to take an interest in your job. And I think you do."

At the end of our interview, when Damon looked across his great walnut desk, and told me that I was the applicant he wanted for his secretary, I told myself, "Mr. Bryson is kind. He will be easy to work for." I did not say, "He will be easy to love." Because that day I did not know that this marked the beginning of one of the strangest love affairs ever experienced by a young woman and an older man.

Although our contacts were impersonal at first, I learned a lot about Damon as I sat outside his private office at my attractive desk in the large book-lined reception room. I knew

from his conversation with his friends that his wife had been dead two years and that he was childless and lived alone. And I realized that although he apparently was indifferent to women, he was exceptionally attractive to them. Several times a week he received either telephoned or personal invitations from confident-sounding women who urged him to come to din-



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ners or cocktail parties. I was surprised to see that he declined as often as he accepted, preferring to be alone even as I did. And I began to notice something else in my daily contacts with this man. He had a quiet poise that was more than confidence. It was a shine, a kind of inner greatness, that writers always attribute to men like strong, compassionate Abraham Lincoln.

It seems silly to compare that handsome, expertly-tailored man with homely, jagged-faced Lincoln, and yet Damon had that compassion that comes from accepting people as they are and loving them for their faults as well as their virtues. Life was kind to give me this great man for an antidote after the bitter poison of my marriage with Tony and I realized my luck.

One night, after we had worked later than usual getting out income tax reports for some of our clients, Damon and I took the elevator down to the street floor together. When we reached the arched entrance, Damon glanced at the lightning-slashed sky and remarked easily, "We're going to have a nasty storm, Beth. I'll take you home." "Thank you," I refused quietly, "but



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Ten minutes later I was riding in Damon's comfortable, warm sedan. The engine purred quietly and the windshield wiper clicked softly, and I was conscious of a delicious feeling of elegance I never had known before in my life. The car was a soft, luxurious haven from the storm-tossed world outside. I relaxed against the cushions. Damon looked at me and smiled, and there was a kindness in his face which began to melt away my wall of reserve just a little.

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"Oh, no," I objected quickly. "I can't let you—"

"I'd appreciate it, if you would, Beth," he interrupted. "It's a dismal night to be alone."

"Why, he's lonely," I told myself in surprise. And, because I had always known loneliness, my heart went out to him just a little.

"Why, thank you," I said, taking my hand away from the door handle.

I settled back into the luxurious warmth of the car again as we drove to the Bryson home out in Bever Heights.

AS we drove in the winding driveway, I felt that this home matched Damon Bryson. And after we had parked the car under the archway at the side of the house, and had stepped inside the high-ceilinged living room, I could see why. The home was like the clothes he wore—dignified, unobtrusive, and furnished in perfect taste. Its quiet graciousness was a sedative after the months of loneliness in my sparsely-furnished room at Kelly's boarding house.

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"That isn't any credit to me," he said. "Mary, my wife, chose everything in it."

"Then you were very much alike," I said.

"You would have liked Mary," he said smiling.

He said her name fondly, and I knew that their life together had been good. Probably she had not wanted an escape, and yet she had gone away, leaving a beautiful home, and Damon, who loved her. For the first time in long, aching months, I realized that not all of life was bad . . . that life as Damon and his Mary had known it was good.

I could feel the ice that was my heart thawing a little as we ate dinner, served by a man named Sam, in the

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But I should have known better than that. Damon, with his kind blue eyes, was a gentleman. And he was talking to me as he would to anyone close to him who was in trouble.

"There is nothing interesting about me," I told him quickly, not turning toward him.

"There's something interesting about everyone," he said quietly. "But there's even more of a story in you. Because you seem to be determined not to let anyone know you. Why is that, Beth? What's happened to you?"

"Nothing," I insisted. "I just don't like people the way you do."

"You aren't selfish, Beth. Everything about you is fine. Then why don't you let people see that?"

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I told him the story of my queer, bruised life, then—beginning with the accident which robbed me of normalcy in childhood, and ending with my marriage to Tony.

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And I believed him. Life was good, as long as there was a person like Damon in the world to understand me and believe in me and help me to go forward to meet the days bravely. The gratitude that beat in my heart must have shone in my eyes, because he



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I couldn't go right to sleep that night. I was thinking of Damon—not of his kind words of sympathy, but of Damon, himself, with whom I might find peace and security and quiet happiness. And I dreamed of living in the high-ceilinged, book-lined home—living there as Damon's wife.

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I was sitting beside him in the car looking up at his strong, handsome face. He did not turn his head, but his hand dropped quietly from the wheel of the car and closed over mine. There was friendliness and help and encouragement in his touch, and I turned slowly putting my other hand over his. He looked down at me, a faint expression of surprise on his face, and then we moved toward each other, brushing our lips together. My heart tinkled the way a music box does when you take away the cover that has been holding back its song. This was the joy I had waited for. This was love—a steady, serene love—the climax of my tumultuous life.

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THINKING OF YOU

The wistful song with which Kay Kyser introduces his anything-but-wistful program

Moderato
Chorus

Words and Music by
WALTER DONALDSON and PAUL ASH

I've grown so lone some — Think-ing of you, —

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'I've grown so lone some — Think-ing of you, —' are placed above the staff. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some melodic lines in the right hand.

Think-ing of you, — All by my own some

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Think-ing of you, — All by my own some' are placed above the staff. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.

Think-ing of you, — Think-ing of you, — When you were mine, dear,

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Think-ing of you, — Think-ing of you, — When you were mine, dear,' are placed above the staff. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.

The world was mine, dear, And the skies were blue. —

The fourth system of musical notation continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'The world was mine, dear, And the skies were blue. —' are placed above the staff. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.

I've grown so lone some Think - ing, think-

The fifth system of musical notation continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'I've grown so lone some Think - ing, think-' are placed above the staff. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.

ing of you. you. —

The sixth system of musical notation concludes the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'ing of you. you. —' are placed above the staff. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.



IF that famous greeting, "Evenin', folks—how y'all?" took on particular sparkle last June, radio listeners to Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge were well aware that the Professor's inspiration was lovely Georgia Carroll. America's most famous model, Georgia had been chosen for a few guest appearances with the Kyser band; but she turned into the most extraordinary guest that band had ever had, emerging with a singing contract—and with her name changed to Mrs. Kay Kyser! Into their new home, Kay and Georgia are putting antiques—into their program (Wednesday, 10:00 P.M. EWT, over NBC) a special something to make it one of the glamour-spots of the air.

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

SUNDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
8:00	8:00	CBS: News
8:00	8:00	Blue: News
8:00	8:00	NBC: News and Organ Recital
8:30	8:30	CBS: The Jubalaires
8:30	8:30	Blue: Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist
8:45	8:45	CBS: The Symphonettes
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: News of the World
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: World News Roundup
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
8:15	9:15	CBS: E. Power Biggs
8:15	9:15	Blue: White Rabbit Line
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: NBC String Quartet
8:45	9:45	CBS: New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Church of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Southernaires
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Words and Music
10:00	11:00	MBS: Pauline Alpert
10:00	11:00	Blue: AAF Symphonic Flight Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05 CBS: Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	9:30	10:30 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: Marion Lovridge
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: The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Concert Orchestra, direction Josef Stopak
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Stravinsky Orch., Paul Lavallee
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: John B. Kennedy
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: George Hicks From Europe
10:45	12:30	1:30 CBS: Edward R. Murrow (from London)
1:15	2:15	NBC: America United
1:30	2:30	Blue: Sammy Kay's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: Chicago Round Table
11:00	12:45	1:45 CBS: Matinee Theater, Victor Jory
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Those We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: National Vespers
12:00	2:00	2:55 CBS: Olin Downes
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: New York Philharmonic
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Symphony
12:30	2:30	3:00 Blue: Charlotte Greenwood Show
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Ethel Barrymore as "Miss Hattie"
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Darts for Dough
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Andrews Sister Show
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Nelson Eddy
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Music America Loves
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Mary Small Revue
2:00	4:00	5:00 MBS: Let's Face the Issue
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Metropolitan Opera Presents
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00 MBS: Quick as a Flash
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
7:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Fannie Brice
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: The Great Guildersleeve
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
7:00	8:00	MBS: Cleveland Orchestra
4:15	5:15	7:15 Blue: Don Gardiner, News
8:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Greenfield Village Chapel
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Edgar Bergen
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Blondie
8:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: Meditation Board
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Dorothy Thompson, News
8:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Joe E. Brown
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Eddie Bracken Story
5:45	7:45	8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Radio Readers Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Steel Horizons
7:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15 Blue: Hollywood Mystery Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Tesaco Star Theater, Lawrence Tibbett
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: Earl Wilson Show
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Comedy Theater, Harold Lloyd
9:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: We The People
10:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: The Big City
10:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Vera Brodsky, pianist
10:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Cesar Sacheringer
10:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Pacific Story



BREEZY—AND BRIGHT...

Have you heard Weapons for Victory on the CBS network every Thursday afternoon at 5 (EWT)? You should. It's a show that makes the connection between us at home and the boys at the fronts. The important connection. This is an Army show. It's in the hands of a young private named Arnold Perl.

Talking to Pvt. Perl is quite a thing. He's slender and springy. He moves with nervous gestures, restlessly, and his face reflects a dozen moods in as many minutes. His speech is breezy—what the bobby soxers call "sharp"—and it could fool you, but not for long. Ideas are spilling all over the place. And you love it.

He's always been as full of ideas. Born and raised in New York, he has reason to remember some of his earlier ideas. His first job was with a Literary Agency, where he did advertising, copywriting and editing. Next, he went to work for a small outfit that was making documentary films. He worked on the first movies about Spain—"Return to Life"—and the first film on the Chinese guerillas—"China Strikes Back". Then he turned to radio. He free-lanced for about a year and a half, writing scripts regularly for shows like Bulldog Drummond, Inner Sanctum, Grand Central Station—and, as he says, "dozens of audition scripts that never got anywhere". In between scripts, he wrote magazine articles and sold ideas for picture stories. He's had articles in most of the national magazines—Reader's Digest, Saturday Evening Post, Redbook...

Came the war and he got himself a job as the radio officer with the United Nations Information Office, acting as a liaison between radio outlets and twenty-five foreign governments. He also wrote a series called "Uncle Sam" for the United Nations program. At the same time, as a magazine writer, he became a consultant to the War Department.

He was inducted in October 1943. After his basic training at Fort Niagara, he was assigned to the Medical Corps to do orientation work with the returned wounded at Halloran Hospital. He worked with the Second Service Command in the reconditioning and rehabilitation program there. Then, he was transferred to the Army Service Forces Productions Unit, to work as a consultant and research man on Assignment Home. Shortly after he started work on that, he was given the Weapons For Victory show to do on his own.

He's too busy at the moment to think up anything about after the war. The chances are, however, that he'll have plenty of ideas. He always has had.

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
8:00	9:00	CBS: News
8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Ed & Polly East
1:30	9:15	9:15 CBS: American School of the Air
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00 Blue: My True Story
6:45	9:45	NBC: White Market
6:45	9:45	10:15 NBC: Clara Lawton
8:30	9:00	10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
8:30	9:45	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Strange Romance of Evelyn Winter
12:45	9:45	10:45 NBC: Cliff Edwards
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Finders Keepers
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45 Blue: Lisa Sergio
8:00	10:10	11:00 CBS: Amanda
3:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:45	11:15 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	10:45	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
3:30	10:15	11:15 NBC: Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
12:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Johnny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 Blue: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 Blue: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home 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: Backstage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: M. P. Mason
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
12:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
12:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
11:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Mystery Chef
11:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Ladies in White
11:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Perry Mason
11:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Ladies Be Seated
11:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Mary Marlin
12:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Morton Downey
12:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
12:15	3:15	4:15 Blue: Appointment With Life
12:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Irene Beasley
12:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: The High Places
12:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Sing Along With Me
12:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Yours Alone
12:45	3:45	4:45 Blue: Ethel and Albert
12:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Bob Trout
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Don Norman Show
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: "I'll Buy That"
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Feature Story, Bob Trout
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wildcat Brown
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Milt Herth Trio
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Service Time
2:00	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: Feature Song, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Perla Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
5:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Terry Allen and The Three Sins
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
4:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: Wilderness Road
5:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
5:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Hoagy Carmichael
5:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Bill Costello
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
3:30	5:15	6:15 Blue: Sally Moore, Contralto
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:15	7:15	8:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper's Hollywood
7:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Thanks to the Yanks
4:45	6:45	7:45 CBS: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45 MBS: Bulldog Drummond
9:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: H. V. Kaltenborn
9:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Vos Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Ted Malone From Overseas
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: Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen
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: Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
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: Happy Island—Ed Wynn
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Information Please
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Contented Program
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The Johnny Morgan Show
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Melody in the Night
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Dr. I. Q.

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY



NO ACCOUNTING . . .

The Voice of the Army is a swell show. It's transcribed and comes to you over some 880 local and network stations. Like many of the transcriptions distributed by the government, it's presented whenever the stations have free air time. Look for it in your local radio listings—and listen. There seem to be things that need to be said to all of us—and this show says them with zing and drama and darned good sense.

One of the several writers assigned to The Voice of the Army is Cpl. Jacques Finke.

Jacques is a native New Yorker. He went to the Horace Mann School and to college at Cornell. He was always determined to become a writer. At Cornell, he wrote for the campus literary magazine, "Aeropagus", and for the college radio group and, of course, for the inevitable musicals.

After his graduation, his ambitions ran into a snag. His father wanted him to be an accountant. So, Jacques went to the Graduate School at Columbia—ostensibly to study accountancy. Actually, he cut classes and spent all his time in the "Browsing Room", reading short stories and books about short stories—and trying to write.

Even fathers get impatient, however. Papa wanted some results. So, Jacques hied himself to CBS, announced to the personnel director that he wanted to be a writer and asked to be taken on as a member of the CBS apprentice group. Jacques worked in every department at the station, until, about three quarters of the way through the course, he was asked by Max Wiley whether he would like to join the script department. Jacques didn't even think twice about that.

Jacques was a member of the CBS writing staff for about three years, at one time or another, writing the continuity for practically every CBS program. He also wrote five Columbia Workshop scripts—the highest you could go in artistic distinction at that time.

Then, while he was away on vacation the third year, he got a long distance call from an advertising agency, asking him to join the radio staff. Feeling like a change, he took the job, writing the continuity for Hit Parade, writing and directing the Cities Service Program. Not finding this enough to take up all his time—but mostly all his ideas—he also freelanced the first 13 weeks of the Radio Readers' Digest and wrote scripts for Suspense, Report to the Nation and Romance. He says he made lots of money in those days and ate very well—when he had time to eat.

In June of 1943, Jacques found his "Greetings" in the mail. After his basic training, he was sent to Governor's Island and assigned to work on The Voice of the Army. Besides that, since he's been out there, he's written the lyrics to a song—"Fool That I Am"—which appeared in a recent copy of Radio Romances. Remember?

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Your Life Today
	8:30	Blue: News
	9:00	CBS: News
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	NBC: Polly and Ed East
1:30	2:30	CBS: American School of the Air
	9:45	CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	Blue: My True Story
6:45	9:45	NBC: White Market
	10:00	NBC: Robert St. John
	10:15	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	CBS: Light of the World
2:00	9:30	CBS: Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
	10:30	Blue: Cliff Edwards
	10:30	NBC: Finders Keepers
	10:45	Blue: The Listening Post
	10:00	CBS: Amanda
8:00	10:00	Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	NBC: Road of Life
	10:15	CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	NBC: Rosemary
12:30	10:30	Blue: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	Blue: Gilbert Murray
8:45	10:15	CBS: Aunt Johnny's Stories
8:45	10:45	Blue: Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	NBC: David Harum
	12:00	Blue: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:15	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	Blue: Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	NBC: Army Air Forces Band
9:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	Blue: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	Blue: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: The Women's Exchange
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Paula Stone & Phil Britts
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: John B. Kennedy, News
11:45	1:15	2:15 CBS: Mystery Chef
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
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: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
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: Merton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: A Woman of America
	3:15	4:15 CBS: Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Irene Beasley
	3:15	4:15 CBS: The High Places
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
	3:30	4:30 CBS: Sing Along Club
	3:45	4:45 CBS: Bob Trout
	3:45	4:45 Blue: "Yours Alone"
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Backstage Wife
	3:15	4:15 CBS: Don Norman Show
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
	4:30	5:30 CBS: Feature Story, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: I'll Buy That
1:30	3:40	4:45 CBS: The Raymond Scott Show
	4:45	5:45 CBS: Swings Along Club
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
	4:45	5:45 CBS: Milt Herth Trio
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
	5:00	6:00 CBS: Service Time
	5:00	6:00 Blue: Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
5:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
	5:30	6:30 CBS: Terry Allen and the Ross Sisters
5:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
	5:45	6:45 CBS: Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00 Blue: Quincy Howe
	6:00	7:00 CBS: Kiernan's News Corner
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
	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
	5:30	6:30 CBS: On Your Mark—Ted Husing
3:35	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News—Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: News
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Chesterfield Time, Johnnie Johnston
	7:15	8:15 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World
	7:30	8:30 Blue: The Green Hornet
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Dick Haymes
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: The Romance
8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: Ted Malone from Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
	8:30	9:30 Blue: Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Big Town
	8:30	9:30 MBS: Roy Rogers Show
5:55	7:30	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Gracie Field's Show
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mystery Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Inner Sanctum
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: This Is My Best
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John S. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Listen to the Women
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Service to the Front
10:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Congress Speaks
7:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Hildegard
	10:30	11:30 CBS: Casey, Press Photographer
	11:30	12:30 NBC: Words at War

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Your Life Today
	8:30	Blue: News
	9:00	CBS: News
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	NBC: Polly and Ed East
1:30	2:30	CBS: American School of the Air
	9:45	CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	CBS: Valiant Lady
6:45	9:45	NBC: White Market
	10:00	NBC: Robert St. John
10:30	9:00	10:00 Blue: My True Story
	10:15	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
	10:30	Blue: Cliff Edwards, Songs
	10:30	NBC: Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	10:00	11:00 Blue: The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road to Life
10:00	11:00	CBS: Amanda
	10:45	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Murray
8:45	10:15	11:15 CBS: Aunt Johnny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
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	11:15	12:15 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	NBC: Army Air Forces Band
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	Blue: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	Blue: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: The Women's Exchange
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Paula Stone & Phil Britts
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: John B. Kennedy, News
11:45	1:15	2:15 CBS: Mystery Chef
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
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: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
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: Merton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: A Woman of America
	3:15	4:15 CBS: Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Irene Beasley
	3:15	4:15 CBS: The High Places
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
	3:30	4:30 CBS: Sing Along Club
	3:45	4:45 CBS: Bob Trout
	3:45	4:45 Blue: "Yours Alone"
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Backstage Wife
	3:15	4:15 CBS: Don Norman Show
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
	4:30	5:30 CBS: Feature Story, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: I'll Buy That
1:30	3:40	4:45 CBS: The Raymond Scott Show
	4:45	5:45 CBS: Swings Along Club
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
	4:45	5:45 CBS: Milt Herth Trio
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
	5:00	6:00 CBS: Service Time
	5:00	6:00 Blue: Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
5:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
	5:30	6:30 CBS: Terry Allen and the Ross Sisters
5:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
	5:45	6:45 CBS: Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00 Blue: Quincy Howe
	6:00	7:00 CBS: Kiernan's News Corner
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
	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
	5:30	6:30 CBS: On Your Mark—Ted Husing
3:35	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News—Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: News
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Chesterfield Time, Johnnie Johnston
	7:15	8:15 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World
	7:30	8:30 Blue: The Green Hornet
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Dick Haymes
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: The Romance
8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: Ted Malone from Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
	8:30	9:30 Blue: Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Big Town
	8:30	9:30 MBS: Roy Rogers Show
5:55	7:30	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Gracie Field's Show
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mystery Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Inner Sanctum
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: This Is My Best
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John S. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Listen to the Women
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Service to the Front
10:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Congress Speaks
7:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Hildegard
	10:30	11:30 CBS: Casey, Press Photographer
	11:30	12:30 NBC: Words at War

THURSDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Program
	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: Ed East and Polly
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: American School of the Air
8:45	9:45	CBS: This Life Is Mine
6:45	9:45	NBC: White Market
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 Blue: My True Story
	10:15	NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:00	NBC: Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	2:00	10:30 CBS: Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
	10:30	Blue: Cliff Edwards
	10:30	NBC: Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
	10:00	11:00 CBS: Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Rosemary
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 CBS: Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
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
	12:15	12:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
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: Pauline Perkins
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: Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernadine 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 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
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
	3:00	3:00 CBS: Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
	3:15	3:15 CBS: The High Places
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Sing Along Club
	3:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: You're Alone
	3:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:15	4:15 CBS: Don Norman Show
	4:30	4:30 Blue: Feature Story, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Raymond Scott Show
	4:45	4:45 Blue: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
	4:45	4:45 CBS: Milt Mertz Trio
	5:00	5:00 CBS: Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
	5:15	5:15 CBS: Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faries Life
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 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Captain Midnight
	5:45	6:45 CBS: Wilderness Road
	6:00	6:00 CBS: World News
5:15	6:15	6:15 CBS: Calling Pan America
5:15	6:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
5:30	6:30	6:30 NBC: Mark—Ted Husing
5:30	6:40	6:40 NBC: Bill Stern
5:45	6:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood
	7:15	7:15 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Chesterfield Time, Johnnie Johnston
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World
	7:15	7:15 CBS: Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Bob Burns
6:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Earl Godwin, News
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Suspense
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Frank Morgan
9:00	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: Dinah Shore
9:00	8:30	8:30 MBS: Brownstone Theatre
	8:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Major Bowes
8:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Corliss Archer
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Joan Davis, Jack Haley
	9:30	9:30 MBS: Treasure Hour of Song
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Caesars Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Fred Waring Show
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Rudy Vallee
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: John Daly, News



FLOP FLIP-FLOPS . . .

Another of the writers assigned to The Voice of the Army is Sgt. Louis Pelletier. He's a tall, on-the-thin-side, humorous man with an infectious laugh. He was born in Pittsburgh, grew up in New York, attended the Barnard School for Boys and went to Dartmouth, graduated in the class of '28.

Asked what he prepared for at college, he said, "Must have planned to be a failure, because after graduation I did very well at it. My first job was with the N. Y. Telephone Company—didn't last long."

Nor did any of his other jobs. One night, in his thirtieth year, Louis Pelletier had a bang-up business with his family, stalked out of his home and hunted up a friend on whose shoulder he could lean. The friend was Bob Sloan, an actor in those days and often in need of a sympathetic shoulder himself.

Two sad characters leaned on one another for awhile. Then, it is not sure which one, one of them said, "Why don't we write a play? Got any ideas?"

Louis Pelletier had never thought of writing before. Somewhere in his noggin, however, he found an idea and he and Sloan went right to work on it. Three months later the play was sold and two months after that it opened on Broadway. It was called "Howdy Stranger!"—not what you'd call a smash hit, but it ran long enough to be bought by the movies as a starring vehicle for Dick Powell and Priscilla Lane. Remember "Cowboy From Brooklyn"?

That made Louis Pelletier a writer. He and Sloan wrote two more plays, but didn't sell them. Pelletier turned to radio—a nice market, he thought. He wrote a sketch for the Vallee hour. Knowing nothing about agents or script departments at agencies, he left his sketch at the receptionist's desk at the J. Walter Thompson Agency and walked away. Three weeks later he was phoned and told they would use the sketch and could he write some more. Of course! He wrote three more sketches and looked ahead to a bright future in radio—especially on the Vallee hour. Only the Vallee hour folded—after ten years on the air.

But his luck had changed. He ran into a friend who was going slightly frantic because he had a serial on his hands for which no one had any ideas after the first thirteen weeks of the story. Could Pelletier think up any ideas? Of course, he could. Over the week-end, Pelletier wrote two scripts for them to go on with and found himself hired at \$175 per week.

In a short time, Pelletier was a regular contributor—and incidentally, a regular collector of nice sized checks—on a variety of programs, among them Suspense. Are You A Genius?, Man Behind the Gun, Romance and Commandos.

Came 1942 and December—Pelletier enlisted. Shortly after his induction, he was assigned to work on "The Voice of the Army", which he has been doing ever since.

FRIDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Program
	8:15	Blue: Your Life Today
	8:15	NBC: Do You Remember
	8:30	Blue: News
8:00	9:00	CBS: News
8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly
1:30	2:15	9:15 CBS: American School of the Air
8:45	9:45	CBS: This Life Is Mine
6:45	9:45	NBC: White Market
8:15	9:10	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: My True Story
	10:15	NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:00	NBC: Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
	10:30	Blue: Cliff Edwards, Songs
	10:30	NBC: Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Rosemary
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 CBS: Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
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
	12:15	12:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
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: Pauline Perkins
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: Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernadine 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 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
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
	3:00	3:00 CBS: Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
	3:15	3:15 CBS: The High Places
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Sing Along Club
	3:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: You're Alone
	3:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:15	4:15 CBS: Don Norman Show
	4:30	4:30 Blue: Feature Story, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Raymond Scott Show
	4:45	4:45 Blue: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
	4:45	4:45 CBS: Milt Mertz Trio
	5:00	5:00 CBS: Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
	5:15	5:15 CBS: Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faries Life
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 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Captain Midnight
	5:45	6:45 CBS: Wilderness Road
	6:00	6:00 CBS: World News
5:15	6:15	6:15 CBS: Calling Pan America
5:15	6:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
5:30	6:30	6:30 NBC: Mark—Ted Husing
5:30	6:40	6:40 NBC: Bill Stern
5:45	6:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood
	7:15	7:15 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Chesterfield Time, Johnnie Johnston
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World
	7:15	7:15 CBS: Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Bob Burns
6:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Earl Godwin, News
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Suspense
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Frank Morgan
9:00	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: Dinah Shore
9:00	8:30	8:30 MBS: Brownstone Theatre
	8:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Major Bowes
8:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Corliss Archer
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Joan Davis, Jack Haley
	9:30	9:30 MBS: Treasure Hour of Song
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Caesars Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Fred Waring Show
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Rudy Vallee
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: John Daly, News

Continued from page 41

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
		8:00 CBS: News of the World 8:00 Blue: News 8:00 NBC: News
		8:15 CBS: Music of Today 8:15 NBC: Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30 CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping 8:30 Blue: United Nations News, Review
		8:45 CBS: Margaret Brien 8:45 NBC: News
6:00	9:00	CBS: Press News
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	9:00	NBC: Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Garden Gate
		9:30 CBS: Country Journal
	8:45	9:45 CBS: David Shoop Orchestra
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Grantland Rice, Sports Stories
11:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	9:30	10:30 Blue: What's Cooking—Variety
9:00	9:40	10:45 NBC: Alex Drier
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Land of the Lost
	11:00	NBC: First Piano Quartet
8:05	11:05	CBS: Let's Pretend
	11:30	Blue: Transatlantic Quiz—London
	11:30	NBC: Fashions in Rations
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: The Land of the Lost
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Smilin' Ed McConnell
	11:45	Blue: Chatham Shopper
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
	11:00	12:00 Blue: Kay Armon, Songs
	11:00	12:00 NBC: News
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Atlantic Spotlight
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Eddie Condon's Jazz Concert
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: One O'Clock Club
	1:30	Blue: Soldiers With Wings
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: The Baxters
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Report to the Nation
	1:30	MBS: Symphonies for Youth
1:00	12:45	1:45 CBS: Report from Washington
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Mac Vane From London
	2:00	Blue: Metropolitan Opera
	2:00	CBS: Of Men and Books
	2:15	CBS: Adventures in Science
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Musiciana
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Carolina Hayride
	3:00	NBC: Symphony
12:00	3:00	CBS: The Land is Bright
12:00	2:30	3:30 CBS: Syncopation Piece
1:00	4:00	CBS: Report from Washington
	4:15	CBS: Report from Overseas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Assignment Home
	4:30	NBC: Music on Display
	4:45	CBS: Report from London
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Grand Hotel
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Concert Orchestra
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: John W. Vandercook
2:00	4:30	5:30 CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra
3:30	4:45	5:45 NBC: Tin Pan Alley of the Air
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Hello, Sweetheart
3:15	5:00	6:00 NBC: I Sustain the Wings
	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: People's Platform
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Storyland Theater
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Religion in the News
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Ned Calmer
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Our Foreign Policy
	7:15	Blue: Leland Stowe
4:30	7:00	7:30 CBS: Mrs. Miniver
	7:30	Blue: Meet Your Navy
	7:30	NBC: The Saint
4:30	6:30	8:00 Blue: Early American Dance Music
4:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Danny Kaye
	8:00	NBC: Gaslight Gayeties with Beatrice Kay
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: F.B.I. in Peace and War
	8:30	MBS: Detroit Symphony Orchestra
8:00	8:30	8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequence
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
	9:55	Blue: Coronet Quiz
	10:00	Blue: The Man Called X—Herbert Marshall
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Judy Canova Show
	10:00	MBS: Theatre of the Air
	10:15	CBS: Al Pearce
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: 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

time. Their off-duty time was spent trying to give some little extra attention, and that counts when you feel as badly as I did. Unquote.

YOU: I guess you've made your point. All right. You'll talk about nurses. For one dollar. How many are there in the Army Nurses Corps?

ME: Not enough. Right now there are 42,000 nurses in the Army Nurses Corps. When you take a look at the facts, you'll see why that's not nearly enough. Practically every day, now, about 1000 sick and wounded men are sent back home for hospitalization. That's only the GIs who are sent home—there are all the others overseas. Seventy-one percent of the Army Nurses are serving overseas, now. That leaves a nice round twenty-nine percent to take care of the men in hospitals here—and all the men who are being sent back daily. They need more nurses overseas, but sending more of them from the existing staffs would mean stripping the hospitals here of already overworked nurses. It can't be done. Not long ago, eleven hospital units were sent overseas without nurses—that's how desperate the situation is. Here at home, Army hospitals are operating with as few as one nurse to twenty-six beds. One nurse ought not to have to take care of more than fifteen beds. Overseas, one nurse shouldn't have to take care of more than twelve beds. It's not good. The President has said that 18,000 more nurses are needed as quickly as possible. That can go up higher, depending on how our boys make out.

YOU: What about the Navy?

ME: At the present time the Navy has about 9,000 nurses. The Navy Nurse Corps has to get ready to staff six new hospital ships that will be commissioned in the next six months, several new naval hospitals that are going into operation soon, as well as naval fleet and base hospitals overseas. The Navy needs at least 2,500 more nurses and needs them before July 1, 1945.

YOU: We hear a lot about soldiers in Veterans Hospitals. What about them?

ME: There are 95 Veterans Hospitals in the United States. In the first ten months of 1944 about 112,464 veterans of World War II—this war that's going on right now—were admitted to Veterans Hospitals. These are ex-soldiers—medical discharges who need more care, some of them for a long time to come. These GIs deserve the best. They gave their best—some of them may be crippled for life. The Veterans Hospitals have less rigid qualifications. Many registered nurses who can't pass the Army and Navy examinations and meet the requirements, can work at the Veterans Hospitals. The Veterans' Administration estimates that by July 31 it will need at least 3,000 more nurses, to fill vacancies and to staff the additional beds they expect to have to set up by then.

YOU: This is a big question. Where do the Army and Navy expect to get all these nurses?

ME: That's an easy one. Right this minute, there are 223,405 registered nurses in this country. The Procurement and Assignment Service of the War Manpower Commission has classified about 41,000 of these as available

for military service. Of course, that doesn't mean that all these 41,000 women would be eligible and could meet the strict physical and professional requirements. But the pressing need at the moment is for about 23,500 nurses.

YOU: I see. There are nurses and they are available. Well, what keeps them from volunteering?

ME: And that's an important one. Nurses—better than anybody else, I guess—understand the need. Lots of them want to volunteer and are held back—by many things. Their families, their fears, their doubts. An objecting family can be a hard thing for a girl to buck. The thing I don't get is that nine times out of ten the relatives of nurses are also the relatives of fighting men. You'd think they'd see the need and break down some of these pre-war ideas. Nurses have been kept back from volunteering because of all kinds of rumors that have no basis in fact. Gory tales about nurses being brought back home minus arms and legs. Not one of these stories is true. Here are the facts—proven and documented. To date, seven nurses have been killed by enemy action. Remember—that's seven out of between 35,000 and 42,000. About one hundred nurses have lost their lives in the line of duty from accidents and natural causes—meaning, it could have happened right here at home just as well. About thirty nurses have received the Purple Heart for wounds resulting from enemy action. The Army has no reports of any amputees of any description. The Army does not regard its nurses as expendable and it takes every possible precaution to protect them.

THERE are just as many rumors about the morals of nurses as there were about the morals—or lack of them—of WACs and WAVEs, when that was the big issue of the moment. Rumors like this are like all rumors. The Army Nurse leads a very strictly supervised life. Her superior officers are responsible for her professional, physical and moral behavior. And if you just take a good look at the hard work they do and be sensible about the whole thing, it's pretty plain that there isn't much time left over in their crowded day for playing around. Lots of people don't come out in the open with arguments like these, because they're ashamed of them. And they ought to be. But they have others. Like, for instance—that war isn't for women. Me—I'd like to ask a plain question. Who is war for? War isn't for anybody. But we're in it and we have to fight it through and make sure we win it—but good. And part of winning it depends on the women who can take care of the men who get hurt in the process. Nurses have done a terrific job so far—but now it comes out that no matter how heroic they have been, there haven't been enough of them and in the coming months there will definitely not be enough of them.

A nurse in the military service has all the advantages that apply to the men in the service—Government Insurance, the opportunity to travel, the opportunity to study special nursing as well as other subjects that are given through the Armed Forces Institute, retirement privileges for disability, all

Continued on page 54



HELEN'S RING—a beautiful diamond in a square setting. The band is platinum.

HELEN RANDALL of Atlanta will wed Lt. William C. Shreve of the Navy. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hill Randall of the prominent Georgia family

She lives in a spacious Southern house with big white pillars across the front!

She looks exactly the way you think a charming Southern girl should look—very feminine, very lovely, with a complexion that's sweet-as-you-please. Another "engaged girl" Pond's complexion!

"I just depend on Pond's Cold Cream like anything," Helen says, "it's the grandest cleaner-upper—and leaves my face with such a smooth, soft feeling."

She smooths cool, luscious Pond's Cold Cream completely over her face and throat—then pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond's creaming—moving white-coated fingers around in little creamy whirls. Tissues off.

Use Pond's yourself—every night, every morning—and for clean-ups in between. You'll love it just as Helen does!

Charming **HELEN RANDALL**—her complexion is cameo-like, smooth! "Pond's Cold Cream takes mighty good care of my skin," she says.

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY!

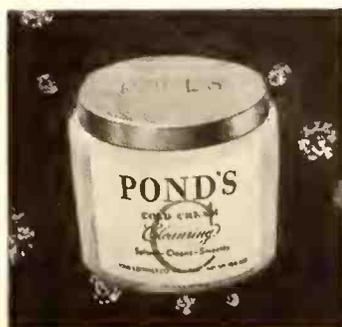
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- LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY—internationally famous beauty
- MISS CONSTANCE M. CORMICK—of the Chicago McCormicks
- MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.—of the great Wilmington family



AT THE BLOOD DONOR CENTER—Helen assists in making hemoglobin tests. Ever since the war began she has worked loyally as a Nurse's Aide. There are many Nurse's Aide duties needing volunteer workers. Ask your local chapter how you can best serve.



BE SURE TO ASK FOR the big luxury-size jar with its wide top that lets you dip the fingers of both hands in at once. It gives you such a nice-to-have lavish feeling! Get your big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

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WHEN GOOD FORM COUNTS

A smooth line, when you dance or
 dine in BLUE SWAN UNDIES.
 They're cozy, cute, cuddly.
 Your store has limited
 selections. If they are
 temporarily "out",
 try again. They're
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BLUE SWAN MILLS, INC.
 EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK
 MILLS: SAYRE, PA.

Blue Swan Undies

Continued from page 52
 the benefits provided in the GI Bill of Rights (benefits like refresher courses, reemployment rights and all the rest). But most important of all, she's living five years ahead of the rest of the nursing profession. She's on the spot while surgeons are making discoveries and developing new methods of treatment. She's learning how to handle new drugs that may change the whole course of civilian medicine after the war. This experience that she's getting during the war will make her a more valuable nurse afterwards.

YOU: But I'm not a nurse. What can I do?

ME: Lady—that's the \$64 question. That's the one I've been aiming at. Because everyone has to help.

All eligible graduate nurses should join the Army and Navy Nurses Corps.

All nurses who can't meet the Army and Navy requirements should work in a Veterans Hospital.

Senior Cadet Nurses, who have a choice as to whether they will enter civilian hospitals or military hospitals should serve their last six months of training in military hospitals and, on graduation, should apply for a commission.

NURSES' Aides and practical nurses should either enlist in the WAC for duty with the Medical Department, or work a minimum of 10 hours a week in a civilian hospital.

Untrained women should enlist in the WAC for medical assignments, or take Nurses' Aides training from the Red Cross—as soon as possible. If they still haven't the time and freedom to do that, they can take Red Cross Home Nursing courses.

I said in the beginning that I don't feel funny. Well, I don't. There's nothing very funny about war and men dying and men bleeding and needing help—our men—our men who are fighting for us, to protect us, to keep for us all the things we want to keep. There's nothing very laugh-provoking about the idea that we may be letting these men down. That's a bad idea. It's not an American idea. We can't let them down. These men have a right to expect the best possible care in the world, if anything does happen to them. They have a right to a chance to live.

And, sometimes, that chance is very slim. It can hang on a split second. It can live or die in a heartbeat's time. It can depend on whether there's a trained, efficient, resourceful, alert nurse at the bedside, or standing by the operating table, a nurse whose hands are busy doing the right thing for a man almost before her eyes have finished registering his need. A nurse, worn out, because she has to take care of twenty beds instead of twelve, because she has to work twice as long every day as she should, because she's been working at that rate under combat conditions without any let up, without relief, may not always be able to respond with that life saving split-second and correct reaction.

I hope everyone will see the need—not in numbers, or talk, but in terms of life. I hope that everyone will think of the son, the brother, the sweetheart, the husband who's gone to war and that everyone will feel a sharp twinge of pain and fear because of what might happen to that person she loves unless this need is met soon. And I hope that everyone will begin looking, quickly, for the way in which he or she can help meet this need.

**"I PROTEST!
 I'm too young
 to have Gray Hair!"**

... and I'm doing something about it now! My hairdresser told me how. "I recommend ETERNOL," she said, "though I pay a trifle more for it than for any other tint . . . because ETERNOL'S color-control is always sure." One treatment proved she was right! Gone are all the drab gray streaks. My hair shines like satin, gleams with youth-giving color. And how naturally lovely it looks! Ask your hairdresser for ETERNOL.

*Your make-up begins
 with your hair*

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Tints, reconditions, cleanses
 in one simple operation

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Caution: Use only as directed on label.

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BEAUTY BATH
MAKES YOU SURE

MARIA
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Lovely star of
Universal's Technicolor Production
"SUDAN"

All the lights come on when the one man whispers, "You're so sweet." So protect the charm he loves! "If a girl isn't dainty no other charm counts," Maria Montez says. "A daily Lux Soap bath makes daintiness *sure*." You'll love the way the creamy **ACTIVE** lather caresses your skin—leaves it fresh, really *sweet*. Delicately perfumed, too!

FIGHT WASTE

Soap uses vital war materials. Don't waste it!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

It's the soap that leaves skin SWEET!

My Heart Knew

Continued from page 45



*"Internal protection?
Meds 'SAFETY-WELL' convinced me!"*

A woman doctor perfected Meds "SAFETY-WELL"—to assure the extra security, the extra comfort, every woman wants! The COTTON in Meds is fine, soft, super-absorbent; the disposable APPLICATORS are dainty, easy to use—yet Meds internal protection costs you LESS!

MEDS
only 19¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



● Meds' "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much more so much faster!

● Meds' fine soft COTTON insorber adapts comfortably to individual needs.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

you—you know that. But anything else between us would be impossible."

"Don't you like me?" I whispered, my voice shaking with a new hurt.

"Of course, I like you—I like you as well as anyone I know. But I can multiply, Beth—two times two."

"But I don't think age matters," I said, discarding the obstacle of 20 years' difference in our ages. "Years don't make any difference as long as we think alike. Damon, we match."

"I should have foreseen this," he said gently. "This was selfish of me. But I didn't mean it to be. I wanted to help you. And I didn't see the danger."

"It's not a danger, Damon—don't look at it that way! If you can forget the accidental differences in our ages you'll see how right we are for each other."

Damon laughed, and rested his hand for a moment against my cheek. "How right we are as a pretty young niece and an affectionate old uncle, for instance?"

I HAD to laugh back, but there was a catch in my heart.

That winter is one I'll always remember—months of longing and love, mixed with the fear that Damon's reluctance would be proof against every argument. We spent a good deal of time together; often, at the close of one of those lovely relaxing evenings I would surprise a faintly speculative expression in his eyes, and then I would grasp his hand eagerly between mine.

"Damon darling, look at tonight—could you have enjoyed it as much with anyone else? We're so right—and it's everything I want, everything."

He would say rather wistfully, "Everything you want now, perhaps." And then, laughing, "You see, Beth, you've proved it yourself. The very fact that I'm old enough to look ahead shows that I'm far too aged and fearful for a young, fresh thing like you."

"You're alive, you're strong—that's why I love you!" I would insist.

"You're lovely, Beth dear," he would answer, with a smile that sometimes made me feel that I could never change his mind, and at other times sent my heart surging upward with a feeling that he must love me, he would change.

And just as I had gotten to that point, he would ruin it all by suggesting that I go out with his nephew Tom. Tom Bryson had come to work for Damon after his discharge from the Army. He was a lanky, sandy-haired, perpetually good-humored young man, and at first he didn't quite fit into the serenely dignified atmosphere that Damon and I always maintained at the office. But after a few weeks I got used to the energetic way he burst in each morning, and the light-hearted sound of his frequent laughter; I was so wrapped up in Damon that I scarcely noticed him around. And then, one day, when Damon and I had planned to go to the theater after work, Damon called me into his office to say that he couldn't.

"But you have the tickets, Beth—perhaps you'd like to go with someone else? I know you've been wanting to see it. Why don't you let Tom take you?"

"I don't want to see it unless I can be with you," I said almost pettishly. "Will you be gone long?"

Damon looked at me gravely. "Beth, you worry me. I want..." he broke off

and sighed. "I don't know yet that I'll have to go."

He tried, one other time, to get me to go out with Tom. I didn't blame Tom for it; I was sure he didn't know anything about it—but Damon stopped by my desk to tell me that he was too tired to take me to dinner that night, and to ask if I would like to have it with Tom, who was free for the evening.

"Damon," I said angrily, "if you don't want me, that's all right. But no, I don't want to have dinner with Tom. I have nothing to say to Tom. If I can't be with you I'd rather be alone."

The question of my going out with Tom didn't come up again, and winter melted into a mellow spring with Damon more uncertain, more worried than ever about my feeling for him. Finally, one day, he told me that he would have to leave town at the end of the week, and would be gone about a month. Tom would be in charge of the office. In fact, Damon had the lettering on the door changed to Bryson and Bryson, and Tom took over.

I suppose I was pretty rude to Tom, in those first days after Damon left. I was worried and lonesome, without Damon; and I resented Tom's intrusion, having to accustom myself to his very different methods after the placid, routinized days I was used to.

But after a while I began to see that there was more to Tom than a light-hearted grin, and that it was impossible to keep from warming to him. His exuberance filtered through the weight of disappointment and restraint with which I cloaked myself; I found that I began to look forward to the laughter he always managed to find in the dull-est details of our work.

It wasn't that I forgot Damon and my love for him. It was just that I couldn't be tragic when I was around Tom.

One day he asked me to have dinner with him.

"Will you—please?" Damon said I couldn't find a nicer girl in town—and I agree with him." He grinned.

ALL right, if that's what Damon wants I'll go."

And so I went. I had prepared myself to be a little bored with Tom's youth, but I was mistaken. Tom was a delightful dinner companion. He was as courteous and attentive as Damon as well as being enthusiastic and gay.

I had thought that dancing was not important to me at all. But when Tom and I danced that night, I discovered that I loved the feel of the music, the excitement of gliding across a smooth floor, guided by an attractive man. And I found that Tom's interest in me was flattering. I liked the pressure of his warm handclasp when we said good-night at my door.

But I knew that I must keep away from him. With just a little encouragement, Tom could fall in love with me, and I didn't want that. But it was terribly hard. Being with Tom was so much more fun than staying home thinking of my love for Damon which could not be fulfilled.

And so a few nights later, I accepted Tom's invitation once again.

"Damon has given me free reign at his house," Tom said. "Let's go out there and have a cocktail."

But in the living room of the big

house, a big wave of lonesomeness for Damon washed over me. I found it difficult to talk. Tom sensed my withdrawal, I know, for he stood up suddenly and said, "Let's get out of here."

Upon leaving Damon's home that night, just as upon leaving the office, I seemed to cast away my maturity and to be drawn to Tom and gaiety and youth. We danced that night for long, singing hours, and I was sorry when it was time to go home.

One night we went with a group of Tom's newly-made friends to a downtown club. Tom and I were dancing when the orchestra beat out with "Auld Lang Syne."

"If this were New Year's Eve and they were playing that it would be midnight and I would be kissing you," Tom said. And, suddenly, he kissed me quickly.

"If this were New Year's Eve, I'd make a resolution," he said. "I guess I will, anyway."

"What resolution?" I asked. "What is it that you've decided to do this year?"

"I'm going to marry you, Beth," he said, and his eyes weren't laughing now. They were very serious. "I'm going to marry you. That's what I'm going to do."

After that I avoided him as much as possible. But that was difficult when we worked together in the same office. And I suppose I must be honest—I enjoyed being attractive to Tom Bryson.

For the last week that Damon was away, I saw Tom nearly every night. We danced and we laughed and we sang. I was surprised to find myself shopping for bright clothes and giddy hats. Two days before Damon was due to return, I looked at myself in the mirror and discovered that I looked years younger. "Where's your dignity?" I asked my gay image, and I giggled.

THE day that Damon returned I dressed in my best dark suit with immaculate collar and cuffs. I was painstakingly careful. Perhaps now that he had been gone, he would realize his need for me. Perhaps, he had missed me and knew now that he needed me—terribly—the way I needed him. I made a short little prayer to that effect.

And when Damon did walk into the office that day I didn't even notice him. Because Tom was beside my desk and we were talking about the dance the night before, and we were laughing. Damon just watched us, smiling.

"Is this my quiet legal office?" he asked finally, his eyes twinkling.

Tom bounded across the room and shook Damon's hand, honestly glad at his return. And then I stood up and put my hand in Damon's, sensing again his power and gentleness—feeling my heart go out to him.

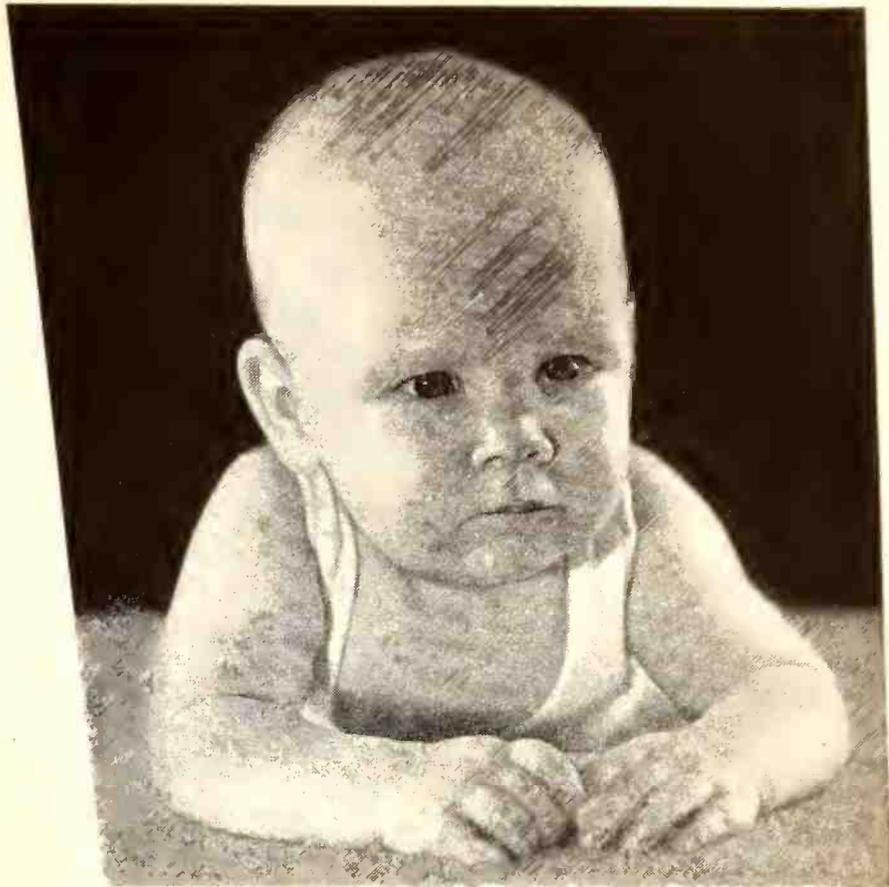
"Damon," I said softly, "I'm glad you're back."

"I'm glad, too, Beth," he said, and there was new promise and a kind of covered excitement in his voice. "Can you have lunch with me today?"

I nodded and went back to my desk. My feelings that morning puzzled me. I was sure that Damon wanted to tell me something of special importance. And, somehow, I was afraid to have him. I loved him as much as ever—it wasn't that. It was just that I kept remembering all of his arguments against our going on together.

We went to a quiet little restaurant and sat in a back booth that noon.

During luncheon Damon asked me slowly, "Have you and Tom had fun while I was gone?"



"The House will please come to order!"



That's the stuff, Son . . . this is your time to give orders and make 'em stick. Later on it won't be so easy.

And here's a tip—while you're still 'head man'. See that the womenfolk do your washing with Fels-Naptha Soap.

At your age a fellow needs a large wardrobe—designed for comfort more than style. He has to 'change' often and on short notice.

That means a full-time job for Mother—and Fels-Naptha Soap. Keeping you supplied with garments that are clean and sweet and snowy white. Keeping the house shipshape and the rest of the family happy.

So remember this: It's fairly painless to 'do your duds'—with the gentle soap that makes the doing easy . . .

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

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"Yes," I answered truthfully, "Tom's very amusing."

"And head over heels in love with you," Damon continued.

"Tom's very young."

"A year older than you," Damon reminded me.

"But—you know what I mean," I said softly.

"You mean you're not in love with him?"

"Yes, Damon, that's what I mean," I said.

"I've done a lot of thinking since I've been gone," Damon said.

My lips parted and my breath caught in my throat.

"I want to marry you, Beth."

Now that it was here I could not believe it. I was confused and excited.

And I was, strangely, afraid.

"Shall we leave next week, Beth? Can you get ready that soon? I'd like to make reservations for the 22nd," he said.

"I want to take you south—to begin to show you the world you've never known."

I lay awake a long time that night thinking of my new life with Damon.

I was tired and headachy when I got up that morning, when I heard the telephone ring and heard Mrs. Kelly call upstairs, "Beth—it's for you."

It wasn't Damon—it was Tom.

"I CAN'T, Tom," I began, and then I knew that this was the morning I must tell him. "All right," I agreed, "Pick me up in 45 minutes."

Tom took me to the same little restaurant where Damon had proposed to me the noon before. And I learned that the whole atmosphere of a place can change with your companion. Yesterday this cafe had seemed quiet and dignified and clean. Today it was gay and sunny and warm and as bright as a new penny—the kind of a place a boy brings his best girl for an extra flourish.

All through breakfast I tried to tell Tom about my approaching marriage, but I couldn't bear to see his eyes cloud with sadness. And I was beginning to realize that my motive wasn't entirely unselfish. I hated to say goodbye to the fun we had known—to realize that this was the last twosome we could share—that after this my life would take on formality and dignity as Damon's wife.

Formality, dignity—the tranquillity I had so longed for—mine at last. But opposite me, Tom's flashing grin and his mirthful comments on the people around us reminded me how much I had enjoyed the effervescent, gay times we had had together—how stimulating I had found them. Which was it, after all, that I wanted?

Suddenly, there was the question before my mind, in just so many words. Which kind of life—which of these men—did I want? I had never before admitted the idea that it might not be Damon, Damon for whom I had longed through a whole bittersweet year. But now—there it was.

Damon's words, said months ago, came back to me. "You've been hurt and tossed about, Beth—you want only refuge and tenderness now. But one day you'll want something else... and we won't have it together; we can't."

Now that he had sheltered me, and I was whole and strong again—was I going to make his words come true? Confusion rioted inside me, but above it and beyond it there was one certainty—the mad beating of my heart when Tom looked at me, a beating that shook me so that I was afraid he would feel it as he helped me on with my coat.

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I said nothing to Tom about Damon. I had to think.

That night, when I went home with Damon, I looked at his gracious home with different eyes. Calm, gentle—and the feeling of Tom's hand on my shoulder blazed up again within me. In that instant there was no more confusion; I knew that it was Damon, not Tom, to whom I must speak.

"Damon."

"Yes," he said, covering my hand with his great one.

"I can't go through with our marriage."

I was afraid to look at him, to see the pain I knew must show in his face.

"It isn't that I don't love you," I whispered. "I believed until this morning that I loved you in every way—but I can't lie to you."

"I know this is hard for you, Beth," Damon said gently. "You don't have to explain, anymore."

"But I want you to know, Damon, before I tell Tom."

I had expressed my love for Tom aloud for the first time.

"He loves you, doesn't he?"

I nodded and my tears were hurting my eyes.

"You're right for each other—just right," Damon said, picking up my middle finger and letting it drop down with the others again. "I think it's wonderful that you found each other."

"But Damon, what about you?"

AND he smiled and said, "This time we aren't going to think about me. We're going to concentrate on you. At last, little Beth, you're going to begin that life you deserve."

The next night, as we were leaving the office, I asked Tom to take me home.

"Oh, happily," he said, steering me toward his car. But when we had settled ourselves and started, he turned to me with a funny sly look. "If I may do it by way of some dinner."

"You needn't look so sinister," I laughed. "I hoped you would ask me. I've got something to say to you..." my voice died away at the sudden grimness that came into his face.

"Perhaps I'd better take you straight home," he said quietly. "I have an idea it's something I'd rather not hear."

I closed my hand over his arm in panic. "Oh, no—please, Tom, you must... Tom darling, it's—it's about your New Year's resolution." My inadequate words hung in the air between us, and then Tom pulled over to the curb and turned to me. Slowly the grimness gave way to a question, and the question to a sort of unbelieving joy. When his voice finally came, it was as unsteady as that of a little boy exclaiming over his first Christmas bicycle.

"What did you say, just then?"

"I said—it was about—"

"No—no," Tom interrupted, "what you called me?"

"I called you—Tom darling."

Tom glanced about him, "There isn't any other Tom here, is there? You did say it to me? On your word of honor?"

"Darling," I repeated. "Tom Bryson, darling. Now are you convinced?"

Tom drew a deep breath. "I'm convinced. You said it to—just me."

He drew me gently into his arms and held me so that he could look down into my face. "Beth darling—is it just me? Let me see—" he pretended to study my eyes carefully, and then he laughed. "I believe it's true. There isn't that queer guard in your eyes when you look at me now. As though you had

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Our first day—we found the loveliest honeymoon place. "Loveliest to remember—" you said, "the darling softness of your hands." (Oh, thanks for Jergens Lotion, Jergens furnishes softness-protection most hand skin needs.)

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Modess is now the first and last word in personal protection.
Mrs. J.P. du P.

forgotten something and were struggling to remember it, but couldn't."

"How do I look now?" I whispered. "Let me see." He held me from him. "Why, you look wonderful! You look like the loveliest thing I've ever seen. You look like my girl, altogether mine—no wonderings, no regrets, nothing but... oh, Beth, you do love me?" I raised my mouth to his for the only assent I wanted to give, and the promise that had been in the looks we had exchanged, the breathless, timid touching of hands, became reality—became such a blazing thing that nothing was left except his lips on mine.

But the next morning, as I straightened Damon's desk, the sadness that Tom's lips had held at bay came back, a little bit of it, to trouble me. Everything was settled for Tom and me—but what of Damon, to whom I owed not only Tom but the new honesty and courage that made me capable of returning Tom's love, unafraid? Could Damon smilingly, happily, accept me as his loving and loved niece rather than as his wife? True enough, that had been his own picture of our relationship always, even when I had tried so passionately to make him see it differently. But now that he had thought of me as his wife—could he go back?

The shrilling of his desk phone cut through my thoughts. It was the railroad depot and an officious voice was asking, "Is this Damon Bryson's secretary?"

"Yes," I answered.

TELL Mr. Bryson okay, on that reservation for the 21st."

"I don't think he wants that reservation," I said, "and, anyway, the reservations were for the 22nd."

"Oh, I called him about the reservations for the 22nd," the voice went on. "They've gone through too. But this is the ticket on the Rocket to Chicago on the 21st."

"I'll tell him," I said, hanging up in bewilderment. Why did Damon order our tickets for the south on the 22nd and another ticket to Chicago on the 21st? Why would any man order two tickets for himself going opposite directions the same day?

Unless—I bent with sudden eagerness over Damon's desk calendar, flipping the pages back to the 21st—that day on which he had asked me to marry him. Bar Convention, Chicago—leave 2:51 Rocket. I turned to the 22nd—and there it was. Tom and Beth, reservations for Florida. In Damon's handwriting.

Damon had known. He knew all about me, what I really wanted. He had realized that without the shock of his proposal I would never have thought clearly enough to make my own decision; I would have drifted into a half-life with him, thinking I was content, perhaps—but never really living, never being myself.

And now it was settled. I raised my head, smiling, as Tom came into the outer office. He stood there for a moment, unaware that I was watching through the glass that shielded Damon's private office, and glanced about disappointedly as he took off his hat. Then, feeling the pull of my gaze, he whirled about, and as his eyes met mine the disappointment melted into excitement, into joy. As he came toward me, I could sense what he was thinking—because the same thought was going round and round in me. I couldn't find you, my darling; I didn't see you at first. But all of a sudden—there you were.

Strangers Kiss

Continued from page 34

close and too warm in the bus. My skin felt prickly and hot, and my head ached, and all of my anxiety over Ellen House had become a sick certainty that I was returning to chaos. When I reached Ellenville, the rain had subsided to a fine mist, and I didn't bother to call for the station wagon. I walked up the hill, hurrying when I neared the hotel and saw the deserted look about it—the lawn furniture stacked on the porch, no cars in the drive, no cars, I saw with alarm, at the back where the employees parked. I ran the last steps. Cappy was at the desk. The next instant he was pulling me to him, holding me close and shaking me at the same time, saying, "Jo, you little idiot, why didn't you call? You're soaked—"

I surrendered for a moment to the comfort of his arms, to the sweetness of being scolded in that glad, anxious voice; then I drew away. "What's happened?" I cried. "Why is everything so quiet? And oh, Cappy, what did you do about the wedding?"

"The wedding!" He grinned teasingly. "Weddings, you mean. We had two of them on Saturday."

ALMA came into the foyer, caught the last of Cappy's speech. She turned on him the triumphant, congratulatory smile she'd always given me after we'd pulled through a tumultuous time. "Everything went fine, Miss Jo. But we sure had a time for a while on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Scanlon closed up the switchboard and things just the way you would have."

That, I thought, was why my calls hadn't gone through. The board had been closed, and the two phones that were always connected must have rung somewhere unanswered. And everything had gone beautifully without me. I should have been glad and grateful.

Alma smiled again at Cappy. "As for today," he said, "we gave most of the staff a holiday. There are only three guests upstairs and a party of six for tonight."

I nodded, unable to speak, not knowing what was wrong with me. Everything had gone well at the hotel, and yet I wasn't pleased. I wasn't pleased that Alma looked up to Cappy as she'd once looked up to me. I felt excluded and unnecessary suddenly in my own house, and my head felt heavy and hot.

Cappy said, "You're tired. You ought to get out of those damp clothes and lie down for a while."

I managed to say, "Perhaps that would be better," and then I turned away, my lips trembling.

I know now, of course, that my vanity was hurt, both professionally and personally. For the first time I'd discovered that I wasn't indispensable to Ellen House, that someone else could run it as well as—perhaps even better than—I could. Even then I would have realized how completely silly and possessive and childish I was being, if the Selbys hadn't come calling.

Alma brought them up to my room after I'd been resting for an hour or so. I was surprised—all of my free time had been spent with Cappy lately, and I'd almost forgotten the visits that used to be exchanged between the Selby Hotel and Ellen House on slow days—but I was glad to see kind, motherly Mrs. Selby. Her daughter, Lydia, I greeted less enthusiastically.

McGillough

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Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream

Lydia had a talent for saying the unkind thing, for finding the weak spot in another person. "We can't stay but a minute," Mrs. Selby said. "Only we thought we'd stop in and ask after your aunt."

I said that Aunt Elizabeth was better, invited them to come out on the little porch outside my room and talked for a while about my trip. Mrs. Selby sighed and said, "Well, sickness is sickness, but it's too bad you had to leave at such a busy time. Of course, I guess your new man carried on all right."

Lydia smiled thinly. "I guess anyone works hard when he's working for himself," she observed. "It's a pretty quick promotion when a man's a handyman one day and assistant manager the next."

LYDIA!" cried Mrs. Selby warningly, and Lydia looked hurt. "I'm just telling Joanne she ought to be more careful," she said. "Everyone knows that the Scanlon fellow didn't have a thing when he came here. He just got off the bus and asked at the station where he could get a job, any kind of job. After all, he's a stranger here, and you can't blame people for saying that the easiest way to get a hotel might be to marry it—"

"Lydia!" cried Mrs. Selby again, and this time she succeeded in silencing her daughter. I was too angry to speak, and too unsettled. Mrs. Selby's very anxiety to keep the gossip from me told me how much gossip there was.

After the Selbys had gone, I didn't care to see anyone. Alma called to ask if I wanted dinner, and I refused. Cappy called later to ask how I was, and I told him that I was tired and was going to sleep. And then I lay sleepless, trying to check thoughts that zig-zagged back and forth, growing steadily more disordered. I remembered Cappy's taking over the desk on the very first day, with only Alma's permission. I remembered that the very morning after he'd been sure of my love, he stood with his arm around me and asked about Fairly's Field—wanting to know how much land I owned, it seemed now. And he'd thought that I ought to go to Paignton—perhaps he'd wanted me to go, had been glad of the chance to run Ellen House himself.

In the morning I felt better. My head was no longer heavy and hot, but clear, extraordinarily clear. And my thoughts about Cappy were clear, too. There was no need for me to be upset at all. I'd simply been too hasty, both in giving Cappy so much responsibility and in giving him my heart.

I went downstairs, found Cappy at the desk—on what was really my shift. He'd been coming down early lately—so that I could get more sleep, he said. Now it occurred to me that he might like the importance of the morning shift, the opening of the mail, the ordering of the kitchen. I reached for the mail quickly, almost rudely, and then laughed to cover my rudeness. "I'll take that," I said. "Sorry I'm late."

"You're not late, Jo. You're early. Do you feel better this morning?"

Why did he insist upon treating me like an invalid? Perhaps he wouldn't mind if I were sick, and out of the way. The preposterous thought was gone from my mind in an instant—but it had been there. "Much better," I said carefully. And then, casually, "Do you mind if I take the desk for a day or two? I'd like to work sitting down for a change. You can help out in the dining room."

I watched him go, and suddenly I realized that there was no triumph at all in my show of authority. I'd taken the desk back, given orders, proved that I was still mistress at Ellen House—and I felt miserable. There was an ache, like tears, in my throat, and my head was heavy and my eyes hot, and I wanted Cappy to come back, wanted the cool strength of his hands, wanted his lips—cool, too, and strong—on my burning forehead. Oh, love made a fool of a woman, I thought bitterly. It took away her independence, made her want to lean on a man, to put all she was and all she had into his hands—and left her only a half-person.

THE next day was even worse. It began badly with the mail and a note from Mrs. Overman, thanking Ellen House for her daughter's wedding reception and enclosing a check for tips. It was addressed to Mr. Scanlon. Another woman who called for a reservation asked for Mr. Scanlon, and when I told her that I was Joanne Ellen, it seemed to me that she hesitated, as if she would have preferred to talk to Cappy. I heard Alma's voice, and she was asking Cappy about the reservations that had come in. I'd got the desk back, but I hadn't the position and the authority that went with it. Cappy was still running the Ellen House, and I was as good as out of it, I told myself bitterly. Then I tried to concentrate on the books, and found that the figures jumped crazily before my eyes, while the hard ache, like tears, kept swelling in my throat. If Cappy Scanlon and I couldn't work in Ellen House together, Cappy would have to go. . . .

I'd been staring at the books for a long time. It had been afternoon a moment ago, and now it was evening, a queer, blackish evening, and the switchboard was buzzing madly. I swung round to light the lamp, to answer the board, and felt Cappy's hand on my shoulder, his voice shouting, "Jo! Jo, are you all right?"

They told me afterward that I was critically ill for five days. I had no notion of time, nor of day or night—only an endless walking down a shadowy hall, with the blackness always closing in, never quite overwhelming me. I saw Alma's face once or twice; the rest of her was in shadow. I tried to ask about Ellen House, and Alma just shook her head and said that everything was all right. Then I told her that Cappy mustn't be allowed to run things, that he must go, because all he wanted was to marry me and take Ellen House away from me, but Alma just shook her head and smiled.

Then one morning my room was my room again, very bright after the darkness. Alma was beside the bed.

"Don't try to talk, Miss Joanne," she warned. "It'll just hurt you. You've had a real bad throat—quinsy, the doctor said. Now your temperature's down, you'll be on your feet in a couple of weeks."

"Two weeks!" My voice was a squeak, and Alma was right; speech was excruciatingly painful. I put my hand to my throat.

ALMA grinned understandingly. "You don't want to look at yourself, do you? You better look around at your flowers, instead, and all the nice notes you got. I'm going to call Mr. Scanlon. He's been just about beside himself."

I saw the flowers in the room, then, baskets and bowls and pots of them, and the cards Alma put into my hands



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—I turned them over, held them up to read them. They were from everyone I'd ever known, it seemed, and from quite a few people I'd forgotten, from the villagers, and tradesmen and former employees and guests. Everyone was sorry I was sick; everyone hoped I'd be well soon; everyone missed me. . . . I put the cards down. I didn't have to read any more to know how silly I'd been. I hadn't lost my place at Ellen House at all; I'd only imagined it, as I'd imagined the dark corridor in the dream. And Cappy—why, of course Cappy loved me. "He's been beside himself over you—" He wouldn't have been beside himself if it had been Ellen House, not me, he cared about.

Then I swung back the covers, sat up dizzily. I must call Alma, tell her not to send Cappy up to me—not now, when I looked so awful. I grasped the bedpost, managed to stand. I took a step forward and then grabbed for the bedpost again and stood rigid, stunned at the sight that met my eyes. Through the window, where Fairly's Field had been—the wild flowers were gone, and the weeds, and men were working with rollers and great bales of stiff wire netting. Down at the river were more men, driving pilings.

THE Selbys got it, I thought, and the thought was somehow without shock. They got it, and this is the beginning of the end for Ellen House. And Cappy didn't do a thing to stop them.

"Jo, you little fool!" That was Cappy's voice. "You idiot, don't you know that you're sick, good and sick. You've had us all frantic—"

I stared at him, feeling all throat and all eyes, and all disillusionment. Mutely, I gestured toward the window.

Cappy saw the gesture. "Oh, that!" he cried. "Can't you forget the hotel for a minute, and think of yourself? Yes, I bought Fairly's."

"You bought it?" I squeaked. "Of course I bought it. How else do you think work's going on there? I'm not penniless, you know. I had Army pay saved, and my discharge pay, and all I'd put aside for Mother. I was going to let it go until fall, when things were more settled between us. I mean—I couldn't come to you empty-handed, but I wanted you to say just how you wanted things. But when you got so sick, I thought perhaps it'd help you get well to see work going on there, give you an interest— Oh, sweetheart, I've been nearly crazy—"

Then his voice broke, and he put his face down on my shoulder, and I think he was crying. Big, smiling Cappy, crying. . . . I put my arms around him, and I was glad that I couldn't talk. Glad, because of the things I meant to say to him, the things I'd thought about him, that I was so ashamed of now. Glad, that Cappy would never know how I'd mistrusted him, how my love had faltered. That was the reason, I saw now. Love and faith went hand in hand, and if my love hadn't wavered, childishly, selfishly, I'd never have lost faith in Cappy and in myself. Because real love—Cappy's kind—didn't make you a half-person, a weak person, at all. It made you strong and whole.

"It's complete now." I got one tuneless syllable out, and I laughed in my pinched throat. Cappy raised his head, and laughed, too. He understood.

"Complete, Jo? Ellen House? Sure it is." But he wasn't talking only about Ellen House, and I wasn't either. We were talking about us.



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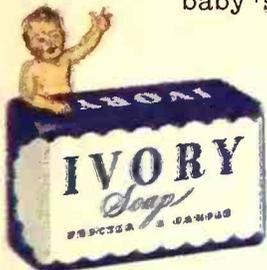


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Love Is Like This

Continued from page 25

the paper out of her hand and ran. A mistake like this—an announcer reading a description of a Brahms concerto when the record is playing Mozart or Wagner—sounds funny when it's repeated, but it can be serious for a radio station. One minute after the wrong record was announced, my board would be flooded with irate and scornful telephone calls from listeners.

The red light was on over the door but I flung it open. I squeezed into the narrow, dimly-lit booth, clutched the announcer's shoulder as he sat hunched over the desk microphone and thrust the paper into his hand. His head came up and I saw that it was Bill.

He had already given the opening words—and I was proud of the way he grasped the situation immediately; the smooth switch he made from the wrong announcement to the correct one, without a break. The platters—the records—spun on their disks; he finished speaking and leaned across to cut the switch that allowed the music to go over the air, but not our voices.

With almost the same motion he pushed me into the chair by his side.

"Catch your breath, Judy, while I catch mine!" He pretended to mop his brow. "That was the closest shave yet. I should have noticed the mistake, but I picked up the records without even looking at them."

I LEANED back, with a feeling of guilt, but, at the same time, relaxing after the excitement. I knew I shouldn't stay, I didn't want to move—just yet. Our chairs were so close our bodies touched. The soft light from the desk lamp lit up only our faces, leaving the rest of the room in shadow. His shoulder pressed against mine was comfortably strong; there was the faint, masculine aroma of pipe tobacco I breathed in our closeness.

And, slowly beginning to fill the room, around us and over us and pulsating through us were the throbbing, sensual chords of that greatest of love music, "Tristan and Isolde." Slowly its magic stole over me, holding me motionless—and by his silence I knew Bill felt it, too—drugging my senses and then gradually, tremendously, bringing them to life again, until strange desires and poignant hunger beat in every fibre of my body.

I had known this feeling before, listening to this music, but never before had I shared these emotions. I did now—there was a tension in Bill that communicated itself, somehow, to me. And still the love lyrics swelled inside the tiny room until I felt myself growing powerless in their sway and all thought, all past memories, were swept aside—and there were only a man and a woman, newly-created, newly-met, whose desires and hopes flowed from one to the other.

When his arm moved around me it didn't seem surprising, nor did his face, moving to mine, his lips seeking mine, disturb the languid spell. It seemed right. And my lips, involuntarily, moved to meet his.

But, somehow, at his touch, at the aliveness, the tenderness and the fire, of his mouth on mine—the music vanished. Tristan was gone—and only Bill Scott remained. It should have shattered the spell. It should have brought me to my senses—but it only took me from an unreal to a very real and present world. A wonderful world. He

held me close; our lips clung—and I knew, with a shattering insight, that I loved Bill Scott.

"Don't speak—" he urged, tenderly, as if he had felt my lips move beneath his—"this is something we don't have to probe to understand. We know it's there, this love that I knew and you felt since that first day."

But his speaking had done something his touch could not. I was beginning to think again. To remember, and wonder in panic, how I could have let myself—

"Don't, Bill—" I protested weakly,—

"I'm not in love with you. It's not true."

"Judy—Judy," he murmured. "Don't say you don't love me. There's room in your heart for both Valerie and me. Don't turn against either of us; pushing me out of your life wouldn't be loyalty to Val. You aren't robbing her, but you would be robbing us—"

"She's still in love with you," I stated, flatly, hoping, praying he would contradict me.

But he only said, slowly, regretfully, "Yes, I think she is. Val can't bear to give up—she possesses everything she wants, if she can."

I WAS furious. I was so angry I was shaking even when I got to my feet. "I suppose you think that's what love is—something to be discarded when you get tired of it—and picked up again somewhere else. I suppose you think Valerie can stop loving you as easily as you can turn that microphone switch—as easily as you seem to be able to fall in and out of love." Shame and sorrow mingled in my throat and the taste was bitter. "She's my friend. I know what you did to her—broke her heart—cheated her out of her job. Well, you can't hurt me because I won't let you. I won't be in love with you—I'll stop it—I'll forget that you kissed me—" the tears were close now and I stumbled my way to the door.

His words reached me softly. "You won't forget, Judy, and neither will I." But he let me go.

Somehow I managed to get through the rest of the afternoon. I was dazed and my mind and body seemed to be held in a vacuum, waiting for the moment when I could be alone.

Valerie wasn't home when I let myself into our apartment. I read her note: "Cheese in ice-box. Make sauce for melted cheese sandw. Be back soon. V."

I went to work, but although my hands moved mechanically from ice box to double-boiler to sink, I had little idea of what I was doing. Pain was slowly coming alive in me. I forgot the flour. The water boiled up and over. I burned the toast. And finally I gave up, slumping against the sink, letting the full crescendo of realization sweep over me. The shock was so great—knowing that I loved Bill—that for a moment I was the battleground between raptured discovery and hideous shame.

I loved him! Always before I had been sparing of my emotions, waiting for this reality that I knew would come. It had come. It might never come again. All I had to do was to stretch out my hand and take it. Friendship was a feeble thing against the tremendous yearning in my heart for this man I loved. Why should anything stand in our way? Why should I consider Valerie?

Valerie. Could there be any real happiness for me, tinged as my love would be with guilt and disloyalty? How could the laughter and the little tender jokes that had drawn me so to Bill exist when I would always have to

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— by Bradshaw Crandell



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shows how to beautify your skin with original*

"Flower-fresh" shade of

CASHMERE BOUQUET
face powder



Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for you!

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"... it's my iron decision that curtains are silly!
Their slow poke-y frills get me shivery, chilly."
But Miss Sunny Monday is counting on Linit—
The slick, handsome starch that saves many a minute.



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"Meet Master Linit.
He's really perfection
To iron—to flatter
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Here's how —

"We wash our curtains
As clean as a breeze—
Then Linit will starch them
with elegant ease.



Quick mix —

"He blends half cupfuls
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Then adds boiling water—
It's done in a minute!"

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Well, do look at Sad Iron,
gay and alive-y!
With Linit his work is so
happy and jive-y!



If you have a Sad Iron
balky at chores—
Get Linit tomorrow
at all grocery stores.



remember the pain I had given her? The very fact that so many other people had let her down; that so many others got what she wanted made it impossible for me to be the one to deal her this final blow. Of course she must realize that he would fall in love with someone else, someday. But not with her best friend; not behind her back.

Perhaps it was just as well that Valerie stood in our way—although, at that thought, my heart moved in anguished protest! But if he could treat one girl as he had her, there must be something hard and pitiless in his character that could hurt me, too. I knew love blinded people. And I was blind now—I could only see the tenderness of his face and feel the gentleness of his touch—it was just as well for me that I could not let myself go heedlessly into his arms.

I had been such a fool! I admitted it now and was ashamed. Stripping myself down to real motives, I could see that I had really enjoyed my feud with Bill. I had been so sure of myself; I had looked forward to the verbal fencing that had gone on between us over my desk; I had let myself deliberately watch for him and wait eagerly for him—and I had known that my insults piqued his interest. I had been caught in a snare of my own making.

THE revelation made me wretched. I had always prided myself on motives that were clear-cut and honest—but what was honest in pretending that my interest in Bill had been out of sympathy for Valerie when I knew, now, that it had been mostly selfish? I ran my hands, hot and feverish, over the little nerves in the back of my neck that were aching in torment. How could I face Bill—and Valerie?

The door flew open.

"Judy!—you've burned the toast again! This room is full of smoke and your eyes look as though they'd been crying!" In a dazed way I noted—not for the first time—the irritability that was becoming normal to her; the sharpened, pinched expression in her face. And I wondered, sickeningly, if frustration would do that to me. I wondered, too, fleetingly, if she could read my guilty secret in my face.

But she was too full of news to suspect anything. "Let's get out of this kitchen! I can't eat anyway—I'm too excited! Judy—Mr. Davis is sick—oh, not seriously—but he has to stay home and rest and he can't come to the office. Judy, this is my chance! They'll have to let me take over. No one else knows the work as well as I do. And I'll show them. Maybe Mr. Davis won't come back—maybe I'll be Program Director!"

For a moment her heartlessness revolted me. But then I softened, remembering how much, how desperately much she wanted that job and how hard she had worked. I was sure she didn't mean what she had said. She wanted Mr. Davis to come back—but by that time she would be able to prove that she could hold a bigger job.

"I know how you feel, Valerie. It will be—"

She finished for me "—I'll be a triumph! I want to see Bill's face when he hears! Maybe then he won't ignore me—maybe he'll see he made a mistake treating me as if I were just anybody!" She was already savoring the moment, flaunting her victory in his face. But some little bit of stubborn wisdom—or was it wishful thinking because I loved him and didn't want him hurt?—made me wonder if he would be as impressed as she hoped.

It would have been better for both of us if we hadn't taken so much for granted. Certainly Valerie could have better withstood the shock.

Because Bill got the job.

He was there, in Mr. Davis' office, the next morning. He had walked in and taken over as coolly as if there was never any question but that the place was rightfully his. And, even in the tumult of my own emotions, I could judge the unfairness. He had been away; he had lost touch with the work of that department; he could not hope to know as much about the immediate problems as Valerie. I had no doubt that he had asked for the job and it had been given to him out of appreciation for his former record. But it was unfair!

Valerie's face was white when I saw her at lunch. "I don't care now! It's done one good thing, anyway. I'm through loving him—I hate him!" Maybe that was the answer. Maybe, after a while, a love like Valerie's and like mine—founded on insecurity and fear and surrounded by dishonesty—could be cleansed in the bright fires of hatred. Certainly I was angry enough at Bill. I could forgive him almost anything—but not this kind of underhanded meanness!

SHE hadn't finished talking. "I think I know what's behind it, Judy. He's still in love with me—and when he found I wouldn't have anything to do with him when he came back he couldn't stand it. He has to show me he still has the power to hurt me."

I was startled. I had heard her give outrageous motives before for other people's conduct—but this I knew wasn't true. Could that mean—did it mean—that Valerie was often wrong—that she saw subterfuge and deceit where it never existed? I erased the thought hastily. She was talking wildly now only because she was hurt.

I met Bill in the elevator. But this time there was nothing in his smile that tugged at my heart; this time the elevator was just that—a thing made of steel and wood—and not an Old Man whose contrariness could make a warmth between us. I faced Bill with anger and contempt in my heart. The love I still felt for him was a sick and shabby thing. I told him what I thought of his taking the job away from Valerie.

"It's mean. The kind of petty, cruel meanness a boy does when he deliberately hurts a helpless kitten. It's spiteful and malicious, and I can't forgive you." I turned my head away but not before I had caught the surprise and then the resigned grimness in his face.

"I was asked to take over, Judy. I think you know what KLMO means to me. I grew up with it. If I thought someone else could do the work as well—or better—than I, do you think it would make any difference to me whether it were a man or a woman, Val or anyone else?"

I took his glance squarely on me. "Just say one thing. Just say that you don't believe she knows the work as well as you do—and I'll believe you."

"She knows the work—yes—" reluctantly—"she's qualified."

"That's all I want to know. It's my misfortune that I fell a little in love with you, Bill, but now that I know the kind of a man you are, I know what kind of a love it is, too. I'm ashamed that I let you kiss me. I'm ashamed that I wasted a single thought on you."

His face darkened and his hand caught me roughly by the shoulder.

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Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC



"Judy—do you know what you're saying? What kind of a twisted loyalty do you have that can make you deny our love? Do you think I'm going to let you smear the memory of that kiss?" I was about to wrench my shoulder away when his hand dropped heavily to his side, with a finality that penetrated even through my anger. "All right. It's forgotten. I never kissed you. I never held you—I never built a dream around you. I'll write it off—if that's what you want." The door slid back and he walked away.

It hit me like a blow. My anger drained out of me in a second, leaving me only with a terrible vision of Bill going out of my life forever. I had an insane impulse to run after him—to stop him—to tell him I hadn't meant it—! But I had meant it. At least that cold part of my mind, that "twisted loyalty" he had named, had meant it. It was better this way, I told myself. But I was telling it to a heart that had suddenly come into its own, that was demanding its right to love. *It's all over*, I said to myself, stupidly,—and my heart rebelled.

For the first time I found myself not looking at Valerie as a friend—but as a person. For the first time I listened to what she said—and wondered.

I'M THE original hard-luck girl, all right." Self-pity made her voice sharp. "I work hard and get nowhere. I'm pretty and men like me—but they never ask me to marry them. Something always happens. Someone always snatches success and happiness away from me."

I had heard this refrain so often. But now I asked myself: Why? Was there something in Valerie that invited, that courted disaster?

She had adjusted herself to working for Bill with a sullenness that never lifted. As usual she told me all the details that went on in the office. I knew they were working with Government officials to start Bill's new program that Sunday. It was the program he had mentioned to me; the dramatization of war stories that would directly concern our farming audience. Even Valerie was a little interested, because so much depended upon her for the thousand and one items that were necessary for so important a program.

I learned to wait with eagerness and dread for the mention of his name. I found myself hanging on her words. It was the only contact I had with him, and, for the moment, as I listened, I could almost feel close to him. He never spoke to me; at work he walked by my desk as if I weren't there.

I hadn't thought it was possible to suffer like that. Fed on nothing, starved for even a word or a look, my love was growing, maturing, deepening every day. I didn't fight against it. I let it come. I welcomed the pain because I knew that I was changing, too. I was no longer the thoughtless, stubborn girl I had been. As Bill had once told me to do, I was "dusting off" my loyalties and examining them in the light of my deeper emotions.

It was inevitable that I should notice new lines in Valerie's face and a shrewdness in her eyes I had never seen before, and sense the suspicion that clouded her judgment. I had always known she was humorless—now I saw that a joke at her expense enraged her. It was inevitable—but caution made me wonder if I were not seeing these things just because I wanted to. Had she changed—or had

I? Was I reading things into her voice and face that weren't there—just because I wanted the excuse of breaking our friendship?

I wanted to be fair. I wanted to know the truth—not only for her sake but for mine and Bill's. There was tension growing in me—I struggled between the things I *knew*—Bill's cruel treatment of Valerie—his indifference to her feelings—his jilting her—the deliberate way he had kept her from promotion—his willingness to fall in love with her best friend—and the things I *felt*: his gentleness and tenderness; his quiet, unmalicious good humor; his strength.

It was Saturday, the day before his program made its debut on the air, that he called me on the inter-office phone.

"Miss Palmer? Will you come into my office for a moment, please?" The sound of his voice was a shock—not only because it was the first time since our quarrel that he had spoken directly to me, but also because of the fury in it—tight, repressed fury!

Quaking inside, I opened his office door.

He had been standing, his back to me, facing Valerie, and, as the door closed he swung around.

DID you know of this, Judy?" he demanded, his eyes hot with anger. "Did you know of Valerie's plans to leave me in the lurch the day before the program goes on the air?"

I stared at her in shocked amazement. She answered for me.

"No, I haven't told her. The only reason I mentioned her name to you was because she knows about everything that goes on in this office and she can take over my job, easily."

That wasn't true. I knew only what she had told me—and I had little stenographic training. But why should I be expected to know anything? What did Bill mean by saying she was leaving? Leaving KLMO?

Something in my face must have satisfied Bill—but it only increased his temper. "Okay, Judy, so you don't know. So I'll tell you. Tomorrow my program—the War Department's program—goes on the air. Everything we've done so far this week has been just a preliminary. Today we were supposed to whip the whole thing into shape; polish up the last-minute, important details. And now Val tells me she has a new job, a better job, starting Monday in Salem, at KBFB. That's all right—I'm glad she got it—but Sam Benson over there is a friend of mine. He'd be glad to give her an extra day here, if she needs it to pack. I can call him."

"Don't you touch that phone, Bill Scott!" Valerie was panting now in fear and rage. "I know what you'd tell him—you'd ruin my chances if you could!"

"But, Valerie—you can't leave today!" I managed to say. "This is the most important show KLMO has ever done—and sponsored by the War Department! I'll help you pack—it's only two hours by train to Salem—you can get there by noon tomorrow, even if you work all day today."

She turned on me in a passion. "You're like everyone else! You're always trying to pull me back—keep me from getting anywhere. You know how much I hate it here. And yet you want me to stay! Well, I won't! I've been humiliated long enough!" I was aghast, unbelieving—but she went on, almost screaming this time at Bill, "I won't stay here another day. How do you

Continued on page 73



Says Louise, "Joe tells me I have a sweet-enough-to-kiss complexion with Solitair. No wonder I love it!"

Louise Morton—typical American girl is a receptionist at N. B. C. in Chicago. She's 24—married to Captain Joseph Morton, now in Italy.

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think I feel having everyone know that you wouldn't marry me—that you took the job I should have had?"

Bill ran his fingers in weary exasperation through his hair. When he spoke it was like a man goaded. "No one would have known, Val—if you hadn't insisted on holding me to an engagement I didn't make in the first place. I told you then—I liked you—I might even have fallen in love with you if you'd only let me find out for myself. But you waited until I went away on a trip—and when I got back I found we were engaged, publicly. I let it go on because I knew I was going into the Army, anyway, and that would give you a chance to ease me out of the picture. But you wouldn't have it that way—you forced things so I had to tell you then I didn't love you and wouldn't marry you."

I was stunned. And, looking at Valerie, I knew she had heard this before—that it was the truth—but, even now, she was denying it with her eyes, refusing to accept his words, translating what he said into some devious, warped explanation of her own.

IT WAS the same with this job," he went on. They seemed oblivious of me. "I suggested your name—and it was turned down. I told you to go easy, but you announced to the whole station that I had the job cinched for you, before I left for the Army. But Personnel said you were too unstable—you couldn't be trusted to handle people or programs, you told your friends confidential material that went on in this office, just as you've been telling Judy things she shouldn't have known."

In the midst of my dazed and horrified shock, I had a moment of dismay over that. But how could I have known—?

Saying my name had made him remember me and now Bill turned toward me, his face reddening, his eyes showing his embarrassment. "I'm sorry you heard that, Judy. It wasn't exactly chivalrous—I had no intention of telling you—even when—"

"Even when—what?" Valerie's voice cut through sharply, and her eyes went from one to the other of us in suspicion. Then she whirled, grabbed her purse off the desk, and started out the door. "Don't try to stop me! I'm going and I hope I never see either of you again!" The door slammed behind her.

I took one unsteady step toward Bill. "That was the truth, wasn't it, Bill?" I found there was a hard lump in my throat that made my voice shaky.

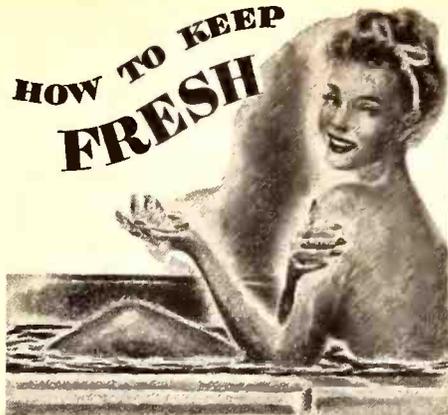
"Yes." His eyes were moody and his face withdrawn. "I feel sorry for Val—everyone feels sorry for her. But I had to keep her out of my life. She has to possess everything, own everything, she can't wait for love or success to come to her—she has to grab it and call it her own before it really belongs to her. Val will always outsmart herself and then blame others for it. I know her new job and her new boss, Sam Benson. He'll see through her in a week."

He brushed his hand across his forehead as if to wipe away the unpleasantness of her memory. Then he turned to me.

"Will you get someone to take the switchboard? I'll need your help—we'll struggle along somehow."

It wasn't ungracious. He knew my limitations as a secretary. I hurried

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Brighten up your smile with Pebeco Powder. See how beautifully your teeth can sparkle... how grand and fresh your mouth can feel. Pebeco tastes so minty—so zippy! For a *super-fine* smile, get *super-fine* Pebeco Powder and use it regularly!



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out looking for Janie, and found her helping out in the Sales Department. She could type out her contracts just as well at my desk—and I was free to go back to Bill.

But I hesitated, going back. I was filled with an overpowering sense of shame. That, and disgust at my own lack of confidence, made my steps lag. I had known, instinctively, from the first moment I had seen Bill that he was fine and good—that he was incapable of the kind of cruelty of which Valerie had accused him. But I had let myself become confused and blinded by a loyalty that had started 'way back in school and had become a part of me, like a cancerous growth I hadn't the courage to cut out.

Most of the pity I had felt for Valerie was only because it had made me feel better, because it fostered my self-esteem. And now that I saw the fear and poisonous suspicion that governed everything she did, that saw evil in everyone else—now I could understand how Valerie, with all her beauty and brains, would always fail.

But I couldn't blame her for my own failure. I had done that myself. I had taken the wonderful thing Bill had offered me and thrown it away. And, when I remembered the finality with which he had "written off" his love, I knew that I couldn't hope to win him back. The time for apology and explanation had gone by. I had had no faith—and faith after the fact was cold comfort indeed.

Bill called me in for dictation. I sat across the desk from him, my head bent over my notebook, while he spoke slowly—giving my unpracticed fingers time to catch up. Now and then I stole a glance at him—at his stern, remote profile—and felt, with a sickening dread, that we were farther apart than ever.

He went on, dictating slowly but steadily—memos to announcers, additions and corrections on the script memos to the sound engineer. And, finally—"Memo to the supply clerk: Please arrange to have one dozen roses delivered to the program director's office as soon as possible, in order—"

I forgot, in my surprise, the constraint between us. "But Bill—roses? Roses make you—"

HE interrupted me briefly, not a hint of a smile to spoil his completely business-like manner. "I said roses and I meant roses. You should know by now, Judy, that I am a most methodical planner. I propose to have roses delivered here, because I remember exactly how you reacted the last time you and I got involved over a vase of roses. You were kind and sweet—"

My pencil flew in one direction, my notebook in another, as I got to my feet. And Bill, too, stood up, so that we met half way around the desk—met with our arms eagerly outstretched, so that we might not waste another precious moment. And then he kissed me, and all the troubles and fears in the whole world melted away.

"You don't need roses—you don't need anything," I managed after a little. "Bill—I'm so ashamed!"

"Don't, honey—don't. Just go back to that first day, and the first roses, and the first time our eyes met. We'll simply wipe out all that's gone between. I was sure then, and you were too."

And I'm sure now, I thought, as I turned my lips up to him for answer. I'm sure now, and for all the rest of my life. Sure of happiness, sure of Bill—and sure of myself!

Your Hand in Mine

Continued from page 26

changes, chaos. Germany invaded Poland, then France. Jeff's mother was killed in an air raid. Jeff's homecoming was postponed, and postponed again. And at last he wrote that he was fighting for France. "Don't wait for me, Pat. I don't know when I'll be home—never, perhaps. This is too big, too important, to remember the little things, like love . . . I can't feel love anymore. I don't know what it is. I only know what hate is."

Very soon after I received that letter, my mother died suddenly. Overnight, I found myself quite alone. Desolate at my double loss. I turned to Tom—Tom, who had always been there in the background, who had always loved me.

I wasn't in love with Tom then, of course, but he became very dear to me in those days of loss and heartache. I grew to depend on him, to want him near me, to be lonelier than ever when he wasn't around.

Slowly, slowly the hurt healed over. The scar was still there, and might easily be reopened—but I didn't know that. I only knew that in Tom there was comfort and peace and security, and I wanted those things. In 1939, I married Tom, and I told myself that my love for Jeff was forgotten.

But Tom didn't forget it, nor could he forget those two futile years I had spent waiting for Jeff to come back. Even so, I thought at first that our marriage was going to work out. My feeling for Tom wasn't the completely romantic, in-the-clouds one I had had for Jeff, but it was solid and enduring, based on friendship and respect and gratitude, on years of shared joys and hurts. I thought that that was foundation enough—but it wasn't.

IT wasn't, because Tom couldn't forget—and neither could I. Jeff, substantial as if he were really there, stood between us. And Tom began to change. He started drinking—not heavily at first, but gradually more and more. With that came the long, sullen periods of brooding, in which his alcohol-clouded mind made mountains of domestic molehills, darkened threateningly the shadow which Jeff threw across our marriage.

When we entered the war, Tom tried unsuccessfully to enter every branch of the service, but his heart condition brought him an uncompromising no on all sides. That didn't help matters, of course. In despair I withdrew from the unpleasantness of reality into a dream-world of my own, a world shared with Jeff, and peopled with lovely memories, without ugliness. It was cowardly, but it was the only escape I knew.

That was the situation when Jeff's letter had exploded the armed truce of our household.

In a month the second letter came. If my peace had been disturbed before, the whole fabric of my life was shaken by this second letter. Jeff was coming back—coming home.

Coming home . . . really coming on confidential government business, the letter said, but he'd spend a few days in Brinkton selling his family house, getting affairs settled. And of course, I want to see you, Pat . . . That could mean so much, or so little—but I had to know what it meant. Was there friendship in his heart for me, or the old love, slumbering now perhaps, but



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ready to be re-awakened? There would be scenes with Tom, and bitterness brought into the open, but it would be worth it, I knew suddenly. And I knew, too, in the back of my mind, in the bottom of my heart what the outcome would be, if I had my way. It would mean an end to the bickering, an end to the feeling of guilt I had about Tom—guilt which only fed my anger. It would mean peace, and love—with Jeff.

And then, at last, the storm did break—in the way I least expected.

I came home a little later than usual from the office one evening. Tom was already there—waiting for me at the front door, in fact.

"We've got company for dinner," he said, and I realized that he was watching me closely. I knew, with a strange weakness breaking over me, so that I was afraid for a moment that I could not stand, who the company was. I managed to look directly into his eyes.

"Yes, Jeff. He got in town today, and dropped into the office. So I told him you'd never forgive him if he didn't come to dinner. Well, aren't you pleased? I thought you would be."

"You thought nothing of the sort," I told him evenly. "You were afraid I'd see him when you weren't around. I told you, Tom, that you'd have to trust me—"

His quick gesture silenced me. "He's in the livingroom. Do you want him to hear us fighting? Maybe he should, at that. If he knows we don't get along, he won't have any qualms—"

I turned sharply away from him, and crossed the hall to the door of the livingroom.

HE looked just as he always had. Just the same as ever—thinner, and tired, and a little older, but the same Jeff. *How do I look to him?* I thought. *Am I, too, the same? You once said my eyes were a pool of stars—could you still lose yourself in them?*

"Hello, Jeff—it's good to see you." I managed an even, friendly tone.

Behind me, Tom said, "It's just like old times, isn't it?" and I knew that his eyes never left me.

My throat tightened convulsively as Jeff got to his feet and came to me, hands outstretched.

For the space of a heartbeat, as I lifted my eyes to meet his, there had never been a Tom anywhere in the world. Only Jeff. He smiled at me, the old, heartwarming smile, but with an underlying something that hadn't been there when he left me.

"How about dinner, Pat? Jeff's hungry, and so am I." Tom was trying to make his voice light, but he failed miserably, and suddenly I was dreadfully sorry for him.

I said little during dinner—just sat and listened as the two men seemed to pick up the threads of their old friendship. Seemed to, for it was only a surface thing, covering, I knew, a bitter unrest on Tom's part, and, I was sure, a troubled questioning on Jeff's.

After dinner my uneasiness deepened. Tom's first drink was followed by another, and another. At last I couldn't hold back my, "Not any more, please, Tom!" Immediately I became conscious of Jeff's attention, of the puzzled look in his eyes. To lighten the mounting tension I went to the piano and began to play the first thing to which the book of old songs fell open. Once started, I knew I had done the wrong thing, but it was too late. This was a song we three had often sung together, years ago.

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It's FIBS*, of course, with the smooth, gently tapered ends . . . so very different from any other leading tampon you've ever tried in the past.

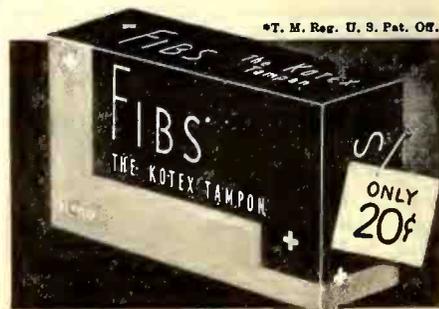
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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A garden sweet, a garden small,
Where rambler roses creep along the
wall;
Where dainty phlox and columbine
Are nodding to the trumpet-vine—

We sang on through the well-re-
membered lines, each word seeming to
carry a poignant memory, a strange
new heartbreak. I looked up at Jeff
as we sang the last measures:

We sit alone, from all the world apart,
And love is blooming full—within my
heart.

I turned from the piano more moved
than I wanted either of them to see,
than I wanted to acknowledge to my-
self. I felt the color surging in my
cheeks, and then, as my eyes found
Tom, standing at the cabinet in the cor-
ner, pouring himself another drink, a
wave of shame swept over me.

I felt lost. But I managed a laugh
as I walked across the room to him.
There was no merriment in the sound
—just the sharpness of hysteria.

Jeff spoke slowly, his face expres-
sionless. "I'd better be getting along,
Pat. It's getting late. I'll see you both
soon again."

I watched him go, Tom following him
to the door, saying perfunctory good-
nights, and I was conscious of an odd
sinking of the heart, more poignant
than any feeling I had ever had before
about those two. I was standing to
face Tom when he came back.

"Why did you have to let him know?"

HE picked up his glass in one hand,
the decanter in the other, and stood
with his legs braced wide apart, look-
ing at me, a hard light in his eyes.

"Let him know what? It wasn't I,
you know. You're the one who gave
herself away. You should have seen
your face, Pat."

"You're drunk, Tom. But you didn't
have to let Jeff see it."

"Pat—" He started toward me, and
I sank back into my chair, shrinking
against it.

"I'm sorry, Pat," Tom said gently.
"But I have some pride, too. You seem
to have forgotten that. If you'd try,
Pat—if you cared at all—" He stopped
and looked at me for a moment, and
then turned and went upstairs.

Things were worse, after that. The
trouble had been brought out into the
open. Tom drank almost constantly.
His work suffered—there were days
when he didn't go near the office. He
would certainly have lost his job, had
not the typewriter supply house for
which he worked needed him so badly.
When he was sober he was their best
salesman; besides, he was popular with
the other men, and they covered up for
him as much as they could.

Then the thing I had feared most,
before this greater complication came,
happened. Tom actually became ill.
Twice I came in and found him uncon-
scious, breathing erratically, his face
an ugly color. Talking to him was use-
less—he simply wouldn't listen. Dr.
Graves urged a sanatorium, but Tom
only laughed.

I hadn't seen Jeff since the night he'd
had dinner with us. Between us there
was still this feeling of "unfinished
business," this lack of definition of our
relationship. Still, I knew that he'd
help if I asked him, and at last, in
despair, I phoned him. When I ex-
plained that I needed urgently to see
him, he said he'd pick me up at the
office and walk home with me.

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Actually, when he met me, we turned away from home and into the park. On the far side of the little lake, we found a secluded bench and sat down. And I tried to tell Jeff something of what was happening to us—Tom's condition, my own hopelessness.

"It's no use," I concluded. "I simply can't go on living like this. I've done everything I can think of—"

Jeff turned on the bench so that he was facing me. "What do you want to do, Pat—what's in your mind?"

There was something in his eyes that I didn't want to face. I found myself looking down at my fingers, aimlessly twisting my wedding ring, as I answered him. "I'm going to leave Tom."

Jeff was silent for a long time. At last he said, "I see what you mean—he has changed. But Pat—what's the matter? What's really the matter? Tom didn't used to drink. He isn't well. He looks terrible. And I know Tom—he wouldn't have let himself get into this condition, he wouldn't have been a drinking man at all, if he didn't have a reason. If he were all right, he'd be fighting this every inch of the way. What happened, Pat?"

I could look steadily at him, then. This was the moment. "Don't you know Jeff? You happened."

"But that was so long ago," he said, almost impatiently. "It can't be that."

"He knows that I love you—he's always known."

"But Pat, you can't—I mean, you married him. That should have convinced him—you made a free choice. You and I were engaged once, but he must know that that's over, long ago."

"Do you—do you mean that you don't care about me any longer, Jeff?"

HE smiled suddenly. "Care about you? I'll always care about you, Pat. You were my first girl, and the way things went, you were the only one I ever had a chance to call my girl. But that's a long time gone—you're married now, and—"

"Yes, I'm married now." I put my hand out, rested it lightly on his arm. "But it's not a real marriage, Jeff. Tom couldn't really love me, or he wouldn't do this to me."

Even as I said it, I knew it wasn't the truth. Whatever else had happened to us, Tom still loved me, just as he had always loved me. It was a fact, like the sun's shining or the rain's falling. Somewhere inside me there was a dark little voice which began to repeat a monotonous dirge: *liar . . . cheat . . .*

"Jeff—oh, Jeff, take me away with you," I pleaded. "It isn't wrong—it can't be wrong, with us. We've always loved each other—and I'm so unhappy, Jeff!"

He covered my hands with his. "Pat—don't, please don't. You mustn't. You'll only wish you hadn't—"

I was suddenly cold. "You mean you don't—"

Jeff shook his head and smiled at me—a sad, wistful little smile. "It's so hard to put into words, Pat. That's why I didn't try, in my letters. My life is so far removed from this, now—why, my life isn't really my own any more. You'd have to actually be there to understand, Pat. Personal happiness, and all the other things that go up to make life as it is here, don't seem to matter. You forget all about them, when you're watching a great country die inch by inch."

"But Jeff—" Instinctively, I freed my hands from his. "Jeff, France is free again. You've done your work."

You're free to live now."

"No, Pat." He shook his head slowly, and his eyes were seeing something far away. "I'm not free. No one of us who has been a part of the struggle will ever be free again, really. France will be years recovering. I want to be a part of that—I've got to be!"

"Yes, I see, Jeff," I told him gently, "but is there any reason why I can't go with you? I can help. I've no real place here, and I want to be with you, to make up for all the time we've lost."

Where is your pride? that voice inside me was asking. Where is that pride you boast about? Liar . . . cheat.

Troubled, he shook his head. "I can't, Pat. You'd be in the way—I'm sorry to be brutal. You don't belong to all that—you belong to a quiet, sweet way of secure life, back here. But I do want to help you—I've got the right to do that, I think. If you feel that you must leave Tom, you'll need help, and—"

"You mean money, Jeff?" There was my pride, at last. I sat up proudly, biting back the pain, willing my lips not to shake and betray me. "No, Jeff, I won't need that kind of help, thank you." I tried to smile. "I must be getting home now, Jeff. It's late, and Tom will worry."

He reached over and drew me gently against him, lifting my face to his kiss. I sat perfectly still, like something carved out of wood, my lips as cold as ice—and my heart cold, like that, too. Then, when he released me, I stood up, managed a "goodbye" and a "please don't come with me" and walked swiftly across the park, toward home.

IT WAS dark when I got there. Tom was in the livingroom. There was nothing reassuring about his angry, averted face, nor the half-empty glass on the table beside him.

"Have you had dinner?" I asked.

"No—but I don't want any."

Normally, I would have protested that he should eat, but tonight I couldn't quite manage that. "I've a headache, Tom—I'm going upstairs." And I escaped, knowing wearily as I went that I shouldn't leave him alone. But it didn't seem to matter; nothing did. I got my clothes off and got into bed, trying to make my mind a blank, to think of nothing. That dream-world to which I used to retire to escape from reality—that dream-world in which Jeff lived—was gone.

It must have been about an hour later that I heard Tom's heavy, uncertain steps on the stairs. I closed my eyes, hoping he would think I was asleep. He turned on the light as he entered the room, and I lay still.

He stood there for a while without speaking.

Then, suddenly, "Get up," he ordered harshly. "I want to talk to you."

I opened my eyes. "Can't it wait, Tom? My head—"

"Get up," he repeated. "Or would you rather have me get you up?"

My heart sank. This was a side of Tom which, for all of his drinking, I'd never had to cope with before. It would be better to humor him, I was sure, and so I got up, pulling a robe over my flimsy summer nightgown.

"What is it, Tom?"

"Where have you been? No—I know the answer to that. What happened?"

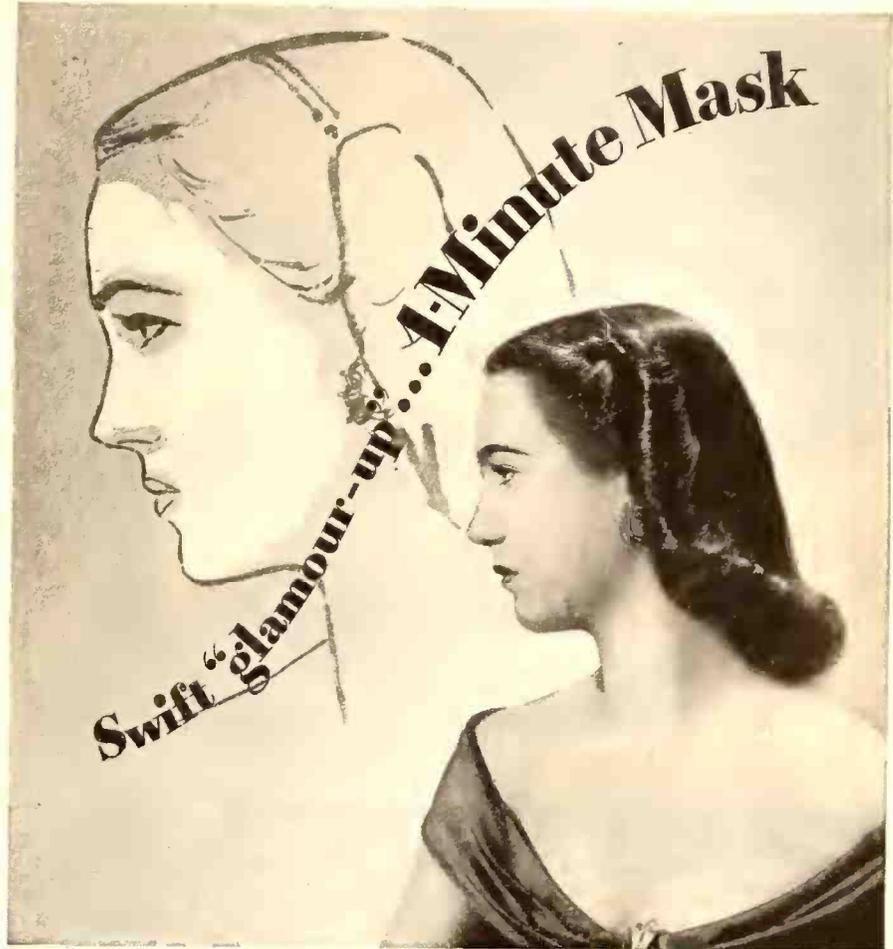
"Happened? Nothing happened, Tom."

"Don't lie to me. What happened?" I looked at him for a moment, and

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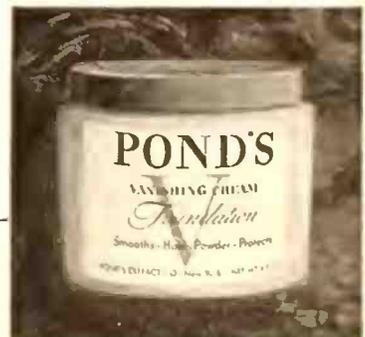
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the accumulated bitterness welled out of my heart and became words that I delivered like blows across the space between us. "All right, I'll tell you what happened. I told Jeff that I loved him, and asked him to take me away. Anything is better than going on like this. He refused, but that doesn't matter. I'm going anyway. I'm going as soon as I can pack my things and get out. And now—"

"Just a minute. I've got something to say, myself. You can go—you can go any time you like. You're a failure as a wife—you're a failure as a woman! No wonder Jeff didn't want you."

His voice had risen uncontrollably. His accusations, a shrill torrent of abuse, cascaded around me. My anger changed abruptly to dismay as I realized the danger to him, as I realized that he actually didn't know what he was doing or saying. For the moment, my own problem melted away.

I caught his arm. "Come on, Tom—we'll talk tomorrow."

He shook me off. "You're no longer my wife—you don't have to bother to be my nurse any more, either." His face grew suddenly white, and he lurched backward. I caught at him again, trying to steady him, terrified now. But he jerked free, and he lifted his hand, and struck me a stinging blow across my face.

As I fell back across the bed, all the passionate frenzy left him. He stood very still, seeming to grow smaller under my eyes, looking drained and empty. He passed a hand once across his eyes, as if he had just awakened, half-dazed from a bad dream. And then he turned and stumbled from the room.

I CREEPT into bed and lay there, staring wide-eyed into emptiness. And at the core of that emptiness, reality grinned derisively at me. That—that broken thing which had just made its way out of the room—was Tom. That was what had happened to him, what he had become. Little sharp stabs of memory tore the veil of forgetfulness from things long lost—Tom's gentleness when Mother had died, his patience and understanding while he waited for the wound of Jeff's leaving me to heal, his tenderness during the early days of our marriage. All the little things—the violets he always brought me on our anniversary, the way he had of lifting one eyebrow when he was amused. And now, the blank misery of his face as he left me, the despair. That was Tom—that was Tom, who was a part of my life.

I heard my voice, a hoarse, terrified whisper, repeating and repeating, "What have I done, what have I done?" I don't know how long I had been saying it, but suddenly I knew what I had done.

I had destroyed a man. I had made him an empty, bitter thing, useless to himself. I had put out all the life, the goodness of him, as carelessly, as thoughtlessly as I might have blown out a match. I had destroyed the man I loved.

The man I loved . . . the phrase had come easily, as if it were a thing regularly spoken, a thought accustomed in my mind. And it was true. It was the only truth, the only clean, fine thing I knew. I loved Tom.

Slipping on my robe once more, I went softly out of the room, and through the house, searching for him. It wasn't until I'd gone twice through all the rooms that I would admit to

myself that he wasn't there. He was gone. Gone—sick and frightened and with nothing but pain to remember.

Even now, I can't talk about the rest of that night, nor about the day that followed. Sometime during the night I called Dr. Graves, and he came over and went out again, to look for Tom. In the morning Jeff called, and I told him impatiently that I couldn't see him, and hurried to be rid of him to keep the line free for the call I wanted, and which never came. I didn't want to see, nor talk to, anyone. I couldn't think of anything but Tom, and that I had driven him away, and that I was responsible for whatever happened to him. The blame was all mine, but there was no comfort in acknowledging it.

It was the morning of the second day that the long-distance call came from a sanatorium in the next state. They said—and I sat in my chair and held tightly to the edge of the table in weak relief—that Tom had come there alone and voluntarily committed himself, insisting that he had to be cured. They could not make predictions, they said, because of his serious physical condition, but it might be six months.

And I managed to thank them, and say that I could come. At once.

As the train took me through the serene grandeur of the mountains, on my way to Tom, I felt a sudden peace. Tom was kindness, gentleness, tenderness personified, when he was himself. And so perhaps, even yet, there was a chance for me. And if there wasn't—then I deserved whatever happened to me, whatever loneliness and heartbreak lay ahead in years that would be barren without him. It was up to him.

It was up to him, and because he was Tom again, and not the dreadful thing I had made of him, he said nothing. He only opened his arms to me, and there was a pleading question in his eyes.

"Tom. Tom, dearest, I don't know what to say to you." And I walked into the sweet haven of those arms, where I belonged.

He caught me close to him. "Pat—darling—you didn't mean it, did you? You aren't leaving me? Your coming here means that you aren't going to leave me—say it does, Pat."

Why, he didn't even remember what he had said himself. Some day, perhaps, in honesty, I must tell him. But not now. Forget it now, and have no more hurt between us.

"No, Tom. I'm not leaving you. And I've come to ask you if you can forgive me—if you can come home to me, when—when this is over."

He closed his eyes, and his cheek was pressed close to mine as he whispered, "Come home to you, Pat? There's nothing in the whole world I want, except to come home to you. And to know that you're waiting for me."

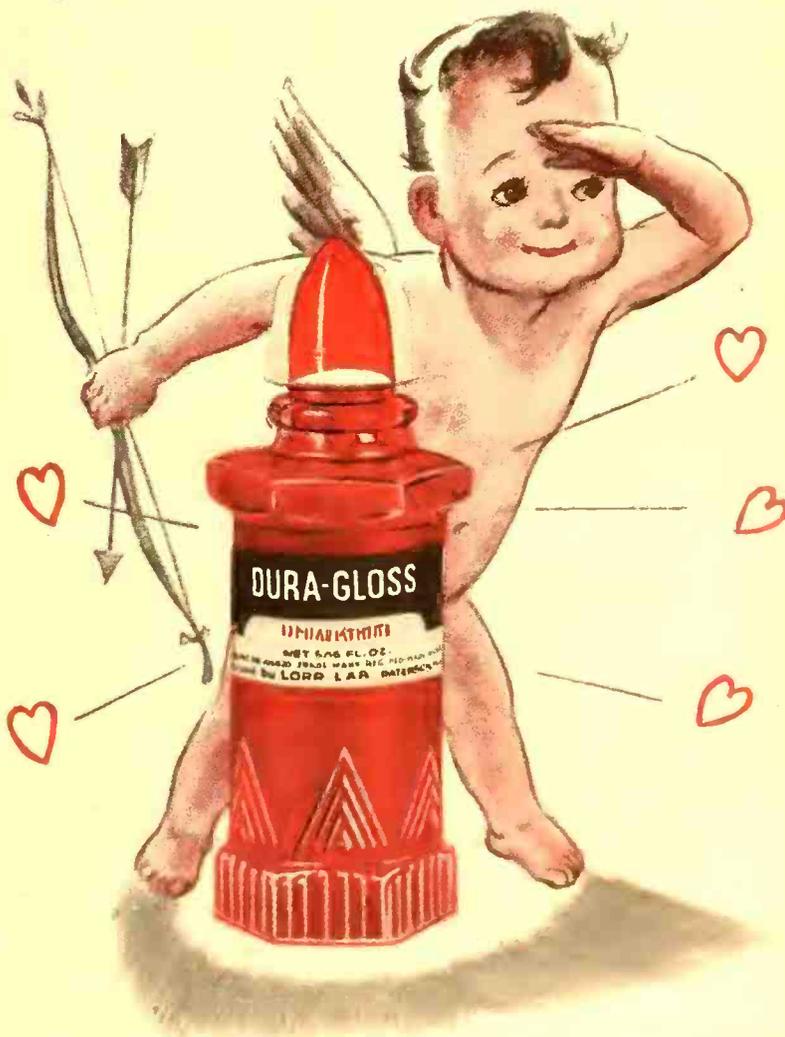
"Waiting for you, *wanting* you, Tom." His arms tightened about me. "When I come out of here, Pat, I'll be cured, There'll be no more of—"

I put my fingers over his lips. "I'll be cured, too, Tom. It will be the way it ought to be—the way we've always really wanted it, and never have been able to make it." And I knew, then, that they wouldn't be long, those months ahead.

I'm waiting now. And as I thought, the waiting is not long. Six months can be such a little time, when at the end of it love is waiting, and all of life stretches out ahead, for you to travel together.

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Forever Yours

Continued from page 39

mind, I was busy, undressing her.

That I would do the same for anyone who came here sick and unconscious—that didn't explain why I sat there through the night hours, watching and—yes, praying—that she would be all right. It wasn't because I felt magnanimous . . . the cherished wife, the defeated rival. I never felt less a wife.

Why—because for a few hours, she was defenseless?

IT was more than that. I had never before seen her without the bold brash manner she affected; I had never seen her lying still and helpless, her face cleaned of make-up. And the girl on the bed bore little resemblance to the cheap, coarse, wanton picture of her I had drawn in my mind. She seemed so different—! The bones of her face emerged finely modelled; her wrists and ankles slender; her mouth full, but sensitive, and trembling in her murky, frightened dreams.

I brushed back my hair with a resentful, angry hand. I didn't want this revelation—it was so easy to hate and despise and condemn! Always before, no matter how unsatisfactory my marriage—I had been comforted that, at least, I had saved Philip from her.

I hadn't heard Philip come in.

"Are you still up, Mary?" he whispered. "Is she all right?"

"I think so, but she's restless. I'll stay up with her—"

"All right, punkin. But take it easy and don't get up for my breakfast tomorrow. I have to go to work tomorrow even if I have to stagger there

—too many others won't show up because of burns. Are you warm enough?" he leaned my head against him in one of his rare involuntary caresses. "Mary, I know you don't like Stephanie and it isn't going to be pleasant for you to have her here. But—maybe someday I can tell you—I'd like to feel that she was safe with us—"

"Don't worry about me, Philip." I said, with an effort. "Maybe I've been wrong about her."

My reward was a kiss and a quick squeeze of my shoulders. But before he left he paused once more in the doorway, his eyes compassionate on the sleeping figure. "The poor, brave kid!" he whispered again.

The poor, brave kid—that was it! I echoed his words and knew they were all the answers to the changes I felt in Stephanie. She had risked her own life to save an old woman who was no relation, even to her. Was that the action of a self-centered, selfish, vain, grasping, crudely-sensual girl? My heart, that had been stretched flat and tight and hard, gave way suddenly to a tide of admiration. Admiration mingled with pity. She'd had so little—a few clothes, a make-shift trailer to live in, a knock-about life, a chance at romance—

It was dawn before I knew she really slept and I could leave her. My mind felt curiously empty and tired, as if old impressions had been swept away, with no new ones to replace them.

At that I was up and working in the kitchen before Stephanie came downstairs. Bewilderment was in her

slow, halting steps and in the time "Hello" she called as she made her way through the hall. I had breakfast for two ready on a tray and hurried to carry it in, to the coffee table before the fire.

"Good morning, Stephanie. How do you feel?" Strange that I could smile.

"I feel kinda dopey," she said, but her eyes had come alert and wary at the sight of me. "I remember the fire and running—but—Gramma Perkins!"

"Philip left a note. He said Dr. Bassmer was looking after her and he's sure she'll recover. But almost all the trailers were burnt to the ground. And you're to be our guest here, if you want to." That sounded ungracious and I added: "We'd really like to have you—"

"Here—let me help you—" she took the tray out of my hands and settled it on the table. It was a moment's respite and I felt we both needed it.

LOOK, Mary—" she said suddenly—"let's lay the cards on the table. Are you sure you want me here? I don't like charity. I can find a room somewhere and no hard feelings, but I like to know where I stand. We're different breed of cats, you and I, and if we're going to start spitting at each other, it's no go."

Always I had respected honesty.

"I didn't think I was going to want you here, Stephanie, but I do now. Maybe we're not such a different breed of cat after all." There was something about her statement that cleared the air, and I felt almost easy—friendly.

She laughed, sliding down from her chair to a cushion in front of the fire. Outside, rain made fat streaming wet fingers on the window-panes, but here it was cozy and warm. "Are you kidding?" she laughed again. "I'm like Topsy—I just grew. But you have that cared-for, looked-after, dentist-twice-a-year, dancing school, and Santa-Claus-on-Christmas look that girls like you have. I'd give my last charm bracelet to have eyes like yours, that have never seen anything worse than a bum movie." If there was envy in her voice, there was no self-pity.

THE Day Nursery was closed for the day, so Stephanie and I made beds and did dishes and then, when the roast was in the oven, we came back to the fire.

She wanted to hear me talk about my childhood—mine and Philip's and Henry's. She seemed avid for the least scrap, the least incident—how Henry and Philip had fought when they met, two little boys rolling over and over in the dusty road, and how they had been sworn friends ever since; the time I'd had the measles and they had entertained me turning somersaults outside my windows; the spitballs in school, raiding orchards for stolen apples; Sunday School with the three of us in our best clothes, our pennies clutched in our hands, the boys squirming in torture on the little red chairs; Henry's crush on the English teacher; Aunt Connie's sulphur-and-molasses—

"Anybody home?" . . . brisk voice and determined footsteps in the hall . . . "I saw a light . . ." Aunt Connie! "In here, Aunt Connie!" Something friendly and relaxed in the atmosphere vanished for me with the first sight

of firm mouth and tightly-corseted figure. "Aunt Connie, this is Stephanie Vosper. She was burned out last night and she's going to be our guest for a while. Stephanie, Mrs. McCarthy is Henry's mother."

They took each other's measure—uneasiness in Stephanie's eyes; barely-concealed dislike in Aunt Connie's.

"I didn't know you had met my son, Miss Vosper. For a mother and son we're very close." *Like a tiger and her cub*, Dad used to say—"I'm surprised he didn't mention your name to me. But then I suppose he met so many people and he was so busy with his old friends—"

It was downright rude of her. But when I glanced at Stephanie I caught a glimpse of an amused twinkle in her eyes. And an exaggerated politeness in her manner when Aunt Connie left after a few strained moments.

Philip came home tired. Ordinarily I would have given him a light supper and shooed him to bed, but from Stephanie's first "Hi! Mine host!" to him at the door, he seemed to shake off his load of weariness. There was an answering sparkle in him and a strong, running delight that seemed to encompass us all.

But for me it was an ordeal. With his coming, I had slipped into a new role—my admiration for Stephanie was shadowed; and anxiety and fear and distrust and jealousy were my prompters. I fought all evening to get rid of them—fought to tell myself that any feeling between them was all over. Surely their friendly banter, their casual, teasing give and take were no indications of passion!

I had come downstairs to get an extra blanket. Philip had stayed be-

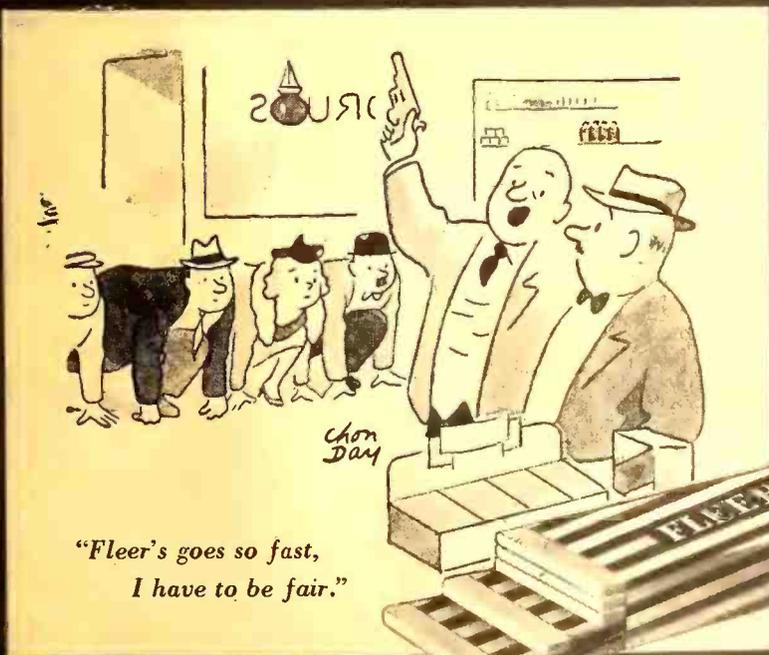
hind to turn off the lights; Stephanie must have lingered, too. I saw them, for the moment oblivious to everything else, her face upturned to his as she talked. It was only for a moment—and then they separated.

But it had been long enough. Pain and heartache were blurred by the sharper edges of anger—anger at being betrayed by a girl who was a guest in my house. As if she were there at my shoulder, I could almost hear Aunt Connie's sniff: *Well, what can you expect from a girl like that!*

When we were alone, Philip and I, in our room, my anger slowly grew into fear. Through the thin walls I could hear Stephanie's muffled movements. My heart was beginning to race—was Philip listening too—and thinking how close she was—? If only he would take me in his arms and reassure me, hold me against this terrible, dark dread! But he only stifled a sleepy yawn and wished me a tender "Good-night, punkin" and fell into bed.

AND now there was only the dark and the silence that seemed to be holding its breath. Beside me I knew that Philip was lying sleepless, too . . . far over to his side. I held myself rigid, every muscle aching, but I could not control the plunging panic.

What was Philip thinking? Was he wishing that Stephanie were in my place? Was he tormented by her nearness—by the wall that separated them, though he could almost hear her breathing? Was he thinking, regretting the marriage he had made, in his essential fineness feeling sorry for me—but wanting her? My heart was pounding so that I felt it would shake me to pieces in torment and grief.



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I knew Philip was honorable—and Stephanie was brave. But bravery and honor and decency were for outward manners. They couldn't control hearts. Were they lying there, knowing each other's desires—and that I was the intruder? Humility was a new, a bitter lesson, for me, but I was learning it. I had been so sure that I was right; that I knew what was best for Philip and me. But now I knew that love was bigger than background or conventions or any set of smug standards.

I discovered something else. My mind might be humble and even generous—but there were fires in my blood that raged against it. Fires that were almost unknown to me before, that I had kept banked so carefully, that I had tended so lightly—and now I was helpless before them. The cold water of pride couldn't reach these flames. It was a shock to realize how much I wanted and needed Philip's love. And I knew I could never bring myself to give him up, voluntarily!

I overslept. And when I came downstairs, feeling tired and a little ashamed over my hysterical imaginings of the night before, I found they had both left.

But when I saw Aunt Connie taking the path to our kitchen door, I wished, rebelliously, that she had left me alone—that morning.

"Are you alone? Good. I hope you've sent that girl packing! Believe me, Mary, there's a lot of families in Tilbury regretting their invitations today. There's going to be trouble! You can't put the sheep and the goats together and expect them to lie down like lambs!"

"No, I guess not, Aunt Connie. But it takes time—Philip says the plant is trying to get a priority to build temporary barracks. We'll have to put up with it as best we can." But could I—? Could I stand it?

Susan Gamble was the first child I saw as I entered the Nursery. I'm sure she had been waiting for me and now she flung herself into my arms.

"Oh, Mrs. James, you should see our garden!" My eyes went to the vegetable plot outside, but she shook her head. "No, I mean our garden at home. Uncle Simeon let me hold the hose to water the carrots and Daddy helped him pick corn yesterday. And Mother's

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cleaning the whole house—Uncle Simeon says he never knew what color the walls were before.”

“That’s lovely, Susan,” I said, surprised. Simeon Judkins was the town’s crusty bachelor and it took a minute to picture him in the role of “uncle.”

The children were still excited about the fire. “We have a bed with a skirt on it, Mrs. James!”—I figured that one out as a four-poster bed with a canopy—“bafrooms inside!” astounded some of the others who could hardly remember life except in a trailer. “The lady let me pet her dog!” proudly boasted another. Could Aunt Connie be wrong?

Three days passed. When your mind and heart are too confused to reason, there are sets of automatic reflexes that carry you through. Good manners had been trained in me and now they carried me through my duties as a hostess even under these circumstances.

If I was calm outwardly I was anything else inside. I was torn between despair and hope, between impotent anger and great humility. I wanted to hate Stephanie—but how could I hate someone I was beginning to understand and admire? How could I dislike a girl who was so simple and direct and, yes—naive—in her open-hearted delight with life and with people?

Philip’s attitude puzzled me because, while he treated her with an unreserved comradeship, I could never detect the slightest hint of tenderness or passion for her in his voice or in his actions. It was only the spontaneous response to her lush femininity that he could not check; the dancing lights in his eyes when he looked at her; the gladness in him at her presence—it was from these that I knew fear.

DIVORCE! How often had I crushed that dread word back, down into the depths of consciousness. But it would not be downed. How could I forget that once he had asked Stephanie to marry him? That he had married me on the rebound—and regretted it?

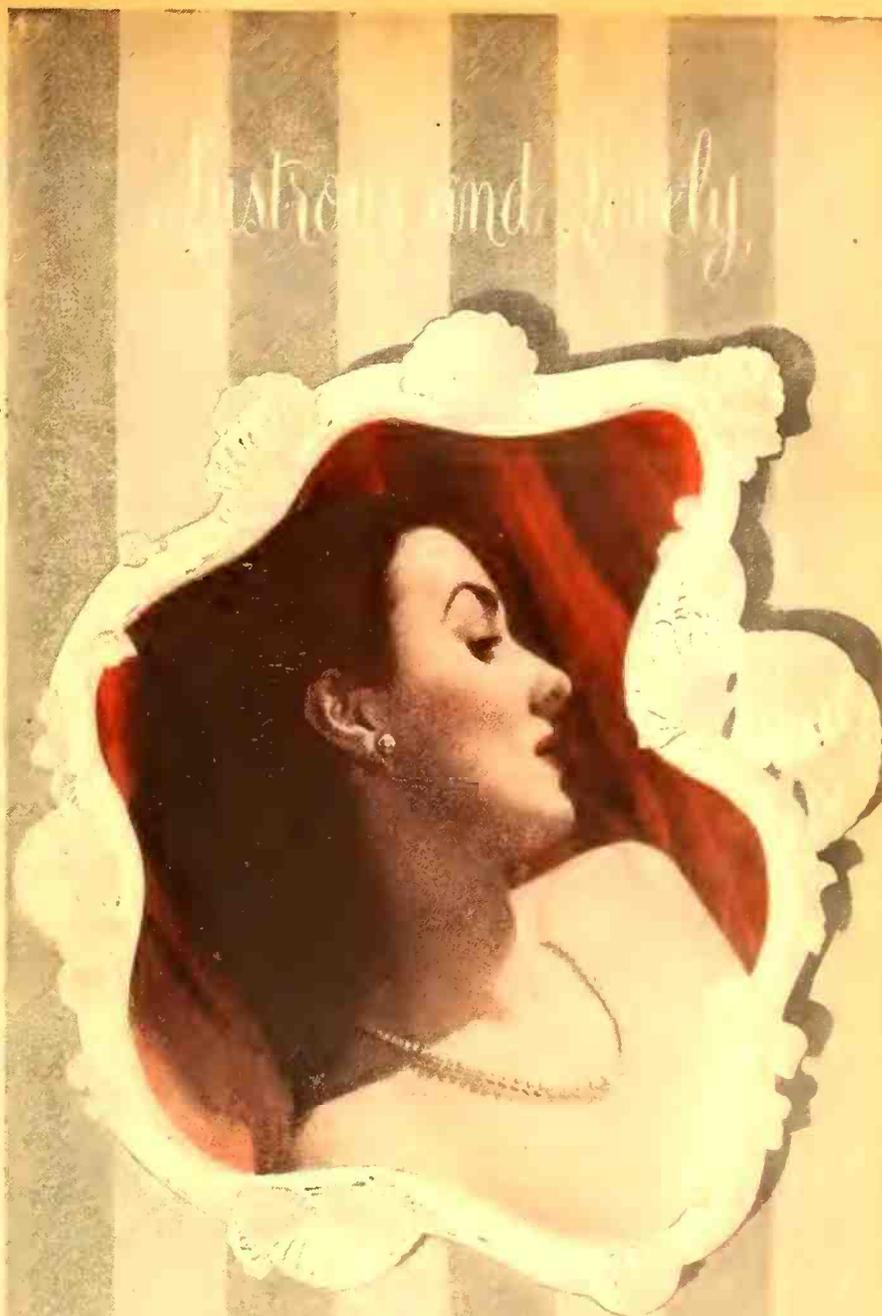
Only the children had the power to make me forget my dread. And I was as delightedly amazed as nine-year-old Susan Gamble, herself, when she told me one afternoon that she was going to stay in Tilbury—“forever!”

“Daddy and Uncle Simeon are going to buy a farm and we’re all going to live on it! Uncle Simeon says he’s been wanting to go back to farming but his knees are too creaky at the joints to work a farm himself—” she giggled and I knew that this description of himself was a joke between Simeon Judkins and the child—“and Daddy says he always wanted a piece of land but he was afraid because he didn’t even know how to milk—”

“I think Mr. Judkins is very lucky to have such a nice little partner, Susan,” I answered, hugging her. But at the same time I felt as if events were moving too fast for me. The fire had brought Trailertown into Tilbury but did that mean that Tilbury had changed; that the strangers had become a part of us and were going to stay?

I had even more to think about when old Mrs. Lamprey came to pick up the two little Davy boys.

“You know, Mary, it’s been so long since I’ve had children in my house, these rascals have given me a new lease on life. I’m dreading the time she takes these youngsters away from me. Mrs. Davy’s a widow, you know, and I’ve got a plan in the back of my head. Don’t tell a soul, Mary—but she’s an expert milliner and I’m going to



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advance her the money to open a shop here after the war. And then, maybe, I can keep my 'two rascals'."

I was literally struck dumb. Mrs. Lamprey was so old-fashioned and so strict even the hometown folks were afraid of her.

I went home very thoughtful that day. And when Aunt Connie brought over her usual list of complaints I wasn't in the mood for them.

BUT that's not the whole picture, Aunt Connie—"and I told her, impatiently, about Susan Gamble and Mrs. Lamprey—"maybe it's true that Mrs. Burns is having trouble keeping her house clean with five Bjornsens living there, and maybe Mr. Burns and Mr. Bjornsen do quarrel every evening. But Mr. Burns always did have a terrible temper. What strikes me is not how different these people are—but how much like us they are turning out to be! Not better and not worse—but just the same!"

My neighbor bridled and gasped. "Well, Mary James! Then if you've lost your faculties of judgment no doubt you'll approve when I tell you that poor Mary Ellen Jones is being forced to announce Imogene's engagement to that boy from Trailertown, that—that 'Chip' Marks! Around the house every evening together, poor Mary Ellen couldn't keep them apart and the two of them worked on her until she had to give in."

"I don't care. I'm glad. Imogene was turning into an old maid, working at that library. Even if she is my age."

"Better an old maid! Well, anyway, I know my duty. Her mother and I have been friends for years and I'll stand by her now. I've agreed to give

a party at my house for Imogene this Friday and I'm inviting all her old friends. Maybe Imogene will realize then that her precious 'Chip' wouldn't fit in with the rest of you young people. I'll expect you and Philip, Mary. Remember—Friday!"

It was thoughtless of me but, that night, at the dinner table when we were all three together—

"Philip, are you sure you're getting Friday night as your night off? Aunt Connie wants us to come to a party for Imogene and her new fiancé."

"Friday? Aunt Connie's having a party Friday?" Astonishment in Philip's voice. Dismay in the look he exchanged with Stephanie! And something about that look—something that spoke of a secret between them—made my heart plunge. What was so important about Friday to them?

"Oh, I know him. He's swell," Stephanie put in eagerly, as if to cover up by words her former confusion.

"He and his dad lived near us, several trailers over. I knew he was in love with some girl here but none of us had ever met her," she went on. "It sounds like fun—now I'm beginning to get excited. I haven't been to a party for simply ages!"

Anger and indignation swept away my hurt. She wasn't invited! Did she think that just because we had been kind enough to take her in, that our friends were hers—that she was going to share our life? I was ashamed of that thought—but not of the anger. To snub her now—to tell her she was still an outsider—was that too cruel a punishment for the secret she shared with my husband?

I felt Philip's eyes on me. Watchful. A curious, unspoken question in them.

In my mind I hurriedly phrased none-too-polite excuses to Stephanie. I could even justify them, because I knew Aunt Connie would resent her coming and probably treat her badly. But the words died on my lips. I looked at Stephanie; I saw the trust in her eyes. And when I did speak, I felt as though a weight had been lifted off my shoulders:

"I'm glad you want to come, Stephanie. It wouldn't be a party without you. And I'll bet Chip will be glad to see an old friend." I could even say it smiling.

She ran upstairs to wash her hair and Philip and I were left alone.

"Nice going, darling," he said softly. "You don't have those clean, straight, brown eyes for nothing nor that sweet mouth—you're a thoroughbred." His kiss was light on my lips, but just the same it was an accolade.

"Philip—" I managed to say—"what is this about Friday? Why is it so important?"

His face became abruptly stilled and withdrawn. There was a kind of guilt in his eyes. "Do you mind if I don't tell you now, Mary? It was something I was going to tell you then. But it had better wait." Now he was in a hurry to leave.

AFTER he had gone the fear came back—drained through my body like a sickness. What could he say to me? What was the secret between him and Stephanie if it wasn't that they had decided to ask me for a divorce?

I pleaded a headache when I heard her calling me, and said I was going to bed. But once there, I lay sleepless, my mind racing back and forth over the past fateful months. My first meeting with Stephanie—the dislike I had

felt for her cheap clothes and her bold manner—Henry's unusual interest—the pagan rhumba she had danced with Philip—the way he had kissed me that night—

The memory of that kiss brought back, sorely, hurtfully, the memory of his other kisses. The gentle, tender, almost passionless ones of our married life. I knew these were the key to my failure, even more than Stephanie herself. I knew I had only myself to blame. Philip had come back to me a man, with a man's mature, deep demands, but I had remained the little girl who had grown up in Tilbury. Rather than acknowledge that I, too, was prey to the same appetites and weaknesses and strength of other people, I had denied the natural hunger within me.

I WAS paying for that denial. Paying for it in pain and longing and frustration.

Friday came much too soon. I had driven myself, worked until I was exhausted—but I couldn't escape the tension that was building up between us. I could sense it in Stephanie and in Philip. She alternated between moments of rapture anticipated and between times of deepest gloom. With Philip it was a growing carefulness in what he said, in how he talked. And in the conversations between them that ceased abruptly when I walked into a room. To make up for it he was even kinder to me than usual. But I didn't want kindness.

I bought myself a new dress for the trousseau I'd never had. In my indifference I had let myself be talked into getting a dress I considered much too sophisticated for my simple tastes. Philip's low whistle was a tribute

to the gown.

"Hel-lo! I'm married to a glamour-gal! What are you two doing—switching personalities on me? Stephanie in pink and you in a drape shape! Come on—I want to show you off."

There was no doubt we created a sensation. My gown might have accounted for some of it, but when Aunt Connie and the others saw Stephanie I might have been wearing a Mother Hubbard for all they cared. There was a moment of frozen, blank silence—indignation—then quick, scattered conversation—their backs to us stiff with outrage. Covert glances encircled us as we stood there in forced isolation. I could sense Stephanie's tenseness and I recognized that set defiance that crept over her face—that defiance that was a shell for her feelings.

"Miss Vosper will excuse you for a minute, Mary. I need you in the kitchen," Aunt Connie's hand was on my arm. Her grim face made no attempt at etiquette. I followed her meekly.

Once in the kitchen Aunt Connie turned on me in fury. "What in the world has come over you, Mary, to bring that girl here? You *knew* that the whole purpose of this party was to show up this Chip Marks so that Imogene would see he just wasn't good enough for her."

I had, dimly, sensed that this was Aunt Connie's plan. And I knew how cruelly, how perfectly such a plan would work. The livingroom was crowded with friends of Imogene's and mine, friends with whom we had a countless thousand memories to tie us together. I knew how innocent the conversations, the reminiscences, would seem—and how completely Chip would

be left out. How dull and loutish they would make him appear.

"She's our house guest. It would have been impossible not to bring her with us."

Constance McCarthy's shrewd eyes were on my face. "Child—you don't have to tell me." Her voice had softened to a conspiratorial whisper. "I've got eyes in my head. And maybe what will work with that Chip, will settle your Miss Vosper at the same time."

Her words ripped across my last pretense. Had this been in the back of my mind all the time? I felt dizzy for a second. The temptation was so great. I would have to do nothing—just sit back and let affairs take their course—I would not be blamed. I knew that Stephanie would meet indifference with brazen bravado; contempt with shrewishness. It would not be a pretty thing for Philip to watch.

For a second's heartbeat I was dazzled—and then came scalding shame. And blazing indignation!

"That's horrible—I'm ashamed of even listening to you! What do you think Henry would feel if he knew his mother was deliberately trying to hurt two innocent people?"

EVERYTHING I'm doing to keep this town decent and just the way it was is for Henry's sake, and don't you forget it! And you'd do a lot better if you thought about Philip's happiness and not so much about Stephanie's."

She swept out of the room as only Aunt Connie would, and I followed.

Except that Philip and Stephanie had moved to the window seat everything was just as I left it. The laughter and the conversation eddied around them—but never touched them. And, in

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TIPS ON FINGERTIPS



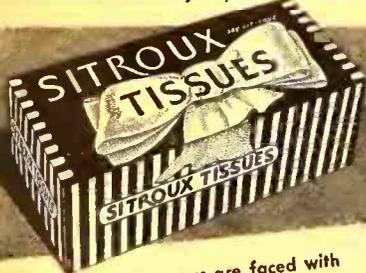
After removing polish . . . round nails, with emery board, to oval shape—*never* point! Never file down into corners. Good strong corners near fingertips help prevent breaking and splitting.



. . . After soaking fingertips in warm, soapy water—scrub with nail brush. Tear an absorbent Sitroux Tissue in quarters. Wrap tip of orange-stick in one quarter—push back cuticle gently. Use another quarter Sitroux Tissue for left hand. (Remember—*never waste precious Sitroux Tissues!**)



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* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

another corner of the room, surrounded by chattering girls who talked around and across and over his head, was a solitary figure I knew instantly must be Chip Marks.

It was a despicable, cruel thing they did. And yet they were not naturally cruel people. It was the instinctive gathering of the pack against intruders, fostered by Aunt Connie. Philip had always been extremely popular—now they included him in the punishment.

Dorothy Bell sidled up to me. "Mary—that's a gorgeous dress. Where on earth did you find it?"

"Don't give me the credit. Here's the girl who knows style." I had her firmly by the arm, piloting her over to where Stephanie sat. "Tell Dorothy about that white gabardine we saw, Stephanie, it would be perfect on her." Clothes were Dorothy's weakness and I saw her eyes become interested.

It was an opening wedge. And in a few minutes, with Dorothy on one arm and Stephanie on the other, I circled the room. These people were fundamentally decent and well-mannered; left alone I might have succeeded. But I was up against an expert in Aunt Connie. Groups began to disintegrate before we could reach them and the older women deftly took the conversations out of my hands. I was heartsick and I saw the tears close behind Stephanie's too-bright eyes. She was more nervous than I had ever seen her. Every ring of the doorbell made her start; she watched the door with feverish expectancy.

Something about her tension was in Philip, too. I felt they were both keyed up, listening, watching, waiting for—?

There was a lull in the noise. And Philip's voice cut through, lazily. "How about a game of charades?"—Philip!—who loathed what he called "parlor games"!

To my amazement his suggestion was taken up instantly. Not so amazing, with Philip's qualities of leadership. And my relief made me weak. Nothing could break the ice as quickly as a game of charades; nobody could stay aloof when you were in a team. Sides were quickly chosen, with Philip heading one side and Imogene the other.

Over their heads I met Philip's eyes. And there was something in that quick exchange I had never experienced before, yet something that every woman

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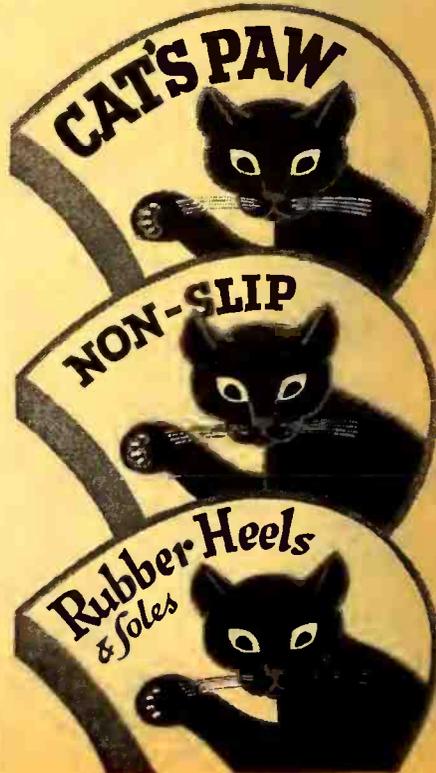
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recognizes when it comes! It was a look that made two people into a family; two people understanding and helping each other, whose hearts spoke across a crowded room as if they were alone! It was worth everything I had gone through tonight. Even if, tomorrow, I were to lose Philip, I had had this moment of complete oneness with him.

Stephanie had asked to be last because she had never played before. When it was her turn we settled on "The Mikado" and she took her place in the middle of the floor.

I had seen her unconscious abandon on the dance floor; I should have realized her talents as an actress. Completely, superbly a mimic, she flung herself into her several parts. To our dismay and the delight of her own team she was as easy to read as if she had been carrying signs. She was the hit of the game.

"You're very clever, Miss Vosper," the voice was acid and carried over the laughter dying away in the circle. Aunt Connie had found her opening. "Have you ever been on the stage? I suppose you are too young to have been an actress, but perhaps you were a chorus girl in Chicago."

If the words hadn't been insulting, there was no mistaking the tone. Stephanie got up, quietly, from her chair and walked to the fireplace.

NO, Mrs. McCarthy, I haven't been a chorus girl. But I have been a waitress in a beanery and a hash-slinger in a short-order hamburger joint and an usher in a theatre and now I'm a welder in a factory." Anger was creeping around the edges of her voice. "I've had one year in high school and another in night school. There's a lot I don't know—but I do know enough not to insult a guest in my house."

"Neither would I insult a guest." Aunt Connie had risen, too, and they were facing each other. "Unfortunately, you could hardly be called a guest since I didn't invite you here. You forced yourself on Mary in just the same way that all you Trailertown people have forced yourselves on Tilbury!"

Stephanie's face was white, a red splotch on her cheek as if she had been struck. I was too horrified, too stunned, to move.

In the stillness I heard a door slam and firm steps in the entrance hall.

Somehow I found my voice. "If she isn't welcome here, Aunt Connie, then neither are—"

I stopped. Aunt Connie wasn't listening, wasn't looking at me. Both she and Stephanie had whirled around, staring at something—or someone—over my shoulder.

"Henry!" There was stunned elation, exultation in his mother's voice, her arms were outstretched. She had forgotten us all—even Stephanie. "Henry—son—you're home!" Everyone had turned to see the slim, browned, uniformed figure standing in the doorway. Like a tableau the shock had startled us all into motionless statues. We stared, too—not only in surprise, but held silent by the new and forceful hardness in Henry's face.

He broke the spell. In two strides he had covered the distance to where his mother and Stephanie stood. His arms went around her and he bent his head to reach her lips.

But—not—Aunt Connie! His arms around Stephanie; his lips on Stephanie's blindly upturned face! I thought I must be going crazy.

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His mother sank slowly to the divan, one hand on her heart. But for once Henry ignored the old, familiar appeal. "It looks as though I got here just in time," he said, grimly. And flashed a quick look at Philip. I was remembering—remembering how Philip and Stephanie had watched that door all evening—the tension between them the last few days—their dismay over the Friday date—I was beginning to understand. "I wanted to surprise you all but I didn't know it would be melodrama. Mother, I want you to meet my wife. Stephanie and I were married on my last furlough. We would have told you then, but you were sick and the doctor said no."

A long, deep breath was expelled around the room, almost a sigh. Someone began an awkward congratulation, but Henry silenced him.

"I heard quite a lot—I've been standing in the door, waiting to surprise you. I don't like dragging out my private affairs at a party but they seem to be pretty much public property by this time, anyway. I'm sorry, Mother. I wouldn't let Stephanie tell you while I was gone because it didn't seem fair to either of you. But if you can put on a scene like I just overheard, then you're strong enough to listen to me."

Henry's wife—Stephanie! I couldn't take it in—I couldn't believe it! My mind was a storm of bewilderment.

"I knew how you felt about Trailertown people," he continued grimly. "I was a little mixed up myself when I left. But I've done a lot of thinking these past few months and Philip set me right on a few points. We do so much talking about our pioneer ancestors—you, Mother, for one. Well, I think Trailertown is just another word for covered wagon train today and your great-grandmother would have taken off her poke-bonnet to Stephanie. Stephanie and her friends had the guts and the patriotism to come here when they were needed. And we have the nerve to kick them around because they weren't born here. It would be the best thing that could happen to Tilbury if some of these new pioneers would settle down here. Here's one—" for the first time he smiled, fondly, at Stephanie—"here's one who's going to stay!"

There was a strangled sound from Aunt Connie. Dazed as I was I started forward to help her. By this time she

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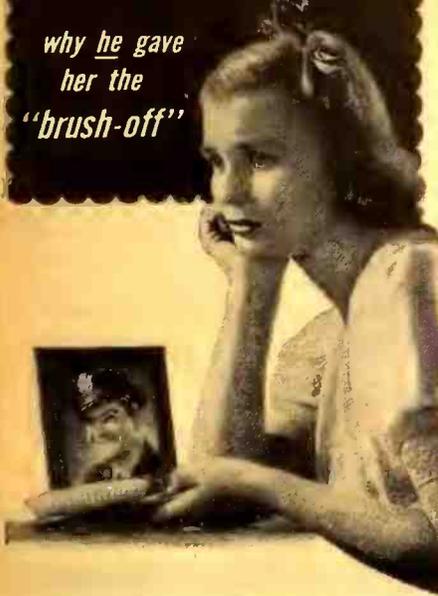
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her the
"brush-off"



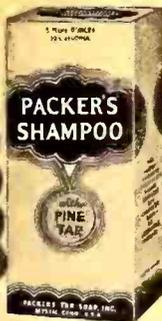
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was panting, her face mottled.

But I was too late. Stephanie was there before me, easing Aunt Connie back into the pillows, running to get the bottle of medicine under Henry's orders. I heard her voice at the telephone, asking for the doctor. And, suddenly, with a great burst of comprehension, I stopped short. *Like it or not, Aunt Connie had a daughter-in-law.*

And now, as I quickly picked up my wraps; as I whispered my hurried goodbyes, my mind was whirling with questions. Those never-to-be-forgotten words drifted back to me: Stephanie's poignant "I can't—I can't—" and Philip's "Marriage is just two people . . ." Philip had been pleading the case for his friend—and when he had asked me to look after Stephanie for him, it had been his trust for his friend.

"Why, Philip? I've known Henry so long. Why couldn't you tell me?" The path that connected the McCarthy house to ours was mysterious and shadowy under the overhead clouds. We seemed alone in an unreal world.

"Henry asked me not to tell anyone. Especially you, Mary. Anyone can read your face. You're not very good at pretending, dear, and you saw Aunt Connie every day. Henry and I decided it would be unfair to Stephanie to take her to his mother on such short notice and then let her take the full weight of Aunt Connie's temper. And we were afraid Aunt Connie would make it so miserable for Stephanie—convince her she wasn't worthy of Henry that she might run away."

"I thought it was you who were in love with Stephanie," I blurted out. Our steps had slowed; we were standing, facing each other, by the old arbor.

His body stiffened. "With Stephanie? Me? How could you have thought that? I'm attracted to her—I understand her—but I don't love her!" His hands slid along my shoulders, drawing me close. His voice roughened. "I've loved one girl all my life and only one. No matter what happens, God help me, I'll go on loving that girl. You're in everything I do—you're like the air I breathe." I could hear his deep, uneven breathing. "I know you better than you do yourself, Mary. You've tried to hold back and check that great capacity you have for living, but someday you'll find that you're made for happiness and pain and love and suffering and laughter and compassion. You'll share these things with me then because we couldn't bear them unless we had each other."

Words came to me—a rushing torrent of them—but a kind of primitive, instinctive wisdom told me there was a better way—

Shamelessly, proudly, my arms went around his neck, holding him so close I could feel the surge of his heart against mine. My lips sought his—and mine were soft and willing and ardent. In that brief second of surprise I felt in him, I knew what it was to bring my heart to him open and unasked-for.

And the ghosts of two dream-children, the young Philip and the young Mary we were, slid silently away into the darkness, leaving a man and a woman who would have come together if they had been born in opposite corners of the world; whose hearts would have known each other even if they had spoken in different languages. I was free of them; I was whole and complete and new because the other part of me was Philip.

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a gym, a hall
When draped and
tacked upon the wall?



Dennison
CREPE PAPER

At Stationery Departments Everywhere

Before We Part

Continued from page 19

seemed right, as everything Lance did seemed right.

The orchestra began to play an old song that we and our friends had helped to revive. Dessy, my little sister, had dug up a recording of Russ Colombo singing it, and somehow we'd all taken it up, and requested it so often that now it was played as a matter of course wherever the young people of Clover Hill and Hillside were.

We moved about the floor in time to the song, and then Lance began to sing the words, very quietly...

Take me in your arms,
Before you take your love away;
Take me in your arms
Before we part...

And then we were standing stock still in the center of the floor.

Take me in your arms,
And then goodbye...

The orchestra, the moving couples, the bright lights, faded away, and I felt strangely empty and lost. I looked up at Lance—and his eyes were wet.

One moment's madness
Although it be the last
Hold me fast...

That was the orchestra's vocalist, singing the song now. The throbbing rhythm of the music, the new-found meaning of the words, beat in my throat and my temples, like the beating of the world's heart. I felt sick and dizzy, and there was no meaning in anything but that this was the night of our parting. Then I felt Lance's hands bite hard into my shoulders as he turned me around and found a way for us through the maze of the dancers. And I heard his voice, husky and hurting—"We've got to get out of here, Linna. We've wasted so much time..."

WE found our way to the car in silence, and drove a little way along the river to the place where we had parked to watch the silver path of the moon on the water so often before.

There were no words for what we felt. There was just the hunger we both knew, the hunger that could be appeased only a little by the touch of hands, by the eager meeting of lips, by the glory of being in the arms of your love. And so we stayed, locked close together for a time that was swift as a heartbeat, long as forever.

At last Lance moved away a little, cupped my chin in his hand.

"I want to look at you. I want to look at you, and remember every line of your face. I want never to forget for a moment the sweet curve of your mouth, the way your eyes look love at me, the way—oh, my God, Linna, we've wasted so much time! We've danced away ten full days, when we could have spent them in each other's arms."

"We were being sensible. We weren't going to tie you to me, or me to you. We were—" I had found my voice at last, but I don't think Lance heard.

"Linna—oh, you can't be sensible about love. You can't measure it, as if it were a suit of clothes, or talk about it impersonally, as if it had been in a book you'd read. You have to live it—you have to live love, and we've let ten precious days of living, days we can never call back, slip through our fingers. Oh, loveliest, why were we such fools! Why did we talk about waiting, even think about waiting?"

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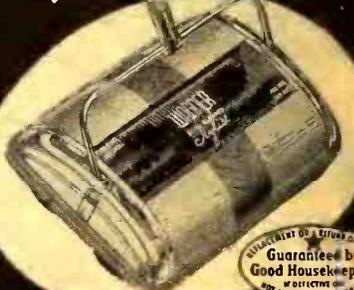
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Tears clogged my throat, but there was only one thing I wanted to say to him, and I knew that he would understand. "Lance—I'm as much your wife as if we were married. I belong to you as much. I'm part of you. Even in the little time we have left, can't we—"

His fingers across my mouth stopped me. "No, honey. No. I wouldn't do that to you, because I love you too much. I'm going to leave no burdens behind me, no troubles, no complications. And our little time—that's gone, Linna. We've got to drive as fast as we can for Hillside station—"

"Lance, don't! Lance, you can't go now. Not now. Somehow we've got to make up for our foolishness. Can't we be married tonight, and you fly back? Can't we—"

His arms were tight and strong about my shoulders, and I felt the strength of it creeping into me.

"No, dearest. That train's the last and only way for me to get back."

We sat for a long moment, looking, not at each other, but at the silly, false-looking silver path the moon made across the water. And at last I heard myself say, in a voice that was dry and tired. "Start the car, Lance. It's late."

We drove in all-too-swift silence to Hillside station, and I tried to think of nothing, nothing at all, while I clung to Lance's arm as closely, as despairingly, as a dying person clings to life.

AND then we were at the station, and this was not the beginning of our last night, but the end. The end of the end.

The train was already snorting impatiently, and we had only seconds.

"Linna, love, don't forget me for a single moment, while I'm away, and never for a single moment will I forget you. I'll be back sooner than you think. . . ."

"Lance, the train is moving!" He swung aboard the last car, and raised his hand to me as the train moved off. And I stood there, in the midst of the people, uncaring, crying "I love you. Oh, I love you so!"

Leaving the station, starting the car, driving home, urging my dragging feet to carry me upstairs to bed, were things someone else did, things done by a mechanical doll, run by pulled strings.

I awoke early in the morning. The sun was bright in the east window. First came the warmth of happiness that I had felt each morning for the past ten days. Lance was home. But no—no, he was not home any more. He was gone. He was gone away, to fight, overseas, and I wouldn't see him again, perhaps, until the war was done.

I waited for the flood of despair, of unbearable hurt, to engulf me. But it didn't come. It was as if the ferocity of last night's feeling were a thing set apart, quite by itself, quite out of the scheme of normal living. I felt, now, as I had told myself all the time that I would feel when Lance went away—lonely, yes, and wrenched by the parting, but confident, forward-looking, sure that our love would bring us back together, content to wait a little while.

Just remember the happy things, remember the wonderful times you've had together. Think of your life ahead, and you'll be all right, I told myself.

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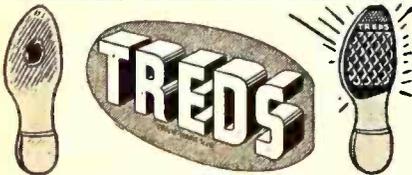
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And so I dressed and went downstairs to face a world that was made of marking time.

Dad was down by the time I had the coffee bubbling in the percolator and the bacon sizzling in the frying pan. He came smiling across the room to me, and put his arm about my shoulders. "How is it, honey?" he asked. "Kind of hard lines? Going to be a bad day?"

I shook my head. "No, Dad—not too bad. It's—well, it's sort of hard to explain, but I'm so sure of Lance, and he's so sure of me, and we're both so sure of ourselves, that it doesn't matter too much. I know that he'll come home to me, and that when he does we'll begin a wonderful life together."

Dad nodded. "You're pretty wise for one so small, aren't you?" he said, and we laughed together, because Dad had said that to me ever since I was little.

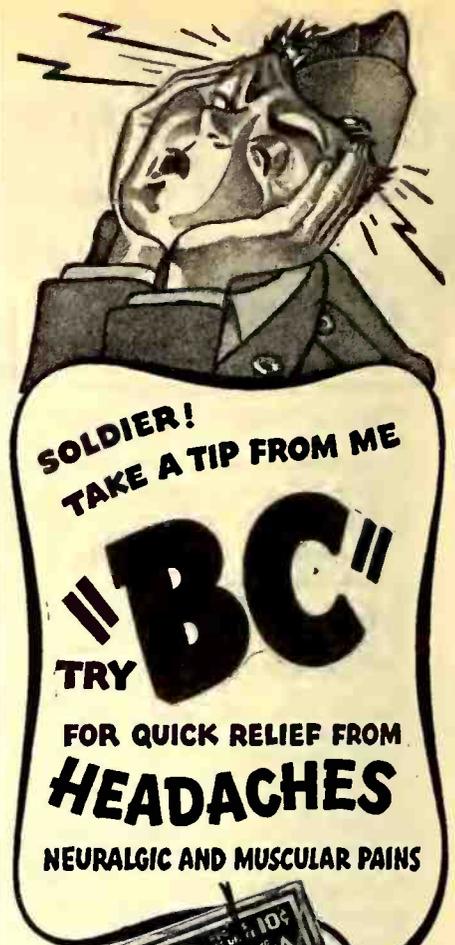
"I'm really going to try to be," I answered. "And it won't be too hard to fill in the time..."

It wasn't, either. I had my job as stenographer in the "pool" at the law firm of Gregory, Moresby and Higgins. I had my Red Cross work three nights a week. Weekends, I served doughnuts and coffee at Hillside station sometimes, when troop trains stopped there a few minutes. I helped Dessy with her high school lessons, went to the movies with the family or some of my girl friends, went to an occasional party, helped Mother around the house. It was a normal, peaceful sort of existence, even if a rather dull one. And it wasn't, of course, as if this were the first time Lance had been away—he'd been in the army for over a year, and I had learned the pattern of filling my days.

Only sometimes at night, when I lay in bed, waiting for sleep to come, I would feel a great loneliness creeping over me. And then I'd hurry to remember the pleasant things, the wonderful times Lance and I had shared.

I'd remember, for instance, the first time I met Lance—when I literally fell into his arms. I'd been standing on a shaky stool in the law library, looking for a reference Mr. Moresby wanted. I was deep in the—to me—completely foreign tongue of law, when I felt the stool shake beneath me, and looked down to see Lance.

"Come down off that," he said. "I'm the new law clerk. I've been hired, as of now, to keep you girls from being sent to look for things you have no



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idea how to find."

I didn't like that very much. "I don't do so badly," I replied. "And I think I've just now found what I'm looking for." With that, I turned my back and buried my nose in the book.

The stool shook again. "You're keeping an able-bodied man out of a job," he complained. "Come down from there! How can I earn my salary if you're camping out on the only stool this place has to offer?" When I turned to look down on him, he was grinning—the grin that I found later was irresistible, and which, even then, I didn't seem able to resist.

"All right—I'll come down." I began to turn cautiously around to get down. "Well, move away, won't you? You'd probably complain to the management if I kicked your shins?"

The answer to that was another shake of the stool. "Hurry," he laughed.

He wasn't shaking hard enough to dislodge me, actually, but somehow I had forgotten what I was doing in looking at him, in seeing Lance for the first time. And then, without warning, I was tumbling down to land in an all-legs-and-arms heap—not gracefully, in Lance's arms, but forcefully, in his lap, because I succeeded in catching him off balance and knocking him down, too.

I wanted to be angry, but I had to laugh. And the laughter must have told him I wasn't hurt, because the first thing he said, when he could get his breath, was, "Have we been formally introduced? But don't let that stand in your way—it was very nice of you to drop in on me."

SUDDENLY the laughter between us died, and we found ourselves looking at each other for the first time—really seeing each other, I mean.

"My name is Lance Jordan," he said, at last. "I started to work here today—law clerk. I'm going to law school at night."

"I'm Linna Fabry," I told him, and thought, *Lance! That just suits him—long and straight and lean and quick-looking. And his eyes—they're the nicest eyes I've ever seen!* They were deep blue-grey, and fringed with thick, long black lashes that might have given his face a womanish look if the rest of it had not been so entirely masculine.

The laughter was dancing back into his eyes, now. "Yes," he said gravely, "and I like your looks, too."

I felt something happening to me, something I couldn't believe, something I didn't want to believe. It wasn't possible to fall in love with a man you'd met five minutes before, and, in the course of those five minutes knocked down and exchanged a couple of silly sentences with. I didn't want to stay there—I wanted to go away and think. And so I mumbled something about getting back to my work now, and fled.

That was my meeting with Lance—the meeting he and I laughed over so many times after that, the meeting which I comforted myself with remembering when loneliness threatened me after he went away. That meeting, and so many others, I rehearsed faithfully in my mind those long nights, warming myself at the remembered fire of his love. Sometimes I'd think about our first date, or the time Lance and some friends and I had rowed to Hapner's Island for a picnic and let the boat drift off, and had been marooned for hours. Or the time we first went dancing, and found out that we were simply made for each other,

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at least as far as dancing was concerned. Or the time we hired a horse and buggy and rode gaily out into the country, hilariously pretending we were our own grandmother and grandfather, "goin' courtin'." Or the time when Lance proposed to me . . .

That was a spring night, just before Lance was inducted. A soft night, that felt almost as wonderful as it smelled, with an impish little breeze that caressed you with insinuating fingers. We went canoeing on the river, moving along gently with the sluggish current, going often close to the bank, where the overhanging fronds of weeping willows made a dark tunnel where two lovers could be shut off from the outside in a timeless, dimensionless world of their own. Presently we beached the canoe, and sat, close and quiet, for a while on the moon-silvered sand.

"I'll be going very soon," Lance said at last, and he put out his arm to pull me closer to him.

"I'll miss you terribly," I told him, and wondered at the inadequacy of words to express what I really meant by saying that. I felt completely at ease, though, completely at home with his arm around me, with my head on his shoulder, so that I was suddenly sure that I needed no words to make him understand me.

"Yes, I know you'll be lonely without me," he said. It was a statement of fact, without a touch of vanity. "I think it's harder for the girls who are left behind than for the men who go away. We, at least, are going out to adventure of a sort; you have to stay behind and make do with the same old life, except that it is full of empty places that are hard to fill."

IT will be very empty, and—and your place can never be filled, Lance, until you come back."

"Linna, do you love me?" he asked abruptly, almost roughly.

To that question, you can only give the honest answer that is in your heart, with no thought of shyness and evasions. "Lance, I think I've loved you since the very first moment I saw you."

He had kissed me before—but not like this. Never before a kiss like this—so full of yearning, so full of promise.

"It won't be long," he said at last. "Waiting is never long, when at the end of waiting you know you'll find your dream-come-true. Will you wait for me, Linna? Will you marry me darling, as soon as all this is over and I can come back to you?"

"Oh, Lance, yes—yes, darling!"

That night was a miracle of happiness, too full of joy for mere words to make clear. I was in Lance's arms, where I belonged, where I would always belong. We were close together now, and we would always be close. We were, from that moment on, two parts of one being. That was the way I'd wanted it, hoped for it. That was the way it was, now, and would be forever. It was something to cling to, something to remember in all the months to come, a foundation upon which to build dreams of the future.

That was what I was doing now—now that Lance was gone, not to a training camp, but overseas. I was clinging to the memories we had stored away in our hearts, just as I hoped he, wherever he was, was clinging to them too. And so, it was not hard to fill the emptiness of the days, for they could never really be empty, with Lance's love to lean on, with remembered promises, remembered kisses, to fill



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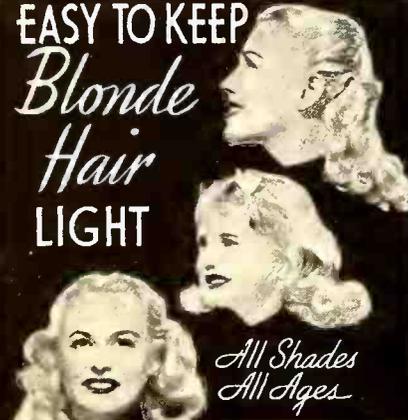
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them.

Of all the time, those first weeks after Lance left were hardest. They were a period of readjustment, of getting used to the idea of his being so far away. And there were no letters, of course—would be none until he had reached his destination, wherever that might be, and the letters he would write have time to get back home.

I marked the days off on the calendar, each morning before I went down to breakfast, telling myself as I did that I mustn't expect a letter today, but always hoping that there would be one. A week, two weeks, three, four, five. I was beginning to be a little frightened, beginning to have to put a smile on my face before I went in to sit down at the table with Mother and Dad and Dessy. And then, one glorious morning, I didn't have to face them with a manufactured smile at all, for long-legged Dessy came galloping up the stairs two at a time, and burst into my room while I was finishing dressing, waving not one letter, but three.

"Lance!" she gasped, and shoved the envelopes into my hands. "Letters from Lance!" as if I needed the added explanation. And then, with an understanding I deeply appreciated, she was gone again, slamming the door behind her by way of expressing her relief and delight.

I don't know how long I stayed there that morning, reading those three letters over and over. I do know that by a week later—by the time another letter had found its way to me—those first three looked like rare old documents—creased and worn and fraying.

LETTERS came regularly after that, one each day, and one each day from me to Lance, in answer. The day didn't really begin until I came down to breakfast and found the envelope beside my place, and ended very definitely when I had signed "with all my love, Linna" to the bottom of the answer.

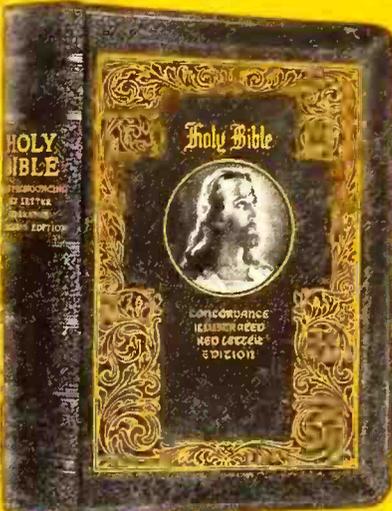
They were good days, the days of those early letters. All day long little phrases from that morning's message would come into my mind and send a little thrill of happiness racing through me. "I love you so much" . . . "I can't wait to get home and get our lives started, honey" . . . "There's so much going on it's frightening to think about it—it seems to me, Linna, that the only stable thing left in my world is my love for you" . . . "My whole day revolves around mail call—will there be a letter from my darling?" . . .

One morning, when I had reluctantly finished the first reading of my letter, slipped it back into the envelope and begun my breakfast, Mother said, "Linna, I'm going to get some fine muslin today if I can, and hemstitch you some sheets. My grandmother did it for my mother, and my mother did it for me, and I can't see that this is any time to break with tradition. And I think it's high time you shook yourself out of your dreams and did something concrete about the future. The war's not going to last forever, but you might as well be hemming napkins and towels while it does last, so you'll have something to start out on when it's over." Her bright blue eyes softened, and she reached across the table to pat my hand. "It'll help the time pass more quickly, dear," she added, "and—well, and make things seem more real, I think. It did for me, years ago, when I was waiting for your father

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to come home from France."

And so we started that wonderfully comforting, old-fashioned thing, a hope chest. Dad—he's the kind of man who wouldn't think a house was a home unless there was a workshop in the basement—made me the chest itself, and covered it in soft, dull green and sunlit yellow. Mother and I worked to fill it, and so did my maiden aunts, Clara and Genevieve, who lived not far away, so that soon there was a very respectable pile of table and bed linen, of towels and holders and — unfortunately — Aunt Clara's hand-crocheted antimacassers. But I loved even them—I loved every piece, and every careful stitch we took. I described everything to Lance, and one day a box came from him, with a lovely English bone china tea service to add to my store.

Everything was perfect. It was like a wonderful autumn, when the sun shines brilliantly every day. You know that there's something unpleasant in the air—winter ahead—but you can't really believe it. I couldn't really believe in war, in disaster, there in my safe little home town, wrapped so securely in my love for Lance. All I could believe in was happiness.

And then, like the first touch of winter deadening the brilliance of Indian Summer, a cloud obscured a little the white-bright quality of my happiness. There was a morning when there was no letter from Lance. It was late in May, and Spring was being her loveliest, but no matter how I told myself about irregularity of mails and a man's having something else to do but write letters when he was a soldier, I couldn't help feeling that something had spoiled the Spring as I walked to work that morning. By evening, when I wrote my letter and signed, "with all my love, Linna," I had convinced myself that to morrow morning there would be two letters, and all would be well.

But the next morning there weren't two letters. Nor one. Nor was there even one letter the following morning. And by that time Spring didn't matter.

But the fourth morning Dessy came charging up the stairs again, envelope in hand. "You see," she cried, waving it at me, "you've had all this stewing around, looking like a lost soul, for nothing. Here's a letter from Lance!"

I literally snatched it, my heart leaping. It was very brief, but it was a letter from Lance, and that was enough. "You'll have to forgive me," he said,

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in part, "if I don't manage to write every day from now on. Things are happening fast over here—things I can't talk about—and sometimes there literally isn't a minute in the day that we can call our own."

That was all right then. I sighed my relief, and went down to breakfast, noticing that Spring was lovelier this year than I had ever remembered its being. There was no letter from Lance next morning, either, but by then I'd re-adjusted my feelings. A letter now would be a wonderful surprise, each time it came, and not just a part—of the best part—of the daily routine.

Letters came irregularly after that. And they were somehow different—somehow less personal, so that I found myself reading the whole of them, instead of only scattered parts, to the family at the breakfast table. But I could hardly put my finger on what was different about them. Always they had been full of cheery stories about Lance's buddies, of bits of news—as much as he could tell—about our Army and its movements in England. They were still full of those things. They still began "Dearest Linna" and ended "always, Lance." But some things were gone—the funny little questions about the hope chest, the latest addition to the never-ending argument about whether the dining room should be yellow-and-grey, or rose-and-white—our own private joke, about which we had written as seriously as if the fate of nations depended on the decision.

I suppose I should have been worried. Or frightened. But I wasn't. Why should I have been? The only thing that occurred to me that could possibly happen to Lance was something physical; that was the only thing I feared. As long as his letters came, he was safe and well. I need have no fear.

MAY spun out, and June came, and Spring held more than a hint of summer. The days began to go lazily, sweetly by, and I let them pass me without counting them, almost without noticing them.

And then there was the morning—the sixth of June—when I woke knowing that today would not be a day to let slip through my fingers. Today would be a day to remember, forever.

I awakened from one of those vaguely horrible dreams which you cannot remember, but which leave you shaking with fear. It was just a dream, I kept telling myself. It was just a dream, and there's no reason to be frightened. Stop being silly. But, although it was only six o'clock, I knew there would be no sleep for me, so I got up and bathed as quietly as I could, and began to dress.

Still the fear nagged at me. It was more than a vague fear, now; it was a definite feeling that something, somewhere, had gone wrong—something big, portentous, earth-shaking. I found that my hands trembled at the fastenings of my dress, and at a sudden knock on my door my heart leaped, and I actually jumped and turned to face the door as if death itself were knocking.

"Y-yes?"
Dad's voice, full of a contagious excitement, came through the door. "Get up, honey! This is no day to sleep your head off. Linna, we've invaded the continent! We've opened a second front! We've landed troops in Normandy! It's on—"
I flung the door open. "What?"

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"We've landed troops in Normandy, Linna! It's on the radio—" He grabbed my hand, and we raced downstairs. We listened for about a half an hour, I think, before the fear came back to me. And then it was like a great hand, wringing the elation from my heart, squeezing it dry.

Dad must have seen it in my face, for he turned away from the radio and asked me sharply, "What's wrong, Linna? Is something the matter?"

I shook my head. "I—I don't know, Daddy," I told him slowly. "I don't know. It's funny—a feeling I have. I had it this morning—that's why I woke up so early . . ."

"A feeling—what kind of a feeling, honey?"

"I don't know," I repeated. "Like a premonition, somehow. Dad—Dad, do you suppose something's happened to Lance in—all this? Do you suppose he was one of the troops in the invasion, and he—?"

Dad's hand closed hard on my shoulder. "Oh, Linna—no, dear. It's just the excitement. Nothing's going to happen to Lance. Don't borrow trouble, Linna."

"But Dad—I'm afraid, I'm afraid!" I heard my voice rising sharply, hysterically, and pulled it back, with a sharp effort, to normal. "I—I'm sorry, Dad. I'm making a fool of myself. I guess I'll put the water on for coffee." And I turned and went into the kitchen, before he could see the tears that were spilling from my eyes.

Mechanically I went about the business of starting breakfast, trying to keep my mind a blank, free of any thoughts. But I had only one thought, and that kept rising up unbidden—the thought of Lance in that horror that must be Normandy this morning. Lance, wounded, hurt, alone . . . Lance, spilling his blood on the hard earth of some strange field and I not knowing—not knowing for weeks, for months even, perhaps never being sure. It was a pain that threatened to rip me apart with its sharpness; it was a pounding agony, and I covered my face with my hands and rocked with the hurt of it. Lance, my whole life, my dearest love—Oh, please God, don't let anything happen to him. Let him be safe. Let him be safe!

A familiar, metallic click made me aware of reality—of the bright kitchen, of the percolator, threatening to boil over. I turned it off and ran through the diningroom, into the hall. That click was the cover of the mailbox going down—the mailman had come.

Perhaps, after days of waiting, there was a letter from Lance!

It was there, and I caught it to me as if it were Lance himself. Suddenly the fear was gone—this was something tangible. How foolish of me to have made such a fuss—Lance was all right! It didn't for a moment occur to me that this letter had been written ten days ago, that it's being here could have no bearing on what Lance was doing, how he was, whether he was alive or dead, this morning.

I threw myself down on the hall window seat and tore it open.

I don't think I really took in the meaning of the words on that first reading. It took a second, and then a third, and even so, there was no feeling in me. Except that I was cold—as cold as if this were winter, and not the lovely, sweet, soft spring.

My hand tightened, crumpling the paper, and after a long time I began to feel again—anger, and sick, sick bitterness, and pain that was threatening to swell past all bearing. I heard my voice, a husky, weary whisper, repeating monotonously, "I was afraid you were dead! I was afraid you were dead . . . you might better have died—at least you would have died mine!"

After a long while, I smoothed the letter and read it again.

Dear Linna:

I've tried and tried to think of a good way to say this, but there is no good way. I'd better just say it, and have it done. Linna, I've fallen in love. I've tried to tell you in my letters these past few weeks, but there didn't seem to be any way, and I wanted to be sure—I didn't want to hurt you needlessly. But I have to hurt you now, Linna—I'm really in love. Her name is Angela Temple. I know that this is real—it's not the dreamy, exalted thing we knew, but real, and earthy and—but you won't want to hear about it. So I must just tell you that Angela and I are going to be married tomorrow. I can't ask you to forgive me—but try!

Lance

This isn't the kind of letter Linna ever expected to add to the others she has had from Lance. But here it is, in her hand, horrible—and final. What will she do now, with the love that had given meaning to her life, and that now had no meaning? Read what she builds out of heartbreak in June RADIO ROMANCES, on sale May 16.

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