

# Radio Romances

FORMERLY  
*Radio Mirror*

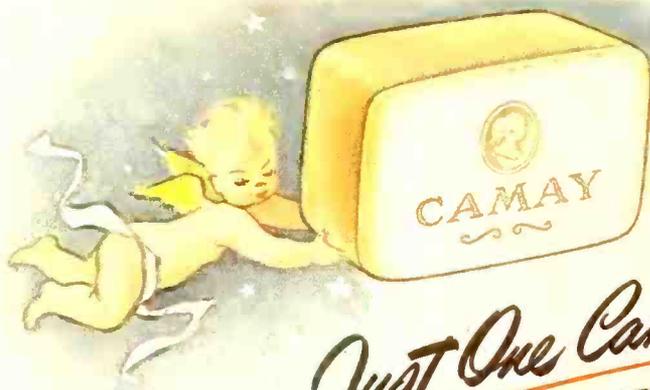
SEPTEMBER

15¢



ing Portraits—  
**OUNG  
OCTOR  
IALONE**

LENA MILLER



*Just One Cake of Camay  
and you can have Softer, Smoother Skin!*

Oh, how exciting—to see your skin glow softer, fresher—with your very *first* cake of Camay!

It will—simply change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores and scores of complexions.

And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one* cake of Camay—had a softer, clearer, younger-looking complexion.

#### THE ROMANCE OF MRS. LINDER—

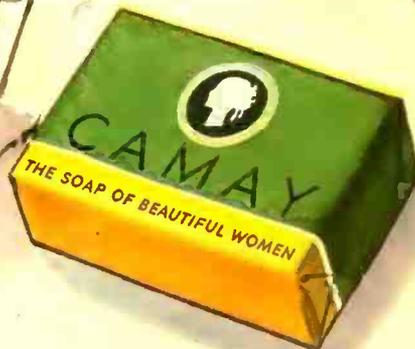
It's a table for two, at Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, after a day's happy sail in their sweetheart days. Stella is radiant, her skin glowing. "I'm devoted to Camay's gentle care," she says, "for my complexion has sparkled ever so much fresher and softer, since my very *first* cake of Camay."



Two's a Honeymoon... on their picturesque schooner, Glad Tidings. "Now that I'm a sailor's sweetheart—for life," smiles Stella, "I count on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to help keep my skin nice, despite wind and air!" To win your lovelier Camay complexion, follow instructions on the Camay wrapper.



—the former Stella Mikrut,  
Mrs. Robert F. Linder Jr.  
Little Neck, Long Island



Please—make each cake of Camay last!  
Precious war materials go into soap.

"All you care about  
is pretty girls!"



**GIRL:** And if a girl's like me, and isn't pretty, she might as well stay home!

**CUPID:** Or, my peevish pigeon, she might remember to stop glooming and start gleaming! Even a plain girl's pretty when she turns on a sparkling smile! And that means *you*, Sis!

**GIRL:** Wonderful! And maybe you'll tell me what happens if I haven't got a sparkling smile . . . What then?

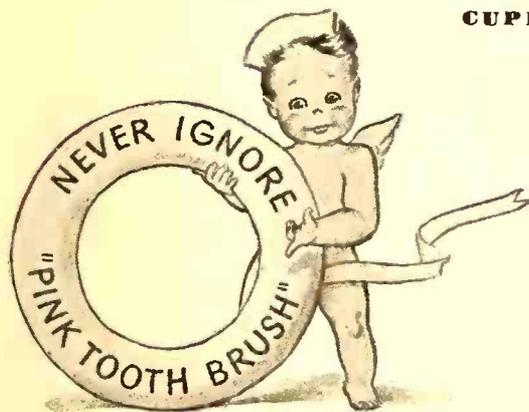
**CUPID:** You look at your tooth brush, Sugar. See any "pink" on it lately?

**GIRL:** And if I have?

**CUPID:** You see your dentist right away!

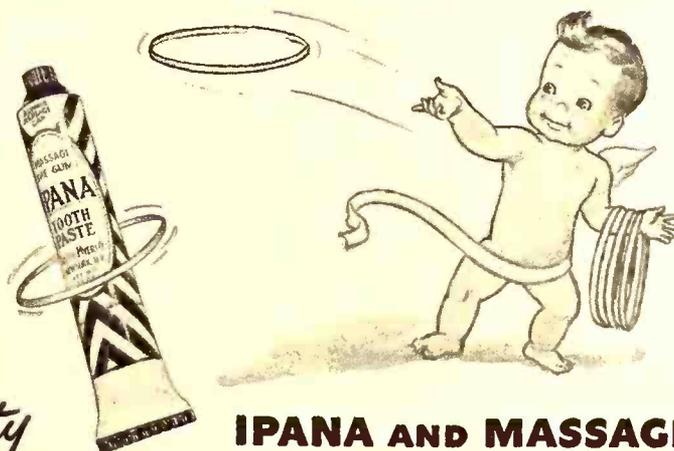
**GIRL:** Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!

**CUPID:** Angel . . . dentists aren't just for toothaches. And that tinge of "pink" is a warning to see yours soon! He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



**GIRL:** Oh? And *right away* I get a brilliant, sparkling smile, huh?

**CUPID:** Not at all, Sugar. But massaging a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help you to healthier gums. And that means brighter, sounder teeth. A smile with more sparkle. A smile you can use to fill up your date book. Start with Ipana and massage today!



For the Smile of Beauty

**IPANA AND MASSAGE**

Product of Bristol-Myers

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ON THE COVER—Milena Miller, Singer, CBS Stuart Erwin Show  
Color Portrait by Salvatore Consentino, Smolin Studios

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



*"But you didn't have to deliver it yourself, Mr. Schmidlip!"*



By JACK LLOYD

Here's how to discover your own Radi-I-Q: Check your answers to the questions with those you will find on page 99. You get one point for each correct answer. If your score is between 11 and 14, you're a "Solid Sender." If it's between 7 and 12, you're a "Radio Rookie," and if it's less than 7, shame on you!

1. Name the famous "hat-sampler" of NBC's Breakfast in Hollywood.
2. Unscramble the names of the following daytime dramas: Bright Light, Road of Happiness, The Guiding Horizon, Right to Life.
3. Name Charlie McCarthy's "country cousin."
4. Identify these four radio crooners by their initials: a) P.C. b) D.B. c) D.O. d) D.S.
5. What's the name of Sheriff Mark Chase's faithful side-kick on ABC's Death Valley Sheriff?
6. One of the following is not one of the Quiz Kids: Harve Fischman, Ruthie Duskin, Joe Kelly, Joel Kupperman, Richard Williams.
7. What products can you identify by these sound-effects, used in commercials advertising them: a) A fog-horn; b) A train; c) A whistle.
8. Which radio personalities do you associate with these lines: a) Bye-bye . . . buy Bonds. b) If you don't write, you're wrong. c) Good-night to you, and I do mean you.
9. Who plays "Blondie" on the air?
10. Here are the first names of three heroines on day-time dramas. Can you give their last names? a) Amanda; b) Stella; c) Mary.
11. Do you know these radio stars: a) Der Bingle b) The Songbird of the South c) The Waukegan Wonder d) The Arkansas Traveler
12. What famous band appears on the Danny Kaye Show?
13. Who impersonates radio's beloved brat, Baby Snooks?
14. Which famous early-morning drama on ABC opens with this line: "Great is the power of truth"?

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# How do you look to a Hero?



**Like a Rhinoceros?** . . . Thick-Skin doesn't need any little hints about meeting veterans. Not *him*, he Knows How To Handle Men. Forget about vets needing rest before they go back to work, he says. Just yell, "What's wrong with you, Soldier? Get up! Get to work! Be a man!" A few hours in a foxhole would be so good for the Rhinoceros.



**... a Fox?** Veterans want to feel proud of the people they fought for. But it's hard to be proud of the Fox. He's done pretty well in this war and he doesn't mind telling you about it. "Know those lots I bought in 1937? Well . . ." Veterans who saw land traded for lives don't enjoy this kind of talk.



**... a Crocodile?** Her tears flow like wine when she sees a wounded service man. And her sympathy flows over him like carbolic acid. She turns a high-powered spotlight on a veteran's disability. No better morale-wrecker exists.



**... a Lion?** Most civilians are pretty modest about what they've done. But not the Lion. He practically won the war with his Victory Garden alone. And the bonds he bought . . . ! Veterans begin to wonder if maybe draft dodgers didn't have the right idea.



**Or Star-spangled Citizens!** They see the returned veteran as an able, capable citizen. They're proud of him, anxious to help. They weep no tears over him, ask no questions, listen when he talks—they make him think, "Boy! What a wonderful country!" Most of us are like them . . . *let's help the rest to be like them too!*

Prepared by the War Advertising Council, Inc., in Cooperation with the Office of War Information and the Retraining and Reemployment Administration.



This stands for honorable service—Remember . . . the man or woman who wears this button has been honorably discharged from our armed forces.

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

## MUM

A Product of Bristol-Myers Co.

# A PLACE for EVERYTHING—



Whether it's dating night or working morning, Monica Lewis's beauty system will turn you out for it with minimum fuss and maximum glamor.

"PRETTY is as pretty does," grandmother used to say. And how right grandmother was! One of the most important things a girl can contribute to her own good looks is a system, a beauty system, says pretty Monica Lewis, heard on CBS Music That Satisfies.

As long as we're going to quote grandmother, we might as well bring in another of her wise, if trite, sayings—"A place for everything, and everything in its place." That's what Monica means by a "beauty system." You can't be at your very best, she reminds us, if getting ready to face the day and the world involves a mad scramble for clothes, a wild turning-upside-down of drawers and shelves.

To begin with, no matter where you keep your cosmetics—bathroom shelf, dressing table top, or in a drawer, try to manage to spread them out enough so that you don't have to dig to find anything. Or an ample tray, metal or wood, preferably with sides or a small rail to keep things from slipping, will do beautifully.

Shampoo—not used every day—and other things of the same category, like manicure and pedicure equipment, can go toward the back of the tray or drawer or shelf—in the less handy spots. Your cold cream, night cream, or whatever overnight cosmetic you use, should take an easily reached place—so you won't be tempted to skip it, "just this once." Your day make-up can be conveniently ranged in an order-of-use plan: astringent (if you use it), foundation, cream rouge, pancake, liquid powder or other base, powder, eye shadow (but save that for evening!), mascara and lipstick, and a box of facial tissues at one side.

You'll find it's easier and less wasteful to duplicate the cosmetics you carry in your purse kit, rather than to get them out each morning and put them back into your bag before you go out (or worse, to forget them). Such duplication needn't be expensive if your beauty budget is strict—remember the convenient dime-store sizes obtainable.

Good lighting should be a part of your beauty system, for it, too, makes for efficiency. Good, strong daylight is best for day make-up, of course. But we working girls don't always find that the sun has got up in time to be of help to us. In that case, see if you can't arrange a good light on each side of the mirror—and none of your fancy little lamps with beruffled shades. Investigate the possibilities of two of the new fluorescent bulbs—the long, thin kind—clipped, one on either side, to your mirror.

To bring grandmother into this just once more, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Bear that in mind, and also the fact that cleanliness is easier on the pocketbook than untidiness. So be sure to screw back carefully the tops of jars and bottles when you're through using them, so the contents won't get dirty or dry out; put the covers on your boxes of powder, your tube or carton of mascara, the case on your lipstick.

And the top o' the mornin' to you—you'll feel that way the first morning you've put yourself on your new beauty system!

**Radio Romances**  
**Home and Beauty**



**Keen about her knitting . . .**

*Dumb about her Dandruff!*

**An Itching Scalp with Ugly  
Flakes and Scales is a  
Warning You Should Heed**

Many an otherwise intelligent man or woman fails to look upon flakes, scales and itching as a warning that infectious dandruff may be present.

Before they know it, they may be in the grip of a condition that *can*, and *does*, play hob with your scalp . . . impairing your natural good looks.

**Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!**

At the first sign of such symptoms start with Listerine Antiseptic and fingertip massage . . . the easy, delightful home treatment that has helped so many.

Make it a part of your regular shampoo and, if you do not see rapid improvement, follow the treatment twice a day. Remember, in clinical tests the twice-a-day Listerine treatment brought improvement or complete relief to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days.

**Kills "Bottle Bacillus"**

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a cool, antiseptic bath which kills millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus."

This tough, hard-to-kill customer is looked upon by many a noted dermatologist as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

**Flakes Disappear**

You'll be delighted to see how rapidly those embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear. Note how much better your hair looks and how much better your scalp feels.

You will actually look forward to the Listerine Antiseptic treatment. It's so cool . . . so refreshing. And literally thousands say it's so effective!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



**The TREATMENT**

**WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.  
**MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.



(*Pityrosporum ovale*), the "Bottle Bacillus," regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** *The Tested Treatment for*  
**INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**

# WHAT'S NEW

## from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS



Here's Jane Webb, who plays Billy Webster's girl, Belinda, in CBS' *Those Websters*. And with her is Peggy Hullias, otherwise known as Aunt Ludmilla of the same show. Right, James Meighan, of Mutual's *Adventures of the Falcon*, and two girls who adventure with him, Marion Shockley and Mitzi Gould.



CAN'T say whether it's because of the war, or just plain because they're proving themselves capable of anything they try to do, but women today are certainly giving the lie to the old saying, "It's a man's world." The girls are moving in on all territories—not the least of which is radio.

Look at the picture. The highest rated daytime program is Kate Smith Speaks. The highest rated songstress is Hildegarde, who gets double honors, since her program is also listed among the first 15 on the air.

Still in the field of singers—Dinah Shore stays up at the top for popularity; the Andrews Sisters are firmly entrenched on the air waves after a few months with their own program; Ginny Simms has just signed a new contract which will pay her \$12,000 a week; Mary Small is settled down for a good long run; Beatrice Kay has built herself a following that's faithful to the songs of another day—and to her; and 18-year-old Patrice Munsel is set for a brilliant career.

Then, of course, there's the comedy field. Joan Davis has been a consistent top-rater for almost three years. And there isn't much need to talk about Fanny Brice and her Baby Snooks routine, which has always been one of our favorites.

Nor have the ladies been content merely to tickle the nation's funny-bone or soothe with music. In the political field there's Dorothy Thompson—practically a female Walter Winchell. And Lisa Sergio is fast becoming known among the kibitzers as Lisa Gram Swing Sergio.

New York apartment houses have notoriously thin walls, but Dick Brown never realized quite how thin until one day a while back, when he found a note in his mailbox. It seems that Dick is in the habit of singing in the shower and one of his neighbors decided that as long as she had to listen anyway, she might as well hear her favorite songs. So she's been dropping notes into Dick's letter box ever since with request numbers for his bathroom serenade.

Talking about fans and their peculiarities—here's a cute one we picked up from Marion Loveridge. She insists it's a new high.

A couple of weeks ago, Marion answered the phone in her Brooklyn apartment and was asked whether she would accept a collect call from North Carolina. Marion, like so many of us, has a number of relatives in the service and, since the connection wasn't

too clear, answered that she'd take the call. It turned out that the call was from a sailor, who swore he was a devoted fan of hers, and just had to have her sing a song to him over the phone. And Marion, not knowing what else to do after having accepted the call, sang for him—to the tune of a \$30 phone bill—because the sailor also wanted a little conversation with his favorite.

The thing that still puzzles Marion is where he got her phone number.

Kathleen Norris, novelist and author of *Bright Horizon*, the daytime serial, never has trouble with telephone calls from friends with whom she corresponds. She has a special letterhead printed on her stationary which reads, "La Casa Abierta, Palo Alto, California. No telephone." Which probably accounts for all the work she manages to get done.

Caught a rehearsal of *Cimarron Tavern* recently and was amused by the cartoons of the cast drawn on the margins of a set of rehearsal scripts left around on the chairs. Seems Felix Holt, who writes the show, used to be a newspaper cartoonist before he turned to radio for a livelihood.

(Continued on page 8)



*This is what he dreams of...the heavenly nearness of you. The thrilling, unbelievable touch of your hands!*

*Smooth on creamy, fragrant Trushay before household tasks—before doing dishes. It guards hands even in hot, soapy water!*

*For the wonderful day of home-coming, guard your hands' soft beauty. Care for them this exquisite, utterly new way—with Trushay, the "Beforehand" lotion!*

*And use luxurious Trushay whenever... wherever skin needs its velvety touch.*

**TRUSHAY**

The  
"Beforehand"  
Lotion



PRODUCT OF  
BRISTOL-MYERS

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



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

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

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



**MIDOL**

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

**CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES**

A Product of General Drug Company

(Continued from page 6)

Last June 1st, The Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands reached its millionth mile of travel in Independence, Missouri—President Truman's home town. 129 different name bands have appeared on the program to date.

To keep Spotlight Bands on the road requires three engineering production units working out of Hollywood, Chicago and New York, depending on the site of the broadcast. The show is put on exclusively before war workers or service men in war plants, camps and hospitals. Each crew takes along nearly half a ton of delicate broadcast equip-



Up-to-the-minute girl from an olden-day program—CBS' Doris McWhirt of the daily *Light of the World*.

ment. So far, the only state in which a Spotlight Bands show hasn't been produced is North Dakota—but maybe that will be fixed up soon.

Bing Crosby is full of ideas. One that hasn't had as much publicity as his famous race track and stables—maybe because it isn't open to as many gags—is his Research Foundation, a project which the groaner takes very seriously. He likes to help inventors put their ideas to commercial use and the Foundation is his way of doing it.

Bing has invested a good deal of money in the Foundation and he admits the chance that he may never get a full return on his investment, but that doesn't bother him very much. He feels that inventors are people who generally are trying to make life a little easier and, he says, if by helping them he can contribute even a small share to making the world a better place to live in—that's reward enough for him.

Maybe what we need is a great many more inventors and a few more Bing Crosby type characters.

Every once in a while, as you're standing around in the CBS building in New York, waiting for an elevator or talking to someone, a blond, compactly built man goes streaking by and stirring up the air behind him. One day, we tracked him down.

He's Dick Liebent, baton waver for the Two On A Clue show. The racing around is due to his sideline—a music publishing firm which he set up last year. He called it "Noteworthy Music." And he runs the business each day in the 45 minutes between the broadcast of Second Husband, for which he is also the musical director, and the re-

hearsal for Two On A Clue. His secretary prepares in advance all documents and letters that need his attention and waits, pencil and steno-pad in hand, for him to show up for his close-clipped business session.

Irene Hubbard of the A Woman of America cast has got used to relaxing now. She's had her son, Sgt. Samuel C. Monroe, home for long enough to believe that it isn't all a pleasant dream. Sam, who before the war was a member of the NBC sound effects department, was captured by the Germans during the now famous Battle of the Bulge last December. He was in five different German prison camps—sometimes worked 16 hours a day—and lost 60 pounds in the process.

Thanks to Merrill Mueller, NBC correspondent in the Pacific, GIs there have a new slang expression—"NBC leave." It means a three day pass to Manila and began when Mueller arranged for soldiers to come from jungle fighting lines to the capital city for broadcasts to the United States.

Valter Poole, conductor of Mutual's Symphony of the Americas, had a rather tough tussle to get his father to agree to let him play the violin.

The first fiddle he ever owned was given to him for his sixth birthday by



Point-free laughs are on the menu for listeners to Parkyarkarkus, of Meet Me at Parky's.

one of his father's cowhands, who carved it from a cigar box. Papa Poole was so outraged at the idea that his son wanted to be a fiddler that he smashed the toy violin. Valter's mother then took things into her own hands. She sold her best dress, bought a fiddle from a circus musician and got the local barber to give Valter secret lessons until he could play one piece all the way through.

Confronted with this accomplishment, Papa was so impressed that he ordered a "good fiddle for my son"—from Sears-Roebuck. It took Valter another six years to grow big enough to play the full size, mail order instrument.

Dinah Shore is cherishing a collector's item among recordings given to her by one of her fans. It's the first platter Dinah ever cut, when she was singing with Xavier Cugat's band. Dinah's

(Continued on page 54)

Right Now—you are needed to help relieve serious homefront shortage of nurses

# In which picture does your face fit?

## DID YOU KNOW . . .

Because of the magnificent response of our trained nurses, our wounded are receiving expert care—and future need for Army and Navy Nurse enlistments depends on future events. But this same, whole-hearted response has created a critical nurse shortage at home.



Here's how you can serve . . . help save lives. Read the following paragraphs carefully, and find *your* place in the nursing picture. With or without experience, every woman can do her part. Whether you are a registered nurse, or can train to assist in hospital work—you're wanted. So don't delay! And for further information see your local Red Cross Chapter today!

**Are you a graduate registered nurse?** You are desperately needed in one of our civilian hospitals! America's ill and injured . . . the very lives of young mothers, new babies whose fathers are fighting overseas—depend on your returning to active duty. Sickness and surgery can't wait! Let your Red Cross Chapter help find the hospital that needs you most.

**Qualified for duty in a Veterans Administration Hospital?** With your skill, experience, as a registered nurse, you can best help care for disabled men who have given so much. Even if you are over 40 years of age or have dependents, apply today to your local Veterans Administration. Or serve as a Red Cross Instructor for Nurses' Aides or Home Nursing Courses.



**Want to serve as you learn a lifetime profession?** If you're a high school graduate, or college trained—17 to 35 years old—join the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps and get a professional education *free!* You'll be releasing other nurses for essential duty, serving your country *now* and protecting your own future. Ask your local hospital about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps.

**Will you volunteer as a Nurses' Aide?** Such an *important* nursing job—for it frees nurses for urgent service which only they can perform! Classes meet 3 days a week, for 7 weeks. See when the next class opens and sign up. If you *are* a trained Nurses' Aide, you owe it to your country and training to go back into service, especially for daytime duty!

**Can you give 2 hours a week?** Take a Red Cross Home Nursing Course—just 2 hours a week for 12 weeks. Or choose the accelerated course. You'll learn how to care for your own dear ones in case of illness. Keeping your family out of the hospital, except when absolutely necessary, will relieve overcrowded civilian hospitals . . . release their personnel for servicemen.



## You can stay in the picture every day—with KOTEX\*

Today, millions of women—in all walks of life—count on Kotex sanitary napkins to help them keep going on "trying days." That's because Kotex gives lasting comfort, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Kotex gives more confidence, for only Kotex of all leading brands has patented, *flat tapered ends* that don't show revealing lines. The special *safety center* of Kotex provides extra hours of protection, prevents roping and twisting. And besides, a *deodorant* safely locked inside each Kotex napkin offers a new safeguard—for your daintiness, your confidence. Yes, today as always . . .



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

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

*Don't Look Now*



... but you're coming undone. Your weak-kneed bob pins are slipping and he's pretending it doesn't matter... Why not side-step such Embarrassing Moments by using DeLong Bob Pins?



They have a stronger grip hold their shape indefinitely and never slide out of your hair unexpectedly. You can use one DeLong Bob Pin over and over and it won't ever let your hair down, endangering your social standing and your all-important poise.

**Stronger Grip**  
Won't Slip Out

**DeLong**

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



*It must be true that the Simms personality is as sweet as the Simms voice, because even Ginny's competitors say it is.*



*Rise Stevens brings all this glamor and her magnificent voice to NBC Mondays, while Information Please vacations.*

**B**Y THE TIME you read this Dinah Shore should be back from her hospital and concert tour and settled down in her new ranch in beautiful San Fernando Valley. Dinah and her husband, Corporal George Montgomery, both love outdoor life and they found their Beverly Hills home too confining. George, an amateur carpenter, built most of the furniture for the ranch. The ranch has 100 citrus trees, occupies six and a half acres.

Joan Davis is desperately trying to interest singer Andy Russell in joining her show. Russell's click debut in the Paramount picture "Stork Club" has made him a very valuable property. Incidentally I was on the "Stork Club" set and it's an exact replica of the fam-

## FACING the MUSIC

By **KEN ALDEN**



*Harry James and his orchestra went into the CBS Friday night spot when comedian Danny Kaye came out for the summer.*

ous Sherman Billingsley bistro.

\* \* \*  
Look for Marilyn Maxwell, MGM starlet, to replace Norah Martin on Eddie Cantor's air show. A break like that for lovely Marilyn might put her in the very big time.

\* \* \*  
Papers are almost signed between Frank Sinatra and his new sponsor.

\* \* \*  
Carmen Cavallaro has taken Hollywood by storm. The night your reporter was at Ciro's, a carload of film celebrities were dancing to the Bronx Latin's rumbas and beguines.

\* \* \*  
Don't be too surprised if Kate Smith's show is cut down by a half hour.

\* \* \*  
The King Sisters will probably join the Ozzie and Harriet show next season.

\* \* \*  
Kay Kyser's beautiful wife and singer, Georgia Carroll, is still bothered by the malaria she picked up entertaining our boys in Louisiana.

\* \* \*  
**SIMMS TO BE UNANIMOUS**  
Hollywood, where a nasty rumor comes out more often than the relentless sun, has lost its battle with genial  
(Continued on page 12)

# Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin



*Lana Turner*

Dreaming of a new, irresistible you with fabulous "appeal"? Then don't pin your dream on a cream that does only one or two things for your skin. Use Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream...one cream that gives complete skin care, and you'll see your dream come true!

Irresistible Lana! Irresistible you, if you give your complexion beauty *extras* with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. It does more than old-fashioned cold and cleansing creams can.

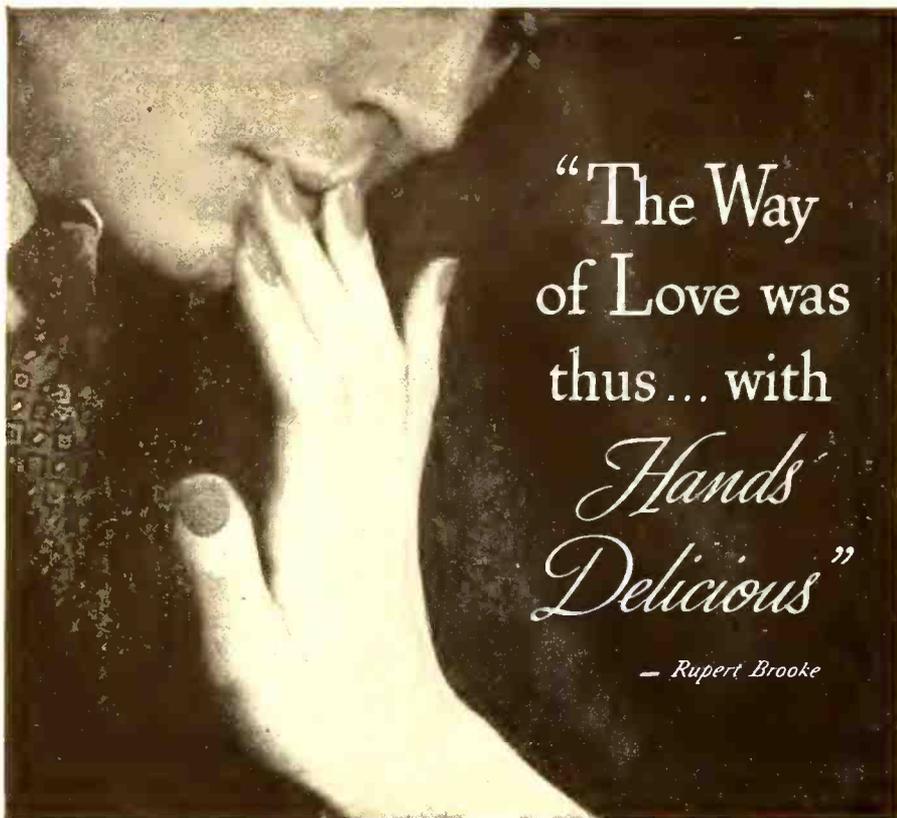
*One* cream to cleanse, soften, smooth! To work in the *night* against dryness and old-looking dry-skin lines. It's a dreamy *powder base*, too! And *only* Woodbury has "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar.

To hear him whisper, "irresistible you!", try Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, now. 10¢ to \$1.25, plus tax.



## Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

*...it's all you need!*



“The Way  
of Love was  
thus... with  
*Hands  
Delicious*”

— Rupert Brooke

“Hands delicious”?—not  
from Doing the Dishes

Sure, you get E for Effort doing housework. You also get rough, red, unromantic hands! *No Man's Hands*...unless...*unless!*...you use that fragrant, snowy-white cream that helps keep your hands looking as smooth, white, and lovely as a gardenia!



Doctors and Nurses know about

... the damage scrubbing can do to skin. Their hands get 30 to 40 *scrubbings* a day! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated to help keep their hands in good condition even though they take a worse beating than yours. Pacquins is *super-rich* in what doctors call “humectant”—an ingredient that helps keep skin feeling soft, smooth, supple!

*Pacquins*  
HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth . . . not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

(Continued from page 10)

Ginny Simms. The buzzflits and barflits that crowd the famed intersection of Hollywood and Vine and frequent Ciro's, the Mocambo, and the Brown Derby, have tried diligently but simply can't find a thing wrong with her.

A well-known gossip columnist I know summed it up: “Ginny is so darned sweet to everyone, even her competitors root for her. Although I have tried I have never been able to print one word of gossip about that girl.”

And when Milton Geiger, one of MGM's better scenarists, volunteered to write Ginny's official biography, he got so enamored of his subject that the studio rejected it.

“No one can be that sweet,” said the studio editor.

When I met Ginny in her busy, music-filled suite at the swank Beverly-Wilshire hotel, a sort of branch office removed from the solitude and rustic beauty of her San Fernando Valley ranch, I asked her about all this unsolicited adulation.

“Oh,” Ginny replied, blushing properly, “I guess it's because I have one simple philosophy for life . . . be kind.”

Blue-eyed, brown-haired Ginny was born in San Antonio, the daughter of an ex-minstrel man and small movie theater owner. When Ginny was still in pigtails the Simms moved to Fresno, California, because of the fading health of Ginny's grandmother. They purchased three tiny movie houses and the whole family pitched in as ushers, pianists, ticket takers, projectionists.

When Ginny was nine she was playing piano for the few remaining silent pictures.

Ginny wanted to be a schoolteacher, entered Fresno State Teachers College.

But a bit of extra-curricular harmony singing with some sorority sisters changed the plan. Ginny and her friends were good enough to get a job on the local radio station.

Soon after, Ginny came down to Los Angeles to audition for Kay Kyser.

“The night before I almost lost my nerve. I went to a big night club and saw Betty Grable perform with a band. She was so pretty and talented that I got discouraged.”

Kyser told Ginny she needed more  
(Continued on page 14)



It's Carol Stewart who sings each Monday night to Beulah, CBS's new comedy sensation.

M-G-M MAKES THE SCREEN'S BIGGEST TECHNICOLOR MUSICALS!



**ON WAVES OF LOVE,  
LAUGHTER, SONG!**

A gay and glorious musical love story that teams the singing artistry of Sinatra with honey-voiced Kathryn Grayson and the dancing magic that's Kelly . . . in 21 show-stopping numbers.

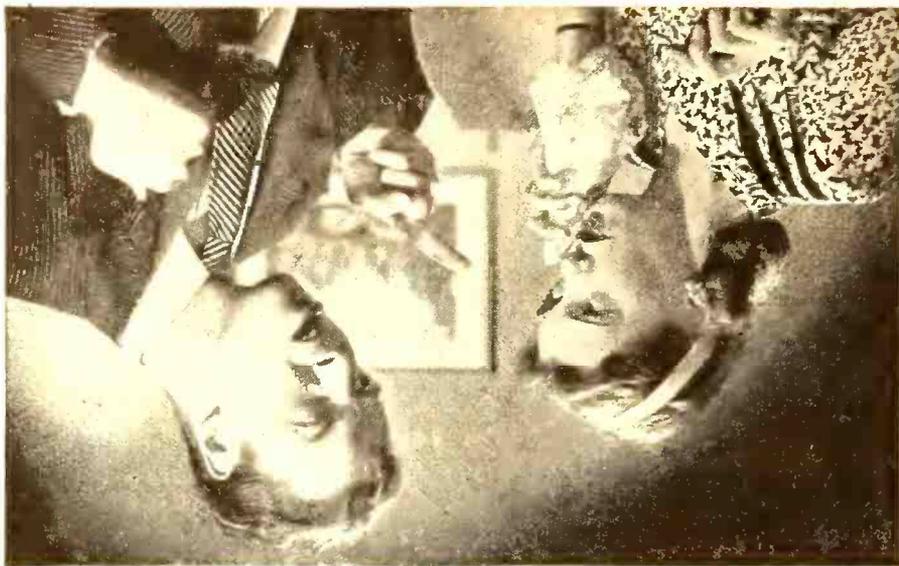
FRANK SINATRA ★ KATHRYN GRAYSON ★ GENE KELLY

**A** **ANCHORS**  
**A** **AWEIGH**  
with JOSE ITURBI



DEAN STOCKWELL • PAMELA BRITTON • "RAGS" RAGLAND • BILLY GILBERT • HENRY O'NEILL  
Screen Play by Isobel Lennart • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

SONGS! "WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET?" "I BEGGED HER" "I FALL IN LOVE TOO EASILY" "THE WORRY SONG" "MY HEART SINGS" "ANCHORS AWEIGH"



## OUR MARRIAGE WAS TOPSY-TURVY

Nothing but arguments between Bob and me! I didn't dream then that I was the guilty one. You see, I thought I knew something about feminine hygiene—but I didn't know that "once-in-a-while" care isn't enough!

My doctor came to the rescue when he told me how many marriages fail because the wife is *careless* about feminine hygiene. His recommendation was to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—*always*.



## IT'S HUNKY-DORY AGAIN!

What a difference in our marriage now! Bob and I are so happy! And I'm so grateful to my doctor. Of course, I use Lysol now—always in the douche. Exactly as the doctor

said: "Lysol is a proved germ-killer . . . far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions." It's easy to use, economical. But best of all—*it really works!*

### Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution . . . always! Powerful cleanser—Lysol's greater spreading power means it reaches more deeply, and effec-

tively, into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-caustic—Lysol douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow

easy directions. Cleanly odor—disappears after use; deodorizes. More women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For

FREE feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.)



For Feminine Hygiene use

**Lysol**  
Disinfectant

always!



Anything for guest Diana Lynn on NBC's *Everything for the Boys* says host Dick Haymes.

(Continued from page 12)

experience, recommended her to another bandsman, Tom Gerun. Ginny joined Gerun in San Francisco, stayed with him until the band reached Chicago. More polished and experienced, Ginny auditioned again for Kyser and got the job—for four years.

Today Ginny is at the peak of her success. She is now on Columbia, and is starring in and producing her own show at a reported \$12,000 a week. She just finished a new Universal film, "Alibi in Ermine."

In addition to her business activities, Ginny is still putting a priority on helping other people. She is concerned over the post-war entertainment needs of servicemen still bedded in Army hospitals.

"I'm trying to organize local committees of housewives and civic officials in cities and towns near general hospitals to make sure the needs of these boys are taken care of. Long after the regular USO troupes and professional troupes stop visiting these places, these boys will still be lying on hospital beds. I like to call my organization Lest We Forget."

## ROMANCING THE RECORDS

(Each Month Ken Alden Picks The Best Popular Platters)

PERRY COMO (Victor 20-1676)  
HARRY JAMES (Columbia 36806) Both these artists turn out palatable platters of the most beautiful love song of the year, "If I Loved You." It's from the musical hit, "Carousel!" and is a must. Como sings "Gonna Love That Girl" on the reverse while Music Master James grinds out "Oh, Brother" on his "B" side.

PAUL WESTON (Capitol Album) A four-record package labeled "Music for Dreaming." For those quiet, nostalgic nights when you can't tolerate another brassy re-cording.

KATE SMITH (Columbia 36807)  
DINAH SHORE (Victor 20-1681)  
CHARLIE SPIVAK (Victor 20-1675) All concentrate on a sprightly new Styne-Cahn Hit Parade winner, "Can't You Read Between the Lines?" Take your pick, with this corner giving the nod to Dinah.

Copyright, 1946, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

R  
R  
14

*"I love the delicate fragrance  
it leaves on my skin!"*

*Linda  
Darnell*

Poets have said it for centuries—you know it's true! There's thrill, there's appeal men can't resist, in skin that's fragrant, *sweet*. So protect daintiness as lovely Hollywood screen stars do. "A daily beauty bath with Lux Soap makes you *sure*—leaves your skin fresh, really *sweet*," says charming Linda Darnell. "You're ready for adventure, romance, and you *look* it!"

Make gentle Lux Toilet Soap—the delicately perfumed soap with creamy, *active* lather—*your* daily bath soap, too!

Lovely star of  
"FALLEN ANGEL"  
A 20th Century-Fox Production



*9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it...  
it's the soap that leaves skin **SWEET!***



**H**ow  
times have  
changed

You need not go back very far to find how times have changed. Only a few years—and *what* clothes, *what* hair-dos, *what* ideas of grooming! And few changes have been more intelligently "different" than the Tampax method for monthly sanitary protection! Based on the principle of internal absorption, this method successfully eliminates all pins, belts and external pads, as well as the bulges and ridges caused thereby.

Tampax is made of compressed surgical absorbent cotton enclosed in individual applicators so neat and ingenious your hands needn't touch the Tampax at all! Being worn internally, Tampax can cause no odor to form. And there are no disposal difficulties. Tampax is handy to carry and speedy to change, and is so comfortable the user cannot feel it when in place!

Sold at drug stores and notion counters in three different absorbencies to meet varying individual needs: Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's average supply will go into your purse; for 4 months' supply get the Economy Box. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**3 absorbencies** { **REGULAR**  
**SUPER**  
**JUNIOR**



Accepted for Advertising  
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

# COVER GIRL

By **ELEANOR HARRIS**



*Milena Miller looks, dresses, and sings like only one person—Milena Miller—because she believes so firmly that imitation is failure.*

**I**F YOU walk down the quiet streets of Mansfield, Ohio, any Monday evening between 10:30 and 11:00 o'clock, you'll hear the same voice floating out of every house you pass . . . filling the night air throughout the city. It's Milena Miller singing from New York City on the CBS Stuart Erwin Show, and her home town wouldn't miss hearing her ever. For they can't forget that their native daughter left Mansfield Senior High School only five years ago to head for Manhattan—where she made much, much better than good.

She's been chosen "the best dressed girl in radio." She's won first prize at the Atlantic City Beauty Contest of 1943 as the best popular singer. She's been picked by the leading illustrators in America as "the most beautiful girl in radio." And how did all this happen to a youngster right out of her small home town? Because of Milena and her theory that "imitation is suicide."

She was still going to Mansfield Senior High School when she met Mansfield's great man—novelist Louis Bromfield, who wrote such well-known books as "The Rains Came" and "The Green Bay Tree." They became fast friends, the ingenuous schoolgirl and the sophisticated writer freshly back from fifteen years of living in France. She spent hours listening to his gay and casual stories of the Paris designers he had known—and made up her mind she'd go to New York and learn designing the minute she was free of school.

She did. She studied at the Traphagen School of Fashion, and right in the middle of her first year there, before Career Number One had really been born, she got sidetracked into Career Number Two. While she sat in class drawing sketches one day, Harry Conover—owner of the renowned Conover Model Agency—strolled in to see about some designs for his models to wear. He forgot all about them at sight of the blonde fresh from Ohio.

That was that. To her own astonishment, Milena Miller was a famous model from that day on. Her delicate beauty combined with her portrait-

sense of clothes made everything she wore seem like a poem. She was mobbed by advertisers and photographers for the next two years—at the end of which time she was entered by Conover in the Atlantic City Beauty Contest of 1943. She placed first in the talent division as a singer—which snowballed her into signing up with the Music Corporation of America, appearing as a singer at the Casablanca nightclub in New York City, and then becoming star singer on the Stuart Erwin radio show.

She spends her evenings in her thickly carpeted hotel suite trying to find time for all the things she likes to do: reading, hearing all the radio programs, studying her songs for camp shows, playing all of George Gershwin's records, writing letters home to Mansfield, and sketching clothes.

She designs everything she wears herself . . . and, as in childhood, she first hunts for the most perfect materials available. Next to simplicity, Milena believes in individuality in dress . . . she thinks every woman has an individual style slightly different from every other woman's, just as we all have our own private fingerprints. "Remember always," she says about clothes, "Emerson's remark that imitation is suicide."

Instead of imitating the popular singers and vocal tricks of the moment, she stuck to her own simple, unadorned, individual style of singing. She figured it all out herself: "Right now, the trend is toward better music, lovely, honest lyrics and splendid orchestral accompaniment. That leaves only one task for the singer: to express the song sincerely and simply."

Eventually, however—in the far future—she's going to ease out of the spotlight. After Broadway plays and Hollywood movies, some day this girl is going back to where the life is as simple and real as she believes it should be . . . she's going back to Mansfield, Ohio. There, in her dreams, she'll live in a great Colonial house with six white pillars. In it with her will live a husband—and six little daughters all dressed in Milena Miller creations!



## *Straight from Paris*

these exciting young hair-dos!

On this page Drene brings you, through its Paris correspondent, news of how smart young Parisians are wearing their hair!

LOVELY MADELON MASON . . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, a Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl" . . . posed for all three photographs.

For this perky up-swept arrangement her hair was parted down middle from forehead to nape of neck, pulled up toward each side and tied firmly with narrow ribbon. The lustrous smoothness of Madelon's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, which Madelon always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.

## *No other Shampoo...*

**only Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!**

*Make a Date with Glamour!* Now . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. ✓ *Extra lustre . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo!* Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing.* ✓ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo.* So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!



(Left)—HUGE RIBBON BOWS, one at each side, are the fashion feature of this lovely centerpart hair-do! Back hair set as for a page boy, combed to each side, from center, and held firmly with rubber bands. Ends arranged in big, smooth curls. Bows attached with bobby pins. Madelon's hair illustrates the wonderful combination of sheen and smoothness found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

(Below)—NEW PARISIAN PAGE-BOY! Notice the covered ear . . . and how the hair slants sharply down from above the ear to a long, long back! Notice, too, the smooth sleek look, the shining beauty, due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

# *Drene Shampoo*

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble



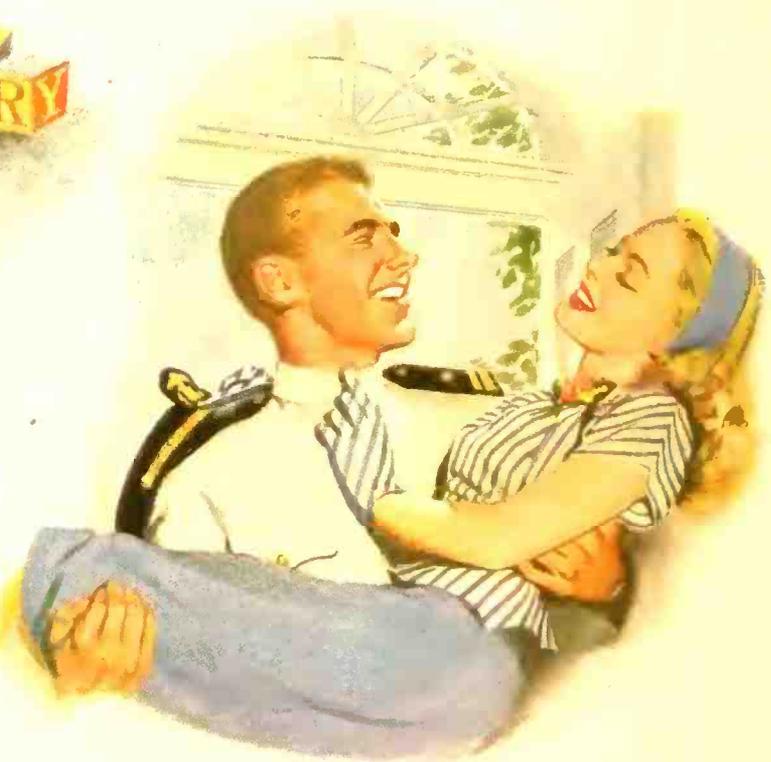
# Gloomy Miss...

( her complexion needed help ! )



# Smart Me...

( I told her my beauty secret ! )



# Happy Mrs...

( she won him with  
that Ivory Look )

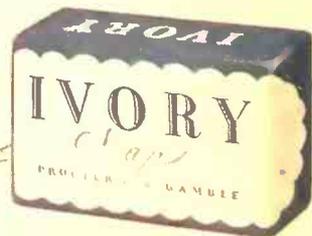
**Lucky YOU...** You can have a softer, smoother complexion, too!

It's so easy to get that Ivory Look—the softer, smoother, more radiant skin that puts confidence in your smile—a song in his heart.

Just take this tip—stop careless skin care today and change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap.

Ivory is baby's beauty secret—on Doctor's advice! More doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands put together!

Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try Ivory. See how soon you can get that Ivory Look!



**More Doctors advise IVORY**  
than all other brands put together

Make your Ivory last—it contains important war materials!

# Whirlpool

*A vortex, waiting beneath the surface of happiness, suddenly claimed Nancy. And if she took the hand that offered help, her husband must go down forever*

*Woodie said softly,  
"Nothing's changed."*

"PROBABLY by next week," the doctor had said. "I think your husband will be well enough to come home by next week."

I tried to think only of that. I held those words in my mind almost by force during the hour-long bus ride home from the hospital. Woodie would be well enough to come home! That was the thing to fasten on and believe in. After eight long months he would be back with me again. I told myself sternly I must fight down the sense of apprehension I had felt when Dr. Blythe had gone on to say:

"Much of his adjustment is going to depend on you, Mrs. Frazier. In order to give him what he needs, you must forget the past. You must blot it out as if it had never happened. You understand?"

I told him I did. Of course I understood. Woodie needed love and security right now



more than he had ever needed them in his life. I wanted to give them to him. I had prayed for the day when I could. Yet now when the day was coming, I felt afraid. Afraid of myself. "Blot out the past," the doctor said. Could I do it? Strangely, the very fact that Woodie would soon be back again seemed to bring the past nearer, with all its shock and horror, and a feeling of deep depression wrapped me like a cloak.

Of course, visiting him at the hospital always depressed me. No matter how much I steeled myself against it, I always left there unhappy. It was a pleasant place, the hospital. With its brick buildings set attractively among trees and shrubs and graveled paths, it had the air of a resort and you were almost unaware of the high wall enclosing it, and the heavy iron gates. Almost, but not quite. The patients wandered freely about the grounds—all, that is, except the ones the doctors called the "most disturbed." They were in their rooms—comfortable rooms like those in a nice hotel—and they were not seen by anyone except the staff. At the beginning, Woodie had been one of those.

But that, I reminded myself, had been eight months ago. Today we had walked together along the paths without even a nurse in attendance. We had sat on one of the secluded benches and talked of the day he would come home and the plans for our future.

"I'll get my old job back, and everything will be fine," Woodie said. "I'm well now, Nancy. You believe that, don't you? You believe I'm well?"

"Of course I do, darling!" I told him and took his hand. "You're better than you've ever been and we're going to be happier than ever before." And it was true that to look at him, to talk with him now, you would never know he had been ill. His eyes were clear and untroubled. He had put on weight. And he laughed in the old way—the way he had before. Before—

I shook that thought away. I mustn't think of the "before." I must think only of the "now," and never, never for one moment know doubt or anything but faith. That was the only way to help him.

I was glad I hadn't gone to live with Woodie's mother and two sisters, as

they had asked me, when he first went to the hospital. It had been hard to keep on paying rent on our apartment with the expenses so high, but with my job I'd managed. I'd wanted to keep everything exactly as it was so that when he was well again he'd come back to find his home and me unchanged. I, and all the things we'd bought together, would be there to welcome him. I had been so positive, all during that long, lonely time, that he *would* be well. So now why, when my faith was being justified, did these fears have to come? Why couldn't what had happened stay buried where it should, and not come back to haunt me like an unforgettable, unforgotten nightmare?

I GOT off the bus and hurried the two blocks to the apartment. The late Sunday afternoon had suddenly turned cold and gloomy. Somehow, as I let myself in, the gloom outside seemed to enter with me. It spread over the tiny living-room, usually so cheery and homey; it blurred the bright colors of the chintz, faded the flowers on the table, and lurked in all the shadowy corners. Those big iron gates of the hospital, with all that they signified, had reminded me as I'd walked out of all the other times I'd walked through them leaving Woodie behind their closing.

I sank down on the sofa and looked at the cold rain beginning to slant against the window. In a little while I would turn on the lights and fix my supper and go to bed. But right now, images from the past—those forbidden and dangerous images—were flocking back too fast for me to struggle against them. I kept seeing Woodie as he had been when I first met him . . . That night at the party given by the Young Peoples' Society of the church I attended, when he had looked so handsome and been so exuberant and hadn't wanted to dance with anyone but me . . . The night, soon after, when he had said so passionately that he loved and needed me . . . Our wedding night, here in this very apartment . . . The hopes we'd had, the dreams we'd dreamed . . . And then, slowly, my growing worry and bewilderment that climaxed in that horrible day when I'd come home and found him—the day I'd known terror and grief and indescribable shock as I'd been told the truth I should have been told before. All of it, everything I'd known and felt then, swept over me again as I sat there alone and watched the rain against the window pane.

The telephone rang. It was probably Mrs. Frazier, Woodie's mother, and I would have to be cheerful for her. At least, I had good news. Woodie was coming home. I thought I knew how she would react to that and I resolved not to get angry, no matter what she said.

But it was a male voice that answered. "This is Don Colman," it said. "If you're not doing anything for dinner, won't you take pity on me and have it with me?"

Don Colman was a new salesman at the automobile agency where I worked

as bookkeeper. I liked him, even though we'd never done more than exchange a few words in the office. Everybody liked Don. But this was the first time he had ever invited me anywhere and I hesitated.

"I wish you would," he urged. "It's such a gloomy day and I need cheering up."

I needed cheering up, too. I needed to get away from those memories. "I'd love to," I said with sudden decision. "In about half an hour?"

I hurried into the bedroom to comb my hair and put on fresh lipstick. Why shouldn't I go out with him? He was a stranger in Wilton, and I knew—who better?—what loneliness could be. He knew that I was married and he probably knew about Woodie—the other salesmen surely had told him, I thought a little bitterly. So where was the harm in accepting this invitation? Of course Mrs. Frazier wouldn't approve of my going out with anyone at all. But then she seldom approved of anything I did. There had always been antagonism between us, no matter how much I'd tried to make her like me.

When Don came, I thought—as I had the first time I'd ever seen him—that nobody could ever call him good-looking, but that he was one of the nicest looking people I'd ever met. His features, taken separately, weren't the least handsome, but somehow they all fitted together in a way that made you glad to look at him. You watched for the slow smile that lit his face with warmth, and the way his eyes looked at you so directly as if he were really seeing you as a person—those brown eyes that were so surprisingly the precise color of his brows and his hair. Don Colman was one of those people who is all of a piece, and you felt relaxed with him right away.

He took me to a quiet restaurant where there was no music and the crowd wasn't large. It wasn't the sort of place Woodie would have liked. When Woodie went out, he liked music and a lot of people around. Tonight I was glad it wasn't like that.

"You're awfully sweet to come out like this," Don said when we had ordered. "To tell the truth, I was getting pretty tired of Don Colman. I needed company to get away from him."

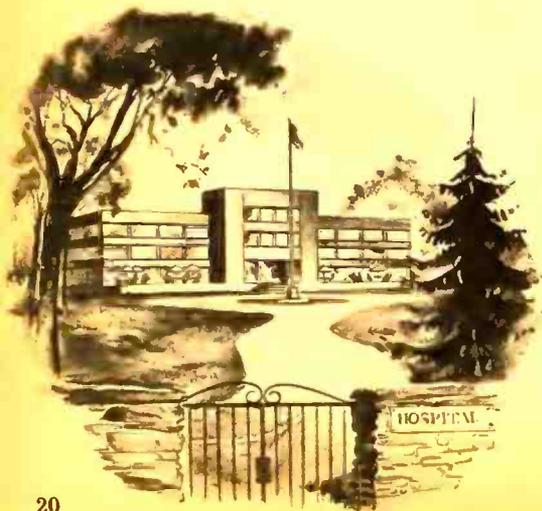
I laughed. "I know. When you're alone a lot, you can get awfully bored with yourself. But I'm not being sweet. I wanted company, too." And then, surprised at myself for saying it, I added involuntarily, "I've just come back from visiting my husband at the hospital."

Don didn't fumble around like a lot of people did. He didn't look embarrassed or too sympathetic or as if he were anxious to change the subject. He just said, "How is he?" as if he really wanted to know.

"Much better, thank you. Dr. Blythe says he'll probably be able to come home next week."

"That's wonderful! It must make you very happy."

"Yes, of course." Of course it did. Of course it must. And yet—"It's strange," I said slowly, trying to put





*"Look," Don said, "why don't you tell me all about it? It would do you good to talk to me."*

into words what I had been feeling all afternoon. "I've waited for the day he would be well. I've prayed for it. And now it's almost here I—" my voice trailed off.

"You what?" Don Colman said very gently.

"I'm afraid," I burst out. "Not of Woodie. Never in the world of Woodie. But for him. And mostly I'm afraid of myself, that I might fail him in some way when he needs me so much. I—I can't understand it—when I ought to be so happy—" Hatefully and em-

barrassingly, the tears I had suppressed so long were rising. It was awful to be out like this with someone I hardly knew and begin to cry right here in public over my own private, deeply personal troubles! What would he think?

He didn't say anything for a moment. Then he leaned across the table. "It's natural to be scared," he said. "But I think you are because you've held all this bottled up in yourself for so long. Look, why don't you tell me about it? Get it out of your system—it would do

you good to talk to me right now."

I sat there fumbling with my handkerchief. And then suddenly, looking across at those understanding eyes, I knew he was right. I had to talk, even if it were to a man who was almost a stranger. I had to release all those eight months of lonely anguish. And so I began to tell him.

I'd met Woodie Frazier, I told him, when I'd first come to Wilton two years ago after my parents' death in the small town where I'd been born. Woodie was (Continued on page 79)

# A Love of my own

**T**HE night Paul Simmons came home, after more than two years away, fighting, was a turning point in my life. It was the eagerly, joyously awaited night of nights for Patty, his wife, and for Eddie and Gil, his two little sons. Yet, as Paul's rich, deep voice boomed happily in the little house, as the children clambered over him, their voices insistent with laughter, my heart sank dismally.

This had nothing to do with me! It was a celebration, it was dreams come true—for Paul, who had been a sergeant, and whose bright ribbons glittered with stars, over his breast-pocket; dreams come true for Patty, for the boys . . . but why was I here?

I had never seen Paul Simmons until tonight. All I knew of him was his picture on the mantel, and the lines from his letters Patty had read to me.

He was so tall he dwarfed the little archway from the hall. Sitting on one of the chairs, he made all the furniture seem doll-size. He looked tired, but somehow exalted. "I'm really home," he kept saying. "Really home."

If only Patty wouldn't try to drag me into this family reunion! I wanted to slip out through the gap in the hedge to my own house. I had never felt so out of place, so alone, somehow. Yet there was something in Paul's brown eyes, as he looked at me, as Patty kept proudly detailing all the things I'd done for her.

"And when Eddie had flu, Paul! It was awful. But Monda stayed up three nights."

"You wrote me," he said. His face stilled as he examined me.

I squirmed, pretending there was something I had to do in the kitchen. Patty cried, "She hates to be thanked,

Paul. But honestly, if she hadn't been such a good friend, I—Monda, tell Paul about the time Gilly ate the Mexican beans!"

I tried to laugh. "Well, I brought them to the boys, so when he swallowed them, it was up to me to hustle him to the doctor's."

The sweetness of this homecoming, the light in Paul's eyes, weren't for me. For me, this was the end . . . not the beginning. How could I, the outsider, be part of this? To Patty, it was living again. But for me, with their father home, it was losing the children. I loved them so! They were part of me, now. What would I do without them?

I got away at last, fussing in the kitchen over cereal for the boys' supper. If they'd eat it, on top of all the cake and soda they'd gotten down in the last hour! Once, looking into the livingroom, I glimpsed Eddie, his heart in his blue eyes, staring adoringly at his father. Oh, Eddie needed a man in his life! He was a brave, sturdy little seven year old—but having only his mother, and his four-year-old brother, and me—Aunt Monda, the school teacher from next door—wasn't enough.

I remembered the trusting softness of Gilly's arms around my neck as he lisped his prayers, all the hundreds of nights I'd put him to bed for Patty, and I wanted to run out the back door—I wanted, desperately, to be alone in my own house. My cold house. To begin tasting, getting used to the emptiness and the order and the still quiet that would be mine, from now on.

But as I brought the tray into the livingroom, Patty Simmons cried, "Isn't she wonderful, Paul? Honestly, I couldn't have *lived* without Monda!"

We were exactly the same age, Patty





When the boys finished eating, I put them to bed, for the last time. After this, Patty would be doing it herself. With her husband beside her. Everything would change. I'd be in the house next door, at eight-thirty every night. I'd have the long stretch of evening ahead, the echoing silence from the upstairs rooms . . .

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As though he had pulled an actual physical cord inside me, I felt a pang. "I—I'm not Eddie's mother. He—he lives next door to me."

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It had tormented me, that she had been so careless with her burdens . . . not seeing that the dull, heavy stone whose weight she bore, the stone of responsibility, was like an uncut diamond. She might have been gloriously wealthy, cutting facets with courage, with gaiety, with qualities of mind and heart, that would have enriched her every day. Companionship with her children, laughter, interest in Eddie's alert, growing mind, in Gilly's craving for love, might have rewarded Patty with a gleaming gem of happiness.

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I'd pitied her, the first day I'd seen her, surrounded by wailing little Eddie, the baby in her arms, as the moving men brought in her furniture. I had always known responsibility. I reveled in being strong! It was pleasant to pitch right in, help her bring order and livability into the old house. I marketed for her, on my way home from the school where I'd been teaching since I was twenty.

Patty was pathetically grateful—and she leaned on me. "Paul doesn't know how it is for me."

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I soon discovered that Patty had no system, less self-discipline. On days when she felt she couldn't bear making beds, she didn't make them. Her meals were slapped together without forethought. She was always running out of salt or flour or milk. Often, Eddie had no clean underwear, because Patty hadn't gotten around to the washing. Washed clothes to be ironed stayed in the willow basket in the kitchen for days. Evenings, I plugged in the iron myself and did a few pieces while Patty talked.

"I ought to be ashamed, letting you do it!" she admitted. "But I hate housework. And lately, I don't have any energy. Oh, it's like—well, like being in prison, and feeling all the *juice*, the strength, just oozing out of me."

Discontent could do that. But I couldn't bear to tell her that. "What you need is a movie!" I laughed. "Run along, I'll stay with the kids."

I encouraged her to make friends with the young women on our street, but Patty complained, "The ones who have their husbands safe at home don't understand—and the ones whose husbands are away all live home with their parents. I don't belong anywhere!" She burst into tears.

I comforted her. "Why don't you read more, Patty? Look, let's take the children on a picnic, Sunday."

But she had no patience with their racing around. "Eddie, don't bother me!" she said, when he brought her a bedraggled bunch of dandelions to admire. She dragged Gilly out of the clump of bushes behind us. "Look at you! All dirty! Oh, I don't know





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"Of course, darling! I'll call him."

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"Listen to her, Paul!" Patty's giggle came. "Calling you Mr. Simmons!"

As the tall, khaki clad figure came up the stairs, I said steadily, "I've simply got to leave, now."

His big brown hand stretched out. "I know just what Patty means when she says she couldn't have managed, without you." His eyes were so warm! "It's a fine thing, to know how swell folks at home were to a guy's family. I did worry." He grinned, and his tired face became boyish, appealing, so much like Eddie's it startled me. "See you tomorrow, Miss Woods."

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"Well, Monda, then."

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"Goodnight, P-Paul."

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Girls who were not married, girls who taught school, like me, at least had their parents. I had no one. Nakedly, fiercely, as I tramped, I thought, "I have nothing. Nothing at all! I'm an old maid school teacher, that's what I am!"

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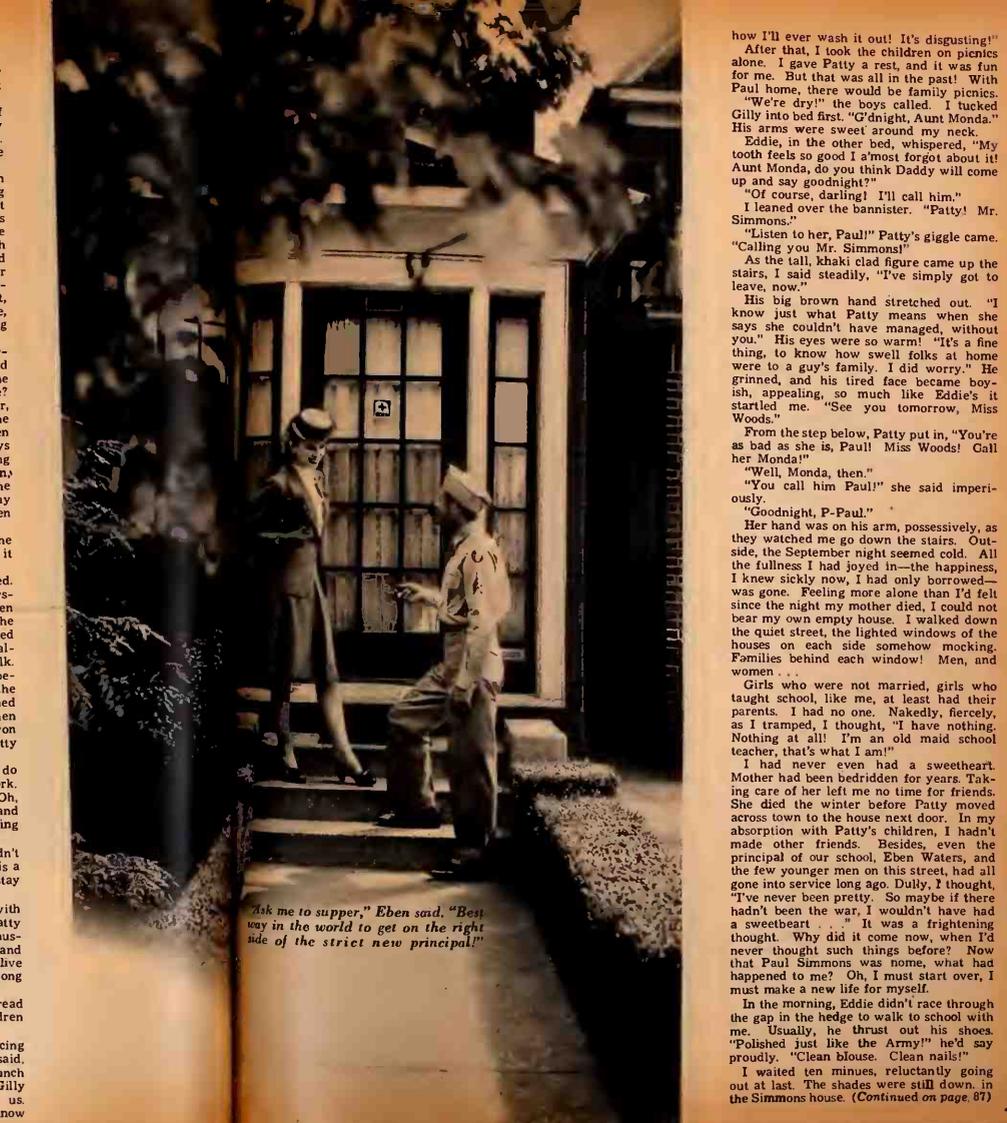
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# Part of my

**T**O a woman marriage means more than just living with her husband. It goes beyond loving him, too. And it includes more than admiration and fondness and understanding. If you are a woman, you discover that marriage is a merger with the man you love—a partnership to which you dedicate the precious inside *dreamer* part of you and into which your husband takes the innermost secrets of his personality.

It took so much to make me know that there is an intangible permanence about marriage which separation cannot destroy. I had a feeling that I could end my marriage as easily as I could quit an unsatisfactory job. But I found out that wasn't possible. I couldn't any more erase those years—the good ones and the bad—that I spent with Tommy than I could deny my love for our little four-year-old Diane.

I can see plainly why our marriage changed from a bright and shining, hopeful thing to something quite different, something that became tarnished with distrust and dissatisfaction. But when I decided to separate from Tommy, I couldn't see what was wrong. I know now that it takes two to make a quarrel just as it takes two to have a love affair. But then I knew only that I was unhappy, that I was no longer satisfied with my marriage to Tommy.

Maybe all happiness is relative. I mean, maybe you're not really unhappy some of the time. Perhaps you're just not as happy as you were at some time in the past, and so you seem unhappy. I think that's the way it was with me. I compared my five-year-old marriage with the bright and glowing days we had in the beginning. And, naturally, our everyday married life paled in comparison to that early ecstasy.

I suppose everyone thinks that her love affair is different from anything that ever happened before. I know I thought Tommy's and mine were blessed with a special kind of magic. And looking back on it, I still think it was. You see, I never had known anyone like Tommy in my life. My father and mother and older sisters believed that life was a serious business and that success in anything was achieved only through hard work. And Tommy didn't abide by their rules at all. "Laugh and the world laughs with you" was his code, and he lived by it.

I remember the first day I ever saw him. I was filing grace no-

tices in the big insurance office where I worked, when I first heard Tommy's voice, that gay, happy voice that was to echo always in my heart.

"Hello, there," Tommy said, "where do you pay premiums around here?"

"You came in the wrong door," I told him. "The main office is in 519."

I waited for him to leave, but he didn't turn around.

"This isn't the right place," I explained again.

"For me it is," he said, looking intently into my eyes. "You're here."

Perhaps there isn't such a thing as love at first sight. I guess love has to be cared for like a precious flower, being nurtured always by respect and courtesy. So what Tommy and I felt that first day probably wasn't honest love. But there was an electric something between us right from the very beginning. We just looked at each other and liked what we saw, and in the weeks that followed we looked at each other often and liked what we saw more all the time. Tommy pierced the serious *outside* shell of me and unloosed the fun and gaiety that had been bottled up so long inside. I learned to laugh and to dance half the night and to sing just from the song that was always in my heart. I found out what it was to wear crazy hats and spend money foolishly and walk in the rain in my best new suit. Tommy was teaching me the luxury of joy, and I liked what I was learning. And yet all the time I kept thinking in the back of my mind, "This is fun, fun, FUN—something to remember always. But still this isn't right for everyday living. This is the frosting—not the cake, itself."

We were married six months after that day we first became conscious of each other in the insurance office. Tommy borrowed a car from a friend of his and we toured the Southland on our honeymoon. That two-week trip was a magic carpet to romance. We speeded over smooth highways in that glorious, pre-war world, laughing and singing as we discovered more and more reasons to love each other. It was as heady as champagne—that little drop of time—a golden, glorious, bubbling

## A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Inspired by Leonard St. Clair's radio play, "The Modern Woman", on CBS' Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays, 12:30 P.M. EWT.

*Some marriages can be undone by words, some by separation. But Mary's marriage was not like these; the part of her heart that she had given to Tommy was his forever*

experience which I will never forget. But it was too exciting for everyday living—I knew that even while I was enjoying every moment of it.

I was the one who wanted to cut our honeymoon short. I began to worry about the money we were spending. And on the tenth day of our trip, I suggested that we leave for home.

"Tommy," I said at breakfast in the hotel dining-room in a sleepy little town in Mississippi, "let's don't go farther south. Let's go home."

"Home?" Tommy asked in amazement. "Why, I can be away for another week. Aren't you having fun?"

"Of course, darling," I told him, "but fun isn't everything."

"What's more important than fun?" he asked, smiling.

"Getting things for our home—planning for the future. Tommy, please," I insisted, "I want to go home."

"We'll have years to be at home," he argued.

Years to be at home! The words excited me. Years to be at home with Tommy. I wanted to go back to begin making our little apartment a home. I wanted to cease spending money on this trip and save it for things for our home and our life together.

"Please, Tommy," I begged, "I have so many things I want to do at the apartment. Slip covers and curtains and things like that."

I won, and we went home—home to the little apartment which I concentrated on right from the

*heart*



beginning with dutiful intensity. I brightened our living-room with chintz curtains—I painted the second-hand diningroom suite we got at an auction—I braided a soft rug for our bedroom. I studied cook books and borrowed recipes from my friends. I was determined that I should be a good wife in every way. That I was confusing house-keeping with homemaking right from the beginning I didn't realize until a long time afterward . . .

Tommy was working as a salesman for a wholesale grocery company when we first were married. He didn't tell me much about his job, although I often asked about it.

"Don't you worry your head about that," he answered me. "You're doing enough here at home."

After we had been married about five months, Tommy lost his job, but he didn't tell me about it. It was like him to leave each morning at the same old time and stay



away until it was late enough to come home for dinner.

"I didn't see why you should be worried, too," he told me after I found out about it at the butcher shop.

I'll never forget that day. I was watching the butcher wrap up a slice of ham for a casserole Tommy especially liked, when the man in white asked, "Did your husband find anything yet?"

I didn't know what he was talking about.

*Life was a serious business to my family; I had never before known gaiety like Tommy's.*



"Did my husband find what?" I asked him, wondering.

"A job," the butcher answered. "He said you'd be in to pay your bill as soon as he found that new job. I'm not worried about it, I told him. That husband of yours has a lot on the ball, lady."

I'll never forget walking the two blocks back to the apartment that day. For the first time in my life I knew what it was to be really afraid. I had to make an effort to pick up my feet and put them down again. Tommy didn't have a job. I didn't know how many bills we owed or how far in debt we'd gone. And I was angry at him for not telling me—for letting me go on spending money and buying things just the same as ever.

Tommy came in that night and he was whistling. I waited until after he had kissed me before I mentioned the news I had heard.

"Tommy," I said, "they told me at the butcher shop that you didn't have a job."

"They lied to you," he answered gaily. "I do have a job. I got one today." He was excited and happy and I found that I was losing my fear and that my heart was pounding with sudden joy and quick relief.

"It's a better job than the last one," he said, "so everything worked out."

"Weren't you ever going to tell me?"

"Sure—I was going to tell you tonight," Tommy answered, "now that I've got another one."

"But why didn't you tell me before?" I wondered aloud.

"It was bad enough to go through it alone—it would have been twice as bad if you'd been worried, too."

"But Tommy, that's what your wife is for—to share your troubles," I insisted.

Then he told me something that I should have recognized as wisdom right then, but which didn't mean anything to me until years afterward.

He said, "That isn't what my wife is for. I want you to share my joys. I can take trouble alone."

"Oh, Tommy," I said, "that's silly. Whenever you're worried again, you tell me about it."

**T**HE next year we had Diane, and I became bound more closely to home than ever. Tommy began to complain that we were chained to the new little bungalow we were buying. And he didn't seem to try to understand my attitude about the baby. Diane was very precious to me and I was afraid to trust her with anyone else. She was so tiny and so dainty that I was afraid she would break. And I was so thankful for such a perfect little baby that I wanted to care for her by myself.

My mother-instinct was exaggerated, I suppose, but still I wasn't so very different from all mothers of first babies. I wanted my baby to be perfect—so perfect that I was way too conscientious. I was afraid of spoiling her or getting her off-schedule, so I wouldn't let Tommy rock her or play with her except for a few minutes a day—and always at a certain time. Instead of relaxing with her and enjoying her, I made a chore of my baby. But I wouldn't listen, when Tommy tried to talk to me about it.

"A baby shouldn't be this much trouble," he used to say. "Look at the Allens—they've got three, and she still goes to dances with Jack—and they get out to the movies. Why, their kids don't stop them from having fun."

"We'll have time for fun when Diane is older," I insisted.

"You can't just turn off fun the way you do a faucet and then turn it back on in five or ten years," Tommy said.

His insistence on fun began to annoy me and I found myself believing more and more that my parents had been right—that life was something to be taken seriously. And I was sure I was doing the right thing in my job as a wife and mother. Wasn't it a mother's duty to care for her child? Wasn't it a wife's duty to care for her home? What I *didn't* see was that a husband shouldn't be something that comes along *with* the home.

Once Tommy suggested that we have another child.

"Maybe we wouldn't be so afraid of this baby if we had another one. Maybe we'd see then that they're pretty much alike—and as hardy as geraniums."

But I wouldn't listen to him. I said for the first time then what I was to say many times again, and what I was to regret forever.

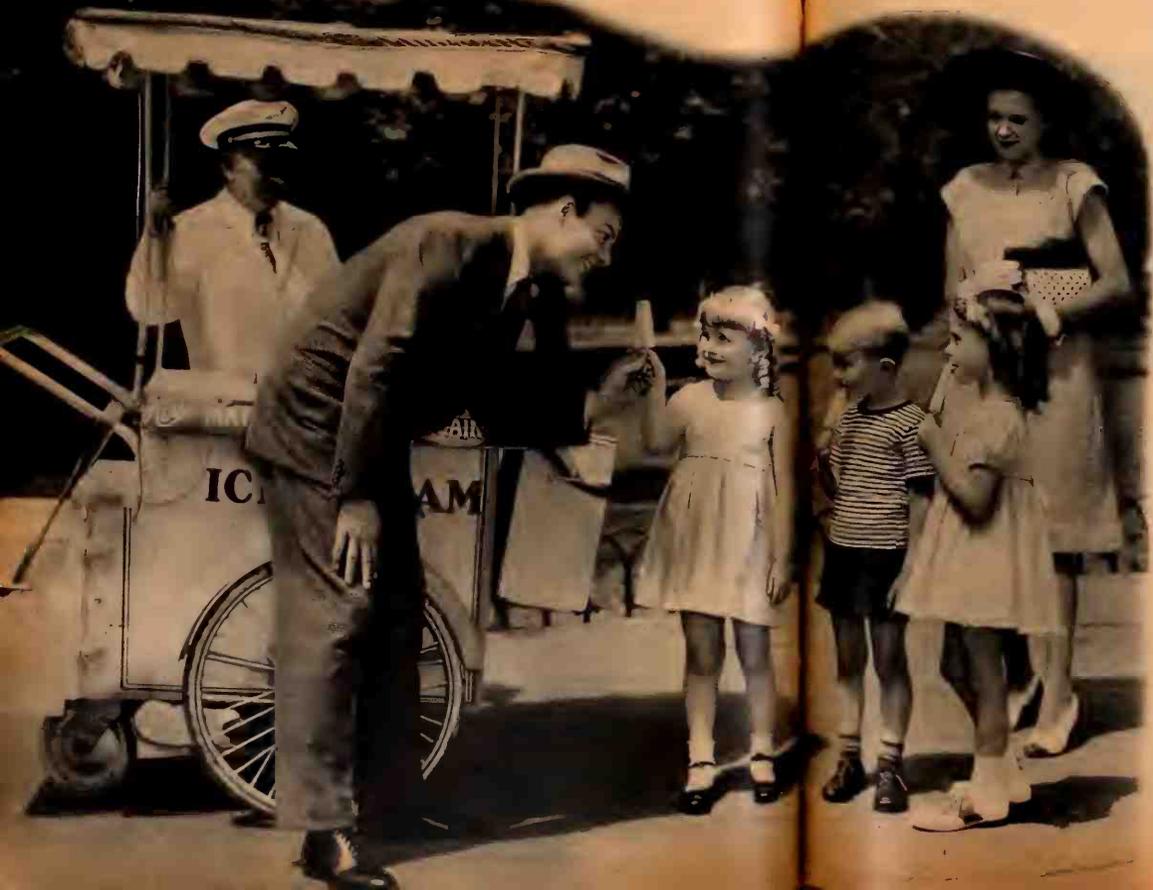
*(Continued on page 69)*

beginning with dutiful intensity. I brightened our living-room with chintz curtains—I painted the second-hand diningroom suite we got at an auction—I braided a soft rug for our bedroom. I studied cook books and borrowed recipes from my friends. I was determined that I should be a good wife in every way. That I was confusing house-keeping with homemaking right from the beginning I didn't realize until a long time afterward . . .

Tommy was working as a salesman for a wholesale grocery company when we first were married. He didn't tell me much about his job, although I often asked about it. "Don't you worry your head about that," he answered me. "You're doing enough here at home." After we had been married about five months, Tommy lost his job, but he didn't tell me about it. It was like him to leave each morning at the same old time and stay

away until it was late enough to come home for dinner. "I didn't see why you should be worried, too," he told me after I found out about it at the butcher shop. "I'll never forget that day. I was watching the butcher wrap up a slice of ham for a casserole Tommy especially liked, when the man in white asked, 'Did your husband find anything yet?' I didn't know what he was talking about.

*Life was a serious business to my family; I had never before known gaiety like Tommy's.*



"Did my husband find what?" I asked him, wondering. "The butcher answered. 'He said you'd be in to pay your bill as soon as he found that new job. I'm not worried about it, I tell him. That husband of yours has a lot on the ball, lady.'"

I'll never forget walking the two blocks back to the apartment that day. For the first time in my life I knew what it was to be really afraid. I had to make an effort to pick up my feet and put them down again. Tommy didn't have a job. I didn't know how many bills we owed or how far in debt we'd gone. And I was angry at him for not telling me—for letting me go on spending money and buying things just the same as ever.

Tommy came in that night and he was whistling. I waited until after he had kissed me before I mentioned the news I had heard.

"Tommy," I said, "they told me at the butcher shop that you didn't have a job."

"They lied to you," he answered gaily. "I do have a job. I got one today." He was excited and happy and I found that I was losing my fear and that my heart was pounding with sudden joy and quick relief.

"It's a better job than the last one," he said, "so everything worked out."

"Weren't you ever going to tell me?" "Sure—I was going to tell you tonight," Tommy answered, "now that I've got another one."

"But why didn't you tell me before?" I wondered aloud. "It was bad enough to go through it alone—it would have been twice as bad if you'd been worried, too."

"But Tommy, that's what your wife is for—to share your troubles," I insisted.

Then he told me something that I should have recognized as wisdom right then, but which didn't mean anything to me until years afterward.

He said, "That isn't what my wife is for. I want you to share my joys. I can take trouble alone."

"Oh, Tommy," I said, "that's silly. Whenever you're worried again, you tell me about it."

THE next year we had Diane, and I became bound more closely to home than ever. Tommy began to complain that we were chained to the new little bungalow we were buying. And he didn't seem to try to understand my attitude about the baby. Diane was very precious to me and I was afraid to trust her with anyone else. She was so tiny and so dainty that I was afraid she would break. And I was so thankful for such a perfect little baby that I wanted to care for her by myself.

My mother-instinct was exaggerated, I suppose, but still I wasn't so very different from all mothers of first babies. I wanted my baby to be perfect—so perfect that I was way too conscientious. I was afraid of spoiling her or getting her off-schedule, so I wouldn't let Tommy rock her or play with her except for a few minutes a day—and always at a certain time. Instead of relaxing with her and enjoying her, I made a chore of my baby. But I wouldn't listen, when Tommy tried to talk to me about it.

"A baby shouldn't be this much trouble" he used to say. "Look at the Allens—they've got three, and she still goes to dances with Jack—and they get out to the movies. Why, their kids don't stop them from having fun."

"We'll have time for fun when Diane is older," I insisted.

"You can't just turn off fun the way you do a faucet and then turn it back on in five or ten years," Tommy said.

His insistence on fun began to annoy me and I found myself believing more and more that my parents had been right—that life was something to be taken seriously. And I was sure I was doing the right thing in my job as a wife and mother. Wasn't it a mother's duty to care for her child? Wasn't it a wife's duty to care for her home? What I didn't see was that a husband shouldn't be something that comes along with the home.

Once Tommy suggested that we have another child. "Maybe we wouldn't be so afraid of this baby if we had another one. Maybe we'd see then that they're pretty much alike—and as hardy as geraniums."

But I wouldn't listen to him. I said for the first time then what I was to say many times again, and what I was to regret forever. (Continued on page 69)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

# Young Doctor Malone

*The story of a wife who knew that marriage does not simply grow, but must be built into strong, deep happiness by intelligence and loyalty*



ANN MALONE's nursing experience is being put to good use during an emergency in her husband's office, but her truly important work lies in being the kind of wife Jerry Malone needs. Her calm ability to face facts, her devotion and clear-sightedness, have many times cleared difficulties from her husband's path.

(Ann Malone played by Barbara Weeks)

JERRY MALONE is a fine, conscientious doctor and a devoted husband and father. But his emotional life is not always as well-balanced as his professional, because he tends to dramatize personal problems too much. He relies on Ann's courage and good sense, and on the deep love between them, for stability and help.

(Jerry Malone played by Carl Frank)



*Young Dr. Malone on CBS, Monday through Friday at 1:45 P.M., EWT*



*JILL is the Malones' year-and-a-half-old daughter. Bright and energetic because she is Jerry's child, pretty and full of personality because she is Ann's, Jill has transformed the young married pair into a real family whose lives center around her and each other.*



**LUCILLE CRAWFORD,** Dr. Crawford's second wife, could have a happy, serene life if she would give up her pathetic attempt to remain girlish, and become instead the mature woman that, in years, she is.  
(Janet McGrew)



**DR. SEWELL CRAWFORD** is Jerry's loyal friend. Because he conceals kindly understanding under caustic words, one must look to his actions for the key to his truly gentle, perceptive, kind character.  
(Paul McGrath)



**DAVID CRAWFORD**, the spoiled twenty-five-year-old son of Dr. Crawford's first marriage, is using his honorable discharge from the Army as an excuse for sponging on his father, annoying his stepmother, and making as much trouble for as many other people in Norwall as possible. (Jack Manning)



**CHRISTINE TAYLOR**, a young English girl visiting the Malones, fell in love with David Crawford. Healthy-minded, well-brought-up, revelations of the wrong-doing in David's past brought Christine closer to heartbreak than she had ever been before in her unsophisticated nineteen years. (Betty Pratt)

**MARIE DUNCAN**, feeling unwanted in her brother's home, has developed a sense of inferiority that keeps her unhappy and badly adjusted. (Marie Duncan played by Pattee Chapman)



*I looked up, and he was smiling. Like a black curtain, the fear had dropped away from me. I could stand alone now.*

## THE STORY:

**T**HAT June, when I was nineteen, it seemed as if the whole rest of my life were neatly laid out before me, ready for the living. I was about to marry Don, one of the Henry twins who lived on the ranch nearest ours; we would live the sort of life we loved—ranch life—raise a family, and leave behind us a richer heritage for our children and our children's children, just as all the Henrys had done since pioneer days.

But from the day that Duncan, Don's brother, and a geologist, came home from the East, things began to happen to upset that wonderful life-plan of mine. On that day, my Mother died. That left me without family, except for my cousin Helene, for Dad had died years ago. Of course, the marriage was postponed. Don and Duncan were a

double tower of strength to me during that time. But an even greater blow was in store. Mr. Timm, Mother's lawyer, came to the ranch to read Mother's will—a Mr. Timm who seemed unusually nervous and upset. After listing a few simple bequests to Helene and to the ranch hands, Mr. Timms paused, and then began again. "And to my legally adopted daughter, Joanne Deming, I—"

I was stunned, I was not Joanne Deming at all, but an adopted child! Who was I—how would this affect my relationship with Don, who believed of people, as he believed of the cattle he bred, that fine bloodlines, a known, untainted heritage, were the most important things in life!

I awoke next morning out of an exhausted, stupor-like dream to a world

that had turned itself upside-down. Just at first, in that brief, drugged moment between sleeping and waking, there was only the usual anticipation that a new day had always brought to me. This was my room; there was the same sloping ceiling under the log eaves, the same apple-green painted walls, the chintz curtains I had made myself three years ago. It was all familiar . . . all the same. The very bed I slept in was the old fashioned sleigh bed that Great-grandfather Deming had brought with him by covered wagon from Illinois.

And then memory thrust itself into my consciousness with arresting sharpness. He was not my Great-grandfather Deming. I was not Joanne Deming, except by grace of a legal paper. There were no ties of blood between me and



*Overshadowing every other feeling was this knowledge of Joanne's that her name and identity were borrowed—that she had no more roots than the tumbleweed that drifted along, unwanted, with every turn of the wind*

# *I believe in you*

the others who had slept in this same bed. I didn't belong here. With feverish haste I dressed and hurried downstairs.

But it was no better there. Everything seemed strange and out of place. The pain in my heart came between me and hunger. I pushed away the breakfast Manuel so solicitously placed before me . . . perhaps I could think better outside, away from the house.

And for the moment, looking across the valley plains to the high, eternal hills, I felt a certain peace. Out here things remained the same and Copper whinnied his invitation for a gallop just as he did every morning through the bars of his corral. They had nothing to do with the frailties of human beings—the hills and the Palomino and the dusty roads and the sweep of plain and valley. Only I was changed.

I knew that I was being morbid. But the terrible sense of loss, of being deprived of everything that had made me a complete, sustained and well-adjusted individual, clouded my thinking. For the first time I realized what it meant to stand alone . . . to be an outsider. Overshadowing every other feeling was this knowing that my name and my identity were borrowed and that I had no more roots than the tumbleweed that drifted along before me now, in the road, catching hold of a fence post—rolling loose—unwanted—blown along with every gust of wind.

It would have been easier if I could have blamed someone; hated someone for this thing that had happened to me. But I could only remember, humbly, the love and the devotion Mother had showered on me. She had given me twenty years of happiness and I was

deeply grateful—more so, since now I knew I had been a waif she had taken in. But there was a shadow between me and her memory; I was not as close to her as I had been.

"Is breakfast ready?" I turned to find Helen beside me, her blue-satin housecoat incongruous against the rough bark of the log-walled veranda. She yawned again. "Golly, it's cold out here so early in the morning. Let's go inside. What are you going to do today, Joanne? I think I'll wash my hair."

I looked at her in amazement. From her words and tone this might have been any morning when the two of us planned our day over the breakfast table. Had she forgotten? Only now did I admit to myself that I had been prepared to have Helen gloat over my misfortune. Although we had grown up together, still I had been the favorite daughter, and Helen the cared-for niece. Now the tables were turned. It would have been only natural for her to want to impress upon me that she was the only real Deming and I was an impostor.

**MY FACE** must have gone blank because she halted and looked at me with puzzled eyes. Then their expression changed—to sympathy. "Oh, Joanne . . . I'm sorry. I forgot. But you mustn't feel too badly. It isn't that important."

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With old Jud I did feel a difference. Perhaps it was my own sense of insecurity that made me hesitate and stammer when I talked to him, but it seemed to me, in my new humiliation, that his attitude was different and that he didn't trust my judgment as he had before. I was glad when our short morning's discussion was over and I could escape.

It was only ten o'clock when Duncan rode over. I saw him come with relief—at least we could make plans and get some action started.

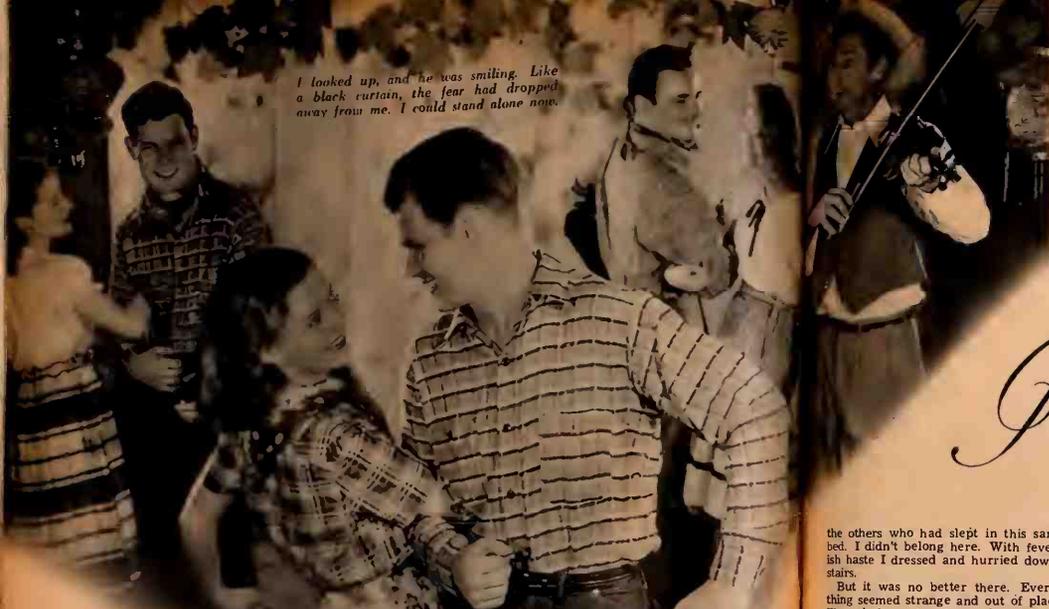
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"That brother of mine has some crazy notion in his head that you and I should play detective! Go digging around in the past and get some respectable family names for you! As if it would matter to you—now. Even if we did discover who your real parents were, do you think you could suddenly transfer your affections to them, instead of the Dad and Mother you've known all these years?"

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can't understand why you care so much."

I took a long time answering. How can you explain these shaking, lonely fears inside of you? Slowly, I chose my words.

"Yesterday I was something—somebody. I had a continuity from my grandmother and my mother, from my father, to me and to my children. My children and Don's. I can't marry Don without. . . ." I was nearly crying.

His face softened and Duncan pushed a strand of hair out of my eyes in an odd, fumbling, comforting gesture.

"How do we start, Joanne?" And his voice had a quality, almost of intimacy, that made my heart lift.

"I found a baby locket upstairs in the attic and it has some initials engraved on it," I told him, eagerly. "The only thing—I can't be sure whether they're JTS or JST. It might not even be mine, but it will be a start for us." Too, I was thinking of the long afternoons a year ago when Don and I would come back from a ride and find Duncan sitting in close conversation with Mother. Surely he would know something—!

And there was a guarded look about his eyes as I talked, that made my heart leap, that made me sure he *did* know something. Otherwise, certainly, he would have denied it flatly.

It was a little while before he spoke. Finally—"All I have are fragments. I never asked your mother, even after she told me you were adopted. But she did say things . . . oh, like being surprised your hair had become so dark brown when so many in your father's family had red hair. Things like that. But it will take time to remember and for us to put these things together. If you want to come with me tomorrow, we can talk. I start work in the morning over at the Red Rock."

He slid his lean length off the rail. "But—remember. I'm against all this. To me, it's unhealthy and dangerous . . . digging around in the buried past. You might get hurt. You aren't looking for a family to love, to fill a place in your heart. You're looking for a family name to give you a standing in the world."

His words turned me to ice. And when he had left I stretched out on the sofa in the living room, unable to control the sick shaking inside of me. *I might be hurt!* Duncan's words had brought the fear I had been restraining

close to the surface. What if there had been shame and dishonor in my birth?

Don was afraid, too. I knew that, in spite of—or perhaps because of—the vehemence with which he had denied the possibility. Now, when I needed him most, he was as frightened as I. The strong, reliant Don Henry I had always known, who could handle a loco steer or break the wildest horse, was helpless before this danger that threatened his most cherished and stubborn theories.

**A**LL that day while I went about my work like an automaton, the certain horror deepened until I thought I couldn't stand it. Queer visions floated before me—of faceless people and strange, desperate words and weeping, of whispers that had floated above my cradle twenty years ago and that had remained to haunt me now. With Helen in the room, or with Jud or Sandy outside, I could control my thoughts momentarily, but when night came and Jud went to his own rooms in the bunkhouse and Helen and Sandy went into Indian Wells for a movie, I was alone and at the mercy of my fears.

The silent house seemed bigger, emptier than I had ever known it. I was unable to sit still; I wandered, with dragging feet, from room to room—seeking some place where there was comfort and peace. But I didn't find it. Instead, the agony inside me grew and grew until every object I touched seemed to repulse me.

There were the old gold-framed oval paintings of Thomas Henry Deming and his good wife, Sarah, in the old-fashioned clothes of the pioneer days. I could not help but feel that their painted eyes had seen my coming here; that they knew the truth about my birth and its unspoken secret; that their eyes were stern and disapproving.

In the sewing room—the "glory hole" as Mother used to call it, laughing—there was a mirror and I saw my face reflected there, white and drawn. Perhaps my fevered imagination read things there that weren't real—but I could not look away. Did my chin, rounded and soft, show signs of weakness? And my mouth—was it thinner, laxer—now that it had no color, now that it trembled when I looked at it? And my eyes—there were queer flecks in them, but whether they came from the tears I had shed or from an unsteady mind behind them, I didn't know. I turned from myself in desperate fear.

But it did no good. I was haunted by this new picture of myself—the picture of a girl whose mind and body came from unknown antecedents and in whom might lurk weaknesses and dark taints and I-knew-not-what treacherous inheritances.

My father . . . *what were you? Were you a gay, laughing, strong-shouldered man who had loved that unknown woman who had been my mother? Or was there cruelty in your eyes when you courted her—and left her? Were you glad when you knew I was coming? Or did you hate my*

*mother—and me? Who—what—were you?*

I could not even imagine my mother. The name meant only the remembrance of Mother Deming, quick-moving, gently-smiling, tenderly-sweet. That other woman had no meaning for me.

I undressed in the dark, with shaking hands that fumbled with button-holes and tore at my dress. And when I was in bed I lay staring into the darkness—the unfriendly, whispering darkness.

I must find my way back to comfort and sanity again. Marriage to Don meant that—it represented everything that would prove to me that the world was normal again. It would prove that the shadow had passed me by. The boy and girl we had been together, Don and I, the calm, sensible, happy relationship between us that we had planned for our future—I clutched at these, trying to find my way back there again.

But, strangely, it was the memory of Duncan's unsympathetic brusqueness that finally banished the ghosts from my mind and let me sleep.

Early as Duncan arrived the next morning, I had been up hours before and had Copper saddled, the water canteens filled and a lunch packed. I knew that Duncan's geological field work might keep us away all day.

We rode out in silence. I couldn't tell from his non-committal face whether Duncan minded my coming along, or not. His eyes seldom strayed from the road in front of us, only lifting now and then to look appreciatively around him at the countryside. It was an enchanted morning and the hills seemed to stand out like sentinels, each rock and bush outlined, against the sparkling sapphire of the sky. It was too early for dust, yet late enough for the morning's chill to be rapidly evaporating. The horses under us seemed to feel the thin, wipe-like challenge of the bracing air and they pranced along like colts.

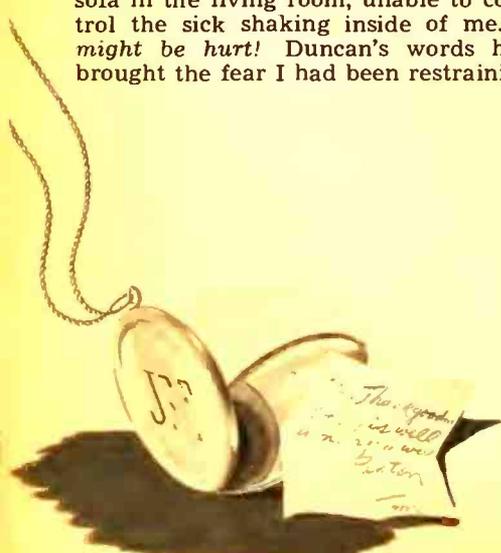
I wished, passionately, that there were no other reason for the ride than just the sheer pleasure of the day and the wind and the gallop. I felt an awkward embarrassment about broaching the subject, but I had brooded over it too long to talk of anything else. So, finally, I asked Duncan if he had thought over his conversations with Mother Deming and if he remembered anything.

"It's so important to me, Duncan," I pleaded. "I must know who and what I am."

He was smiling when he answered, but his eyes were intent and sober. "That's what I want to find out, too, Joanne—who you are and what you are. I *think* I know. I think you are strong and sure and honest and sweet and quick to feel. I think you are a woman any man would be proud to marry, just as you are, without caring who made up your family."

He had, somehow, taken my question away from me and twisted it so that I was confused again.

"But no one (Continued on page 56)



# No one but you

**O**VERLAND is not a very big city. It has a small business section surrounded by a spreading collar of residential district; it has three or four nice hotels, a couple of pretty parks, and one really good shopping street, Varick Avenue. The shops along Varick Avenue are every bit as handsome as the New York stores you see pictured in big, slippery magazines—sleek, dignified shops, their wide, arched windows settings for the display of beautiful dresses and furs and jewels. There's a tea shop or two, and these are settings also—for the women who can afford to shop on Varick Avenue, who can order a seventy-five-dollar dress at Hudson's, and casually say "Charge it."

I loved Varick Avenue. Walking along it, window shopping, I would forget that I was Diana Gleason, who lived in a plain little house in a plain little neighborhood, who earned twenty-two dollars a week in an insurance office and who, if she lived to be a hundred, would never earn much more. I became instead a glamorous creature of my own imagination, a Diana Gleason who owned a mink coat and a blue fox jacket, who wore simple little black dresses like the one in Hudson's window, and who met her husband for dinner at the Regent Hotel on maid's night out. It was there that my imagination stopped, tripped by one unalterable fact. The imaginary husband I met always had dark hair, and gray eyes with a smile in their depth and an underlip that pouted forward when he was thoughtful. My imaginary husband always looked exactly like Tommy Lewis—and even in my dreams I was aware that I couldn't marry Tommy and also be one of the women who shopped on Varick Avenue.

Tommy would never be rich. He had a job at the Hillside Nursery, Tree Surgeons and Landscape Contractors, and



*Varick Avenue—its expensive restaurants, its exclusive shops—was the essence of living to Diana. Even after she married Tommy, Varick Avenue beckoned to another world—and disaster*

he worked less for his salary than because he loved his job. He didn't want to find a better job, because to Tommy restoring a rotted tree or plotting a lawn was the best work anyone could possibly have; he didn't even want to own his own nursery. "Too many headaches," he would say, grinning lazily at me. "Too much bookkeeping and figuring. A fellow gets enough of that as it is. Don't you worry, honey, I'll always have enough to get along on, and enough to put aside for a rainy day, and enough to have fun with. What more could I want?"

That was Tommy's idea. Tommy's wife would always be comfortable and cared for—but Tommy's wife would be a little shabby, too, after the children came and money was needed for their clothes and their schools. It was significant that Tommy didn't say, "What more could you want?" He knew what I wanted. I'd grown up with him, and he knew my every thought, my every dream. He knew how I felt when we walked, at my request, along Varick Avenue on our way to the movies. He knew, and he laughed at me for it. "You don't really want those things, honey," he told me one night. "You just think you want them."

**H**IS calm assurance made me furious. "How do you know so much about me?" I demanded. "How can you say I don't want—well, that suede bag, for instance?"

Tommy just laughed. "Because if you really wanted it," he said, "you'd do something about getting it. You wouldn't go along just wishing, like a kid at Christmas time. You'd carve out a career for yourself, like Jennie Stors, or you'd marry someone with money, like Vee Nelson."

I sniffed. I knew Jennie and Vee, and I didn't envy them. Jennie was twenty-four, two years older than I, but she looked closer to thirty. There was a sharp vertical line between her eyes, and she wore glasses from studying so much, and she was always too busy to go out with the crowd. And Vee—Vee's husband was nearly three times her age, and he had a paunch and pale, watery eyes. I shuddered, and when Tommy took my arm, I moved a little closer to him. "How about it, honey?" he whispered. "Why don't you forget about being Mrs. Moneybags and marry me? We'd be so happy—"

I knew it. With Tommy holding me close to his side, with his head bent so that his cheek nearly brushed mine, I knew that I could be happy with him. But then I reminded myself that that kind of happiness, the Tommy-and-I kind of happiness, didn't last. It didn't last after you had to pinch pennies, when you had to wear the same old coat four years running. "No," I said sharply. "No, Tommy, no—"

He said no more about it for the rest of the evening. But when he left me at my door, he kissed me hard and long, as he'd never kissed me before, kissed me until there was no breath left in my body, until I had no will of my own. Then he released me and walked away, leaving me shaken to

the core of my being, and afraid.

I was afraid of the way I felt about Tommy, afraid of the way my senses leaped at a look from him, afraid of his touch, afraid of his kisses.

That was one reason why, a few days later, I quit my job at the insurance company and went to work at Ravel's Restaurant. The other reason came of thinking over what Tommy had said about doing something to get what I wanted, and realizing that he was right. I had been childish in my dreaming; I'd expected a fairy godmother to give me the things I longed for. I didn't consciously say to myself when I took the job at Ravel's cigarette counter that I was taking it to meet the men who came into Ravel's for lunch and for dinner, the well-to-do businessmen of Overland and the smart young men who had the cream of the jobs in town. I told myself just what I told Tommy. "Ravel's pays five dollars a week more," I said, "and the work is more interesting. I'm tired of being stuck in a filing room with a lot of dusty statistics."

Tommy was silent; then he gave me a little lop-sided smile. "You took me seriously, didn't you honey? I hope you remember that you're not Vee Nelson."

I flushed. It was unkind of him to remind me that it was at Ravel's that Vee had met the wealthy man she married. "I don't know what you're talking about—"

He laughed; then he rose and bent over to kiss me lightly. "Oh, yes, you do. Try your wings, sweetheart, and I'll see you when you quit that job."

My heart felt as if it had been dipped in ice water; my voice came out tight and thin. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you're not taking a job; you're making an experiment. My being around might confuse the issue."

"That's not true!" I flared. "You just don't like my going to work there—"

Tommy shrugged. "Maybe." He was already turning away. "But there's nothing I can do about it except to say that I'll be here when it's over."

Numbly I watched him go. There was nothing else to do. Easy-going, good-natured as Tommy was, he had a stiff core of pride. He would not argue; he could not be drawn out and made

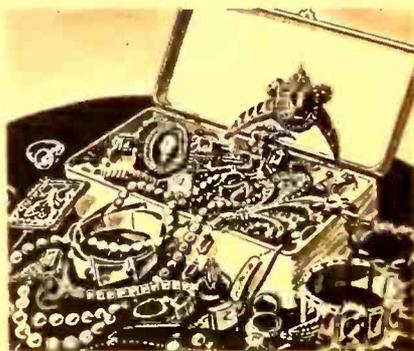
to defend himself or his point of view.

Tommy kept his word, and I didn't see him at all after I started work at Ravel's. I missed him, but I would have missed him a great deal more if it hadn't been for the excitement of my new job. It was fun, after having been shut up in the rear office of the insurance company, to stand behind the shining glass counter at Ravel's, to be greeted by the customers as they came in, to joke with them and to be paid extravagant compliments. I enjoyed the attention, and with one exception I didn't mind that they meant no more than that they were pleased to be served by a pretty, smiling girl. The exception was Justin Clark.

Justin was different from the others. He wasn't married, and he was young—in his early thirties—and something in his laugh, in the way his hair grew back from his forehead, reminded me of Tommy. He didn't joke all the time as the other men did; he talked pleasantly, asked how I was as if he were really interested. I found myself thinking of him as the nice Mr. Clark, and then as Justin, found my eyes wandering toward his table in the diningroom—and the old dream of being a woman who shopped on Varick Avenue changed a little, and it was Justin I met for dinner at the Regent Hotel on maid's night out. In the long, warm summer evenings, when I was through work early at Ravel's and there was nothing to do but go to the movies with my young brother, I longed for Tommy, but the mornings brought a sense of anticipation, and thoughts of Justin. Perhaps today Justin would ask me to go out with him, and the dream could begin to come true. Perhaps tonight he would take me to dinner. . . .

But Justin didn't ask me out. He continued to be pleasant, to stop to chat with me, but not once did he suggest that I see him outside Ravel's. And then one night there was a bachelor's dinner at the restaurant, and I was asked to work late. Justin was one of the men who filed past my counter into the private diningroom, and while I served the few late-staying regular customers, I watched the closed double doors of the private diningroom, and listened to the sounds of talk and laughter, and dreamed. I dreamed that one of these days the same crowd would be giving a bachelor's dinner for Justin, and I would be the bride-to-be. I would have a two-carat diamond engagement ring, and of course I would buy my trousseau on Varick Avenue. I'd have that blue suit at Crane's for a going-away dress (it would be just right with my mink coat, and my wedding gown would come from Hudson's. . . . I was trying to decide between a cap and a circlet for the veil, when the doors of the private diningroom opened to admit a gust of laughter—and Justin. He came toward me, walking carefully, carrying a slim-stemmed goblet. "Hi, Diana!" he called. "I brought you some champagne. I told the fellows that Diana had to celebrate, too—"

My heart leaped and then dropped sickeningly as (Continued on page 95)



*No One But You* was inspired by a problem presented originally on John J. Anthony's program, heard daily at 1:45 P.M. EWT, on Mutual

*I could bear the silence no longer. I crept into his arms. "Tommy, please—"*



Henry and Homer, late as usual, start off one of those frantic Aldrich Family days. (Henry played by Raymond Ives, Homer, Jackie Kelk.)



*Will our  
Children  
be ready?*

**I**T seems that there are still emergencies. I've just come from an emergency meeting at Henry's High School. And I'm upset, upset enough to sit down like this and try to do something about it. If I wait too long, I might stop being so upset and think of many reasons for not trying to do my share. I could say to myself that I'm not an educator, not an expert, not a professional propagandist and, perhaps, it would be better to leave this sort of thing to these better equipped people.

But, right now, I'm an upset mother. And I want to stay upset long enough to say a few things and maybe have those things reach a lot of other mothers.

Our heads and hearts have been full of the war for a long time, now. That's as it should be. That was the big job facing us. The war, with all the needs and sacrifices it brought, had to be fought and won. Certainly, all of us, as a nation and as individuals, have done everything in our power to bring about the victory over our enemies



*We've been fighting, working, praying for peace.*

*But have we let our children make a mistake*

*that will make peacetime harder for them than war?*

By MRS. SAM ALDRICH

to live decently, in good houses, with more labor-saving devices, with much more time for the fun of living. I want science to develop so that all people can be helped to live healthy, happy lives.

I'm not being an idealist about this. The possibilities for this kind of a world exist. The groundwork has been laid for it. But, if we have learned nothing else out of the events of the last few war-torn years, we should have learned this—that nothing, not peace, not prosperity, not security, not progress, nothing depends on a few wise men. Everything depends on the people. The people—the old and the young.

As I see it, the future, the kind of world for which so many of our finest young men have given their lives, will belong to the young. It will be their world, to make of it what they will, to build it, to shape it to suit their needs and desires. And that's what I'm so upset about. Will our youth be prepared to take its place in the world of tomorrow?

Tonight, at the school, some appalling, frightening facts were read to us. I'm going to be blunt about those facts. That's the best way to make them hit home, I think.

Since 1941, the enrollments in our high schools have fallen off by over one million students. As a nation, we're back where we were in 1934 as far as the number of children attending high schools is concerned. Think what that means! We're going backward, instead of ahead. We're losing all the progress that was made through hard years of fighting to raise the general educational level of our country, progress that was a justification for democratic methods.

*Radio mother to the maddening Henry since 1939, attractive Katharine Raht knows all about adolescents. She was a teacher before switching her talents to the theater and radio. The Aldrich Family is heard Fridays, 8:00 P. M. EWT, CBS.*

For generations, forward-looking people struggled to spread education in this country, to develop a more and more intelligent population which can cope with the modern world and all its problems. By 1940, we had reached the all-time high of 7,244,000 enrollments in high schools. And a fairly large percentage of these more than seven million students could be counted on to go further to higher schools.

And then came 1941. Since that year, fewer and fewer children have been returning to their high schools each fall. The loss, as I said before, has been over a million so far.

Long ago, the people who were interested in youth and in the preservation and extension of democracy, recognized that as the world moves forward, life gets more complicated. Jobs get more involved and demand more skills and more knowledge to acquire those skills. The plain business of living in a town, or a city, or as a citizen of a nation demands more and more understanding. The simple matter of getting along in every day life today is a much more complex matter than it was twenty years ago, thirty years ago. Think of the mechanical devices people have to be able to use today—radios, cars, refrigerators, airplanes, electric stoves, electric irons, electric mixers, harvesters, combines, machines of all descriptions. Even though it may never occur to us, just learning how to use these things demands a higher degree of education than was needed in the old "horse and buggy, icebox, and gaslight" days.

And, if this is true of today, how much more true will it be of the future? How much more will be required of all people, if they are to be ready to take their part in the plans that are already being made for tomorrow's living?

There are enough young people running in and out of my house for me to have some ideas about what has happened. It's too easy to say that it's all because of the war. That is only a part of it, I think.

I know that in many places, boys and girls of high school age were encouraged to take jobs to help in the war emergency. (Continued on page 63)

which is so hearteningly close now.

After the meeting tonight, though, I'm beginning to wonder whether we haven't tended to lose sight of the real issues for which we were working and fighting. Haven't we, perhaps, lost sight of the forest for the trees? Is it possible that all the thousands of immediate and pressing tasks and responsibilities that the war posed have blinded us to the realities for which we were fighting the war?

Peace. Of course, that's what we want. But that's only a word. It's what peace stands for, what it means in terms of living tomorrow, that we have to keep in mind. I have ideas about peace. I know what I want it to be and what kind of a world I want it to produce and keep.

I have a son: He has not had to fight in this war. I want the peace to be such that he will never have to fight in a war. I want the world to be such that he will never even have to think about the chances of having to go to war. I want the world to be a good place in which to live. I want all people





and Homer, late as usual, start off one frantic Aldrich Family days. (Henry and Homer by Raymond Ives, Homer, Jackie Kelk.)

# Will our Children be ready?

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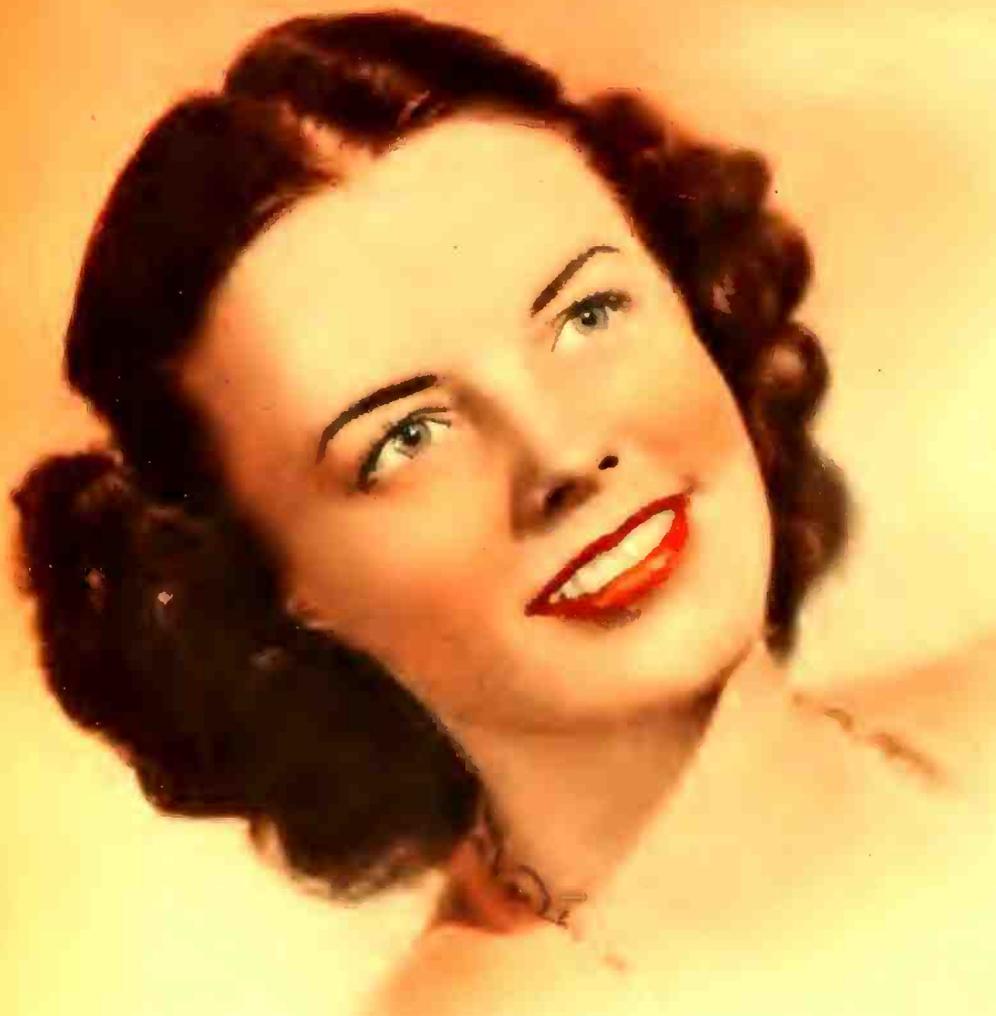
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# A dream to share

*The quiet dream in Jim's heart almost died there, because he thought he was the only*



stopping at the next house on my route without further instruction.

"Time for the feed bag, Doady," I can say, and that wonderful horse will head for the stables. Once he hears that signal he won't stop for anything and I can just imagine him conjuring thoughts of breakfast, getting more anxious and hungrier as he speeds through the quiet streets with a triumphant air.

I talk to Doady all the time when I'm on the route, and it doesn't matter much whether he understands me or not. Some things I don't quite understand myself, and that's why I talk it over, out loud, with myself and Doady. He's a perfect audience, never answers back.

"Look, Doady," I'll say, "another beautiful morning. Another dot in the continuous line of life. You just can't tell, Doady, where the line started, and where it will end. It reminds me of my geometry in high school, Doady. Life is like a straight line; nothing more than a series of points. Do you follow me, Doady?"

The best I'd ever get in reply from my favorite horse was a turning of his head until those big, chocolate eyes of his gazed at me, and I'd imagine he was saying; "... let's go, Jim Brown, you dreamer. There's work to be done. Twenty-one more streets to deliver milk to. Time's a wastin', Jim Brown."

Sure, I knew I was a dreamer; knew it since I was a kid. That was one reason why I took the job with the milk company. I loved to get up early in the morning, or the middle of the night, and watch the meeting of the light and the dark. There was something dramatic about the new day's arrival that never failed to leave me with the feeling that I had witnessed something more beautiful than the

**I**T'S too bad my horse, Doady, can't talk.

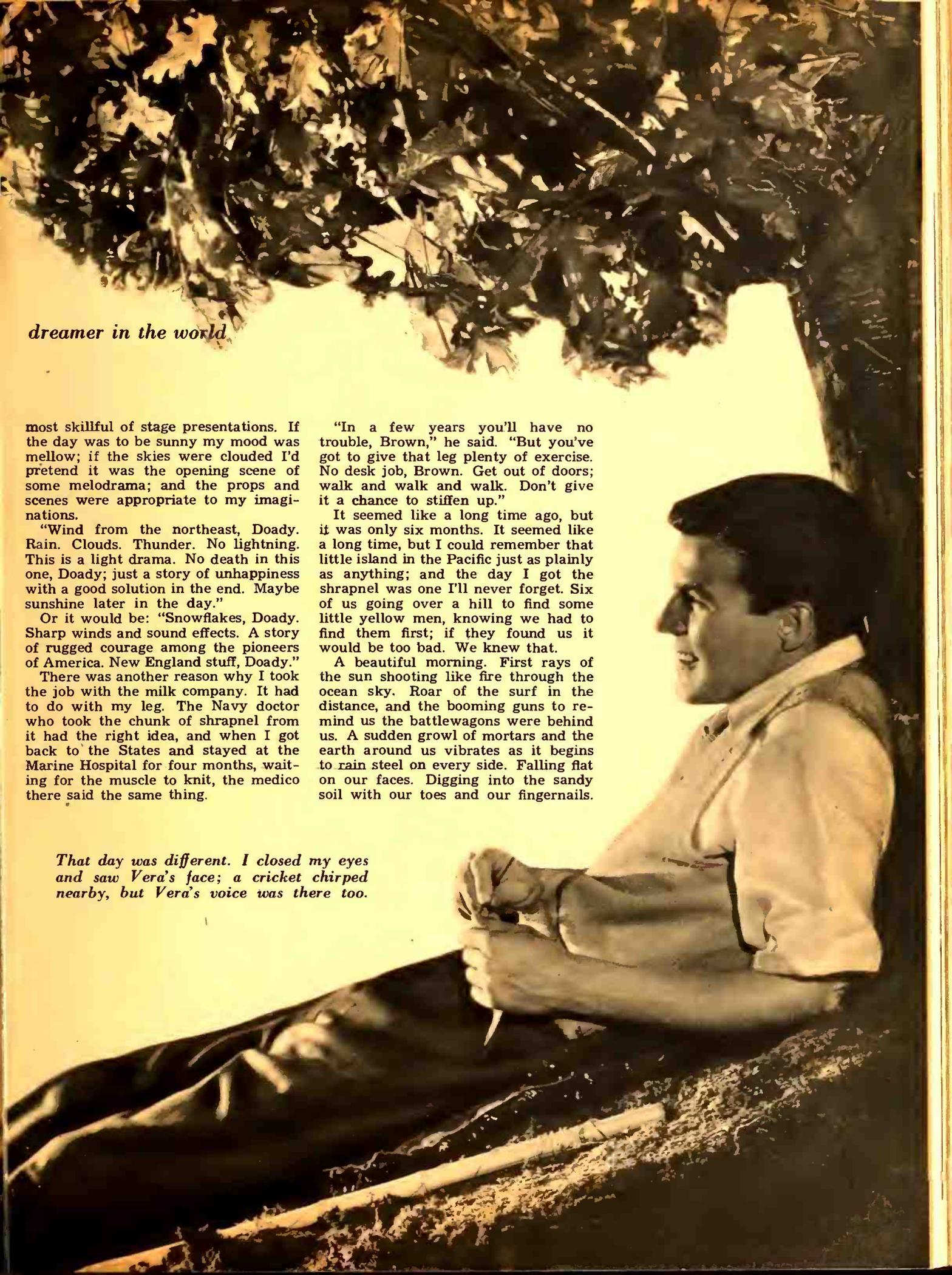
He could tell a story or two, I guess. But maybe it's just as well he can't carry on a conversation in human fashion; he might tell the wrong things.

Doady might talk too much, and that would be bad. He might, for example, have the wrong slant on Vera. He might think I made a big mistake in acting the way I did when Vera and I went different ways, and it wouldn't be Doady's fault for taking things for granted. You see, Doady doesn't know

all the facts, either. I'll tell them to you, and you'll see what I mean.

To begin, I'm a milkman. My route runs over the eastern corner of Tillary, a city of fifty thousand middle-class people who work mostly in the factories that turned out aluminum kitchenware during peace time and airplane parts for the war. Doady pulls my milk wagon and I guess he's one of the more intelligent animals in the stables of the Tillary Dairy Company.

"Make with the clop-clop, Doady," I can say, and he will trot down the street,



*dreamer in the world*

most skillful of stage presentations. If the day was to be sunny my mood was mellow; if the skies were clouded I'd pretend it was the opening scene of some melodrama; and the props and scenes were appropriate to my imaginations.

"Wind from the northeast, Doady. Rain. Clouds. Thunder. No lightning. This is a light drama. No death in this one, Doady; just a story of unhappiness with a good solution in the end. Maybe sunshine later in the day."

Or it would be: "Snowflakes, Doady. Sharp winds and sound effects. A story of rugged courage among the pioneers of America. New England stuff, Doady."

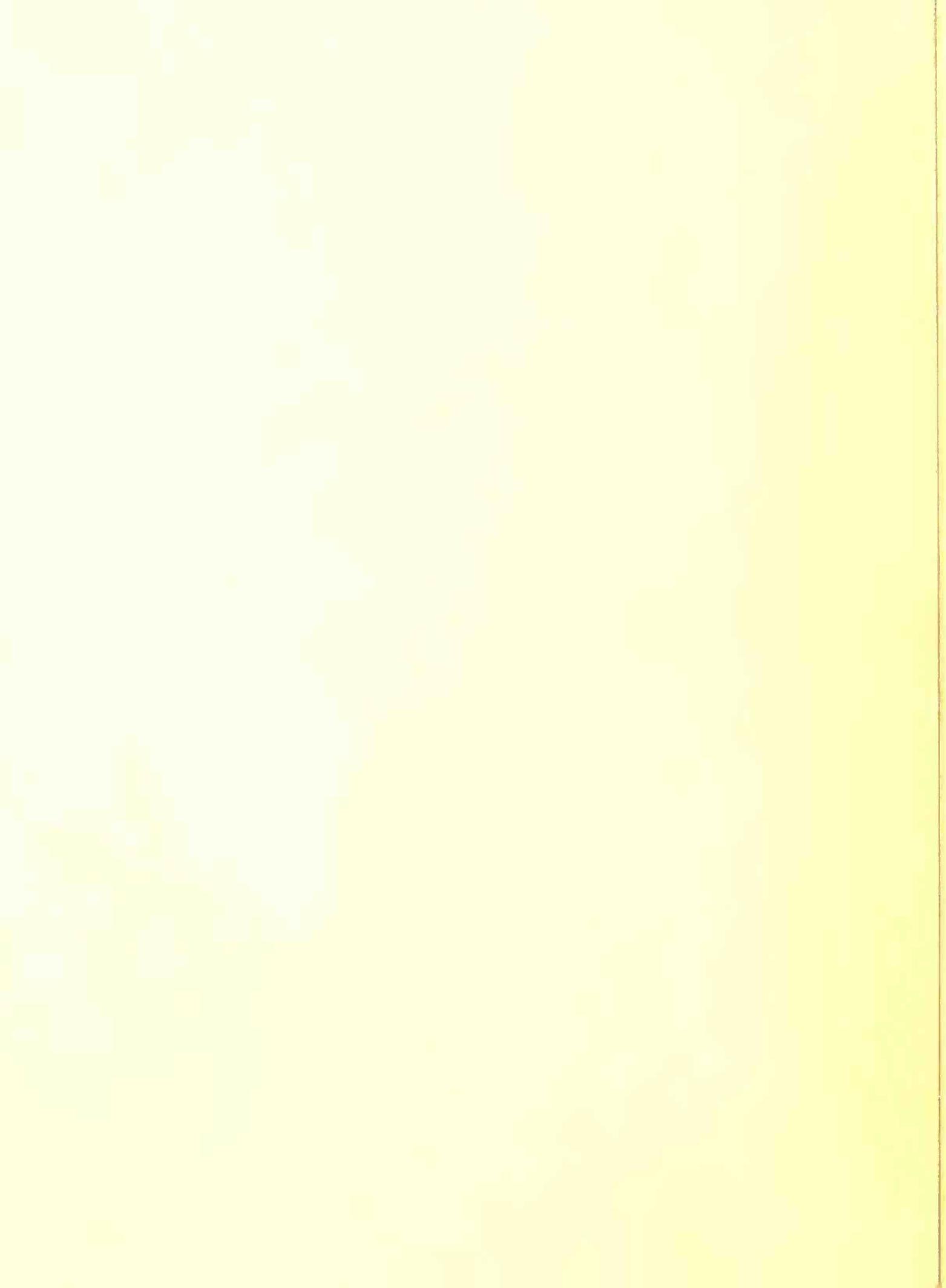
There was another reason why I took the job with the milk company. It had to do with my leg. The Navy doctor who took the chunk of shrapnel from it had the right idea, and when I got back to the States and stayed at the Marine Hospital for four months, waiting for the muscle to knit, the medico there said the same thing.

"In a few years you'll have no trouble, Brown," he said. "But you've got to give that leg plenty of exercise. No desk job, Brown. Get out of doors; walk and walk and walk. Don't give it a chance to stiffen up."

It seemed like a long time ago, but it was only six months. It seemed like a long time, but I could remember that little island in the Pacific just as plainly as anything; and the day I got the shrapnel was one I'll never forget. Six of us going over a hill to find some little yellow men, knowing we had to find them first; if they found us it would be too bad. We knew that.

A beautiful morning. First rays of the sun shooting like fire through the ocean sky. Roar of the surf in the distance, and the booming guns to remind us the battlewagons were behind us. A sudden growl of mortars and the earth around us vibrates as it begins to rain steel on every side. Falling flat on our faces. Digging into the sandy soil with our toes and our fingernails.

*That day was different. I closed my eyes and saw Vera's face; a cricket chirped nearby, but Vera's voice was there too.*



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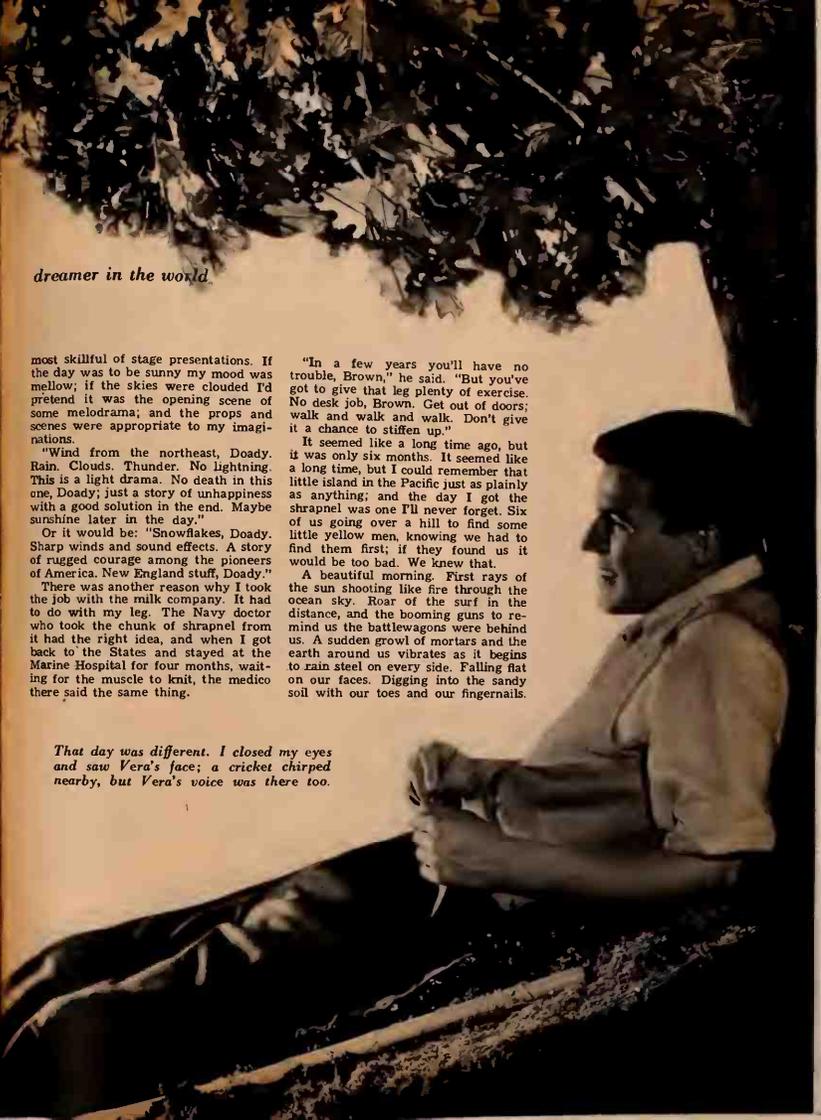
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*From the following morning on,  
my schedule worked like clock-  
work so that I was always there  
on Maple when Vera came along.*



The clatter of machine guns, not ours; and the sudden yell of Tommy Miller on my left.

I didn't like to think about the rest of the day. It hurt my body and my brain to think about it. But the thought did occur to me when my leg collapsed under me, ". . . the little yellow men found us first. They saw us before we saw them!"

**E**ACH of the six of us was hit, and Tommy Miller was down for keeps. They dragged us away to safety after a while, but the whole world had changed for us during the first five minutes of battle. We were out of it, and Tommy was out for keeps.

I often thought of Tommy and the funny things he used to say. He had a girl somewhere who must have been wonderful. Tommy called her "Rolly Eyes," and he had a funny way of talking about her; he could get you laughing about that girl in no time. And because I had no steady girl back home, it was particularly enjoyable for me to hear him talk about "Rolly Eyes."

You couldn't say I was a happy guy when they handed me my discharge papers; yet I knew I was lucky to come off with just a leg injury. And the milkman's job was, you might say, just what the doctor ordered. I loved it right from the start, and my leg showed remarkable improvement after only six months. Why, you could hardly notice the limp; and the only time it really bothered me was during nasty weather.

So you see there were compensations in my job besides the good pay. The atmosphere was grand for a war veteran and the Tillary Dairy Company was just about the nicest outfit any fellow could work for; so it was no wonder I was happy.

But happiness, they say, is never really complete. It's as though you are always trying to add that extra sugar-coating or frill to it; and I guess in my case I wanted to meet the right girl. And the sooner the better. The right girl, I told myself, would fix me up for life. Not that I had entertained the thought of being a milkman all my days; there were supervisor jobs and managerial positions I might hold some day. But for the time being, while my leg was not completely healed, I knew darn well I'd be all right covering a milkman's route.

"What do you think the girl will look like, Doady?" I said aloud one morning as we came down St. John's Hill. Doady didn't even turn around to look at me; he was enjoying the slight slope that gave him a chance to run a little faster. He seemed to want to break into a genuine gallop whenever he came over the crest of the hill, and I had to hold him back.

"The right girl, Doady," I continued, reining my chestnut-colored friend as we neared the corner of Maple Street, "will be something special. She will have special hair and special complexion and she will be special from head to toes. Don't ask me any more about it, Doady, for that's all I know about her; except that she might come special delivery."

As the milkwagon swung around the corner on its rubber wheels I saw a lone figure coming down the street. It was natural for me to observe any person, man or woman, on the streets in the early morning because there were not many people up and about at that time. And as I thought about it later I remembered there was an unusual setting for the picture. The warm June sun was spread like a comfortable carpet on the sidewalk and the girl I saw was walking right into the sun. Her face was bright with sunshine and her stride was as graceful as anything I'd ever seen. She wore slacks and carried a lunch box, and I knew right away she must work in one of the big war plants.

I didn't have to rein Doady over to the curb; he stopped automatically in front of the right house, Number Twenty-Three Maple. I took the bottle container and climbed down, and the girl came right up to the house and turned in.

"Morning," I said, without giving myself chance to hesitate, "aren't you Mary Miller?"

She stopped for just a second, smiled at me and said, "No, I'm Vera Wagner." Then she went inside.

It was a triumphant moment for me, Jim Brown. I delivered my milk and climbed aboard the wagon.

"Doady," I exulted, "that was strategy, if you don't mind my saying so. We have met Vera Wagner, and is she something!" I wondered how I had ever got up nerve to strike up a conversation like that, but I wasn't the least bit mad at myself.

And the next morning I made my schedule fit so that I was right in front of Twenty-Three Maple when that special kind of girl came home.

"Morning, Vera," I called out when she was half-way down the street and I could see the smile break out on her face. She was laughing when she came up to me, and I saw her looking at the veteran's pin in my lapel.

"That was pretty bright," she said, "making out I was somebody else so you'd learn my name. How long have you been delivering on this street?"

I told her it was a matter of months and her eyebrows arched, telling me she was surprised she hadn't seen me before. She sat down on the steps of the house for an instant and admired Doady; and do you know that horse-pal of mine actually looked pleased! You have to know horses to detect any emotion in their make-up, but I know Doady. Yet his pleasure could never have come up to mine.

So when Vera Wagner went into her house and I rode down the street in my wagon I found myself actually singing. A warm, happy sensation coursed through my veins and broke out on my lips. "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" was the the unmusical result—I was definitely no singer. But no song ever sounded sweeter, nor did any song ever have more meaning than that tune on that day.

It was the same next morning, only this time Vera had a piece of sugar in her hand for Doady; and that old ham of a horse (Continued on page 73)





From the following morning on, my schedule worked like clockwork so that I was always there on Maple when Vera came along.

The clatter of machine guns, not ours; and the sudden yell of Tommy Miller on my left.

I didn't like to think about the rest of the day. It hurt my body and my brain to think about it. But the thought did occur to me when my leg collapsed under me, "... the little yellow men found us first. They saw us before we saw them!"

EACH of the six of us was hit, and Tommy Miller was down for keeps. They dragged us away to safety after a while, but the whole world had changed for us during the first five minutes of battle. We were out of it, and Tommy was out for keeps.

I often thought of Tommy and the funny things he used to say. He had a girl somewhere who must have been wonderful. Tommy called her "Rolly Eyes," and he had a funny way of talking about her; he could get you laughing about that girl in no time. And because I had no steady girl back home, it was particularly enjoyable for me to hear him talk about "Rolly Eyes."

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*Jimmy and Rita had to get married, They were in love, first of all. The future looked wonderful. And then there was that house, the white house on the hill that was determined to get the Carrolls to come to live in it*

**J**IMMY and I always agreed that if our love story were ever told, our house would have to get a leading part, so now that I'm setting out to tell it, the house is the first thing that comes to my mind. It's a white house on a hill and is approached by a long, winding driveway. None of these things, however, is what makes it so special—the secret of its importance is all mixed up with a boy's dream, a struggle for success, and a stubborn fate that insisted on having its own way.

It all started eight years ago. I was only 17, but belonged to a crowd of young people who gave marvelous parties. Our week-end get-togethers were famous for music and games and good

**By Mrs. JIMMY CARROLL**

food. Someone brought Jimmy along one week-end, and soon he was an accepted member of the gang. Sometimes he'd show up with a girl, but mostly he came stag. Always he'd be kept busy at the piano, singing as many of our requests as he could. A lot of the girls thought he was terribly shy, but he was very friendly with me right from the beginning. I guess he thought that it was easier to talk to me because I was so young.

Anyway we went along for two years like that—a friendly, gay acquaintance. Then one rainy Sunday afternoon our

pleasant, impersonal relationship vanished, and it was as though we were meeting for the first time.

I can remember that afternoon clearly—every small detail. The rain was beating dismally at the window, but inside we had a blazing fire, lots of gaiety, and Jimmy leaning against the piano singing all our favorite songs. I was curled up on a sofa near the fire, a little apart from the others. Jimmy had just about sung his throat dry, but good-humoredly agreed to sing one more song. He began to sing "Love Walked In," and our eyes met and held. I don't know whether it was the atmosphere, my mood, or just the way love strikes you, but I was aware of a definite experience.

When the song was finished, he made his way over to me, and I found my heart beating surprisingly fast. It was very strange—after all, I was 19 now. I'd been modeling for a year, and considered myself very sophisticated. Yet here I was getting all excited because Jimmy Carroll sang a song to me.

He sat down and when he began to talk, I realized that he, too, felt stimulated and aware of something new and exciting between us.

"I want to tell you first," he said, "I've quit my job."

"Oh? Have you got something else lined up?" He was a buyer for a chain store and though it was understood that he was going to try and make a career of his singing eventually, I'd had no idea he was going to make the break then.

"No," he shook his head. "But I know I'll never get any place as far as my singing is concerned if I stay at the store. You have to be on call, for one thing, if you want to get a job in the singing field."

"But can you afford it?" I asked, getting practical. "I mean doesn't it cost a lot of money to study, and support yourself while making contacts?"

"Sure, sure it does," he agreed, "but, Rita, anything that's worth while is a gamble. I've saved some money, and if I don't go after the breaks now, I'll just stay right in the same rut. You have to go out and work for what you want. You have to be able to sacrifice—otherwise, I guess it wouldn't be worth it when you got it. Nothing is easy in life, but I want to sing—I know I can and I know I will."

There was something about the quiet, intense way he said that, that was com-



*Whatever it is that makes dreams come true, Jimmy Carroll has the knack of it. Otherwise, how could he and Rita and Jimmy Jr. be living in the house he's dreamed about since he was fifteen?*



*Jimmy Carroll, who gambled with his chain store career because he knew he could sing, found so many people who agreed with him that now he has his own three-times-a-week program on Columbia.*

# Haunting house—!

pletely convincing. He believed he'd make the grade, and from that moment on I believed it too. We kept talking about the things in life that were worth while—carefully, but inevitably, we approached the subject of love.

"I've never been in love," he said, studying the toe of his shoe. Looking at Jimmy's serious face, I knew that when he told a girl he loved her, he would mean it—it would be the real thing—the works.

"What kind of girl do you expect to say it to, Jimmy?" I asked. "Have you got any ideas?"

"I have no blueprint of her," he put his head back and gazed at the ceiling. "She'll be pretty, I hope. She'll love

me and I'll love her, naturally. She'll be interested in my work and encourage me. Some day we'll live in the country and have some very superior children." He smiled a little at himself. "Oh, I guess you can't decide what a person is like—you only know that the right one will be pretty super, and I think you know when it happens."

That last remark made me wonder. I'd thought myself in love several times, and I recognized the symptoms coming on right now. But somehow this was different—there was an enchantment about this. Perhaps that's too fanciful a word—anyway I felt a wonderful excitement, which was strangely enough accompanied by a

sense of peace and kind of contentment.

"If you're considering getting married," his voice cut across my thoughts, "I'm available."

I must have gasped audibly. I know I stared in utter amazement, unable to say a word.

"You're the first person I've ever discussed marriage with," he rushed ahead. "I love you, Rita, and I'm serious about marriage. I don't have anything to offer right now, but love." He leaned toward me earnestly. "It won't always be that way. I believe in myself—I want you to believe in me."

Somehow I recovered sufficiently to breathe, "When did you discover that you were in (Continued on page 65)



PORTIA BLAKE MAN-  
NING (played by Lucille  
Wall) is genuinely a wo-  
man of today. Though she  
believes her husband died  
in Germany, Portia, in-  
stead of surrendering to  
despair, has thrown her  
energies into her law prac-  
tice and into raising her  
young son. In her life and  
in her personality Portia  
expresses the courageous,  
forward-looking spirit that  
will build for the future.

## PORTIA

*Here is the haunting theme that, each afternoon at 5:15 EWT, over  
NBC, raises the curtain on the latest events in the life of Portia Blake*

Lyric by PETER THOMAS

Music by LEW WHITE

POR - TIA's the strang-est kind of name

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POR-TIA's the name of some-one I love. But

The first system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. A triplet of eighth notes (D5, E5, F#5) is marked with a '3' above it. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the left hand and single notes in the right hand.

what's in a name when her kiss lights a flame so the stars hide in shame up a-

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, A6, B6, C7. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

bove.

POR-TIA's a dif-f'rent sort of a name,

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, A6, B6, C7. A triplet of eighth notes (D5, E5, F#5) is marked with a '3' above it. The piano accompaniment continues with its rhythmic pattern.

but it sounds sweet and beau-ti-ful, too! So I'll spend my time in pray-ing

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, A6, B6, C7. A triplet of eighth notes (D5, E5, F#5) is marked with a '3' above it. The piano accompaniment continues with its rhythmic pattern.

I'll go thru life just say-ing, POR-TIA, POR-TIA, I love you.

The fifth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, A6, B6, C7. The piano accompaniment continues with its rhythmic pattern.



# Out of the FRYING PAN

If your family belongs to the fish-when-you-can't-get-meat group, experiment with new fish dishes that will be welcomed not merely as a substitute for the fast-vanishing steak, but for their own delicious, appetizing sake.



**I**T HAS been a long time since we have talked about seafood in this department—a serious omission since many of us are depending on it more than ever before. Fish has come out of the frying pan—there are numerous interesting variations. And with oysters in season, this is a good month to try a few new tricks.

## Oysters En Brochette

1 pint oysters, drained  
12 slices bacon, cut in quarters  
Arrange each oyster between 2 pieces bacon on toothpick. Place in pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Broil each side 3 minutes. Remove toothpicks. Serve on hot buttered toast. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Garnish with chopped parsley.



**BY**  
**KATE SMITH**  
RADIO ROMANCES  
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon on CBS. She is vacationing from her Sunday night show.

## Creamed Oysters

1 pint Bluepoint oysters  
3 tbs. butter or margarine  
2 tbs. flour 1 cup rich milk  
¼ cup drained cooked oyster liquor  
1 tsp. lemon juice  
½ tsp. salt Dash of pepper  
⅛ tsp. celery salt

Place oysters in saucepan. Melt butter in another saucepan. Add flour and stir to a smooth paste. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. As sauce begins to thicken, place oysters over medium heat, cover, and cook gently 2 to 3 minutes. Continue cooking sauce, stirring constantly, 2 to 3 minutes. Drain oysters; measure ¼ cup oyster liquor. Add oysters, oyster liquor, lemon juice, and seasonings to white sauce, mixing well. Reheat. **Creamed Oysters and Mushrooms.** Saute ½ pound sliced mushrooms in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add to creamed oysters.

**Creamed Oysters with Curry.** Add ¼ teaspoon curry powder to Creamed Oysters with seasonings. **Oyster Fricassee.** 1 egg, slightly beaten, with 2 tablespoons light cream to Creamed Oysters.

## Fried Oysters

1 pint oysters, drained  
Flour Sifted bread crumbs  
1 egg, beaten with 1 tablespoon milk and dash of salt and pepper  
Roll oysters in flour, shake off excess, dip in egg mixture, then roll in crumbs.

Fry in deep fat (390° F.) until golden brown (about 1 minute). Drain. Serve with lemon sections or tartar sauce, or one of the tomato or chili sauces.

**Fried Fish Fillet.** Use fillets of flounder, haddock, cod, sole, etc. Roll fillets in seasoned flour. Fry in small amount of cooking oil in iron skillet 8 to 10 minutes, turning to brown both sides. **Broiled Fish Fillet.** Use fillet of flounder. Separate fillets, spread with softened butter or margarine, and season. Broil 12 to 18 minutes.

## Cod Baked with Vegetables

1½ to 2 pounds fillet of cod  
2 tbs. softened butter or margarine  
1¾ cups canned or fresh tomatoes  
¼ cup finely diced onion  
½ cup sliced celery  
½ tsp. salt 1 tsp. sugar  
Dash of pepper  
2 cups cooked vegetables, green beans, peas, carrots, etc.

Sprinkle fish with salt and pepper and place in buttered shallow baking dish. Spread with softened butter or margarine and sprinkle with paprika. Combine tomatoes, onion, celery, and seasonings and cook, covered, 6 minutes. Add remaining vegetables and pour around fish. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 35 minutes, or until done. Stir vegetables occasionally. If quick-frozen fillets are used, without thawing, bake 35 minutes or till done. Makes 5 servings.

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

## SUNDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
		8:00 CBS: News
		8:00 ABC: News
		8:00 NBC: News and Organ Recital
		8:30 CBS: Four Clubmen
		8:30 ABC: Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist
		8:45 CBS: Bennett Sisters
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: News of the World
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: World News Roundup
	8:00	9:00 ABC: Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
		8:15 CBS: E. Power Biggs
5:00	8:15	9:15 ABC: White Rabbit Line
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: NBC String Quartet
		8:45 CBS: New Voices in Song
7:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
	10:00	ABC: Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30 ABC: Southernaires
7:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Words and Music
		10:30 MBS: Radio Chapel
		11:00 MBS: Pauline Alpert
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 ABC: Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning
		11:30 MBS: Reviewing Stand
		10:45 11:45 NBC: Marion Lovridge
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00 ABC: News from Europe
	11:00	12:00 NBC: The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: Friendship Ranch
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 ABC: John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00 NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: George Hicks from Europe
10:45	12:30	1:30 CBS: Edward R. Murrow (from London)
		1:15 NBC: America United
10:30	12:30	1:30 ABC: Sammy Kay's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: Chicago Round Table
		1:30 MBS: Sweetheart Time
10:15	12:45	1:45 CBS: Problems of the Peace
11:00	2:00	NBC: Ford Show
11:00	1:00	2:00 MBS: Chapiin Jim, U. S. A.
11:00	2:00	CBS: Stradivari Orchestra
		2:00 ABC: Washington Story
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas
		2:30 ABC: National Vespers
11:55	2:55	CBS: Olin Downs
12:00	2:05	3:00 CBS: New York Philharmonic
		3:00 ABC: Kay's Canteen
		3:00 NBC: WEAF World Parade
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: One Man's Family
		3:30 MBS: You Were Meant to Be a Star
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: NBC Army Hour
		4:00 ABC: Darts for Dough
		4:00 MBS: Your America
1:30	3:30	4:30 ABC: Andrews Sisters Show
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey—RCA Show
		4:30 MBS: What's the Name of That Song
2:00	5:00	NBC: NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
		5:00 ABC: Mary Small Revue
		5:00 MBS: Let's Face the Issue
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Nick Carter
		5:30 ABC: Charlotte Greenwood Show
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Silver Theatre
3:00	5:00	6:00 ABC: Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00 MBS: Quinine Flash
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Men at Sea
8:00	6:00	7:00 MBS: Upton Close
		6:30 ABC: Ice Box Follies
		6:30 ABC: Report to the Nation
		6:45 MBS: Dick Brown
		6:45 MBS: Olin Requested
4:00	6:00	7:00 ABC: Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Wayne King Orchestra
4:15	5:15	6:15 ABC: Don Gardner, News Quiz Kids
8:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Rogue's Gallery
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Frances Langford, Spike Jones
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Elton Star Theatre, James Melton
8:30	7:00	8:00 MBS: Mediation Board
		8:15 ABC: Raymond Moley
		8:30 ABC: Joe E. Brown
8:00	7:00	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey and Co.
5:45	7:45	8:45 CBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55 NBC: Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Radio Readers Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Steel Horizon
7:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15 ABC: Hollywood Mystery Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theatre, James Melton
		9:30 MBS: Cedric Foster
		9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
8:15	8:30	9:45 ABC: Jimmie Fidler
		9:45 MBS: Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Theatre Guild Series
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm
		10:00 MBS: Earl Wilson Show
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Meet Me at Parkey's
	9:30	10:30 CBS: We the People
		10:30 MBS: What's the Good Word
		10:00 11:00 CBS: Bill Costello
		10:15 11:15 NBC: Cesar Sarchinger
		10:15 11:15 MBS: This is Helen Hayes
10:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Pacific Story



### PLATTER PROMOTION

Usually, radio performers go through a dozen auditions before they land a contract. Not so Marshall Young, the baritone on the Arthur Godfrey network program, heard Monday through Friday at 9:15 A.M. (EWT) over CBS. Young didn't even have to appear for his audition.

Godfrey was casting his show by recordings only. Larry Puck, a talent scout for CBS, had heard Marshall sing at the Palmer House in Chicago and phoned the singer to send him a recording—if he had one.

That was simple for Marshall. He had lots of recordings. He's a self-trained singer. He learned by listening to records made by headliners, and then made dozens of recordings of his own voice. The learning came over a number of years of playing back his own records and criticizing them and perfecting his style to suit his own liking.

Marshall is twenty-eight years old, and when you ask him about his pre-career life he shrugs his shoulders and says, "It was ordinary." He was educated in New York at the Abraham Lincoln High School and New York University. He worked as a draftsman for the Brewster Aeronautical Corporation for a time before going into the Army Air Force, from which he has been honorably discharged.

Young broke into radio by singing on local stations at first. Then he got a job as featured singer with Bill McCune's orchestra. Later, he worked with the Lee Castle and Bob Grant dance bands. It was all good experience, but a lot different from the job he's got now.

"Now," he says, "I get up just about the time I used to get to bed—6:30 in the morning—and hum on the subway all the way from Brooklyn to Manhattan. Humming loosens up the throat muscles." Of course, by the time he goes on the air for the repeat broadcast at 3:30 in the afternoon, he's thoroughly warmed up.

When he first got the job with Godfrey, Marshall used to get thrown off stride by the emcee's ad-libbing. It only took a few weeks, though, for him to gain poise and talk naturally at the microphone, regardless of what was going on around him.

Right in the beginning, Godfrey decided that Marshall would probably appeal to his feminine listeners and announced on the air that the ladies could have a picture of the singer simply by writing for it. The response was terrific. And, since photographic material is so hard to get these days, Godfrey has kept remarkably quiet—his being quiet is kind of remarkable in any case—about making any more picture offers.

## MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
		8:00 CBS: News
		8:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
		8:00 NBC: Ed East & Polly
6:15	8:15	9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
		10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45 ABC: Lisa Sergio
		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
		10:10 CBS: Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
3:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		10:45 11:15 CBS: Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Sing Along Club
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenkins' Stories
		10:45 11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		11:30 12:30 NBC: U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: Farm and Home Makers
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Bankage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
12:45	1:45	ABC: Little Jack Little
12:45	1:45	NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: John B. Kennedy News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Rosemary
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 ABC: The Fitzgerralds
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: Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
12:00	2:15	3:15 NBC: Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00 ABC: Westbrook Van Voorhis
12:30	2:45	3:45 CBS: Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
		4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas
		4:15 ABC: Jack Berch
1:30	3:30	4:30 ABC: Johnson Family
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Report from Abroad
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
		4:45 ABC: Feature Story, Bob Trout
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Hop Harrigan
		4:45 CBS: Young Wilder Brown
		4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Singers
2:15	4:00	5:00 CBS: Service Time
2:15	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
		5:00 MBS: Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	6:30 MBS: House of Mystery
		5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
5:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 ABC: Singing Lady
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
5:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Quency Howe
		6:00 CBS: Hoagy Carmichael
5:10	6:10	7:10 CBS: Bill Costello
5:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: Jimmy Carroll, Songs
5:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Sally Moore, Contralto
		6:45 ABC: Charlie Chan
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
		6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Ted Husing
		7:00 ABC: Headline Editor
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Super Club
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper's Hollywood
7:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks
		7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
		7:30 MBS: Bulldog Drummond
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
9:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum & Abner
8:15	7:15	8:15 NBC: News of Tomorrow
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Adventures of Mary Christmas
		7:30 ABC: Blind Date
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: Sherlock Holmes
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Eunah
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Rex Maupin's Orch.
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Rise Steven's Show
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Calling Tokyo
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Contented Program
		10:00 MBS: Leave It To Mike
9:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Stuart Erwin Show
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Dr. I. Q.

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
8:15		ABC: Your Life Today
8:00		CBS: News
9:00		ABC: Breakfast Club
9:00		NBC: Ed East and Polly
9:15		CBS: Arthur Godfrey
9:45		CBS: This Life Is Mine
10:00		CBS: Valiant Lady
10:00		ABC: My True Story
9:45		NBC: Nation's Rations
10:00		NBC: Robert St. John
10:15		NBC: Lora Lawton
10:15		CBS: Light of the World
10:30		CBS: Evelyn Winters
10:30		ABC: Hymns of All Churches
10:30		NBC: Road of Life
10:45		Blue: The Listening Post
10:45		NBC: Joyce Jordan
11:00		CBS: Amanda
11:00		ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
11:00		NBC: Fred Waring Show
11:15		CBS: Second Husband
11:30		CBS: Bright Horizon
12:30		11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: The Soldier Who Came Home
11:30		MBS: Take It Easy Time
11:15		CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
11:45		ABC: Ted Malone
11:45		NBC: David Harum
12:00		ABC: Glamour Manor
12:00		CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
12:15		CBS: Big Sister
12:15		CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
12:30		ABC: Farm and Home Makers
12:30		NBC: Army Air Forces Band
12:30		ABC: Our Gal Sunday
12:00		1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
12:00		1:00 ABC: Baukhage Talking
12:00		1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
12:15		1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
12:15		1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
12:15		1:15 NBC: Bernard Flynn, News
12:30		1:30 MBS: Paula Stone & Phil Britto
12:45		1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
12:45		1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
12:45		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
12:45		1:45 NBC: The Guiding Light
1:00		2:00 ABC: John E. Kennedy, News
1:00		2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
1:00		2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
1:15		2:15 NBC: Today's Children
1:15		2:15 CBS: Rosemary
1:30		2:30 NBC: Woman in White
1:30		2:30 CBS: Perry Mason
1:30		2:30 ABC: The Fitzgeralds
1:45		2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
1:45		2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
1:45		3:00 CBS: Milton Bacon
12:00		3:00 ABC: Best Sellers
12:00		3:00 NBC: Program of America
12:15		3:15 CBS: Michael Scott
12:15		3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:15		3:45 CBS: Sing Along
12:30		3:45 ABC: "Yours Alone"
12:30		3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45		3:45 ABC: Right to Happiness
12:45		4:00 ABC: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00		4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00		4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15		4:15 ABC: Jack Berch
1:15		4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30		4:30 CBS: Feature Story, Bob Trout
1:30		4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Singers
1:45		4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45		4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
1:45		4:45 CBS: Danny O'Neil, Songs
2:00		5:00 ABC: When a Girl Marries
2:00		5:00 NBC: Service Time
2:15		5:00 MBS: Chick Carter
2:15		5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15		5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
2:30		5:30 ABC: Jaso Armstrong
2:30		5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30		5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:30		5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
2:30		5:30 MBS: House of Mystery
5:45		5:45 ABC: Singing Lady
2:45		5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
5:45		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
5:45		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
5:00		6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
5:15		6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15		6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
5:30		6:15 ABC: Clem McCarthy, Sports
5:30		6:45 CBS: Eileen Farrell & Sally Moran
5:35		6:45 ABC: Charlie Chan
5:45		6:45 CBS: The World Today
5:45		6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
5:55		6:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
8:00		7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00		7:00 ABC: Headline Editor
8:00		7:00 CBS: Ted Husing
8:15		7:15 CBS: Danny O'Neil
7:15		7:15 ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
4:15		7:15 NBC: News of the World
7:15		7:30 ABC: County Fair
4:30		7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
9:00		6:30 NBC: Everything for the Boys
9:00		7:00 CBS: Big Town
8:30		7:00 ABC: Lum & Abner
8:30		7:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15		7:15 ABC: News of Tomorrow
8:15		7:15 CBS: Alan Young Show
5:30		7:30 NBC: A Date with Judy
9:00		7:30 CBS: Theatre of Romance
5:55		7:30 MBS: Roy Rogers Show
5:55		7:30 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00		7:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00		8:00 ABC: Guy Lombardo
6:00		9:00 CBS: Inner Sanctum
6:30		8:30 CBS: The Doctor Flights
6:30		8:30 ABC: Saludos Amigos
6:30		9:30 NBC: Victor Borge
6:30		9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air
6:55		8:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller
7:00		9:00 MBS: John S. Hughes
7:00		10:00 ABC: Sumner Welles
7:00		10:00 NBC: Man Called X
7:00		10:00 CBS: Service to the Front
10:30		10:15 ABC: Janet Flanner from Paris
10:30		10:30 CBS: Congress Shows
7:30		10:30 MBS: Wings for Tomorrow
7:30		NBC: Sigmund Romberg Orchestra
11:15		CBS: Joan Brooks



WHAT YOU'D CALL A TROUPER

In these days of avid curiosity about the little-known countries of the Eastern war fronts, there's an actress in the NBC studios who can give you all the answers. She's Muriel Starr, the "Mrs. Garvin" of the Young Widder Brown serial—Monday through Friday at 4:45 p.m. (EWT) over the NBC network. From first-hand experience, Miss Starr knows the cities and obscure places of every continent, island and peninsula on the globe.

She was born in a lumber camp near Montreal, Canada—which is a far cry from the glitter of Broadway, where she was to be a star just seventeen years later. Her first appearance on the glamor street came when, at the age of five, she was brought to New York to act in a play written by a friend of the family. She was seen in that performance by Harry Miner, one of the most successful producers of that day, and immediately engaged to appear with James A. Hearn in "Shore Acres."

After that beginning, Miss Starr hardly missed a season in the theatre. She appeared with De Wolfe Hopper and many of the matinee idols of the period. At thirteen she even conformed with theatrical tradition by being stranded with a company in a small town in Connecticut. Luckily, another traveling company appeared there very soon and Miss Starr was able to replace the leading lady in that company. She played the part of a mother with a child of five—and did it well. Off stage, she continued to wear her long brown hair in a braid hanging down her back.

By the time she was fifteen Miss Starr was doing a dramatic sketch in vaudeville with William Hawtrey, a distinguished British actor. The name of the sketch was "The Child Wife," which was appropriate enough. Miss Starr's seventeenth birthday found her a full-fledged star on Broadway. She signed a long term contract with Oliver Morosco for his production of "The Truth Wagon." After that play's Broadway run, Miss Starr went with the show to the West Coast. Then came an offer to go to Australia for six months. Miss Starr took that offer and with it the first step on a series of theatrical journeys that was to take her to practically every part of the world.

After leaving Australia, she acted in the East Indies, New Zealand, India, the Orient, Africa, London and the European continent. She returned to Broadway only once in 20 years to appear in "John Hawthorne" with Warren William. Then, seven years ago, she came back for good, played in Maxwell Anderson's "The Star Wagon" and decided to retire.

But before long idleness palled and radio beckoned. In a very short time, Miss Starr had a score of dramatic parts to her credit in this field, too, among them roles in Just Plain Bill, Amanda of Honeymoon Hill, Kitty Foyle and Young Widder Brown.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
8:15		ABC: Your Life Today
8:30		ABC: News
9:00		CBS: News
9:00		ABC: Breakfast Club
9:00		NBC: Ed East & Polly
9:15		CBS: Arthur Godfrey
9:45		CBS: This Life Is Mine
10:00		CBS: Valiant Lady
10:00		NBC: Nation's Rations
10:00		NBC: Robert St. John
10:15		NBC: Lora Lawton
10:15		CBS: Light of the World
10:30		CBS: Evelyn Winters
10:30		ABC: Hymns of All Churches
10:30		NBC: Road of Life
12:45		9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
9:40		10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
10:45		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
8:00		11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00		11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
11:15		11:15 CBS: Amanda
11:30		11:30 CBS: Second Husband
11:30		11:30 ABC: Bright Horizon
12:30		11:30 NBC: The Soldier Who Came Home
8:30	10:30	11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
11:30		11:30 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:15	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:15	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:15	11:15	12:15 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 ABC: Farm and Home Makers
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Army Air Forces Band
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 ABC: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: Bernard Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John E. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Rosemary
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 ABC: The Fitzgeralds
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
11:45	1:45	3:00 CBS: Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Program of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:45	3:45 CBS: Sing Along
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 ABC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00 ABC: 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 ABC: Jack Berch
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Feature Story, Bob Trout
1:30	3:40	4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Singers
1:45	3:45	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Danny O'Neil, Songs
2:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: When a Girl Marries
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Service Time
2:15	4:00	5:00 MBS: Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 ABC: Jaso Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	5:45 ABC: Singing Lady
2:45	5:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
5:45	5:45	5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
5:45	5:45	5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
5:00	6:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
5:15	6:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	6:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
5:30	6:15	6:15 ABC: Clem McCarthy, Sports
5:30	6:45	6:45 CBS: Eileen Farrell & Sally Moran
5:35	6:45	6:45 ABC: Charlie Chan
5:45	6:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
5:45	6:45	6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
5:55	6:55	6:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	7:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	7:00	7:00 ABC: Headline Editor
8:00	7:00	7:00 CBS: Ted Husing
8:15	7:15	7:15 CBS: Danny O'Neil
7:15	7:15	7:15 ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	7:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World
7:15	7:30	7:30 ABC: County Fair
4:30	7:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Everything for the Boys
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum & Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 ABC: News of Tomorrow
8:15	7:15	8:15 CBS: Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Theatre of Romance
5:55	7:30	8:30 MBS: Roy Rogers Show
5:55	7:30	8:30 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Inner Sanctum
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: The Doctor Flights
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Saludos Amigos
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Victor Borge
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John S. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Sumner Welles
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Man Called X
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Service to the Front
10:30	10:30	10:15 ABC: Janet Flanner from Paris
10:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: Congress Shows
7:30	10:30	10:30 MBS: Wings for Tomorrow
7:30	10:30	NBC: Sigmund Romberg Orchestra
11:15	11:15	CBS: Joan Brooks

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	ABC: Your Life Today
	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club: Ed East and Polly
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Arthur Godfrey
6:15	2:30	9:15 CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:45	9:45	NBC: Nation's Rations
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
	10:15	NBC: Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
	2:00	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
	10:30	10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
	10:45	NBC: Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00 CBS: Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
	11:30	NBC: The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:40	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	ABC: 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	NBC: Irene Beasley
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: 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 ABC: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Bauls' Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Paula Stone & Phil Britt
10:40	12:45	1:45 ABC: Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
	2:15	NBC: Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 ABC: The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Rosemary
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	3:00	NBC: Best Sellers!
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: A Woman of America
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Michael Scott
	3:30	NBC: Ladies, Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45 ABC: Yours Alone
	3:45	NBC: Right to Happiness
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Sing Along
12:45	2:45	3:45 ABC: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15 ABC: Jack Berch
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Report from Abroad
1:30	3:30	4:30 ABC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Songs
	4:45	NBC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 ABC: Young Widder Brown
	4:45	NBC: Miit Herth Trio
2:10	4:00	5:00 CBS: Service Time
2:10	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Dick Tracy
4:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	6:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
5:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Superman
5:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Sing Along Bill
5:45	5:45	6:45 ABC: Singing Lady
2:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
	5:45	NBC: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:00	6:00 CBS: World News
	5:15	6:15 ABC: Calling Pan America
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Parade to America
	5:30	6:30 CBS: On Your Mark—Ted Husing
	5:30	6:30 NBC: Clem McCarthy
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	ABC: Charlie Chan
3:55	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Headline Edition
	7:15	8:15 CBS: Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: Danny O'Neil, Songs
8:15	6:15	7:15 ABC: News of the World
	7:45	8:45 CBS: Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Mr. Keen
6:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Bob Burns
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Suspense
8:15	7:15	8:15 ABC: News of Tomorrow
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: G. Laffs
8:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting
9:00	8:30	9:30 NBC: Adventures of Topper
	8:30	NBC: Agatha Christie's Poirot
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Murray Gould
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Variations by Van Cleave
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Corliss Archer
	9:30	NBC: Treasure Hour of Song
	9:30	ABC: Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55 CBS: Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Trans-Atlantic Quiz
	10:00	MBS: Arch Oboler's Plays
7:30	9:45	10:30 CBS: Romance, Rhythm & Ripley
7:30	9:30	10:30 ABC: March of Time
7:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee
10:00	11:00	11:00 CBS: John Daly, News



LITTLE MISS CONTRARY

When Gus Edwards left New York for Hollywood, his last words to his niece, Joan Edwards, were, "Stay out of show business." How dutifully Joan followed her uncle's advice is shown by the fact that now she's one of the featured singers on Your Hit Parade, heard Saturday evenings over CBS, and is recognized as one of the top popular singers of the country.

Joan is a bona fide New Yorker, having been born in the Big City in 1919. She attended George Washington High School and managed to squeeze in a college education at Hunter College. She was already busy with her career, but, by persuading the Dean to reshuffle her classes at Hunter, she found time between studies to become a pianist and singer on a local New York radio station.

Joan studied music at Hunter, specializing in singing and piano. When she was graduated, she went on the radio as a full time singer. Rudy Vallee heard one of her programs and invited her to do a guest shot on his show. That guest appearance stretched into an eight-month tour of the country with Vallee and his orchestra.

Setting off on another track, Joan organized her own orchestra for a network sustaining program. That was the show that sold her to Paul Whiteman, who signed her as a vocalist for his own program. Joan stayed with Whiteman for two years.

Then, Joan again felt the need for a change. After the termination of her contract with the Whiteman orchestra, Joan kept busy as a guest star on many of the top programs. She sang with George Jessel and on Duffy's Tavern as well as many variety programs. Simultaneously, she tackled night spots and had long engagements at the Cafe Pierre, George Yorker's "Gay White Way," the Hotel New Yorker and in Boston at the Copley Plaza. All of which was lucrative and interesting, but radio remained the first love of her heart.

So, in 1941, Joan signed a contract as one of the featured vocalists on Your Hit Parade and has been there ever since.

Joan's life is a very well-rounded one. She's not just a career girl. She's married to Jules Schachter, a CBS staff violinist, and they have a small daughter, Judith. One of Joan's hobbies is a very practical one—cooking. The hobby part comes in because she likes to make what she cooks attractive to the eye as well as the palate. Her lamb stew is something quite different from the pedestrian kind.

Eventually, Joan says, she wants to write music and make her own arrangements. She already has one song to her credit—did you know she wrote "And So It Ended?" Sooner or later—as her busy schedule allows—she insists there will be many more.

Stay out of show business, the way her uncle advised? Joan is a smart enough girl not to need advice. At any rate, she couldn't pay much attention to this particular bit.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	ABC: Your Life Today
	8:15	NBC: Do You Remember
8:00	9:00	ABC: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:15	9:15 NBC: Arthur Godfrey
8:45	9:45	CBS: This Life Is Mine
	9:45	NBC: Nation's Rations
8:15	9:10	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
	10:15	NBC: Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
	2:00	9:30 10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
	10:30	10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
	10:30	NBC: Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	10:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
	10:45	NBC: Joyce Jordan
	8:00	10:00 11:00 CBS: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Sing Along
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
	11:30	NBC: The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	ABC: 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	NBC: U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: 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 ABC: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30 ABC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Rosemary
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	3:00	NBC: Best Sellers!
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: A Woman of America
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Michael Scott
	3:30	NBC: Sing Along Club
12:45	2:45	3:45 ABC: Ladies, Be Seated
	3:45	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Bob Trout
12:45	2:45	3:45 ABC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:15	3:15	4:15 ABC: Backstage Wife
	3:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Report from Abroad
1:30	3:30	4:30 ABC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Songs
	4:45	NBC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 ABC: Young Widder Brown
	4:45	NBC: Miit Herth Trio
2:10	4:00	5:00 CBS: Service Time
2:10	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
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2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Portia Faces Life
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4:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
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5:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Sing Along Bill
5:45	5:45	6:45 ABC: Singing Lady
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	5:45	NBC: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:00	6:00 CBS: World News
	5:15	6:15 ABC: Calling Pan America
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	5:30	6:30 NBC: Clem McCarthy
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	ABC: Charlie Chan
3:55	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Music Shop
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Headline Edition
	7:15	8:15 CBS: Danny O'Neil, Songs
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15 ABC: News of the World
	7:45	8:45 CBS: Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Mr. Keen
6:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Bob Burns
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Suspense
8:15	7:15	8:15 ABC: News of Tomorrow
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: G. Laffs
8:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting
9:00	8:30	9:30 NBC: Adventures of Topper
	8:30	NBC: Agatha Christie's Poirot
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Murray Gould
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Variations by Van Cleave
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Corliss Archer
	9:30	NBC: Treasure Hour of Song
	9:30	ABC: Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55 CBS: Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Trans-Atlantic Quiz
	10:00	MBS: Arch Oboler's Plays
7:30	9:45	10:30 CBS: Romance, Rhythm & Ripley
7:30	9:30	10:30 ABC: March of Time
7:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee
10:00	11:00	11:00 CBS: John Daly, News

# SATURDAY

## Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Time	Station	Program
		8:00	CBS	News of the World
		8:00	ABC	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	ABC	United Nations News, Review
		8:45	CBS	Margaret Brien
		8:45	NBC	News
		9:00	CBS	Press News
		9:00	ABC	Breakfast Club
		9:00	NBC	Home Is What You Make It
		9:15	CBS	The Garden Gate
		9:30	CBS	Country Journal
		9:30	NBC	Encores
		9:45	CBS	David Shoop Orchestra
		9:00	CBS	Youth on Parade
		9:00	NBC	Archie Andrews
		9:30	CBS	Mary Lee Taylor
		9:30	ABC	What's Cooking—Variety
		9:30	NBC	Bern Klussen, Tenor
		9:40	NBC	Alex Drier
		11:00	ABC	Johnny Thompson
		11:00	NBC	First Piano Quartet
		11:05	CBS	Let's Pretend
		11:30	ABC	The Land of the Lost
		11:30	NBC	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30	MBS	Hokey Hall
		11:45	ABC	Chatham Shopper
		12:00	CBS	Theater of Today
		12:00	ABC	Piano Playhouse
		12:00	NBC	News
		12:15	NBC	Consumer Time
		12:30	CBS	Stars Over Hollywood
		12:30	ABC	Farm Bureau
		12:30	NBC	Atlantic Spotlight
		1:00	NBC	The Veteran's Aid
		1:00	CBS	Grand Central Station
		1:00	ABC	Fun Canteen
		1:15	NBC	Music As You Like It
		1:30	CBS	Elliot Lawrence, Orchestra
		1:30	MBS	Symphonies for Youth
		1:45	CBS	Report from Washington
		1:45	NBC	John Mac Vane from London
		2:00	ABC	News
		2:00	CBS	Of Men and Books
		2:00	NBC	Musicians
		2:15	CBS	Adventures in Science
		2:15	ABC	Hidden Valley Gang
		2:30	NBC	Sky High
		2:30	ABC	Carolina Hayride
		2:30	CBS	It's a Hit
		3:00	NBC	Symphony
		3:00	CBS	The Land Is Bright
		3:00	ABC	Saturday Senior Swing
		3:30	CBS	Syncopeation Piece
		4:00	CBS	Report from Washington
		4:00	ABC	Saturday Symphony
		4:15	CBS	Report from Overseas
		4:30	NBC	Music on Display
		4:30	MBS	Music for Half an Hour
		4:45	CBS	Report from London
		5:00	ABC	Duke Ellington
		5:00	CBS	We Deliver the Goods
		5:00	NBC	Grand Hotel
		5:00	MBS	Sports Parade
		5:30	NBC	John W. Vandercook
		5:45	NBC	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
		6:00	MBS	Hall of Montezuma
		6:00	NBC	I Sustain the Wings
		6:00	CBS	Quincy Howe
		6:15	CBS	People's Platform
		6:15	ABC	Storyland Theater
		6:30	ABC	Edward Tomlinson
		6:30	MBS	Hawaii Calls
		6:45	CBS	The World Today
		6:45	NBC	Religion in the News
		6:55	CBS	Bob Trout
		7:00	NBC	The American Story
		7:00	MBS	American Eagle in Britain
		7:15	ABC	Leland Stowe
		7:30	ABC	Meet Your Navy
		7:30	MBS	Arthur Hale
		8:00	CBS	Mayor of the Town
		8:00	MBS	Frank Singiser
		8:30	ABC	Boston Symphony Orchestra
		8:30	CBS	Viva America
		8:30	MBS	Symphony of America
		8:55	CBS	Ned Calmer
		9:00	CBS	Your Hit Parade
		9:00	NBC	National Barn Dance
		9:30	NBC	Can You Top This
		9:30	MBS	Jean Goldkette's Orchestra
		9:30	MBS	Calling All Detectives
		9:45	CBS	Saturday Night Serenade
		9:55	ABC	Coronet Quiz
		10:00	MBS	Theater of the Air
		10:00	ABC	Hoosier Hop
		10:15	CBS	Assignment Home
		10:30	NBC	Grand Ole Opry
		10:30	ABC	Hayloft Hoedown
		10:45	CBS	Talks
		10:00	CBS	Ned Calmer, News
		11:15	ABC	Hoosier Hop

(Continued from page 8)

name was unknown to the record company and her southern accent didn't help matters too much. At any rate, the labeler was fooled to the extent that the record carries the credit, "Singer, Dinah Shaw."

Get set, everybody. Fred Allen couldn't stand it any longer. He's coming back on the air, starting any day now—and will be heard on Sunday evenings at 8:30 P.M. (EWT) over the NBC network.

Well, we've missed him and his wry humor maybe a lot more than he's missed handing it out. It should work out well all around.

Did you know that Norman Corwin's terrific V-E Day script, "On A Note Of Triumph" has been recorded? The Columbia Recording Corporation has put it out in an album—twelve sides, and costing \$6.50 for the set. It's also been published in book form by Simon and Shuster.

The way we see it—there can't be too many ways to keep this script around and available to everyone. It should be made required reading throughout the country for the duration of the war—and for as long afterwards as it might seem necessary to make sure that every last citizen of these United States has learned the bitter lessons of this war—learned them so well that they will never be forgotten.

Another did you know—the Quiz Kids and their Quizmaster, Joe Kelly, are starred in a new 18-minute film, titled "Kids Must Eat." Schools, civic groups and other organizations can obtain the 16 mm. film from the U. S. Department of Agriculture without charge except for the mailing cost.

News analyst, Quizmaster and Special Events Director all wrapped up in a six-foot-two package is the Yankee Network's Lester Smith. A Dartmouth man who began his career in 1936 as special correspondent and sportswriter for the Boston American, Smith carries on for Cedric Foster, coast-to-coast Mutual news analyst, in the two o'clock spot, while Foster is on vacation, and at present while he is a Navy Corre-

spondent in the South Pacific, broadcasting whenever battle conditions permit.

He also presents the story behind international news headlines to a nationwide audience for Bill Cunningham, while Bill is in Germany covering the trial of war criminals.

In addition to newscasting, Les is an expert quizmaster, performing Monday through Friday on Quizzing the Wives, and every Friday night on the Quiz of Two Cities.

All special events broadcasts of the Yankee Network are handled by Les. New Englanders are still talking about the job he did ad-libbing for fifty-five minutes before General George S. Patton Jr. arrived at the Hatch Memorial Shell to start his first radio talk since arriving from Europe. And he could have duplicated the performance in German, French or Spanish. Versatility is his middle name.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . Paul Lavallo, director of Highways in Melody, is composing a symphony for victory. It will be presented on V-J Day. It's called "Liberty Symphony" and is dedicated to the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt. . . . Fifty former members of the Fred Waring troupe are now in the service. . . . Tommy Dorsey and his equally famous brother Jimmy are going to make a screen biography of their careers. . . . Truth and Consequences is going to be broadcast from Hollywood permanently. The climate seems to have got Ralph Edwards. . . . Mutual's show Queen For A Day is being made into a million dollar movie. . . . Van Johnson is playing a leading role in the film being made by MGM, based on the life and career of Guy Lombardo. . . . Maggie O'Brien has been signed to do a series of guest appearances on the Radio Theatre and with Edgar Bergen. . . . You'll probably be hearing Mickey Rooney starred in a network variety show—depending only on the whims of the Army. . . . Harry Von Zell is going to announce the new Joan Davis show. . . . Burl Ives is in Hollywood on a \$25,000 per picture deal with 20th Century Fox. . . . Modest little Polly East of Fun and Folly with Ed East and Polly recently made her 16th blood donation to the American Red Cross. Where do you stand in that kind of activity?

Triple-threat man of the Yankee Network—Les Smith, who finds his time pretty well filled by his jobs as quizmaster, Director of Special Events, and news analyst.



# She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE—Shirleyan Gibbs' engagement was announced in May

*Shirleyan Gibbs of Detroit*

to wed James E. Scripps, Merchant Marine Officer

SOFTLY curling dark hair, wide-spaced, velvety-brown eyes, patrician clear-cut features—that is Shirleyan.

And her fine, smooth complexion has that clear, fresh satiny "Pond's look" you'll notice about so many engaged girls these days.

"I really love Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so soft and silky, and it does a perfectly grand cleansing job."

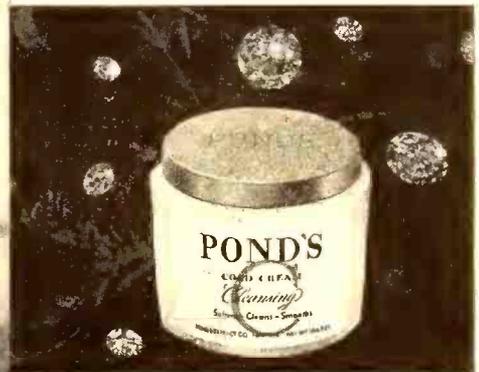
This is her quick Pond's Beauty Care . . .

She smooths on Pond's fluffy-soft Cold Cream generously. Pats it lightly all over her face and throat to help loosen dirt and make-up. Tissues off carefully.

She "rinses" with more Pond's, sliding cream-covered fingers all over her face with little spiral strokes. "It's this extra cleansing and softening that's so special," she



SHIRLEYAN GIBBS HELPS A SOLDIER make a record to send home. She has been taking a special course in Occupational Therapy to fit her for work with convalescents in the hospital—bringing the patients cheery diversions like the record machine in the picture, teaching arts and crafts planned to re-educate stiff muscles. Many more girls and women are needed to help in this important work. Can't you volunteer in your community?



SHIRLEYAN'S COMPLEXION is one of her greatest charms—and the cream she uses to help guard its fresh "soft-smooth" look is Pond's!



SHIRLEYAN'S RING is unusually lovely—a marquis diamond surrounded by small diamonds.

says. "Twice-over cleansing is just twice as good, I think."

Copy Shirleyan's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream, every night and morning—for in-between clean-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Get a big Pond's jar today—the big wide-topped jars are a joy to use!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney · Miss Nancy Leeds · Lady Doverdale

# LOOK!

## I'm curling my hair one-handed!



It's the new GAYLA "easy-lock" curler which snaps in place almost automatically, without fumbling and without snagging or cutting the hair.

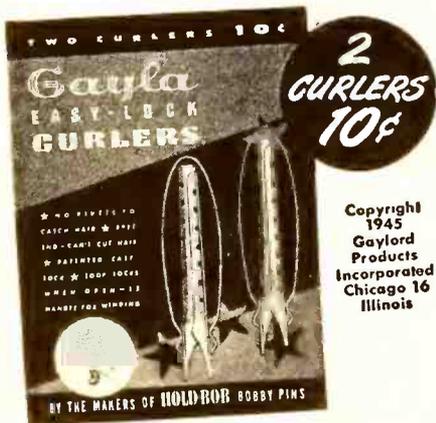
If you "do" your own hair, you know how tiring it can be! But not with *this* curler! It's marvelous!... Not only easy on your hair and patience, but actually safer to use. And it gives you lovely curls!

### No other curler like it!

**EASIER...** Unique patented feature: Snaps closed easily, with one hand, from any position.

When opened, loop is firm, convenient handle for winding. **SAFER...** No projecting rivets to catch hair.

The distinctive open end means no cutting or mashing of hair.



"Gayla EASY-LOCK CURLERS"  
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS  
**HOLD-BOB** bobby pins • hair pins

## I Believe in You

(Continued from page 36)

can be whole just of themselves." I argued. "People are the product of what they inherit."

There was something very thoughtful in the way Duncan's brows drew together. "Let's look at the facts." He was wholly the scientist now. "Mr. and Mrs. Deming trained you, but they must have had good material to work with. As for my brother, does he expect to have a pedigree with his wife, as he does with some prize animal he buys?" He smiled a little, but it was a taut smile. "Don't pay any attention to his ideas—he'll get over them."

They were my ideas, too—at least, I had always agreed with Don. But Duncan had a way of making fears seem ridiculous and barriers vanish. Suddenly the day seemed even brighter and, impulsively, I spurred Copper on. "Come on—I'll race you!" I dared him over my shoulder.

We galloped side by side over the last half-mile, my blood tingling with the hard, fast rhythm of the race, my hair flying behind me, and Duncan's face lit up with a rare, reckless gaiety. We both had to pull in hard to stop in time at Red Rock and we were both laughing when Duncan came over to help me down from my saddle.

I slid down between his arms, my hands coming to rest on his shoulders.

I was startled. Startled, suddenly, to find in the breadth of his shoulders, in the hard circle of his arms, a strength such as I had never experienced before. Not even with Don had I ever known this quick certainty of protection and security—and a tense power behind that strength. We were motionless, both of us, and for a moment I seemed to be recapturing something that had happened to me before. Something that had to do with the darkness—and a man walking toward me—and his arms around me.

While he got out his tools and instruments, and later, while he moved from one spot to another, chipping away at the rock, squatting on his heels sometimes to examine more closely the rock strata, I followed him and we talked. Sometimes he asked the questions and sometimes I did, but between us we covered as much of my childhood as I could remember and as much as Duncan could recall of his conversations with Mother. It was fruitless.

I was discouraged, and while we ate

lunch I tried to tell Duncan why.

"If only it weren't so important. I feel as though we were groping in the dark with nothing to guide us... the locket isn't much good or the initials...!" I balanced the little gold oval in my hand and studied it, for the fiftieth time.

"Are you sure it is important to you, Joanne? Suppose you never do find out, is it going to make much difference?"

I had a hard time speaking. My throat was choked. "I want a normal, natural life. I want children. It wouldn't be fair this way."

"Fair?" His hand came over and closed on mine. "A child would be fortunate to have you for a mother. And any man proud to call you his wife." He kept his eyes carefully on the glowing tip of his cigarette. "You are the best proof we could ever find of what kind of people your family were."

"Joanne, who were the early settlers? All kinds of people—from cities and farms and factories. All kinds of nationalities and races. And they intermarried. That's why Don's theory is wrong. Some animals can in-breed, but not humans. That's what made the Germans' idea of racial superiority such a joke. Germany was overrun in every century by other peoples and races—by the Tartars from the West and the Romans from the South and the Vikings from the North. And all the invaders inter-married. No one country can claim an unmixed blood line."

Duncan went on. His voice had deepened and again I felt this personal disquiet within him.

"When a man loves you and asks you to marry him, he does so because he wants you—you—not your family or your background. The physical is important, Jo. Nature doesn't give a darn for family—or even for how talented you are or how intelligent you are. And that deep, physical longing between two people doesn't often make a mistake. It doesn't often draw two people together whose fundamental, inherited beings are so different they wouldn't be compatible."

He wasn't looking at me, but there was something not quite big-brotherly about the tone of his voice. It was almost as though this were something necessary and intimate that he and I must come to understand together. I

## ARE THERE JAPANESE AGENTS IN AMERICA?

# YES!

That means that we *must not talk* about movements of men, ships or material to or from the Pacific fighting area. *We must not talk* about new weapons, even though they have already been used against the enemy. *We must not talk* about military information gained in confidence.

## OUR JOB IS TO KEEP THE JAPS IN THE DARK!

felt my cheeks grow warm and the little pulse in my neck pound insistently. I was glad when Duncan said he had to get back to work.

I wanted a little time by myself, anyway, to think about the things Duncan had said. I was oddly unsure in my own mind—and not often in my twenty years had I been unsure. Somehow the importance of finding my parents was being replaced by the importance he had stressed, of myself as a person, without the necessity of a family tree or even a family name. The Demings had given me theirs—shouldn't I be proud of that and satisfied?

I had wandered a little farther away and taken a round-about route back, my arms full of stones, when I suddenly found myself on a ledge directly above where Duncan had moved and was working.

"Come on—I'll grab you if you fall!" he called, laughing.

I STARTED down and at first it was easy. I dug my heels in the dirt, breaking my descent. But towards the bottom the cliff was steeper and I found I had started a small avalanche of loose rocks and dirt. It was harder and harder to keep my balance, and at the last I ran, letting myself almost fall into Duncan's waiting arms. The rocks flew in all directions and the momentum of my fall flung me headlong against him, forcing him backward. But his arms kept me safe.

Safe—and close and tightly pressed against him. I looked up at him, breathless, trying to regain my composure—and suddenly I knew that I had felt this way before. This stillness that fell between us—this hushed waiting—this dream-like spell as his eyes held mine—this tense, mounting wonder—! It was five years ago in the cottonwoods of the Henry ranch—the night Don had kissed me. *But this was not Don—it was—!*

Duncan bent his head and, as though they obeyed a will and a force outside ourselves, our lips met in desperate surrender. With the hard, staying pressure of his mouth on mine, with the stirring of my blood at his nearness, I could not think—I could only feel. This was a rapture I had known only once before in my life—and now I knew for sure that it had been Duncan who had kissed me five years ago and awakened me to the breathless meaning of kisses.

"It was you—that night at the party—" I murmured incoherently.

"You remembered?" His eyes held mine. "Yes, I loved you then, Joanne, and I love you now. Everybody knows it—Don included—except you." He smiled a little wryly. "And now I suppose you're feeling guilty." His smile changed to an infectious grin. "Well, I'm not. Don doesn't deserve you. And if you ever change your mind—"

Duncan—? The tall, remote man, the studious scientist, the big brother who had laughed at me and mocked me, always unreadable with that half-smile—in love with me? I couldn't think what this meant to me. I was still dazed by the emotional storm of my senses. Absurdly, I wanted to reach down and stroke his dark, thick hair as he bent over the ground. But I was in love with Don—I was going to marry him!

Duncan straightened suddenly. In his hand was the locket, the baby locket that must have been torn from around my neck by my fall. And Duncan's face was puzzled. In a second I saw why. The locket had fallen open



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and in his other hand was a folded, yellowed scrap of paper!

We opened it quickly. The words on the torn scrap were barely legible "... thank good ... baby is well ... ho ... you will like Penton ... home ... Tom."

My heart was pounding so that it shook my body and I stared at Duncan in terrified hope. Everything that had passed between us a moment ago was forgotten. Could this "Tom" be my father? Could the baby be a child named Joanne?

"Penton—that's only seventy-five miles from here, Duncan!" I whispered.

"YES, and it's a small town and they would probably have records or someone might remember a man named Tom if he were there twenty years ago and if he were preparing a home for his wife and baby," he answered in a hard voice. "But take it easy, Joanne. This might have nothing to do with you. That locket might not be yours. And, think carefully. Remember that if Mother Deming had thought it best for you to know she would have told you herself. Can't you be satisfied with the life you have had and the person you are?"

"What do you expect me to do—tear this note up and forget about it?" I flared at him. Without knowing fully just why, I knew that Duncan had put me in the wrong again. "I'm not strong and self-sufficient like you. Don and I are people with roots and without those roots I'm not complete. I'm going to Penton and I'm going to find out!"

Actually we were quarreling, even though my anger died immediately and even though Duncan never raised his voice and though he changed the subject quickly. But everything—the day we had spent together, the turmoil we had been plunged into by that sudden, unbidden, bewildering kiss—and my feeling of guilt as a result—the finding of the paper in the locket and the struggle between us which went deeper than words—these made a tension between us and gave to the most ordinary things we said hidden meanings. We rode home in a strange undercurrent of condemnation on Duncan's part and stubborn defensive moodiness on mine. His goodbye was curt ... the more so when he found Don waiting on the porch for me.

My quarrel with Duncan had robbed me of all pleasure, and the events of the day now seemed to be a haze of confusion and sharp words that had cut away all the window-dressing from my set standards and my pet prejudices. And there were memories of other words, too—kind and gentle and strong and passionate that had a way of steadying the world, of forcing open my eyes. And always, always, in a hidden, secret place in my heart, the memory of a moment of rapture.

So when Don suggested we drive to Penton that next Sunday I agreed ... but listlessly.

And when Sunday came I found an excuse for not going. And in the week—two weeks—that followed there were always excuses for not going to Penton.

Why? I wasn't sure. But as each day went on I only knew that I dreaded the prying and the poking into records, the questioning of strangers, the visiting and the dry, statistical facts I might get out of Land Offices and Courthouse clerks, and the sly gossiping of old-timers. The whole idea seemed distasteful, as though these shadowy figures of my unknown parents were going to be dragged unwillingly into the

light and exposed to the sight and sound of strangers.

The other reasons I hardly dared examine. For no reason that I would let myself name, Duncan's opinion of me had become suddenly, overwhelmingly, important. He wanted me to stand on my own two feet. He wanted me to be brave enough to face the world without caring for the opinion of others. As long as I could put off going to Penton I could fool myself that I was living up to what he expected of me. But I was only temporizing. I was afraid. Was I the person Duncan thought—or was I a coward?

Don was pressing me to go.

"Why put it off, Joanne?" His voice was sharper than I had ever heard it, one evening while we sat listening to some new records Helen had brought out from town. "It's been nearly three weeks now since you found the paper in the locket and—"

"Oh, stop pestering her!" Helen said impatiently from where she and Sandy were leaning over the victrola. "I don't see that it matters, anyway. Joanne's been my cousin for twenty years and I couldn't ever think of her as anything else, no matter what her name really is."

I was surprised and grateful to her. In all the time that we had lived in the same house I had never before seen any evidence that her affections went any deeper than a placid acceptance.

But I couldn't put Don off any longer.

SO I told him, "I'll go with you Sunday, for sure. There's a dance this Saturday night at the Hohmeirs. I'll stay overnight with Nancy Hohmeir. It's on our way to Penton and you can pick me up there the next morning."

I felt a certain relief now the decision had been made. But underneath it was a growing, dragging unhappiness that came from the knowledge that I was finally committed to a course from which there was no turning back. Duncan had said "... if you ever change your mind..." I shut my ears. It was Don and I. It had *always* been.

Jud drove us over to the Hohmeirs, but I had no heart for the party. Abstractedly I listened to the flirtations going on in the back seat as Helen divided her attentions equally between Sandy and Bill Gentry.

The first person I saw was Duncan, standing talking to our hostess. My heart leaped senselessly, and then, when he broke off his conversation to come to my side and take my arm, it trembled with a queer, bewildering panic. If I hadn't before realized how seriously and deeply he had meant his "I love you, Joanne" that day at Red Rock, I knew it now when he looked at me. And I couldn't control the foolish leap of my pulse.

"Don will be a little late," he told me. "May I have this first dance?"

But before we could start we were interrupted. Miss Ward, the fussy, prim little seamstress, bustled up to me.

"Joanne, my dear—I just heard! Why, it's the most exciting thing I have ever heard... just like one of the novels in Peony Green's lending library!" Her voice had taken on the agitated, almost gleeful, tone of one whose drab life must be lived in the tragedies or happiness of others. "To think you are adopted! Jenny Deming never said a word to me in all these years." She patted my arm, her little bird eyes bright with sympathy. But I felt sick. If Miss Ward knew it, then it was no longer a secret.

# Such eager Kisses



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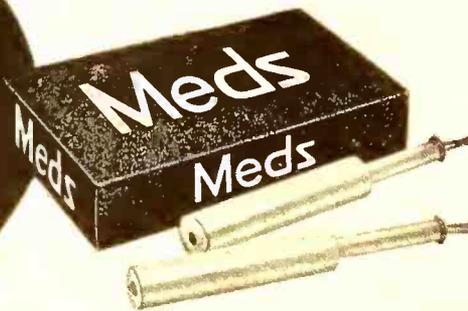
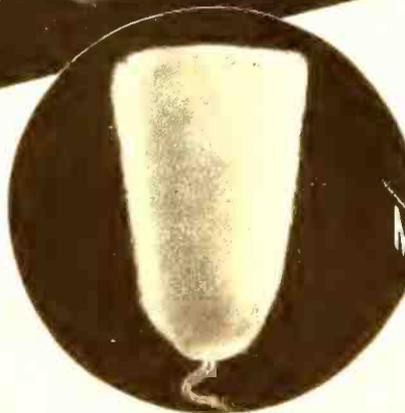
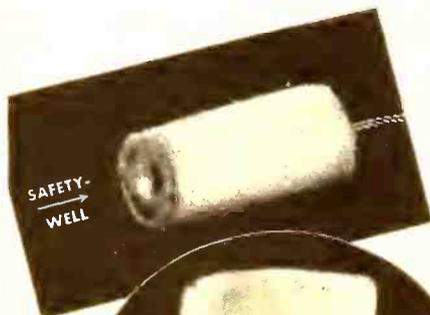
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How could I dance in front of all those questioning eyes? Duncan gave me no chance to think. He swung me behind the last couple as they promenaded around the room.

These were my friends and my neighbors. I had known them all my life, yet now I felt as if they were all strangers to me. Or rather, that I was the stranger, the freak on display. What were they saying about me? Poor Joanne . . . well, maybe she won't be so high and mighty after this . . . I always thought there was something queer . . . I hear the wedding is put off . . .

I saw Don come in the door. I saw Miss Ward buttonhole him, saw him bend his head and listen. And when he straightened, the stiff, proud control of his face told me better than words the anger and humiliation he felt. When he saw me looking he waved. It was there for all to see—that he was standing by me.

**A**ND then Duncan caught me to him hard as we whirled in step. I looked up and he was smiling. Smiling at me—with perfect confidence in himself and in me and in our steps that matched so well, and in the deeper, stronger courage that flowed from his heart to mine.

From his heart to mine—and back again. Because I was smiling, too. Like a black curtain the fear had dropped away from me. I knew, with a flash of insight, that it had not dropped all at once, but that it had fallen from me long ago that day at Red Rock and I had only been clinging to it ever since because I had not been ready to give it up. I had not wanted to give up those tattered remnants of fear and misery because I had thought they had been all I had to bind me to Don.

I could stand alone now. I could go to Don and show him that I was a whole person, complete in myself. The wedding would not have to be put off while we went through our pitiful search for names and persons to sanction our marriage. I was Joanne Deming. My Mother and Dad were the people who had loved me and reared me, and I was closer to them now than I had ever been before.

Let my friends whisper and turn their backs on me. *I was the same person I had been before.* Nothing real had been changed.

The dance ended and we walked slowly over to where Don was waiting. Almost immediately the fiddle was tuning up for a waltz and Don hardly stopped for a greeting before he pulled me onto the barn dance floor.

We circled in silence. There was so much for me to say that I found I could not put it into words. And, besides, there was something in the stiffness of Don's back and in the set hardness of his face that checked the words on my lips. It annoyed me. I wanted him to be as glad as I was. Surely he could feel this release from fear in me! "Don—" I finally managed to say—"I want to get married right away. There's nothing to stop us—nothing real—"

He interrupted. "Right away, Joanne. The sooner the better."

I knew then. There was no answering gladness in him. This was a duty, an honor-bound duty he must perform. He loved me, yes. But the cost to his pride far overbalanced any happiness he might have felt in marrying me. He wanted to go through with it as he would have gone through any ordeal to which he was committed. This was his way of showing the world that

the Henrys were above public opinion. He had made a bargain and he would stick to it.

It hurt me—but in an odd way of feeling. It hurt because Don had failed me. He was standing by me in the face of all his beliefs and pride, but he was failing me in the deeper, truer sense of understanding. He was fulfilling the letter of our love, but not the spirit.

The next dance was a square dance and as the figures filled up with eager couples, as I stood beside Don on the sidelines—I knew what he was thinking and suffering. I wanted to tell him it didn't matter. I didn't care if I wasn't asked to dance.

"How about it, Joanne? Are you sitting this out with Don or will you take a chance with me?" I turned in amazement at the voice. It was tall, red-headed Simon Foley who stood there and for a moment, while I winked away quick, unbidden tears, I thought to myself that at last I knew what an angel looked like. Tall—and red-headed.

**W**E were the last couple on the floor and we didn't have long to wait before Gram Shrank called out the first command. As if in a dream I found myself advancing with Simon to bow to our facing couple. The toe-tapping, beating rhythms of the folk dance caught us up and swept us through the *all hands left—all hands right—swing that pretty girl—dolce do—allemande right—all promenade!*

There was a pause and we all stood, laughing, gasping for breath, our faces flushed from the vigorous movement of the dance. For just a little while I had forgotten, and it seemed as if there was the same acceptance of me as there always had been.

Then Binna Marks spoke, softly, at my elbow. "Jo—I haven't had a chance to see you. I've been away for two months. And I wanted to tell you how sorry I was to hear about your mother. We were all so fond of her."

*Your mother!* Binna knew that I was adopted. Miss Ward would not have missed a single individual in this room when she told the news. Yet—to her I was still the daughter of the Demings.

Nor had it made any difference to Helen. Or to Jud, I realized. Perhaps a few people might gossip, even maliciously. A few might even wonder and talk about whether my birth was legitimate or not. But to these who were my real friends it didn't matter. It didn't matter at all.

I went through the rest of the dance in a thoughtful mood. I was measuring up that hurt that Don had given me, and wondering at the littleness of it. Why hadn't it struck deeper, pained me more intensely? For so many years my future and my life had been in his hands; for so many years I had believed what he believed.

Perhaps that tenderness I had felt for him the other day should have warned me. Because it had been pity. The love I had felt for Don had come to a fork in the road: on one side there was true and passionate understanding, the other lane had led to this dwindling away into pity and sympathy, this feeling that was no longer love.

When the dance ended I found myself moving, magnet-drawn, to Duncan.

It was intermission and we wandered outside. The stars were out, too—not cold and distant, but whitely-gleaming, softly-luminous in the black arch of the night.

"Do you mind so much—everybody's knowing, I mean?" he asked after a



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while, as we stopped beside a fence. "I don't mind at all," I answered truthfully. A kind of peace was on me, but it was a peace that was preparing my heart for a new thing to come, for an inevitable moving forward into something between us that would be said this night, that would mean a strange and wonderful and waiting ecstasy. I was testing my heart, trying it for its readiness. The old loyalties had left an emptiness and for a moment I wanted it that way, before it would be filled with the new.

He chuckled. "Miss Ward is downright indignant. She says if it were Helen she could understand."

I hadn't thought of that, but I did now. Helen didn't seem like the hard-working, dependable Deming people. Yet she was one of the family and I, who had responded better to their care and training, was really not.

"Are you going to Penton tomorrow morning? Don tells me that's the plan."

"No. I've changed my mind." My heart was beating faster. Would he read my words the way I meant them? Would he remember that he had said... "if you ever change your mind...?" I looked up at him. "Duncan—"

I had thought that he moved slowly, but the arms that pulled me to my feet and tight against him were quick and eager, with a hardly-repressed violence. My hands were around his head and the wildness, the rapture that had filled me before when Duncan kissed me was there again in the intense demand of his mouth on mine and of his body pressed against mine. But this time the wildness was not a thing snatched at and fleeting—it was a lasting fire that would grow with the certainty that here in Duncan's arms I was in my rightful place. This would be ours again and again. This was the reality of love.

Just two people who asked nothing more than this need of each other. To whom family and friends and background were unnecessary because our only identity was in being together.

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## Will Our Children Be Ready?

(Continued from page 41)

But I think most of the appeals were made for them to work during the summer months.

It was a good thing, making use of the energy of our young people during summer vacations. It was good for the war effort. And it was good for the youngsters. It gave them a fine, meaningful sense of taking a patriotic part in the war. Earning money was also a good feeling for them. It made them feel more grown up, more like accepted citizens, with responsibilities and deserving of respect. Besides, in lots of cases, cases where an older brother, or even a father, had been drafted and the family budget had suffered, boys and girls were proud to be able to help support themselves and to ease the burdens on their mothers.

**THEY** have what they consider good reasons, many of them, for not wanting to go on with their education. I think we have to examine these reasons.

I think the one which bothers me most is a very sad commentary on our failures in the past. I understand that lots of today's adolescents have a certain bitterness and cynicism. They remember the depression too well. It has left its mark on their thinking. The realities of unemployment, of Home Relief, of poverty and aimlessness, are more clear to them than all the plans which are being made for the future.

This is a challenge to all of us. We cannot afford to raise a generation of cynics. The kind of world we want to build can't be built by hopeless, embittered, untrusting people. This attitude is in itself a very strong indication of how much these very children need further education. They need to be helped to understand all that is happening today, they need to be shown that there is a real and good future for all of them—if they are able and competent enough to work for it.

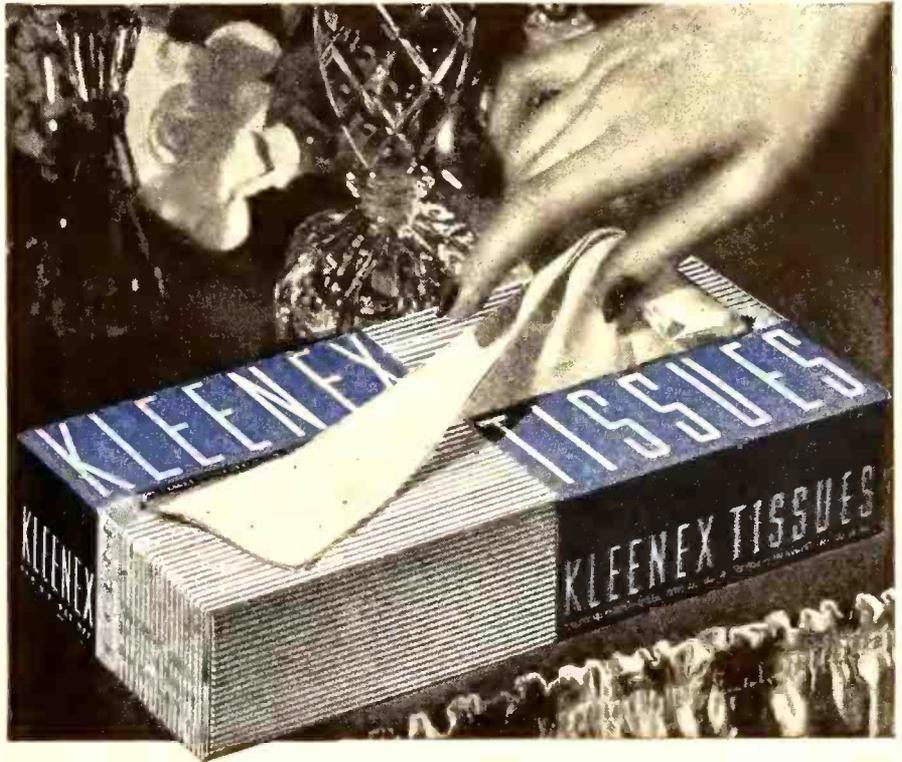
There are some boys and girls who, for their age, are making very good money and holding down what they consider very good jobs. Some of them may even get a great pleasure and sense of satisfaction out of having their wages compared with the money their parents earned when they were young. But the world today is very different from the world in which their parents started out in life. Everything is higher—wages included. And tomorrow's world, again, will be very different from the one we know now.

These boys and girls should be made to think of it this way—will this same job seem as wonderful to them five years from now? Will this same salary seem as good, later, when they have families of their own to support? And where do they expect to find the knowledge and skill that will help them to advance to better jobs? How can they expect to get ahead in a more highly technical and mechanical life than any we have ever known before?

Look at all the men in the service. They can't learn enough. Their demands for opportunities to study were so great that the Army had to set up a special organization to provide them with the courses they wanted. And they do study—even in the foxholes. Ask any young soldier or sailor what he wants to do when the war is over. Nine

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out of ten will answer they want to finish their education. They've seen something of the world. They've got some idea of what it will take to get along in the future.

I realize that many mothers will probably say that it's easy for me to feel this way. I don't need the money that my son might be earning.

Maybe I do have an easier life than many other women. I wish the world were such that all people could live more easily, without worry about family needs and desires which are hard to meet. But more important than wishing, I believe very strongly that we can build such a world—together.

Until this kind of world has been won, I suppose there will be children of high school age who must work. But, even if they do, some means must be found for them to continue their education. It can be done. There are Federal and State child labor laws to protect the health and opportunities of children. Parents must find out what these laws are and make sure that they are being carried out to the letter. And parents and children alike must understand that when a boy or girl is urged to sacrifice a few hours a day of working time in order to spend that time in getting part-time schooling, the sacrifice will be paid back a hundredfold.

**A**ND, I think, the important thing about the future is that it will be what we make it—or fail to make it. We can help, we people who have grown up. But the main tasks of the peace, of rebuilding and developing the whole world, these tasks will fall to the young people who are growing up now.

Someone once said that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. I don't think that was intended to mean vigilance only in the sense of armed sentinels always standing on watch for an enemy. It means that, too. But I think it means much more. To me it means a constant awareness of the real things that go into making and preserving liberty and peace. It means an honest knowledge of the needs of all peoples, readiness to pitch in and contribute the greatest amount that is in us for the widest good and protection of the rights and well-being of all. It means an understanding that this is the only way to safeguard liberty.

I want my children to go to school. I want them to become alert, useful citizens of the future. I'm not being a dreamer about it. I believe firmly that this will be the way for them to live full, satisfying, happy lives. I want them to learn all they can, so that they, in turn, can add to the store of the world's knowledge. Not just for the sake of having more knowledge, but because such knowledge will enrich their lives as well as the lives of others; cement the peace of the world—the peace on which our own safety and prosperity depends—and will expand and spread all that is good and decent throughout our own country and throughout the world, until there will no longer be any necessity for wars.

I want my children to go to school. And they will go on with their education. But I'm not so blind that I believe it will be enough for *my* children to be educated. I'm not so blind that I can't see that *all* children must be given as equal opportunities as possible, if the future is to be kept secure for my children as well as all others.

If only other mothers and fathers will see this, too! If only all parents can make their children understand it!

# Haunting House

(Continued from page 47)

love with me, Jimmy, I—I mean, are you sure?"

Before he had a chance to answer we were joined by several of the others, but I knew by the look in his eyes that he was very sure indeed. Before the party broke up, we did manage to make a luncheon date for the next day.

I went home on air that night—when I told my family, my father read me the riot act. Jimmy had no job, I was only 19, it was too sudden, and what kind of a future was there in singing anyway?

I might have been convinced except for the growing faith I had in Jimmy. I realized that I always must have vaguely believed that he'd accomplish anything he started out to do. Now I knew I wanted to marry Jimmy—that in some peculiar way, sudden as it was, it was completely right for us. However, the violent opposition by my family made me unsure of myself. It's important for a girl to have the good wishes of her family at a time like that.

**T**HE next day at luncheon, however, the spell was woven about us again, and I forgot my doubts, my fears, and my family. We found ourselves planning our future together. There are few things so painfully sweet as the first plans of two people in love. We even got to the subject of what kind of house we'd have some day.

"I know just the kind of house I want," Jimmy leaned across the table towards me. "There's a house in Closter, New Jersey, that was built when I lived there as a kid. I guess I was about 15. It sits on a hill, surrounded by about seven acres of land, way back from the road, and there's a long, winding driveway leading up to it."

"It sounds wonderful," I said happily. "It is!" He caught my hand under the table. "It's owned by someone else, of course, but it's just the type of place I visualize you and me living in some day." He gestured with his free hand. "It's Colonial style—white, with blue shutters."

After that first luncheon date, Jimmy faced the first tough grind of trying to break into the singing business. When six months had passed, and he had nothing but promises, he was almost ready to go back to the store; but before discouragement got him, he was offered a job with the Ben Yost Singers. It meant going on tour—trains, bad food, strange towns—but it was a beginning, a start, and that's all he asked.

The first time he got back into town, I went out to New Jersey with him to visit with his family. They were opposed to our getting married too, so it seemed as though it was the pair of us against the world. We'd planned taking our license out that day—October 14, 1939, and in the afternoon we went down to the City Hall.

"Do you think our families will soften up by the time we get married?" Jimmy asked as we made our way along the corridors.

"No," I sighed, "I don't think I'll ever get to have a nice, sentimental wedding where all the relatives gather and cry and everything."

"You gals set a lot of store by that sort of thing too, don't you?" He glanced sideways at me.

I shrugged. "All that really isn't important."

"Look, darling," Jimmy stopped and



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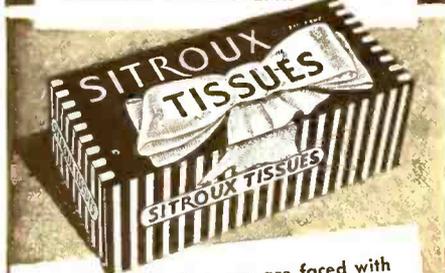
Use lipstick brush for neater, more lasting job. Rub brush in lipstick, make curved "x" in center of upper lip. Outline lips clear to corners, cutting down cupid's bow. Use corner of a Sitroux Tissue to remove lipstick that smears over.



Fill in upper lip. Press lips together; fill in lower lip—clear to corners. Blot with one-half of a Sitroux Tissue. (Absorbent Sitroux blots away all excess lipstick—leaves a smooth, even coating.)



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# SITROUX TISSUES

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faced me, "Why don't we get married today—right now?"

We looked at each other for a long moment, and then we were in each other's arms, and the decision was made. We had the Judge marry us as soon as we took out the license. Jimmy had only four days before he had to go back on tour, so we decided to go into New York and have some sort of honeymoon. We were feeling giddy and wonderful and adventurous. We registered at the Waldorf-Astoria, which fling left us completely broke, but we had four days touched with magic, and our hopes were bright, our hearts were high, when I kissed him goodbye and he resumed his touring.

I went back home and kept working. My family relented a little, but they couldn't get enthusiastic about the match. Jimmy blew in every few weeks and we'd have a day or two together and he'd be off again. This went on for eight months, and then he was offered a job at the "American Jubilee" at the World's Fair. He jumped at the chance, because it meant staying in town and also we could finally get an apartment of our own. I was also offered a job at the "Jubilee" but I had to refuse, because I'd just discovered that our baby was on the way.

When the Fair closed, Jimmy got a job in the chorus of a new program. One night he was called in to substitute for Morton Downey on Morton's program. We were thrilled at the write-ups he got from that appearance. They were so good, in fact, that when James Melton was taken ill soon after, Jimmy was rushed in to fill his place on Melton's show. He did a wonderful job that time too, and subsequently pinch-hit for Kenny Baker, Frank Parker and Dick Brown. These substitutions created a great deal of excitement in the trade, and before we knew it, the sponsor took him out of the chorus and made him the star of the show. He's now heard three times a week on CBS, at 6:15 EWT—the program's called Jimmy Carroll Sings.

When he was set with his own show, we began thinking about our house in the country. After endless searching,

we had almost decided to just stay in the city in our apartment, even though Jimmy, Jr. was three then and the country would have been grand for him.

Then one night Jimmy had Elizabeth Rinker on his show. She confided that she and her husband were going to California to live and wanted to sell their house. Jimmy came home fairly popping with excitement. That house was the white one with the blue shutters in Closter, New Jersey! We weren't in a position to buy the house, we wanted to rent—but we exclaimed over the coincidence for a long time.

One Sunday afternoon, five or six months later, we were over in New Jersey on another house-hunting expedition. After being shown endless places for rent, and not liking any of them, we were ready to admit defeat, when the real estate woman finally said that she didn't think anything would meet our requirements except one house which was for sale. We reminded her rather wearily that we wanted to rent.

"I think you ought to see this place," she said, herding us back into her car. "It seems to me to be what you're looking for."

We drove along some beautiful countryside, and soon we came into sight of a white house on a little hill. This was Closter—that was the house! It was too incredible. Here was fate stepping in again. If ever a family was meant to live in one particular house, we were that family.

We worked out a deal with the owners through the mail. We were skeptical about whether or not they'd accept our terms, but it seems that they, too, were helpless in the hands of that stubborn fate I told you about.

So here we are, right in the middle of a dream come true. Sometimes when I think of Jimmy and me at that first luncheon date, holding hands under the table, daring to hope and plan—I want to say to all young couples who are dreaming their wonderful dreams—decide what you want, want it badly enough, work for it hard enough, believe in miracles—and, above all, believe in one another.

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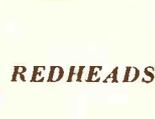
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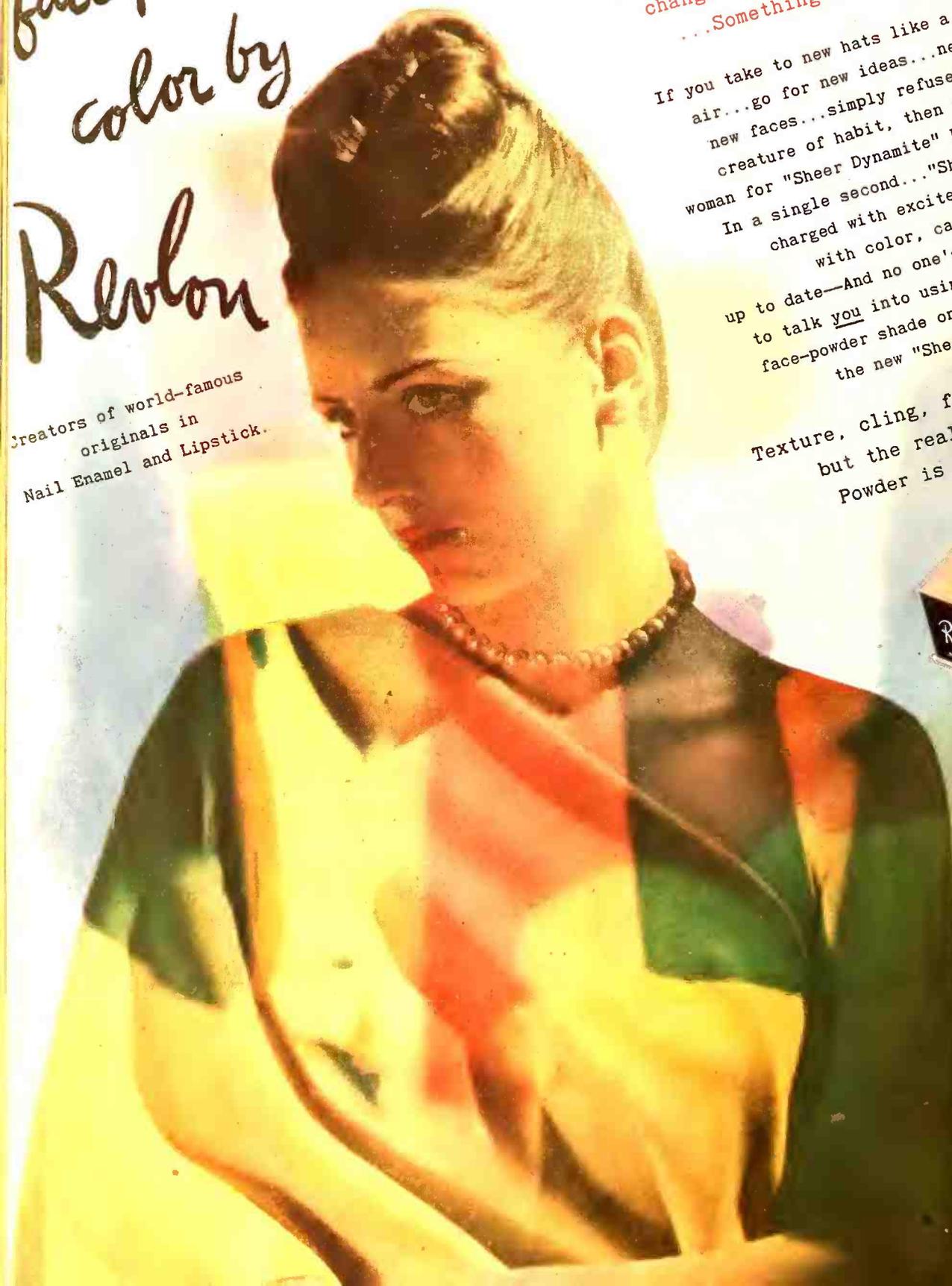
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## Part of My Heart

(Continued from page 29)

I said, "But we can't afford it."  
"Is that it? Is that what's the matter?" Tommy asked quickly.

"Running this house costs a lot of money," I answered. "We can't afford another child and new things for our home and all of the spending you want to do outside, too."

I thought that by talking to Tommy that way I would discourage his spending money on what I considered foolishness—money on shows and entertainment and flippant things away from home. But Tommy didn't see it that way. After that he began to think his salary was inadequate for our needs. Money became too important to him. In the year that followed he changed jobs three times, each time looking for a better paying position whether he liked it or not. And he began to try to win money through gambling, too.

Because so many of our quarrels began over money, I thought after a while that money, alone, would save our marriage. "Nothing else could be wrong," I told myself, "not with a marriage that started out so well."

What I couldn't see was that marriage must be cared for like a garden. If weeds of neglect and misunderstanding are allowed to grow in it, the beautiful, good part will be choked out and destroyed forever. And I wasn't taking care of my marital garden—I was closing my eyes to the insidious growth of mistrust which was destroying the fruit of our love.

It was Diane who showed me so plainly that our marriage was beyond saving. One night when she was four years old, we were eating together alone, as we often did. She raised her dark blue eyes to mine and asked thoughtfully, "Why doesn't Daddy live with us the way other daddies do?"

"Why, Diane," I answered quickly, "he does live here."

"Not like the other ones," she said, and her sharp little face was troubled.

"How do they live?" I asked softly.

"They go places—all of them—and they do things and have fun," she said.

And have fun! The truth of that old "out of the mouths of babes" quotation came to me. Little Diane had shown with such amazing accuracy the change that had taken place in my relationship with Tommy. I felt guilty when I

looked at her little face. Children were entitled to happiness. They had no right to live in an environment fraught with strain and dissension. They were entitled to beauty and love and laughter. That's when I knew that I must separate from Tommy.

It was very late when I heard Tommy tiptoe past my bedroom door.

"You can turn the light on, Tommy—I'm not asleep," I told him. "Anyway, I want to talk to you."

Tommy flashed on the light and stood in the doorway.

"Can't it wait until morning, Mary?" he asked. "I'm very tired."

I was tempted to retort with sarcasm—to ask him whose fault it was that he stayed out so late, but I knew that this was no time for an argument. This was something that had to be settled seriously, for all time.

"Tommy," I asked, "what do you think of our marriage?"

He stood silently looking down at me, and I realized suddenly how much older he looked than he had even a year ago.

"You know what I think, Mary," he answered. "I think just what you think."

"What happened to us, Tommy?" I asked and there were tears edging my voice.

"I failed you—that's all," Tommy repeated. "I'm just not right for someone like you. I can't make enough money."

"You make enough, but you don't save it," I began.

"Please, Mary, let's don't argue that tonight," Tommy said wearily as he backed out of the room.

"We can't go on not facing things," I insisted. Then I plunged into what I'd been thinking about all evening.

"Tommy, do you think we should go on living together?"

"Maybe not," he answered.

"We don't match," I said. "And we never will. I've been wondering if we should get a—divorce."

"A divorce is pretty final—but if that's what you want," he began. "But not a divorce, Mary—not until we're sure. Let's just separate for awhile—until we really know."

"How will we know?" I asked him.

"If we can get along without each other—if we don't need each other any-

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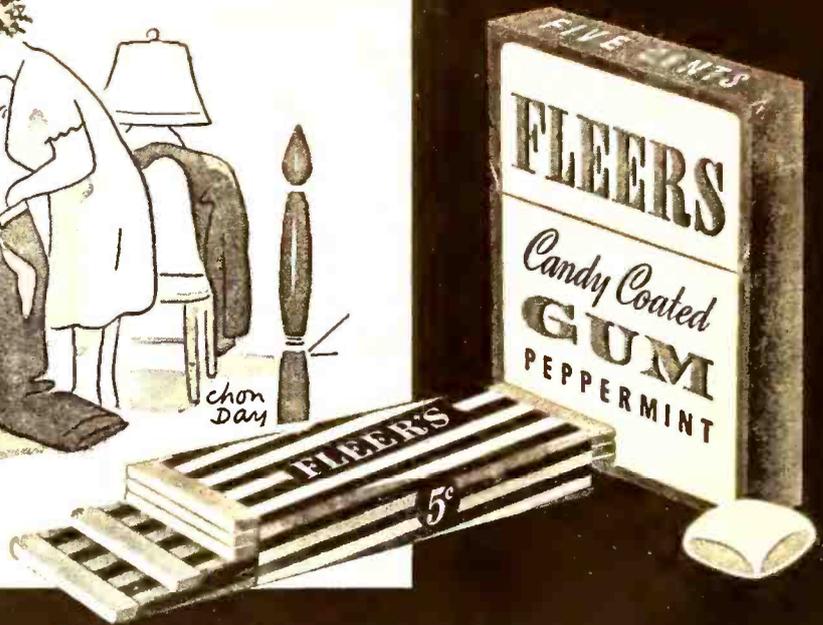
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more—we'll know it. If we do—" his voice trailed off.

"If we do, then what?"

"Then nothing will stop us from getting back together," Tommy said.

"But loving you—wanting to hold you—well, that isn't enough. We have to find each other in all ways—again. You have to need me, too."

Before Tommy went away that night, he wrote a telephone number on a slip of paper and sealed it in an envelope. When he handed it to me, he said, "if you need me, open this envelope. The people at this number will know where to find me."

Then he bent down and kissed my forehead, and his gentle lips awakened old, exciting memories within me. "Goodbye, darling," he whispered.

The first week that he was away, I felt lonely and lost. I missed Tommy's whistle at shaving time in the bathroom each morning—his quick step on the front porch at night. But most of all I missed him when I looked into Diane's wide-set questioning eyes, eyes so reminiscent of other eyes which had looked at me with love. Two or three times I was tempted to look inside the envelope Tommy had left for me and to call him to come back. But I couldn't. I was sure that I missed only the *habit* of having him around—not Tommy himself. And I knew that this week's separation had solved nothing—that if we returned to each other the old personality differences would prevent us from weaving the old threads into a new pattern of happiness.

In the days that trailed endlessly one after another, in the months that followed, the pattern of my life didn't change very much. I continued to concentrate on my home and on Diane the way I had when Tommy had lived with

us. Each month I received a check from the national sales organization for which Tommy was working. It was impossible to tell from the impersonal typewritten envelope where Tommy was or how he was doing. But I told myself as time slipped by and I continued to get along without Tommy that it didn't matter where he was—really—that I could get along without him forever.

After six months when I thought of my former life with Tommy, I thought of it almost as a dream. The joy and the sadness, the heartache and the excitement—all faded into the background. I still wondered about him, of course, and I knew I always would—but the collapse of our marriage didn't hurt so much any more. Sometimes, I wondered if I were numb, if my heart had died within me. And I wondered if I ever again would feel anything—either pain or pleasure.

Gradually, I ceased to think of Tommy very much unless I heard laughter. Then I was reminded of the man I had given my heart to so trustfully—a man who had loved joy as much as he loved life, I would be listening to a radio program and as laughter rose after a comedian's joke, I would see Tommy's face as it had been in those first days when the light was still on behind his eyes. Or, walking past a noisy, laughter-filled restaurant, I would think of the days when life for Tommy and me had been a song to be sung with gay little trills of joy.

Only Diane's eyes could make me feel guilty. Sometimes, when I looked into those reproachful eyes, I wondered whether or not I'd made a mistake. A child is entitled to a home in which two persons love her—and love each other. I began to realize that a love

affair is bigger than just two persons—it affects other innocent persons—little lost children like Diane. The only way I could switch off this feeling of shame was to tell myself that she would be happier in a peaceful, quiet home than she would be in one where her parents always argued and differed.

I wonder now if that dead part inside of me ever would have come alive again if Diane hadn't been hurt. Somehow, I don't believe it would. I had felt numb for days. I just walked along through each day—not living at all—really—just existing. And it took stark, terrible tragedy to unlock my heart.

The day that my little Diane was hit by the grocery truck is a garish slash in the dull grey ribbon of my life. She had gone out to play in the front yard while I dressed to take her downtown. Several times I looked out and smiled at her as she played with the bright new ball I had bought her the week before. And then it happened. One minute she was bobbing up and down, vital and smiling and happy. And the next minute she was lying on the pavement, white and strangely still, while the fascinating ball dribbled slowly along the opposite curb.

The next few minutes were a wild, exciting, fantastic confusion. I don't know who picked Diane up. I just remember a white-faced truck driver who kept mumbling, "I didn't see her—not until she was right in front of me. God help me—I didn't see her."

The trip to the hospital is vague now, too. I don't know who drove us or how long it took us to get there. Everything seemed unreal and peculiar as if it weren't happening to me at all, but was occurring in a play. I couldn't believe that the still, tiny body with its twisted leg belonged to my little girl.

I couldn't make myself think that the pale, empty vacant face in my lap was Diane's. This couldn't be happening!

Someone had called the hospital and the attendants were waiting to wheel Diane away when we got there. There's something awe-inspiring about a hospital, isn't there? Maybe it's the closeness of death, or perhaps it's the hope and prayer and fight of the living—I don't know. Whatever it is, it always has impressed me and frightened me, too. I was scared now, and lonely, as I followed the attendants down the echoing corridor to the room where they were taking Diane.

The truck driver was waiting outside of the room. His face was an anguished grey; tears washed down his cheeks.

"It's all my fault, lady," he said. "I killed her, I killed your little girl."

"It isn't your fault," I told him softly. "Diane's always been a quick little thing—she followed the ball into the street—and you were coming—that's the way it happened."

A very strange strength began to creep through me as I comforted him. It was as if this sudden tragedy had brought with it a new and strange power to help me to bear it. I cannot explain it now, but if you have ever had to bear sudden and terrible grief, you know what I mean. While the tragedy was tearing my heart, strength to bear this hurt was making it pound with strong determination. I felt completely self-sufficient. And I was glad. This was proof of a dramatic kind that I didn't need anyone outside of myself to bear anything that might come to me. I thought of the many stories I had read where concern for a sick child had reunited the parents. I was proving today that that was wrong. Grief was

here—and I could bear it alone, without Tommy. I was strong, strong, STRONG. And I told myself as this new inner strength poured through me that I would never need Tommy again.

Dr. Smith came clicking efficiently down the hall while the truck driver and I still stood outside the door. When the young doctor went inside the room the truck driver paced up and down, smoking incessantly.

In about five minutes, the doctor came out and the attendants came to wheel Diane away again.

"It's a broken leg," Dr. Smith told me. "And we'll have to go to the X-ray room to find out whether her skull is fractured or not."

"Is she—going to get well?" I asked. "If her skull isn't fractured, she's going to be all right," he answered.

But still I didn't feel the need of anyone's hand in mine. I didn't need anyone else to help me bear the tragedy of this moment. My new-found reservoir of strength was pouring energy and hardness into my body. Although I prayed with all of my heart for Diane to be spared, I knew that I could face even her death alone.

It seemed like hours that we stood in that eerie hall—the truck driver and I—waiting for Dr. Smith to come to tell us whether my little girl would run again and laugh again and love me again. But when he finally came he was smiling and he said, "She has suffered from shock and the broken leg all right—and a fairly simple concussion. But she's going to be all right."

At first I was conscious only of relief. It washed over me in great waves of thankfulness. And then the strangest thing happened to me. An exultant joy spread through my whole body and

pounded inside of me until it threatened to burst through my skin. It was glorious and a little frightening and the biggest thing that ever had happened to me. I wanted to scream—to run up and down this quiet hall calling out at the top of my voice, "She's going to get well—she's going to be all right—my little Diane's going to live." And all at once, it wasn't enough to know this—all at once there was something else I must have. Tommy, I must share this with Tommy.

Once in a lifetime a great truth is revealed to us with blinding clarity. This was the moment of my revelation—I learned something I should have known a long time before. I knew that no grief is so great that you cannot find the strength to bear it alone all by yourself. No grief in the world! But I discovered that overpowering, world-filling joy is another emotion entirely—a much greater emotion—one that has to be shared because the tension of it is too great to be relieved without the help of someone else. In that moment, I wanted Tommy more than I ever had wanted anything before in my life.

My hand shook when I took the envelope Tommy had left me out of my purse. And I cried a little as I read the scribbled message written in that dear, familiar handwriting. Scrawled on the paper above the telephone number was just one line—which I shall remember as long as I live.

"If you really need me, darling, you know now how I feel about you."

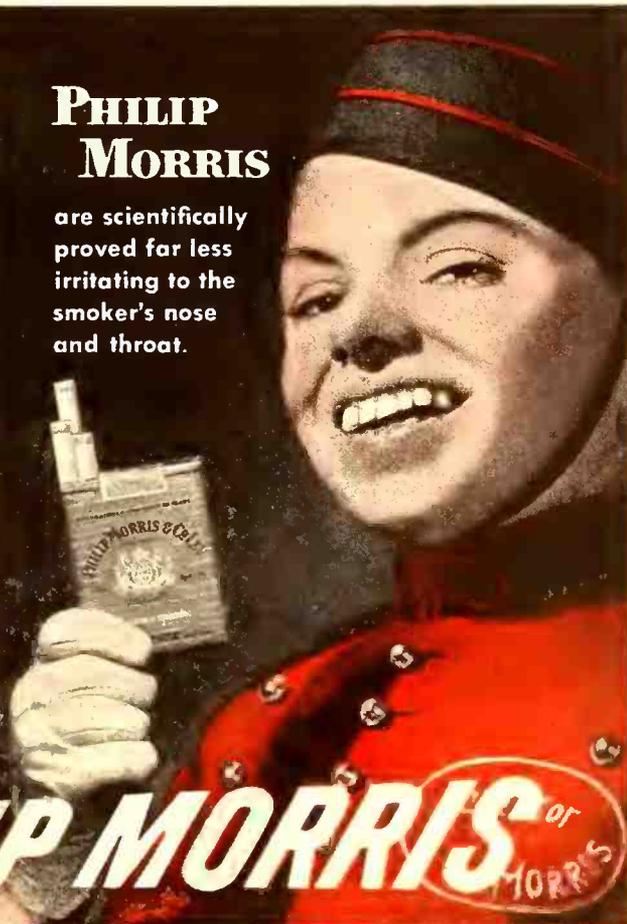
He came to me within an hour. I heard his familiar, quick step in the hall outside Diane's room. And then he came in and saw Diane, sleeping peacefully now, and looked at me beside her, and I didn't have to explain

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anything. I didn't even have to talk. That's the way it is with someone you've been married to—someone you've loved and lived with and watched from day to day. There's a wonderful sensitivity that comes to people who know each other that well. I could feel this awareness between us as I walked into the glad comfort of Tommy's arms and knew that they would be my sanctuary forever.

"I'm sorry, darling," he whispered, "that you had to go through this alone."

"It wasn't hard—not that part," I told him. "But I had to have you here for this—for the glad part."

He smiled and I knew that he understood. Of course he knew what I meant—dear Tommy. This had been what he had tried to tell me before he went away. He had tried in so many ways to explain that he needed a wife to share his joys, not his troubles. But I hadn't listened—I hadn't known.

Diane awakened as we stood there looking with new understanding into each other's eyes. And as I listened to the thrill of joy which pushed through her young voice when she turned to me and said, "Oh, mother, he's back," I realized that even a little girl can know the exultant glory in the sharing of pleasure. All of the months when she must have missed her daddy, she didn't cry or speak to me of him, but bore her loss within herself. But now that he was back, she lay looking at me with a glorious happiness burning in the bottom of her eyes.

At that moment I knew that Tommy was more right for me than anyone else in the world. I realized, too, that a successful marriage takes lots of work on both sides—but I was sure with an exciting certainty that Tommy and I could achieve lasting happiness. I recognized that no marriage is perfect in all ways—that no two persons with different backgrounds and inherited traits can melt together without leaving a few tiny flaws in the finished product. But I believe now with new sincerity that our marriage will be more successful than many. Because Tommy will bring me laughter and sunshine. And now—at long last—I will be able to do more than just help him face his serious problems. . . . I shall reach out for the joy he brings me with my eyes shining and my heart wide open.

**YOUR WASTE PAPER  
ISN'T WASTE PAPER  
UNLESS YOU  
WASTE IT!**



## A Dream to Share

(Continued from page 45)

nodded his head in a way that almost made me jealous. On the following mornings, with my schedule working like clockwork so that I was always on Maple Street when Vera came home from the night shift, we got to know each other in a wonderful, wonderful way. At least I got to know Vera, for she told me more about herself and her job than I told her about myself.

I say I got to know more about Vera every day. Well, that was true in a sense; but you'll have to remember that I was a discharged veteran with a leg injury, that I was working on a job that was new to me, that I had the faculty (or was it a bad habit?) of dreaming; and that I really knew very little about girls. Looking back now, I can say those things; but when I first met Vera I didn't realize how important they were.

**F**OR example you can take the conversation I had with Vera one morning about music.

"It's really amazing, Jim," she said, "the way the big companies have gone out of their way to make it comfortable and enjoyable for war workers. Tonight, for instance, they had Tommy Turk and his orchestra play for us for an hour. The dance was arranged so the changing shifts could get on the dance floor together. It was keen, Jim."

"Who's Tommy Turk?" I asked, innocently; and Vera's eyes opened widely, incredulously.

"You don't know Tommy's Trio?" she asked. "You've never heard his recordings?"

I had to admit it was true, and the moment of silence that followed seemed to be dedicated to my ignorance of such matters. I felt, suddenly, as though I had been cheated out of part of my education; as though I were standing outside, looking in.

And just at that moment Doady champed, turned his head and looked at me. It was a hint that I'd better get going for the work to be done. Vera smiled at Doady and went into her house; and I drove Doady down the street wondering to myself how I could ever get a musical education of the kind that would make me aware of the importance of the Tommy Turks and the others who made hot music hotter.

"Now that is something for us to think about, Doady," I said half aloud. "The girl likes music, a special kind of music that we know very little, if anything, about. Gosh, Doady, it sure makes you feel kind of dumb."

When I got back to the stables that morning I asked Bill Williams, the feed man, about Tommy Turk.

"Tommy Turk and his Tacoma Trio!" he said with a smile. "Sure, his clarinet is something special. At least that's what my kid brother says. He collects Tommy's records, got a load of them in the cabinet."

"Tell you what," continued Bill. "You buy some Harry James albums, then swap them with my kid brother for the Tommy Turk discs. You'll get hep to both leaders that way and save dough in the bargain."

I told him I'd think it over, sensing I was being trapped into something I wasn't at all sure about. He said it was okay for me to let him know when I was ready for the deal. But I let the matter drop because something else



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**PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE—WITH WAR BONDS**

came up to occupy my thinking. It happened in another conversation I had with Vera.

She asked me what I did in my spare time, and I was half afraid to tell her. It was my secret and one I felt sure would not appeal to her. I said I didn't do anything in particular in my hours off from work, and she told me she was crazy about bowling.

"There's some alleys right near the plant," she explained enthusiastically. "Air conditioned, Jim. It's the last word. Not one of these smoky places, your eyes don't get red; and they have industrial leagues that give you a chance to win prizes at the end of the season. Do you know I made the five-ten split twice the other afternoon? And I've developed a hook that our team captain says will add twenty pins to my score. That won't be so bad!"

So once again I tried to find out something about Vera's interests, this time bowling; but the men I questioned told me I just had to bowl before I could ever understand it. And it seemed impossible for me to start learning the game. Furthermore, I wasn't sure it would be good for my leg; and I decided to forget about it, to avoid the subject again.

I thought about Vera all the time; remembered the green tint in her eyes and the reddish glint in her hair when the sun struck it a certain way. I remembered the soft line of her face, and the trace of a dimple in one cheek. That dimple was most tantalizing to recall because it never quite developed into a real dimple. She'd smile and the little trace would appear as though it were ready to bloom like a flower, and I was sure it must have been there when she was a little girl.

And being the kind of guy I am, it was the thinking of those things when I was away from Vera that made me almost tongue-tied and reticent when I met her each morning. She always seemed glad to see me, and yet I wondered if she was just being nice; and I wondered if I had any sense in my heart hoping that liking might be something bigger and more wonderful in the future.

I knew she was studying me from all angles when we talked, and that bothered me to the extent that I was careful in what I said. I did want to make the right impression on her so badly that maybe I was not my natural self. Believe me, that worried me.

"Tell me," she said one day, "about those sounds you hear in the morning. You mentioned them when we first got to know each other."

Some foolish instinct made me back away. "Oh, I guess I have a vivid imagination, Vera. It's silly, isn't it?"

"No," she replied. "What's silly about the trolley song you hear on St. John's hill? I'll bet nobody ever thought of that before. I'll bet nobody ever heard it that way, the way you heard it. And what you told me about the alarm clocks sounding like roosters with bells was wonderful."

Vera was smiling, and the dimple was threatening. I felt embarrassed and I made a move to get into the milk-wagon. She lost the smile immediately as a curious wrinkling of her brow transformed her face. "What's the hurry this morning, Jim?" she asked.

I got into the wagon and Vera stood on the sidewalk petting Doady's nose. "Your master says the world smells different in the morning, Doady. He says it's fresh and clean, as if it had

had a bath. He says a milkman lives in a different world, Doady; and, you know, I think he's right."

I felt the color run up my face and I took the reins in my hands.

"Make with the clop-clop, Doady," I said. "Have to get going, Vera. Today's collection day, and I have to work on my accounts." Doady started slowly as though his soul were full of regret; and I know horses don't have souls. It was mine that was regretful.

"The girl is laughing at us, Doady," I said quietly when we were three blocks away. "She's laughing, and it hurts. She doesn't understand, and we don't understand. The world is full of misunderstanding. She understands bowling and jive; and all we understand are sounds and colors and the feel of the earth when you sit on the river bank and fish."

That last remark about the fishing was, perhaps, the thing that annoyed me most. It was the little secret of mine I referred to. I could just imagine Vera with her modern ways laughing like mad if I ever told her about THAT. She'd think I was a terribly corny guy if she knew what I did on my day off.

She'd laugh to herself, of course; but I'd sense her feelings and it would hurt like the devil. I knew that. The truth was I didn't even really fish. I had a very special place for this special day of the week, and I always went alone; I brought along a line and dug a few worms; but the biggest fun of it was to just sit on the bank of the little yellow stream and think. It was so quiet there, so peaceful and satisfying to my soul that it was like some warm and wonderful tonic.

You had to be sort of queer, I conceded, to do a thing like that. You had

to half-close your eyes, let the warm sun cover you, and then you'd hear the things the ordinary people missed. You'd hear the water lapping gently, and you'd hear the wings of a dragon-fly sing, and you'd hear the burp of a frog and the rustle of reed grass. And the most wonderful overtone was the water wheel's groaning, like strange organ music, solemn, but very beautiful.

Some time during the day you'd open your lunch and eat it; and when it came time to go home you'd feel a little lonely and know that the summer would be over eventually and that part of your life would be eliminated for six months by snow and ice.

But how could you explain all that to a girl like Vera, even if she had been the world's most understanding girl?

So when she asked me again what I did on my day off I told another fib.

"I fish for trout," I said with a definite tone. "Been doing it for years."

I figured that by emphasizing trout she'd envision all kinds of fancy equipment with special hooks and gear, flies instead of worms, expensive rods and baskets for holding the fishy prizes. I figured that she knew nothing about the sport because very few girls do; and when she asked me where I fished I said, "Out near Van Ness."

It was a Saturday morning when I told her that, and I said, importantly, that I had to get started as soon as I got back to the stables. Was I wrong in detecting a kind of disappointment in her blue-green eyes as I left her? Did my consciousness of her presence fool me in the suggestion of loneliness in her voice as she said good-by? At the time I was confused, but beyond that was the conscience that bothered me about my little white lie.

Trout fishing! That was good. If Vera saw me with my miserable fish line and my lunch in a brown paper bag she'd have the answer. As I rode out to Van Ness on the trolley car I wrestled with my unhappiness, realizing all the time that my attempts at being sophisticated with Vera had brought me no pleasure. And I was certain that the day would be an unhappy one.

**I GOT** off the trolley at the last stop.

A taxicab driver was taking a load of men who carried fancy fishing equipment, but I walked down the road to the river, just a few hundred feet. I stood on the bank, watching a small boat rocking gently in the current. The place was as peaceful as ever and I dropped to the grass, stretched out in the comfortable sunshine.

Ordinarily I would have dozed off, for that was the first reaction I always had after arriving there. But that day was different. I closed my eyes and saw Vera's face; I opened them and saw the outline of her profile on the water. I recognized the smell of the sod by my cheek, but there lingered in my nostrils the faint scent of the perfume she had about her. A cricket chirped nearby, but Vera's voice was there, too.

I began thinking of my job as a milkman, wondering if I would ever be quite as happy working at it again.

"It's funny," I said half aloud, "the way things are always changing. First I'm crazy about my job, then I'm crazy about a girl I meet while working on the job. Then when I find I don't quite make the grade with the girl I lose all interest in my job!"

Yes, I was positive I didn't have a chance with Vera; and the more I

thought about it, the more distressed I became. I looked across the river and wondered how everything could be so different; the softness of the water was gone, the sounds I loved to hear were not there. The sky was blue and clear, but as I looked aloft there was a pensiveness in the air, or at least, I imagined it was that way.

I began thinking about my pals in the South Pacific, wondering how they were. I thought about Tommy Miller who was dead, and about his girl "Rolly Eyes"; she must be somewhere, poor girl, unhappy girl.

I heard the trolley car in the distance, climbing the hill that brought it to the end of the line; then I saw it come into view around a turn, and I compared its appearance to that of a yellow caterpillar. The trolley groaned to a stop, and from where I lay on the grass I could see the people getting out.

"Funny," I thought, "how people look alike. Now that fat fellow looks just like Bill Williams. And that girl looks just like Vera, only she's wearing a dress instead of slacks."

Then I jumped to my feet, my heart pounding. It was Vera! She was standing near the trolley, looking around her as though she were trying to make up her mind about something. When she started for a taxicab I called out to her, and I noticed the happy tone of my voice.

"Hi, Vera!"  
She turned around, sort of half-waved her hand, and started toward me as I began walking toward her. She was about a hundred yards away and I couldn't take my eyes from her as we neared each other; my eyes took in everything: the way she had her hair down to her shoulders, the pretty white

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pinafore, the wedged shoes, the redness of her lips—and the slightly worried expression in her eyes.

I guess I had a wide grin on my face when she came up to me, for I felt the whole world warming up; the birds were singing and the full beauty of the summer day burst forth from the valley land around me.

She held out her right hand to me, holding a little lunch basket in the other.

"You're not mad at me, Jim?"

Mad? Why I was the happiest fellow in the world at that moment.

"You don't mind me being out here, Jim?"

Mind? It was just too wonderful to be true, and I wondered if I were dreaming.

Vera walked over to the tree I had been sitting under, looked at the brown paper bag that contained my lunch, and turned toward me again with a happiness in her eyes I had never seen before. She sat down on the grass and I did the same. We just looked at each other for a few minutes.

"I'm so glad you didn't bring your fishing tackle, Jim," she said. "I would never have found you down the river, although I was going to look for you and watch you fish."

"But, Vera," I countered. "You worked last night. You didn't sleep today. How did you..."

"I don't work tomorrow, Jim. Sunday, remember? I guess I was pretty bold coming down here uninvited. But I wanted to so badly."

"Well, why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you say something?"

She looked at me reproachfully for a moment, then turned her eyes away to gaze out across the river.

"I waited," she said. "I thought if I waited long enough, you'd ask me to come. But I just got tired of waiting; I thought I'd take a chance."

"I was afraid to ask you, Vera," I said. "I thought you were a different kind of a girl, maybe. I got my impressions from the things you said; things about bowling and music and your friends. They were all strange to me, Vera..."

The dimple was threatening. Vera's eyes were smiling, too. Her hand managed to find mine and we were silent.

"It's just the way I pictured it, Jim," Vera said softly after a while. "I knew it would be this way."

"You mean the river and the trees and the quietness, Vera? You mean you actually enjoy this kind of a day?" I couldn't get the inflection of amazement from my voice. "But how about the other things, the bowling and that music? Those things don't go with this. They're so different..."

Vera's face was close to mine. I could feel her eyelash brushing my cheek.

"Oh, I like Tommy Turk all right," she said, as though he were a vague competitor of mine, "but, really, I'm a pretty awful bowler. I told you about it because I thought maybe you'd be interested. A girl has to make conversation..."

"You mean it was something like my trout fishing? Imaginary?"

She laughed and the color came into her cheek.

"Let that be a lesson to you, Jim Brown..." she began to say, but my embrace dissolved her words into nothingness. Our first kiss was a punctuation mark on her sentence, and our first day settled around us in fragrant peacefulness, a dream that was no longer far in the future, but real and here and now, for both of us.

# INTRODUCING TONI DARNAY



**SIX MONTHS** ago Toni Darnay was just another stagestruck girl who lived at New York's Rehearsal Club. Today, at twenty-three, this virtually unknown ingenue has copped one of radio row's biggest prizes in the leading role in the serial *The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters* (CBS, daily at 10:30 A.M. EWT).

Intent on a footlights career, Toni payed little attention to a microphone career but did take time out to make one or two auditions. She was in the arduous throes of rehearsing for the Philadelphia tryout of "Sadie Thompson" when a call came through from her agent telling her to come to New York to try out for the lead in a new serial. She made the trip and three hours later had the part of Evelyn Winters.

Born in Chicago some twenty-three years ago, Toni is descended from her grandfather Landon Gates who owned a string of theaters at which her mother acted. "The Barrymores had nothing on the Darnays" recalls Toni. "There were eight children and when we went to dramatic school, onlookers really saw some emoting."

At thirteen, Toni embarked on her stage career—not without much protest put up by her doctor dad—and went on a vaudeville tour with mama in tow. After some years at College Prep High in Chicago, she started dancing professionally at such Windy City night spots as the Chez Patee and the Palmer House, but she never stayed long in any one place—"My father always yanked me out."

At the age of eighteen she was doing stock at Oconomowac Walk, Wisconsin, where the Marjorie Montgomery Ward Baker award was presented to the new play in which she had a part. At that point Toni picked up her baggage and came to New York, where she weathered a saga of buying clothes at sales, having every pair of stockings a major investment, and not knowing where her next meal was coming from. She did stock at Bridgehampton, Long Island, Dennis Playhouse at the Cape (where she appeared in "The Duenna" with Gregory Peck), and Cambridge. Then came a part in "Sadie Thompson" and radio row knows the rest.



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## INTRODUCING KATHRYN CRAVENS



**K**ATHRYN CRAVENS has been enabling millions of radio listeners to obtain News Through a Woman's Eyes for several years through her program of that name, so it was inevitable that as soon after V-E day as the Army would accredit a woman radio correspondent for broadcasts from Europe she would be the first woman to receive such accreditation. Her programs are broadcast twice a week over the Mutual network.

It was because, as an actress, she always wanted to rewrite and improve the scripts she was assigned to act, that Kathryn Cravens became radio's most outstanding woman commentator. She began her career as a movie actress, for Fox Films, under the name of Kitty O'Dare when she was 15. After eight years of that activity she turned to acting dramas broadcast by KWK in St. Louis and later over KMOX.

Her flair for interpreting current events, for doing interviews with the great and near-great, in a way that had a special significance for feminine listeners, soon put her on a coast-to-coast CBS network.

Kathryn Cravens was born in Burkett, Texas, where her father was a country doctor and her mother the postmistress. Texas, incidentally, is still one of her major enthusiasms—or is that news when one thinks of the attitude of all people born in Texas? Her other strong interests are flying, Victorian furniture, good clothes and people with strong personalities.

Before she flew to Europe this spring she had already scheduled interviews with a number of important personages, including Gen. de Gaulle, Bernard Shaw and the Pope. But her main purpose was to get a picture for American women of how the common people of the liberated—and the conquered—countries of Europe are managing in the wake of Nazi devastation such vital but humdrum problems as feeding their families, caring for their children's health, recreation and cleanliness, keeping themselves dressed and alive. Her job is to report a "woman's angle" on living conditions amid the chaos of a catastrophic war—a chaos that American women have been protected from.

# Whirlpool

(Continued from page 21)

one of the most appealing people I'd ever known—there was something boyish about him, something that made you want always to be there when he needed you. I had realized, of course, from the first that he was moody—sometimes very gay and sometimes in the depths of depression. But I didn't think that was very serious. Part of it, I thought, was because he had never really found himself, never found what he wanted to do with his life. He'd had a succession of jobs from the time he'd finished high school, never settling down to any one of them but always quitting to go on to something he thought would be better. Sometimes it was because his boss didn't like him, sometimes the money wasn't enough. All his reasons seemed good ones, and he didn't have much trouble getting a new job because everybody liked him. I felt all he needed was the responsibility of a home of his own and all his moods and changeability would go.

**P**ART of it, too, I felt was his mother's fault. She babied him, and hovered over him, even when he was twenty-five years old. She was a widow and although she had two daughters younger than Woodie, he was her baby. "He was always a sensitive child," she told me once. "People never understood how easily he could be hurt. But I did. No one ever understands Woodie as I do." She resented me from the first. Not so much me myself, as the fact that Woodie wanted to marry me. She would have resented any girl who "tried to take him away from her."

In spite of that, we were married. And at first I thought I was right that all he needed was our love and marriage to be happy. He got a job as salesman at the Acme Automobile Agency, and he was good at it. You couldn't resist Woodie when he really wanted to sell you something in that eager, confiding way he had. I gave up my job, and for the first few months we were wildly happy.

The first small hint of the terrible thing that was to come was when he unexpectedly sold two cars in quick succession to customers the other salesmen had given up as too hard to sell. Woodie was naturally elated—but it was a strange, unnatural kind of elation. The night he came home after the second sale, he caught me up in his arms and swung me around until I was breathless.

"Put on your new dress," he said. "We're going out and celebrate."

"But, darling," I protested laughingly, "we celebrated last night and the night before. We're going to spend all that money you made in celebrating making the money!"

"What of it? There'll be plenty more. I've gotten started now and nothing can stop me. Nothing! I'll be the best darn salesman Acme ever had—that anybody ever had! Hurry up, get ready."

It wasn't only spending the money that bothered me. It was the almost feverish look in his eyes and the way he couldn't keep still for a single minute. We went out to one of the most expensive places in town, and Woodie had too much to drink. He didn't get drunk, only excited, and the feverish look in his eyes heightened. He wanted to buy everybody in the place as many drinks as they could order. When we got home, he grabbed me fiercely in his



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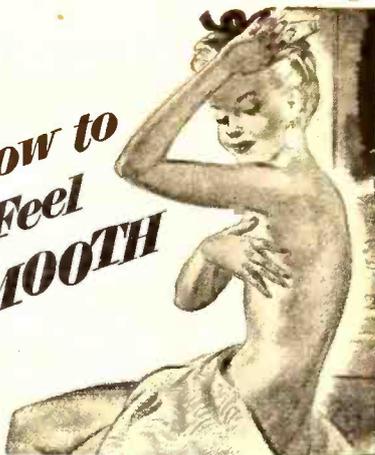
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Keep  
FRESH**

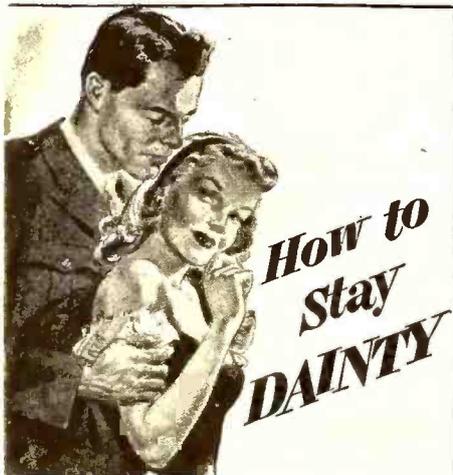


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arms and kissed me tensely, eagerly. "We're going to be rich and we're going to have fun!" he cried exultingly. "I'd never have done it without you, Nancy. With you, I can do anything!" For the first time that night I didn't respond to him with my own equal measure of joy. I felt uneasy in the face of that wild exultation. Uneasy and deeply unhappy.

His mood of recklessness persisted, even became more wild. I began to worry—not so much about all the money we were spending on the expensive gifts he brought home to me or our "celebrating" in which I no longer had any heart, but because of what was happening to him inside. The only way I can explain it is that everything he did he did too intensely. He drove too fast. He drank too much. And his love for me seemed to break all bounds and become too abandoned.

I told myself that it couldn't last. Nobody in the world could live like that for long at a time, as if he were consumed by some strange and driving urgency.

I WAS right, but not in the way I'd hoped to be. Suddenly his mood of elation was broken, for no reason I could see, and it was followed by the deepest depression. It was true he wasn't making as many sales as he had been, but that was only natural in his business. It was bound to have its ups and downs. But he would come home now sunk in the deepest gloom. Some mornings he even refused to go to work at all. "What's the use?" he would say. "Nobody wants to buy a car from me. And the boss is blaming me for it, too. He's got something against me."

"That's silly!" I would tell him. "He doesn't blame you at all. You have a fine record and this is just a slump." I would try to cheer him up but it wouldn't work. He refused to go out at all, even to see any of our friends or anything like that.

In my desperate anxiety, I tried to talk to Mrs. Frazier about it. But she either couldn't or wouldn't understand. She seemed almost to blame me.

And then came that day when, for the first time in my life, I knew real terror.

I had been downtown shopping, and I remember I hurried home earlier than I'd planned because, suddenly and for no special reason, I had an unbearable feeling of anxiety about Woodie. He had been so depressed when he left for work that morning.

I found him stretched across the bed, unconscious. And beside him, on the table, was an empty bottle that had contained sleeping pills, and a scrawled and incoherent note to me. Much later, when I was able to read it I deciphered it to say: "Darling, there's no use in going on. This is the only way out for me."

The doctor got there barely in time to save his life. And then afterwards, when we knew he wouldn't die but when he lay there in that strange coma where he recognized no one, Dr. Blythe told me the truth. The truth I should have known before.

Woodie was mentally sick. He was what is known as a manic-depressive. Once, six years before I met him, he had been in a mental hospital for a few months. He had responded so well to treatment they had had every right to think he was well. Now he would have to go back.

"Do you mean to say you weren't told of his illness before you married him?" Dr. Blythe demanded of me.

I shook my head numbly. "I never knew," I whispered. "But even if I had—I'd still have loved him. I can't—not love him just because he's sick." I caught the doctor's hand. "Can you cure him? Can you make him well again and like he used to be?"

"We'll do our best."

Dr. Blythe talked to Mrs. Frazier. She said Woodie had wanted to tell me, but she wouldn't let him. She told him it was all over and to be forgotten. She seemed to feel it was a disgrace; she couldn't understand that to be sick in your mind is no more disgraceful than to be sick in your body. She wanted to hide it, like a shameful thing, and she always made excuses for Woodie's erratic behaviour by saying that people didn't understand him, instead of accepting it as an illness that could be cured. Even now, she didn't want him taken back to the hospital.

"Mrs. Frazier," Dr. Blythe said at last in exasperation, "if your son had an acute appendicitis attack, would you think you could operate on him yourself or cure him with kindness? Well, this is the same thing. He is acutely sick in his mind and must go where there are expert doctors to take care of him. This can't be cured by kindness any more than a ruptured appendix!"

SO Woodie went to the sanatorium, and I resolved to wait as bravely as I could for his recovery. I went to the head of the Acme Company, told him the truth, and he offered me a job as bookkeeper. I felt terribly alone. Mrs. Frazier resented the fact I wouldn't come to live with her, and implied that if Woodie had been happier with me all this would never have happened. She said I didn't really "understand" him. I had few friends in Wilton, and there was no one I could turn to for sympathy. It was as if I were living in a vacuum of waiting and loneliness, with all life suspended until Woodie should recover. Now that that waiting was nearly at an end, I was afraid.

Or rather, I realized now, I had been afraid until the moment I finished telling the story to Don Colman.

Impulsively I reached across the table and put my hand over his. "Thank you for this!" I said. "You were right—it helped to talk about it. Somehow now I feel calmer and more hopeful."

"I'm glad it helped," he said quietly. "Sometimes talking about something you're afraid of is like turning on a light in a dark room—all the things that looked so scary in the dark turn out to be familiar, well-loved things and you're not afraid any longer. There's only one question I'd like to ask." His eyes were very direct.

"Would you have married Woodie if you'd known the truth about him?"

"I don't know," I said in a low voice. "I don't know. We loved each other very much. All I do know is that now I want to—sort of take care of him and keep him well."

"He's lucky to have you. But then—" he smiled—"any man would be!"

"Did you know any of this before—about Woodie, I mean?"

"I heard some of it around the office, of course," he admitted. "I knew for instance, you always went out to see him on Sundays—"

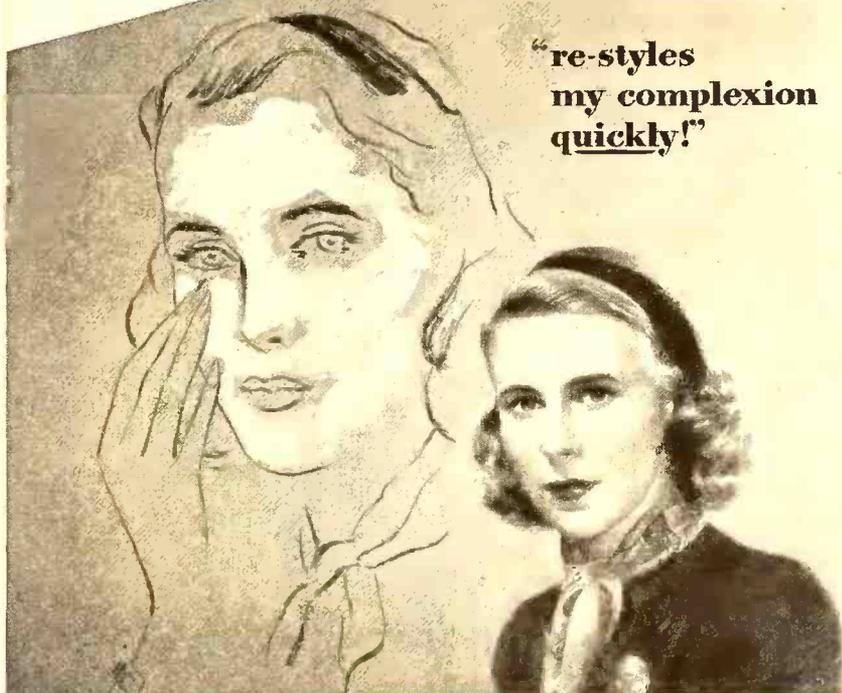
"And you knew I might be unhappy and depressed after it," I interrupted suddenly. "And that's why you asked me to dinner. It was all a fib about your being lonely!"

Don looked embarrassed. "Well—no, it isn't quite like that. I was lonely.

*Complexion dull...weary looking?  
Too scratchy for smooth make-up?*

# 1-Minute Mask

**"re-styles  
my complexion  
quickly!"**



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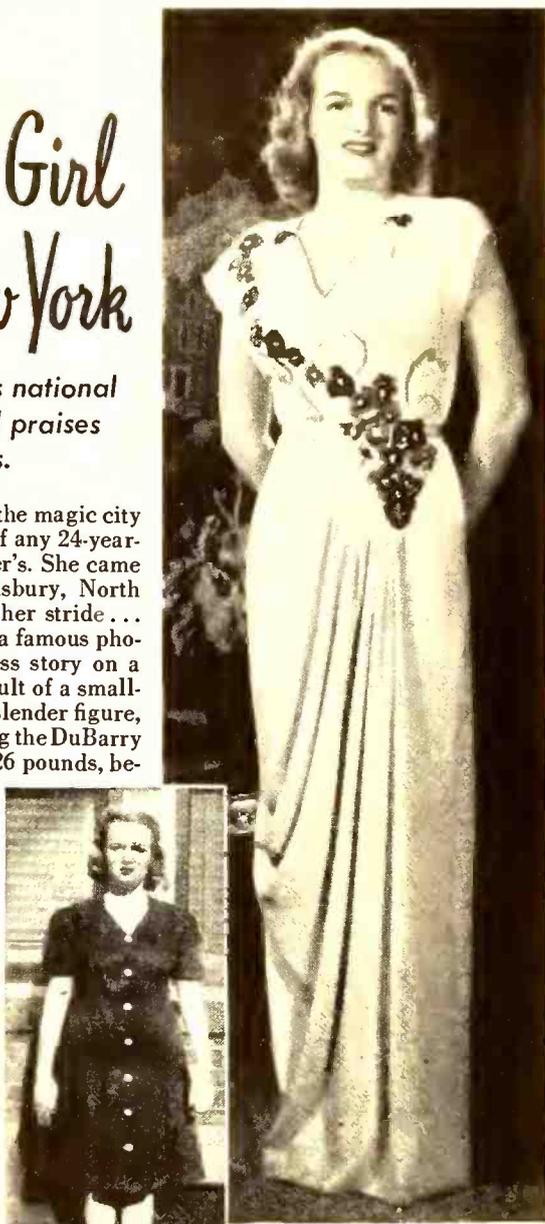
# Small-Town Girl Captivates New York

Remodels her figure, wins national achievement award and praises of beauty experts.

Such thrilling days and nights in the magic city might well have turned the head of any 24-year-old girl. But not Lodema Peninger's. She came up from her home town of Salisbury, North Carolina, and took New York in her stride... posing before the color camera of a famous photographer, telling her own success story on a radio broadcast. It was all the result of a small-town girl's decision to regain her slender figure, make the most of herself. Following the DuBarry Success Course at home, she lost 26 pounds, became expert in skin care, hair styling and make-up, emerged a petite blonde beauty. For her improvement in face, figure and fascination, she won the coveted award—an exciting week in New York, where beauty experts hailed her achievement.

## The Story Behind the Story

Mrs. Peninger, only 5 feet 1½ inches tall, had worn a size 9 when she was married. After her baby was born she went to 138 pounds! Heavy hips and thick waist above slim legs made her look all out of proportion. One day her husband reminded her how slim she used to be. That decided her. She enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course, lost 7 pounds the first week, kept on until she lost 26. Now with 6 inches gone from her waist, 8 from her abdomen, 7 from her hips, she wears size 9 again. Her skin and hair are lovelier than ever before. "I cannot praise the DuBarry Success Course enough," says Mrs. Peninger. "It has shown me how to be healthier and happier than I had thought it possible to be."



After  
For this true-to-life camera portrait Mrs. Peninger wore a glamorous evening gown created by the famous designer Kiviette.

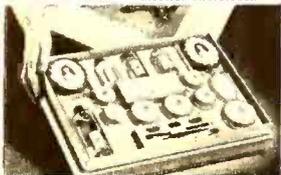
**HOW ABOUT YOU?** Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to adjust your weight to normal; remodel your figure; care for your skin; style your hair becomingly; use make-up for glamour. You follow at home the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

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## DuBarry Success Course

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if any

And now you've made me feel I've found a friend."

Don took me home then, and when he left me at the door I felt I, too, had found a friend. The knowledge comforted and sustained me. Somehow it made me face Woodie's coming home in the way I should—with happiness and with firm faith in our future. That was what he needed from me—the feeling of security I could give him. His whole adjustment in these crucial days ahead might depend on that. Now I felt strong enough for that dependence and that giving. Don Colman had helped me find it.

The day of Woodie's arrival I stayed home from work. I scrubbed and cleaned the apartment until it glistened. I prepared his favorite dinner. I made myself as pretty as I could.

WHEN he came, he came alone, just as if he were returning from an ordinary absence like a business trip. He opened the door and set down his bag, and then he looked around him.

"It hasn't changed," he said softly. "It's just as I pictured it. It hasn't changed at all."

"Of course not, darling," I said. "It will always be the same."

"And you haven't changed either," he said with that same soft wonderment. "Your hair's still gold with the light on it, your mouth is still soft and red, and—you still love me."

He held out his arms then and I ran to him. We clung together. "What would I ever do without you?" he murmured against my hair. "What would I ever do?"

I tried to laugh, but it was an unsteady little sound. "You're not going to have to try, darling. You'll never get rid of me!"

All during his getting settled and unpacked, and during dinner, we never mentioned his illness. As at the hospital, you would never have known he had been sick. It was when we were doing the dishes together that he said, "You know, Nancy, I've decided not to go back to the Acme. I'd rather start fresh, get a really good job somewhere."

"Have you thought about where?" I asked carefully. I didn't want him to start going from job to job as he had done before we were married.

"I'm a good salesman," he said with confidence. "There are several places I could go. And I'd like you to stop working now, and just let me take care of you. You will, won't you?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course, darling. That's what I want, too." But it wasn't true. We owed a lot of money still, the hospital had been expensive, and I'd rather have kept on working for a while. But I thought maybe the responsibility would aid him in his re-adjustment and that I could give him more security that way than if I let him see I was worried.

The next day I gave notice at the office. And afterwards, I went out in the salesroom to say goodbye to Don Colman. He held my hand a moment in his firm, warm grasp. "I know everything is going to be all right," he said. "but if you ever need me for anything, Nancy—to talk over something—if there's anything I can ever do—"

"Thank you," I said feelingly. "If there ever is, I know I can count on you."

And that was true. I thought how strange it was to know someone so little and yet so well. I might never see Don again, except just on the street, because it might upset Woodie to know

I had been out with a man while he was sick. But just the fact that Don was there, that he could be confided in and trusted, made me feel good. And he knew I felt that.

Woodie went to work for another automobile agency and he seemed happier than he had ever been. At first, I watched anxiously but unobtrusively for signs of any unnatural behavior in him. But there were none. He was completely normal; and our life was just as it had been when we were first married, before the shadow fell across it. There was only one thing that worried me. He depended on me so utterly. He always wanted me home when he came from work. He always wanted me near him so he could reach out and touch me, as if for reassurance. It was as if he were afraid that some day I might not be there. And over and over, he repeated the refrain: "What would I ever do without you, Nancy? What would I ever do?"

And always I would say, "You'll never have to try, darling."

Slowly I began to relax. I didn't watch him so anxiously. I began to believe that we had both done what Dr. Blythe had said must be done: we had blotted out the past. We didn't see his mother much—the doctor had told me frankly she was bad for Woodie. So, although she resented me more bitterly than ever for taking her son away from her, we visited her only occasionally. I wanted to make new friends, to have people in sometimes for bridge or for supper. But Woodie didn't want to. "I'd rather be just with you," he said. "You're all I ever want."

I began, too, to long for a child. Woodie's disease was not inheritable, he was cured now anyway, and our lives would be richer if we had babies to love. But Woodie said "Not yet, Nancy. Now I just want you all to myself." And when I tried to point out that we would be closer than ever if we had a child to share as a living part of ourselves, he got upset. It was almost as if he were jealous. So I stifled my hope until a better time when he would be sounder.

I TOLD myself I should be completely happy, that I was completely happy, now that Woodie's health was restored. But I found that just as I stifled, the desire for new friends and activities, my hope for children, I was stifling part of myself. His complete dependence on me did that. His whole life revolved around me and only me, seeking the reassurance and encouragement he needed. Unconsciously, the strain of it began to tell on me. I felt restless sometimes, as if I were no longer free to be myself. But then, I thought, that was a small price to pay for his happiness; I wanted always to take care of him, to keep him well. That was the only thing that counted.

And then one day Woodie was arrested for reckless driving.

He had been driving an agency car sixty miles an hour on one of the main arteries through Wilton, and he had just missed crashing into a truck parked near the sidewalk. He was fined, and his driving license was suspended for several months.

"But what made you do it?" I cried when he came home, half defiant, half ashamed, and told me about it.

"How do I know? I just felt like driving fast. I felt good and wanted to do something about it. For Lord's sake, Nancy, you act as though I'd killed someone."

"You might have! Oh—Woodie—" I

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began to cry. It was not so much what he said as the way he looked that filled me with that sudden desperation. His eyes were too bright, his movements too quick, he was over-excited. And every one was a sign of the horrible dread that had lurked in my heart, had been lulled, and now was springing to life again. Every one was a sign of the shadow that lay over him.

"It might have happened to anybody," he insisted. "Everybody drives fast once in a while. I tell you, I don't know what made me do it!"

I tried to control my tears and my terror. "I think, darling," I said as quietly as I could, "that you ought to see Dr. Blythe again. Tell him about it—see what he says."

For a moment he looked so angry I was frightened. Then he lit a cigarette with unsteady fingers. "That's silly. There's no need for that. I—I won't do it!" But I could tell he, too, was shaken.

"Please, darling. For my sake. Just to see what he says."

**A**T last, I persuaded him. He was still defiant, but he agreed to go if I would go with him. We went out to the hospital together that afternoon.

I sat in the waiting room, fighting against despair, while Woodie talked to the doctor. I had had to do it, I had had to bring him here. And yet—

Finally Dr. Blythe came out. He looked grave. "I think he'd better be re-committed, Mrs. Frazier. He has agreed to it voluntarily, and that in itself is a very hopeful sign. I've pointed out that this may be a recurrence of his illness and his commitment would be a preventive before it gets too far advanced. . . . I'm sorry, my dear. But I'm still hopeful. You were very wise and very brave to make him come."

"Can I—see him?" The words would hardly come.

"Of course."

He ushered me into the office and left us alone. Woodie clung to my hand. "I'm not really sick again, Nancy," he said, imploring me—and himself—to believe it. "You know that. I've just been working too hard, and I'll get a good rest out here. That's all. It'll only be for a little while . . ." The words tumbled out incoherently in his effort to assure us both. His grip tightened on my hands until the pain was almost more than I could stand without crying out. "You'll be there when I come home, won't you, darling? You'll always be there, won't you?"

"You know I will, Woodie," I promised. "Always."

And so my life of anguished waiting began again. The existence that was only half existing, not wife and yet not widow. The old loneliness and the old despair—but this not quite the same, for now there was a desperation in it. Now I had to face the inevitable question: was this to be the pattern of my life forever? Was Woodie never to be completely well? Were the fear and the terror always to be there? I had done everything I could for him. I had loved him, given him what he needed and wanted, sometimes at great cost to myself—and still it was not enough. The iron gates had claimed him again.

I must give up forever my dream of children. I could not bring a child into the world with a father who was not able to be a real father. I must give up my dream for anything but living always alternately between the hope that Woodie would be cured and the fear that he could not.

I went back to the job at the Acme.



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This time, even when Woodie was home again, I would keep it. I would have to, for security. And this time I could not bear to see his mother. I felt sorrow for the tragedy that was hers as well as mine, but her blame of me, both spoken and unspoken, was so unfair and so hurting that our sorrow only separated us further. People were hard to face. Those who knew about my husband tried to be kind but sometimes it was awkwardly done. Those who didn't were always shocked and embarrassed when I explained that he was at Blythe Sanatorium.

There was only Don Colman.

He remained unchanged. He welcomed me back to the Acme warmly but not too sympathetically, as if my coming were the most natural thing in the world. His real sympathy was always there, underneath, for me to feel and to call upon if I needed it. I saw him every day at the agency, and once or twice he invited me to lunch. At first, that was enough. Just seeing him, knowing he knew the whole story and understood, was like tapping a hidden source of strength for me. But as my terrible, lonely waiting went on, I seemed to need him more and more. He asked me out to Sunday dinner once, after my visit to Woodie, as he had done before. And after that again, until it became a regular thing that I have dinner with him every week. We didn't talk much of Woodie—I didn't want to burden him with my troubles. And, besides, we found so much else to talk of—places he had been, books we had both read, people . . . it didn't matter. There was always his slow smile, all the relaxed happiness of being with a friend you trust and know.

ONE night we were caught in a sudden downpour on the way home, and I invited him in to wait until it was over. We sat there quietly, listening to the rain beating on the roof, not speaking.

"I wish," I said suddenly, "that Woodie could know you as I do. He has so few real friends, and he would like you so much. I always wanted him to meet you but I thought—well, that it was better not. You understood that, didn't you?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "I understood that. A hundred times, after he came home, I started to telephone you—and then kept myself from it. Because I thought it was better not—for everybody's sake."

There was something so curious in his voice that I looked up at him. His eyes were on me and, for the first time, there was a look of pain and urgency in them. "You see," Don said simply, "I've loved you from the beginning. Not as a friend, Nancy—but as the woman I wanted."

The blood drained from my face as my heart, for that one second, seemed to stop beating. I stared at him and, slowly at first, then overwhelmingly, realization came. I made a little gesture toward him—and then I was in his arms. His lips came down on mine, seeking, finding. There was exultation in that kiss, there was fulfillment, there was almost unbearable sweetness and unbearable desire.

He let me go, almost roughly. "And you love me, too," he said.

"I never knew it," I whispered. "I never knew until this minute—Oh, Don—"

Compelled beyond my strength, I went into his arms again. All the friendship, the instinctive companionship, the sense of peace with him, came



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back in overflowing measure—and there was more, much more, besides, rising irresistibly within me.

"We can't!" I cried. "We can't love each other like this!"

"But we do. Oh—darling—"

"No, wait. You asked me once if I would have married Woodie if I'd known the truth. I don't know—I still don't know. What I do know, is that, sick or well, I never should have married him. I loved him because he was boyish and fun, because somehow he needed—always, even before he was ill—someone to lean on and look after him. It's as if he were always the child and I the mother. It was never like this, Don—like this between you and me. I know that now. It isn't just the loneliness I've had, or the despair—this is real, darling. Real and for forever—"

"That's the way it's always been with me," he whispered. "Real and for forever. If it weren't, if I didn't trust it, I'd never have told you—no matter how much I wanted you. But now—I've got to take care of you, darling. I've got to get you free of this dreadful life of yours. We've got to share together this glory that we've found."

"But how?" I cried. "He—he needs me so. I can't let him down, Don."

He got up and walked to the window. His face was set. "I know. He's sick and helpless—don't think I haven't tortured myself with that, over and over. But your whole life is being wrecked. Sticking by him as you have didn't cure him."

"But it helped. He—he would kill himself if I left him," I cried imploringly. "I can't do that to him."

He turned and faced me. "If he were well, would you tell him about us?"

"I'd have to! It would be the only fair thing to do. I'd never make him happy, loving you as I do. And there would be your happiness, too, my darling—and mine. But this way—"

"This way—" and the face that I loved so well was closed tight as if to shut out pain—"this way, what are we to do?"

I sat there, unable to speak, while it echoed and re-echoed in my heart. What are we to do?

The love between Don and Nancy brings no hope of happiness, promises more devastating tragedy for Woodie. But there is one way out—they find it in the conclusion of Whirlpool, in the October RADIO ROMANCES, on sale Friday, September 14.

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TODAY

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## A Love of My Own

(Continued from page 25)

Perhaps Paul didn't want the child to go to school, on his daddy's first day.

I dreaded going home, after school. I turned toward Main Street. I had a sandwich in Nick's and slipped into the movies. It was late when I reached home. But almost as soon as I switched on the hall light, Patty was knocking on the door.

"Gosh, for a while I thought you'd never get home!" she laughed. "I hate to impose so soon—but Paul and I simply must celebrate."

But as I settled down in their house, Paul was uneasy. "Sure it's okay?" he mumbled. "We won't be late."

Patty giggled, "Won't we, though? Do you realize, my big handsome husband, it's been two years since I've danced with you?"

They were very late. I'd fallen asleep, and Patty's laughter startled me. "Gosh, you look cute!" she cried, "Your hair all fluffy, like that. Doesn't she, Paul?"

HE was humbly apologetic. "We never should have kept you so late. I'm sorry." He looked tired. Patsy should have remembered, he'd been through a lot. Maybe he wasn't up to dancing the night away, yet.

He smiled, and something happened, oddly, inside me. "I felt guilty, not being home to pussyfoot around tucking the kids in if they get uncovered," he said. "That was one thing I thought of doing a lot, when I was—too far." He made for the stairs.

In the weeks after that, Patty couldn't get enough of dancing and going to parties. She kept asking me to sit in their home, evenings. While one part of me yearned to be near Eddie and Gilly, some other part of me was sick with jealousy and a strange, cold knowledge that I must stop, I must cut myself off from the children—and Paul.

Because somehow, Paul and I were swiftly close. I seemed able to read his lean-muscle face. Without wanting to, I knew when his smile grew puzzled, listening to his wife. Without wanting to, I sensed his growing bewilderment, as Patty failed to settle down into the calm responsibility he must have looked forward to.

Several times, I ran into Paul in the supermarket. He laughed about lugging groceries home, but I wanted to cry. At least, Patty should be with him! At least, doing it together, it might have been warm and sweet . . .

Then Patty went on a trip to Chicago, to visit her family. She hadn't seen her mother for the two years Paul was gone. "She's dying to see me!" Patty explained. "She's not so young, and besides, I've stuck close to home so long!"

On fire with delight, she disclosed, "She sent me the money for the trip. Now that Paul's home, I won't have a thing to worry about."

Oh, it was none of my business! Why must I clasp my hands, glancing across this untidy room to Paul? He sat so still! But when she said, "You want me to go, don't you darling?" he murmured, "Of course, Patty."

I'll never forget driving Patty to the station. Never forget the matter-of-fact way Eddy called, "Have a good time, Mama," and turned to me, "Now do we get ice cream, Aunt Monda?"

Gilly, absorbed in a black-and-white panda Paul had bought him, waved once and forgot the whole thing. "It is a boy panda, isn't it, Daddy?"

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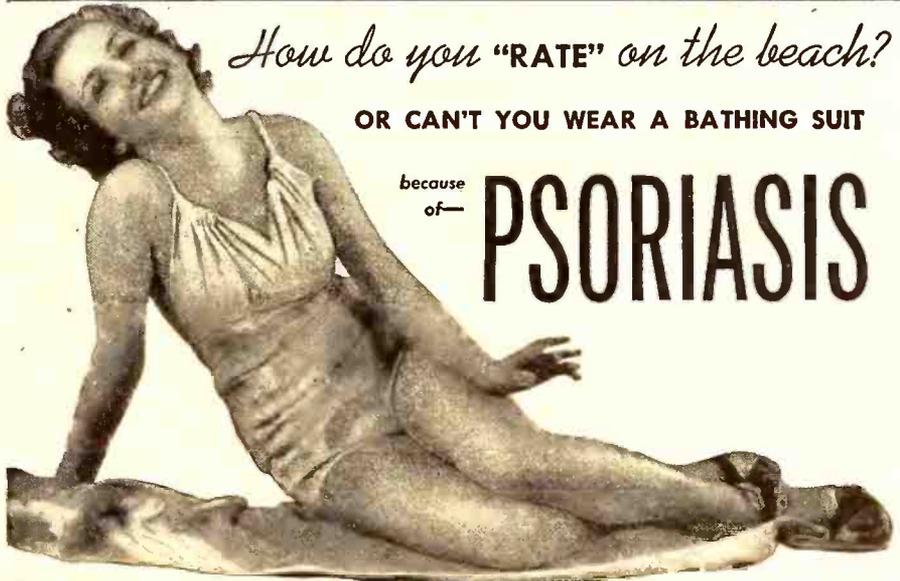
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Gilly was ecstatic these days, in the warm, fat content of a little boy who has no words when things bother him, who only knows when he's wanted. Now he was wanted. Paul whittled for him, and sailed boats, and taught him to part his hair man-like. Paul let him watch him shave, and did not scream, "Oh, let me alone!" when he tagged after him.

All that went through my mind as we drove back to the house next door to mine. I had not planned on going right in, starting dinner for them, as though I had slid into the place Patty should have... But Paul said, as the car stopped, "I'd like to talk to you, Monda."

I went into the house with him. The boys ran straight to the backyard. Paul and I were alone in the kitchen.

"Maybe I should have told Patty—but I hated to spoil her vacation," he began awkwardly. His big hand touched the toaster—there were crumbs on it. "The thing is—I signed up to start a job tomorrow. If I'd told her, she'd have felt I was holding her back."

Paul had been offered several jobs. He had told me about them, while Patty listened impatiently. "Long as we won't starve, darling, I know whatever you choose is best," she'd said, and gone blithely on to something else.

But I couldn't help putting in, "Managing a hardware store, and being your own boss, seems so much better for the future than working a lathe, Paul."

Now he was saying, "It's the hardware store. Mr. Durand wants to get back to his other store by next week, so I must start tomorrow."

"Oh, yes, you must!" I could take Gilly to school with me every morning, I planned swiftly. He'd be good as gold, in the kindergarten. After school, I'd bring them both home. "It—it won't be hard for me to make their supper, and have yours ready, when you get home," I said steadily.

PAUL touched my shoulders. In a rich, strange tone he said, "You're the best friend a family could ever have, Monda."

A family! That mocked me, in the hard days ahead. For they were hard—getting up early, rushing next door to rouse sleepy Eddie and help him dress while Paul did Gilly. Marching into the kitchen, making the cereal and the coffee. Sitting there, the children on each side, facing Paul.

It was hard—because it was stirring, and too wonderful, and not really mine, not really happiness—to walk through the sunny, early-morning street at Paul's side, Eddie's hand trustingly in mine, Gilly's in his dad's.

"Eddie's growing out of his sweater. Paul."

"Yes, I'd better get them both new ones. Heck, what do I know about such stuff?" His grin, stabbing me. "Would you, Monda?"

"I'd love to. And though it's not delicate, how about underpants?"

"Okay. Ten bucks see you through? Just got paid yesterday."

Paid, I thought. His first paycheck since the Army. Oh, why was Patty so blind, why must Paul come to me with his pride and his pleasure, spending for his children the first fruit of his work in a peaceful world?

The evenings were even worse. That last week before Patty came home, I thought I could not bear it. To sit there, in the chair where she belonged. To hear Paul say, "I told Mr. Durand if we'd mark all the items by a code system, and have cleanly laid out count-

ers down the front—Say, he was tickled!" He stretched his long legs and sighed. Fear such as I had never known choked me. Insidiously, trying to fight it off, yet surrendering somewhere deep inside to the sheer joy of this heart-deep contentment. I was thinking of myself and Paul like this—forever!

My face flamed. Blindly, I reached for a stocking in the basket of mending. I could not thread the needle.

The next night, as I washed the dishes and Paul dried, I said quietly, "I'm glad Patty's getting home tomorrow. The children miss her."

His back was toward me. Always, Paul's height, the width of his shoulders were fresh and new and thrilling to me, and always I withdrew my eyes hastily. Fighting off the spell I mustn't let grow, between us.

**N**O, I must not fool myself, lie to myself because I was lonely, because I was an old maid, not even pretty. If there was a spell, it was one-sided. It did not exist for Paul! He loved Patty.

How can I tell of the vivid, the glowing Patty who came dancing off the train, that Saturday? She was all in green—even green, high-heeled, open toed sandals. "Look at me!" her smile seemed to say. "Look how happy I am!"

Paul held her off, looking down at her. "You're more beautiful than ever," he said softly. "Patty, you look like a bride."

"Oh, darling, I feel so young and free." She smiled at me, over his shoulder. Then she drew away from his arms, straightening her fragile hat. "Not a dish, not a pot did I wash!"

The children were almost shy with her, gaping up at this new, fashionably dressed Mama. "Don't touch my skirt, darlings, your hands might be dirty," she warned.

"You've been an angel, Monda!" Patty said, as Paul drove us home. "Were they too bad?"

"They were the angels," I said quietly. "But they need their mother."

And, when they all piled out, I said, trying to laugh a little, "Now I'll get acquainted with my own livingroom. It's a dusty jungle!"

Paul's tall head jerked up. But I walked steadily, my head high, to my own gate.

But though I stayed sternly away in the days after, I lived too close not to hear their voices, quarreling. "If you won't ask Monda to stay, then we've got to leave the kids alone. They're sleeping anyway!" That was Patty, shrill and angry.

"I won't do it," he said, positively. "You're their mother, Patty."

"I'm alive! I have a right to good times!"

In my own house, I trembled. It killed me to know Paul's weary unhappiness.

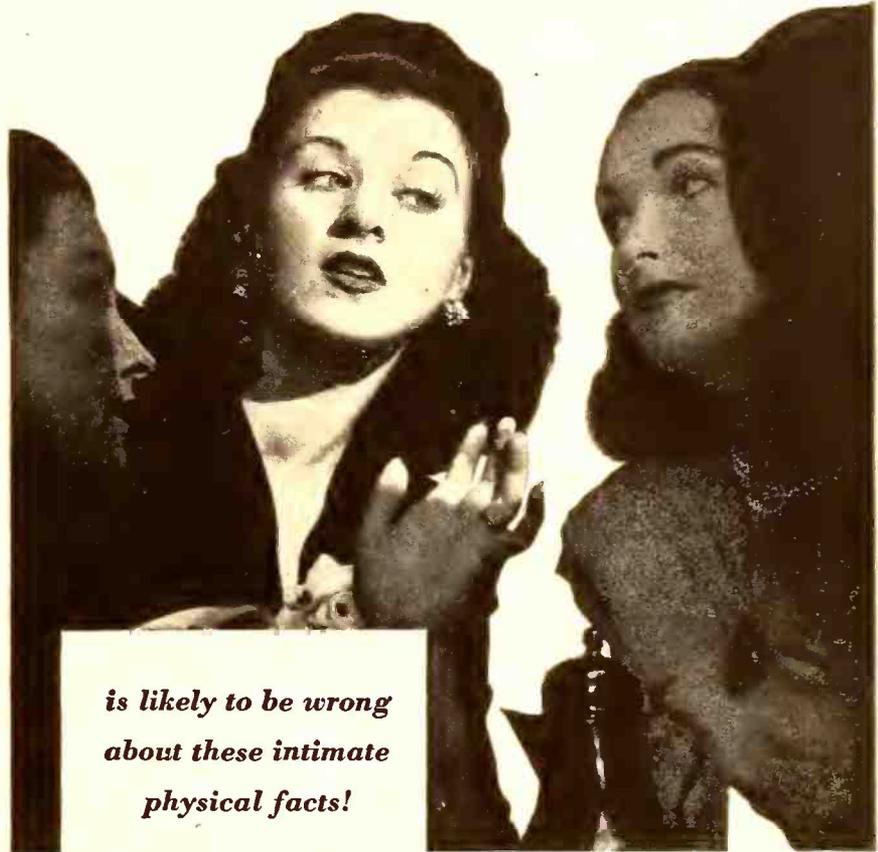
Paul never sought me out. Only the children, puzzled and hurt, looked at me as though they were going to cry when I hurried past, without stopping to talk, without inviting as I used to "Come in, I've got something for you."

Two weeks later, it began to storm just as school let out. Eddie, I thought automatically. I must take him home!

I left my own room, as mothers who had hastily brought rubbers and raincoats surged in, to find him before he could leave. Outside Eddie's room, it was dark. Someone touched my elbow. "Monda!"

I looked up. Like a sliver of glass through my heart, Paul's eyes struck mine. I whispered thinly, "I was just

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going for Eddie."

"I left the store in charge of the clerk," he said rapidly. "I phoned Patty, but she—" His voice died.

We faced each other, we two, there in the bleak school hall with the bustle of mothers, the voices of children, around us. We looked at each other, and somehow in that moment all pretense was swept aside. It had rained—and I thought of Eddie, blocks from home.

It had rained—and Paul's thoughts had flown, like mine, to the little boy. He had come—because Eddie's mother wouldn't.

Our two hearts, hand in hand, I thought, as Eddie came out of the room. "Dad!" Joy sang in his voice. "Aunt Monda!" Widely, he grinned. Over Eddie's head, his eyes spoke to me. Paul's eyes spoke of love. They spoke of pain—and of helplessness.

WE were not alone. Yet we were more truly alone than two people have ever been. It was only a split-second. Yet in that moment, without words, Paul had said, "I love you," and I had answered, "I love you, too."

I slipped to one knee, to help Eddie with his rubbers. My head bent, I heard Paul whisper, "If things were different—"

I did not look up. "I know," I said steadily. "It's all right, Paul."

It was next day that our school was electrified with the news that Eben Waters, our principal, was back. I was teaching fractions when he looked in, and for a moment, I didn't recognize the burly soldier who grinned at me, then said, "Hello, children!"

The children goggled. Amy Waters, his niece, squealed, "Uncle Eben!"

Then I was shaking his hand, smiling, "How wonderful, Mr. Waters!"

"You won't think so when I put this knowledge factory on a fast, Army-education basis!" he laughed. "Gosh, the smell of chalk is nice—after slaving over a hot machine gun!" I saw the star and wings of the Air Force then on his shoulders.

"Just a sergeant," he said, "Disappointed the School Board. They expected at least a Major!" There were ribbons on his breast, stars.

"Yep," he was saying, as the children crowded around us, asking questions, "they made a waist gunner out of me."

Scholarly Mr. Waters, a waist gunner. It didn't fit in with the slightly solemn young man who had presided over the teacher's meetings, and looked in our rollbooks, and coughed almost embarrassedly about teacher-lateness. "Miss me, Miss Woods?" he grinned, sitting down in the first seat.

He seemed younger, less stiff than when he went away. "The school missed you," I said.

"I was talking from me to you," he said astoundingly.

He stayed there the short half-hour before the bell rang, and to my astonishment walked home with me. He told me about reading educational bulletins in a barracks in England, and being kidded about working on a new fourth-grade curriculum while the Fortress bored through the skies over Germany. "The boys thought I'd jinx 'em," he said. "A crew on their last run gets superstitious."

He was back for good, now. "Flight surgeons told me education in this town must be suffering," he said. Appreciatively, he glanced around my living-room. "Ask me to supper, Miss Woods. Best way in the world to get on the

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right side of the strict new principal."

It was flattering—and in an odd way thrilling—to have this kind of light chatter with Eben Waters. I really enjoyed that supper. Afterward, we went to a movie, and he said solemnly; "Tomorrow I should honor the sixth grade teacher, but I think I'd rather dine with you again. Inviting me?"

That surprised me. It was even more surprising, in the days that followed, that Eben should continue to walk home with me, ask me to movies, tell me more and more about his experiences.

I enjoyed it—but mostly, it was good to have a refuge from loneliness, from thinking about Paul.

Several times, Paul saw Eben calling for me. His lips tightened, and he turned away. Once Eddie was on the porch when Eben came, and he ran through the gap in the hedge. "Are you Aunt Monda's boyfriend?" he demanded.

"Hey—am I cutting you out?" Eben roared, tousling the fair hair. "You're a little young, aren't you? Not—" he leaned forward confidentially, "that I blame you. Your taste is excellent."

PAUL called Eddie, then, and as he ran home Eben asked softly, "What's silly about having designs on you, Monda?"

We were due at a dinner in the home of one of the school board members, but Eben seemed to forget about that, drawing me into the house. "I thought I was making it rather plain," he said quietly.

My heart rocked. Paul! Paul!  
 "I—I don't know what you're talking about." I didn't want to hurt him. He was too fine. I honored his integrity, his straight-forwardness. I liked his candid laughter, his companionship, so undemanding and yet so comfortable. But I wasn't now the lonely girl who had thought she would never have a sweetheart.

"Monda!" His voice startled me out of the far country of thought. Eben's warm hand closed over mine. "You're timid, that's what's the matter with you. Up in the morning, out to school—back to the dishes. I broke that up!" There was almost satisfaction in his voice. "Didn't I? Oh, darling, if you'd only let me show you the right, the rich way to live!"

"I'm satisfied, Eben," I insisted, drawing away. "We'll be late."

"You can't put me off like that! Look, I accused you of being cut and dried, and you didn't even get mad!" His eyes had changed, there was a speculative gleam in them now.

I sparked, "Well, what would you like me to do?"

"Marry me!" he cried, astoundingly. Before I knew what he was going to do, Eben had swept me into his arms.

For an instant, my bones were honey. For a wild moment, as his firm mouth pressed down on mine, there was a magic flash, transforming me. But then I was trembling, pushing at him, remembering in suffocated, unshed tears that Paul, my Paul, had never kissed me. Never dared . . .

Very gently, I heard my own voice saying, "I don't love you, Eben."

All the joy, the expectancy, died in Eben's eyes. His thick brows came together. He stood very stiffly, as though he had offered me a gift and I had not even unwrapped it. "You don't?" he said tonelessly. "But—" Puzzled, he stared at me. "But you liked me."

As though he were putting the parts of a puzzle together, he said, "It was always fun, our being together. Fun for you, too. You weren't just entertaining the troops, Monda. Not you."

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"Oh, don't—don't let's talk about it!" I begged. "I—yes, I like you. But love! That's different."

What was there in my voice, my eyes, that betrayed me? Startled, Eben glanced down at me swiftly. "Now you're alive . . ." he said, slowly. "You're shielding something. That's love. There's someone else."

"Oh, no!" I gasped.

Eben was very wise. Very kind. For he grinned ruefully, and glanced at his watch. "You were right, honey," he said quietly, "We'll be late."

AT that dinner, he seemed the same as always. Light, full of fun, friendly. But once I caught him staring at me oddly. And when he took me home, his mouth looked grim. "I'll get to the bottom of it, Monda," he said, almost harshly. "Because I love you. I want to marry you. Quick!" One square finger touched my nose, and he rubbed it a little as I'd seen him rub the nose of a baby in our kindergarten. Tenderly, protectively. "I'll tell you a secret, Monda. I kept thinking about you from the day I hired you for the school—remember? But you had your sick mother . . . and I was unsure of how good a principal I'd make. I know they all thought me too young. I had hard work ahead, and there seemed lots of time."

He ruffled my hair, then. "Don't freeze up on me, Monda. You're the one I've had in my heart too long to change, now. This is fair warning—I'll get to the bottom of this."

He did not ask me to tell him who it was I loved. He gave me a wry, half-smiling, "Goodnight, honey."

Why did it have to be that night that Paul and Patty had their worst quarrel? I was halfway up the stairs to my room when I heard her cry out shrilly. I didn't hear Paul for a long time. Patty was raging—I could hear only snatches. "Slavery, that's all this is! You used to help me, but now you're at the store all the time. I won't stand for it! I never go anywhere—"

Then I heard him. "Please, Patty. If we both try, if you'd only—"

"I won't listen! I had fun in Chicago, with Mama! I'm going back."

I didn't dream she actually meant it. I suppose Paul didn't, either. But after the long hours when the sound of her hysterical sobs was punctuated by little silences, by Paul's patient voice, I heard Eddie wailing. "Mama, Mama! Where's Mama? Isn't she coming back, Daddy?"

It was almost dawn. My heart twisted with pain for Eddie, for innocent Gilly. I flung on a robe. On his back porch, Paul was standing like a man in a trance. He wore no overcoat. The dawn was icy.

"She left," he said, as I came running over. "She actually left, Monda."

What was there to say? Our eyes spoke—and yet, so withdrawn in grief was Paul, that somehow even the love for me that had leaped from his eyes, that day in school, was stilled.

"You must go after her, Paul," I said. "She can't—this isn't the way—"

If she were gone forever, if they were really to be divorced, it mustn't be like this—hastily, unplanned. . . . My mind darted in and out through the future. But the rest of me was busy with the children.

I forgot about school, about my class. It didn't even matter that the neighbors watched avidly from their windows as Paul went to his store, that morning, while I stayed in his house.

Doggedly, I ran Paul's home that day. I played with Eddie and Gilly.

taking their minds off the ugly scene last night with games and laughter. Mercifully, they loved me—and it wasn't too hard, by nightfall, to have a clean orderly house and two reassured little boys and a good supper to greet Paul.

We talked a little, that night, after they were in bed. "All day I thought she'd be back, Paul. She will be."

"I don't think so," he said heavily. He brushed the hair off his forehead, staring at the floor. "Patty's stubborn, and she—" He added, "Maybe it wasn't fair to her, she's so young—all this work. She had two awful years."

The skin on my wrists crawled. "You mustn't blame yourself, Paul." I got up. "It's too soon, to talk. Maybe—maybe she'll be back tomorrow."

The second day she didn't come back, either. Paul phoned from the store. "Is everything all right? I can't go after her. Mr. Durand is in New York. And you ought—" he stopped.

"I'll manage." I was still sitting by the phone, numbly, when the front door opened. Eben Waters walked in!

He looked angry and determined. "Don't tell me this isn't any of my business," he began brusquely. "Remember, I love you, Monda. I'm not here as the principal." He stood over me sternly, accusing. "I came to tell you a few home truths, because you need them. You're stealing Patty's husband!"

My lips opened, but Eben's voice stormed on, "You think you're right and noble, Monda! Being an angel in extremity to an abandoned man, being a good housekeeper, as the flighty girl never was! You're cooking for him, keeping his children clean and fed. Giving them the things she didn't!"

I BEGAN to sob. "I won't listen to you!" Eben was somehow terrible—his bulky body strong and straight here in this house that was Patty's, where for so long I'd usurped her place. "Look at yourself—see the truth of what you're doing!" he stormed. "For two years, you've been living Patty's life. Now—now that I'm back, now that you have a chance to live your own life, open your eyes!"

Angered and shocked, I denied it all. "It's not true! I'm not living her life! I only did what I could. And when Paul came home—when I knew how I felt, I stayed away!"

The condemnation, the harshness ebbed from Eben's voice. "I know you fought, Monda. But you clung, too. Clung to a vision of love that was fake. Patty owned something you always hungered for, Monda." His eyes compelled me. I could not look away from the blazing, devastating truth in Eben's eyes. "You always wanted a husband and children. Oh, Monda—darling! You don't need Patty's life! You're too good, too fine for that. You deserve your own."

"It's not true!" His eyes held mine. He took my hands. "I understand, Monda. You're generous, and you need love. You suffered because the children suffered. But believe me. It was never Paul. When you believe that, I'll be waiting."

My mind spun, as the door closed behind him. Oh, it wasn't true! No, it wasn't . . . I wasn't stealing Patty's husband. Hours later, when Paul came home, I stared at him over the children's heads. Patty's husband.

Wordlessly, as the children ate, I drew Paul into the kitchen. There was worry creasing his brows, I realized



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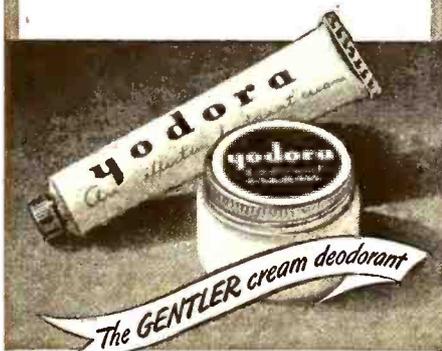
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heavily. Misery in his eyes. But love—the dedication and the exultation I'd hungered for, where was that?

Paul was sick about Patty! There was no room in his heart for me. And suddenly knowing, realizing that Eben's words had been true, was like being washed clean. I could face Paul squarely.

"Paul, I'm going to Chicago to bring Patty back. I—I've been thinking, and well—maybe my being next door, close, had something to do with her restlessness. In a way," I swallowed hard, "I encouraged Patty. I took over her responsibilities, I trained her almost, to slough them over. Letting you know right away that I did so much. She was generous, Paul. She never suspected how my being so wonderful would make her seem too sloppy." Suddenly, the details of washing and ironing didn't matter so much. "Patty thinks you're smart, and perfect, and much more intelligent than any other man on earth, Paul!" I breathed. "I never thought you were the best. I—I'm too sensible. Oh, Paul, forgive me! I—I've been so wrong, and so mixed up, and I dragged you into it."

Paul listened quietly, his head half-averted. "You can't take all the blame," he said at last. "I came home tired. Patty didn't try to understand." His fingers balled up into fists. "It was my job to make her see, to help her understand. They're our children."

Softly, I breathed. "You still love her, Paul. She's so pretty . . . and she'll settle down."

Then I was running to the telephone, seeing Eben's eyes again, hearing him say, "When you believe that, I'll be waiting."

Thunder began, in my heart, when his voice came over the wire. "Listen, Eben," I begged breathlessly. "I've been a fool—you were right. Oh, forgive me! I—I told Paul. And Eben, could you come with me to Chicago, darling? Please? Oh, Eben—let's bring Patty home to Paul, together!"

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# No One But You

(Continued from page 39)

I realized that he was drunk. I stepped back, and then Justin set the glass down on the counter and pulled me to him and kissed me.

I slapped him, hard. I'd thought sometimes, tentatively, shyly, of Justin's kissing me—but not like this. Not casually, because he'd been drinking and felt like kissing a girl. Disappointment and disillusionment lent force to the blow.

Justin stepped back, his cheek reddening, his face angry—ugly. Then he laughed, made a little mocking bow. "I'm sorry I offended you, Miss Gleason," he said. "But it's all right. Quite all right. And I'm going to give you a tip. Don't ever do that again. When you work in a place like this you've got to know how to laugh things off—"

I DIDN'T hear what else he said, didn't see him go back to the dining room. I turned away, shaking, took my hat and coat from the rack, and walked out of Ravel's, walked through a litter of broken dreams about a wedding dress, about being Mrs. Justin Clark. I'd been a fool to think that the smiles, the chats had meant anything. Justin showed as much attention to everyone; I realized that now. To Milly, the headwaitress, and to Ben, the shoe-shine boy, and to Mr. Ravel's fat, bearded wife. And I was through with Ravel's forever. When you work in a place like this—I shivered, feeling that I'd made myself cheap, feeling exposed and vulnerable and shamed and angry, all at once. I didn't have to work there. I didn't have to have the kind of job in which it was necessary to laugh off unwelcome attentions.

I called Tommy from the corner drug store. I was still trembling, and now I knew a new panic. Suppose Tommy wasn't at home? Or suppose—suppose he'd changed his mind about me? But he was at home, and as soon as I heard his voice, I knew that he hadn't changed his mind. "Tommy," I said, "I've quit Ravel's."

There was a kind of soundless exclamation, as if, although he'd been expecting the news, he could not quite believe it. Then he asked, "Where are you now?"

"At the cut-rate drug."

"Wait. I'll be right down."

A few minutes later his rattling old car stopped before the store. I got in, and he held me for a long moment, wordlessly. Then he started the car, and we drove out of town. I rode with my hand in his, looking at him, realizing I'd been starved for the sight of him, realizing how much I'd missed him and longed for him. After we'd stopped in the shadows of a country lane, Tommy gathered me into his arms, sat with his face pressed against mine. "Are you going to marry me now, Diana?"

Even then I hesitated. Briefly, the old picture of myself far in the future, married to Tommy, wearing a five-year-old coat, never having enough money for good clothes, for really beautiful things, rose before me. Then it disappeared in a rush of love for him. And Tommy was safety. With Tommy I would always be as secure as I was now, in his arms. I would never feel as I'd felt tonight when I'd run away from Ravel's—exposed and afraid and alone in the world.

"Yes, Tommy," I said. "I'm ready

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though it was expensive, we told each other that it was only for a year, when there would surely be houses for sale. Besides, it was really economical, considering that there weren't any other unfurnished apartment buildings in Overland, and our other alternative would have been a furnished room—and it would have been foolish, wouldn't it, to pay rent on someone else's furniture when we could buy our own on the installment plan and have something to show for our money? It was economical, too, to buy a car—a second-hand car, of course, but one that was better-looking and newer than the coupe Tommy had been driving for years. That was two months after the wedding, and most of the bills had come in, and Tommy at first had no thought of buying the car when it was offered to him. "I wish we could, honey," he said, "but we just can't. We've got to be a little thrifty until we're out of the red."

"MAYBE buying the car would be thrifty," I suggested. "Didn't you say that your old one needs overhauling, and that repairs will cost a fortune? And suppose it can't be fixed? What will you do then, needing it for work as you do?"

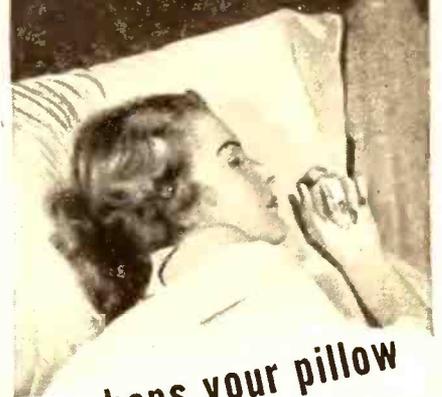
We decided, finally, to look at the car, to take a trial run in it. After that, I knew we had to have it. It was so beautiful—a sleek, dark green convertible that looked—well, it looked like the blue fox jacket that had been part of my trousseau, like our handsome new apartment. Tommy shook his head when he signed the papers. "I'm not saying this isn't wise," he said, "considering that we don't know how long it will be before automobiles are on the market again. But it's the last expense. The very last."

It wasn't, of course. In another month it was Christmas, and there were presents for Tommy's family, presents for mine. Tommy gave me a tiny watch with diamond chips that I'd set my heart on months ago, and which he hadn't been able to afford at the time of our wedding. He could afford it even less at Christmas time, but he knew that I'd have been disappointed with anything else. I gave him a pair of hand-turned gold cuff-links that, once I'd seen them in the window of a Varick Avenue jeweler, seemed to be the only gift worthy of my husband. He was delighted with the cuff links. He told me over and over again that they were just what he wanted. But somehow, he forgot to wear them except when I reminded him, and once I caught him looking at them and shaking his head, as he'd shaken his head over the new car.

But more than everything else, one single factor contributed to the slough of debt in which we found ourselves by spring: the fact that I wasn't working. Tommy didn't want me to work. No matter how much he worried about the bills, no matter how often he warned me to economize—and the warnings came oftener as the months went—he refused to agree to my working. "We're not that badly off," he said. "We ought to be able to live on my salary, and we're going to. Besides, I've seen too many instances where the wife starts out to work for a year or two—and the one year becomes ten or twenty."

When you don't work, and when you are used to working, it's astonishing how much time you have. I went to the Red Cross, and helped out at the Blood Donor Bureau, and called on my friends,

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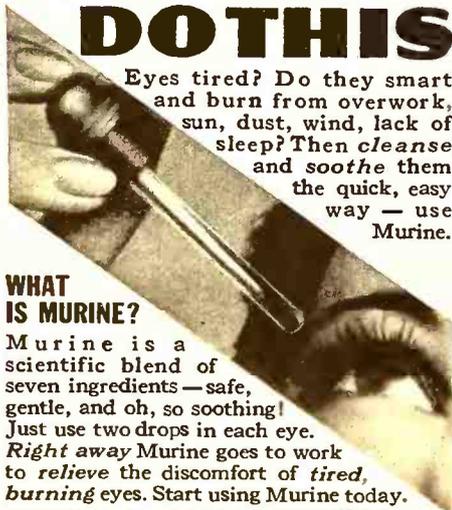
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and there was still time left over. There was still time for me to put on my smart suit and go strolling down Varick Avenue, intending only to look. Nearly always I came home with something—a dress, a hat, a piece of costume jewelry that had been marked down until it was really a bargain. I charged everything on the accounts we'd opened when we'd bought the clothes for my wedding.

I could lunch on a charge account, too, in Hudson's tearoom, with soft carpets under my feet and a deferential waitress at my elbow and soft, stringed music in my ears. Usually I took one of my friends with me, and I never let them pay for their own meals, or treat me in return. "Next time," I'd say, and I'd sign the check with a little flourish. That was a life-long dream come true—to sign the check at Hudson's. I enjoyed it even when I had qualms about what Tommy would say.

Tommy said exactly what he said when I called him at work and asked him to meet me at the Regent Hotel for dinner. "Honey—we can't afford to eat out so often. Don't you realize that we can eat at home for a week on what we'll spend downtown in one night?" "But I've promised," I'd protest. "I've got Betty Lind with me, and I said you'd take us to dinner at the Regent." And Tommy would groan and give in. Once he refused, flatly, and I burst out, "For heaven's sake, stop talking about money! I can always go to work, can't I, if we're really broke?"

I WAS ashamed the moment I spoke the words; I'd have given anything to be able to take them back. Tommy met me at the Regent for dinner that night, but he was a stranger to me. He talked politely, but his eyes didn't meet mine, and when he wasn't talking he sat in heavy silence. We drove home in silence—and then, when we were in our own apartment, I could bear it no longer. I crept into his arms, clasped them around me when he made no move to hold me. "I'm sorry," I whispered. "Oh, Tommy, it was awful of me! Please, Tommy—"

He relented then. He kissed the top of my head, my eyes, my lips. "It's all right, sweetheart. Only—we've got to take it easy. We just have to. I don't want to close your charge accounts, but you've got to understand—"

His expression, more than his words, reached me. I'd heard the words before, often. But now for the first time I saw how harried he looked, saw lines in his face that hadn't been there before, saw that the smile in the depths of his eyes seemed to have gone.

I was careful after that. For the next several days I stayed at home, and when I shopped for food I counted the cost of the supplies I bought as carefully as I counted our ration points. And then I had my accident. I was hanging up shower curtains one morning—curtains I'd washed and pressed myself, instead of sending them to the laundry—and I'd stepped up on the edge of the tub when my foot slipped and I fell, struck my face against the faucets. The blow stunned me, and for a few moments I knew nothing at all. Then I pulled myself up, made my way to the telephone, my mouth dripping blood and my whole body one big throb of pain.

I don't remember very clearly Tommy's coming home, his examining my smashed mouth, his rushing me to the dentist. What I do remember is being in the dentist's chair, hearing him explain to Tommy what would have to

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be done to restore my jaw. I heard, too, the estimate of what it would cost. When the dentist turned away for a moment, I plucked Tommy's sleeve.

"We can't," I whispered with diffculty. "It's just a few teeth, Tommy. We can't afford it, right now."

Tommy straightened. His glance flicked the diamond-studded watch on my wrist, my dress, the expensive purse on my lap. "Oh, yes, we can," he said.

If Tommy was unusually silent that week and the next, if the strained look became so much a part of him that his face was a tight mask, I hardly noticed it. When I did notice, I put it down to sympathy for me. My mouth still hurt intolerably; I spent most of the time lying down, drowsy from the tablets I'd been given to dull the pain. And then, whenever my mouth healed at all, I had another trip to the dentist for reconstruction work—and then there was more pain, more tablets, more hours spent resting in the cool dimness of my room.

I was lying down the night the phone call came. It was just after dinner, after Tommy had fixed his own meal and had brought me a soothing, luke-warm soup. I heard him leave the kitchen for the telephone, heard his voice, briefly, heard the click as he replaced the receiver. Then silence. Utter silence. Minutes of silence—until it occurred to even my pain-clouded mind that there should be some sound, some movement. I called, "Tommy!" There was no answer. I called again, and then, stung by sudden fear, I got to my feet and went into the living room.

Tommy was standing by the telephone. His back was toward me; his hands hung limply at his sides. I crossed over to him, touched his arm. "Tommy, what is it?"

Then he smiled, a ghastly imitation of his old grin. "Nothing. The Camper's Club just called a meeting, that's all. For tomorrow night."

"But tomorrow's Friday—"  
"I know. It's a special meeting, because of the bond drive. We're going to

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vote on buying a thousand-dollar bond."

I understood then. I didn't know the details, but I knew, somehow, the terrible essential truth. From a dry pinched throat I said, "And—there's no money to buy the bond."

Tommy's head moved in negation; then he dug his palms against his forehead, lifted his face. When he spoke, his voice was level, impersonal, as if he were talking about something he'd read in the newspapers. "There's about twenty dollars in the treasury. I took the rest. One of our customers, a stockbroker, gave me a tip, and it looked like a sure thing. It looked like a chance to get out of the hole—and I couldn't see any other way out."

"When was that?"  
He didn't look at me.

"**WHEN** was it?" I repeated. "It was last week, wasn't it?"

He said nothing, but his silence was an admission. He had taken the money after my accident.

He went on, "I knew a couple of days ago that I'd lost the money. But I still thought I had a chance. I mean—I could fake reports, and since the club started we haven't drawn anything but small sums for entertainment. When we've made big contributions, we've taken up a collection. I thought I could borrow some of the amount, pay the rest back before anyone ever found out. Now—this happened."

"What—" I moistened my lips—"what are you going to do?"

"Tell them. There's nothing else to do."

Tell them. Until then I'd thought only of how Tommy was feeling; I'd been sharing his burden of shame and hopelessness; I hadn't realized fully what it all meant. But now I saw that Tommy would be disgraced, not only in his own eyes, but in the eyes of everyone. Disgraced—he could be brought to trial, imprisonment! The thought was too monstrous to be credible. "There must be something we could do," I insisted desperately. "We could sell things—"

He flung himself out of his chair, suddenly savage. "There's nothing!" he flung at me. "Don't you think I haven't racked my brains, trying to figure some way . . . Sell things! We can't sell anything because we don't own anything. Nothing we have is paid for. Please, Diana, go back to bed. You can't help—"

A blow would have been kinder. But I didn't deserve kindness; I knew that even as his words shivered my very soul. I was at fault. It was I who had piled the load of debt on his shoulders, who had taken advantage of his generosity and his love for me, who had paid no attention when he'd tried to stop my spending, who had threatened him with getting a job of my own when he'd tried to take a firm stand. It was I who had brought us so close to disaster that my accident had been enough to ruin us.

Neither of us slept that night. After a long time Tommy came into the bedroom and lay down for a while, but he got up again, and I heard him pacing the living room. Toward morning I dropped off into a sleep that seemed not sleep at all, but scenes endlessly enacted before my eyes—Tommy at the Camper's Club, telling his friends, the men who had known him all their lives, who had liked and respected him, that he was a thief. Telling them, and then sitting white-faced and silent, refusing to defend himself. Then there was Tommy in a courtroom, and a

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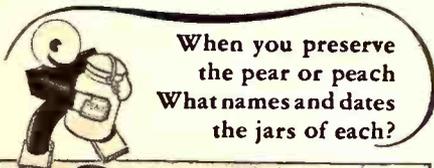
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stern-faced judge was sentencing him, and I was screaming, "No—no!"—I awoke sitting up in bed, drenched with perspiration.

Slowly I looked around me, realized that it had been a nightmare. But the rest of it—about the Camper's Club and the money—that was all true, and it was worse than any nightmare. Tommy was gone—gone to work. I knew, because some tools he'd brought home the night before were gone, too.

I had to think of something. I told myself that while I dressed, while I made myself coffee. Sell the car... but Tommy needed that in his work. Sell the furniture, sell my watch... Even my watch wouldn't bring anything. The diamonds were only chips, expensive though it had been. I dragged a chair up to the bureau, frantically pulled out drawers, opened boxes. There were Tommy's gold cuff links—we'd get a few dollars for them, a fraction of their cost. There were gloves and handkerchiefs and underthings of mine—all expensive, all worthless now. There was jewelry—I was shocked at the amount of jewelry I'd bought. Costume jewelry. Sterling silver. Sterling, gold-filled—labels that had set high prices and that meant nothing now. Silver was cheap. Simulated sapphires. Simulated rubies... junk. Just junk.

I sat there with that heap of glittering stuff on my lap, and I knew the full extent of what I'd done. I traded my husband's peace of mind, his integrity and honor, for a few handfuls of trash. Perhaps I'd traded his love for it. Go back to bed, Diana. You can't help... Of course he couldn't expect me to help him; it was I who had destroyed him. But I could have helped him once, if I'd behaved like a grown woman instead of a spoiled child. For all my foolishness and my greed, I knew the value of a dollar better than he; I had a better head for figures. I could have given instead of taken away. If people—Tommy's friends—would only understand; if they could only know the truth...

And then I knew what I had to do.

**TOMMY** didn't call me that day, and he didn't come home at dinner time. I was relieved that he didn't. I'd made my preparations—had dressed up in my best, had dumped the costume jewelry into a shoebox and had filled it up with bills, all marked "past due"—and I was afraid of Tommy's seeing me, guessing my purpose. At seven-thirty I left the house, carrying the shoebox. At eight I approached the downtown building where the Camper's Club held its meetings. I waited there for a few minutes, standing in the shadow of a doorway, watching a few stragglers pass me and go in. I waited until eight-fifteen, until eight-twenty, and then I decided that the meeting must be well along, that Tommy must have told them. I went upstairs. The door of the club room was unlocked. It opened easily, silently under my hand.

The scene was almost exactly as it had been in the nightmare. There were a score of men at a T-shaped table, all of them men I knew, Tommy's old friends. Most of them were turned so that I couldn't see their faces, but the faces I did see were angry and shocked and bewildered. Tommy sat facing me, at the head of the table, next to Roger Martin, the president. He wasn't looking at me; he was looking at Roger, and his face too was as I'd pictured it—white and tight-lipped and silent. Roger's face was flushed; his forehead was wet. "But, Tom," he was saying

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with desperate emphasis, "if you'd only explain why—"

Then all the face disappeared in a blaze of excitement. Through it I heard my own voice saying, "I can explain, Roger—"

"Diana!" That was Tommy, and I was glad that I couldn't see him, that I was still blind with excitement.

"I can explain," I repeated. "That's why I came here—to tell you what really happened, because Tommy won't tell you. You know that he's honest; you know that if he ever did anything dishonest, he had a reason. But he won't tell you what it is, because it involves me."

"Diana!" Tommy was on his feet now, and his face was dark red, not white. "Go home—"

"Let her talk, Tom. I want to hear her." Roger's level voice steadied me, and it had its effect on Tommy, too. He sat down.

I set the shoebox on the table, dumped it, and its glittering contents spilled out. I pushed the bills toward the men nearest me. "This is a sample of what happened," I said. "This is a sample of what I did with Tommy's money after we were married. Tommy knew I'd never had money to spend for luxuries, and he knew I loved them. He let me buy things as long as he dared—and then when he tried to stop me, I wouldn't listen. He didn't want to humiliate me by closing our charge accounts—and I went right on spending until a couple of weeks ago when he made me see that I had to stop. And then it was too late, because right after that I had a bad fall. I smashed my teeth, and that's why Tommy borrowed your money—to have my mouth fixed. He didn't steal it. He meant to pay it back, and he still means to. But he took it for me, because I needed it, not for himself—" And then all at once I was aware that my self-control was gone. My knees were shaking violently, and all the little muscles in my face seemed to have come apart, and each one was doing a crazy dance of its own. "That's all," I said in a strangled voice, and I turned and ran from the room.

I was nearly home before the shattering excitement died down, and I could breathe normally again. Then all I felt was complete exhaustion, and a kind of peacefulness. Dimly, I had an idea that I'd made a melodramatic fool of myself, but it didn't matter. I knew, too, that Tommy might never forgive

me for what I'd done tonight, but that didn't seem to matter, either. It would matter terribly tomorrow, but right now all that mattered was that Tommy's friends knew the truth. Surely they wouldn't prosecute him now. They could understand a man's being helpless before a greedy, extravagant wife. . . .

At home, I flung myself down on the bed without bothering to undress, feeling drained and limp, but with every nerve alert for the sound of Tommy's key in the lock. It came finally after what seemed like hours, and I went weak and shaky with relief, and then tense again. Suppose Tommy had come home only to say that he was going away. Suppose—

The bed springs gave; Tommy had lowered himself down beside me. I turned my head. He was lying as I lay—prone—his head turned toward me. Our eyes met and locked, and in their depths all we were was revealed—each of us with his own shame and his own remorse, and each of us with faith in the other, and love. I drew a long, wavering breath. Tommy took my hand, curled his fingers loosely, almost reverently around it.

"I'm not going to jail—thanks to you, Diana."

"You wouldn't have, anyway."  
"I'm not so sure. A couple of the boys were mad enough to see that I got there."

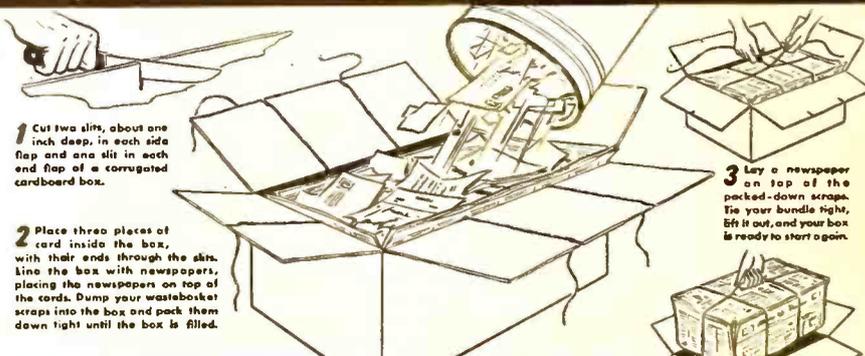
There was a long silence, but it was the silence of understanding, and mutual thankfulness. Then Tommy said, "It won't be easy, you know. There's not only the hard work and the pinching to pay our debts and the club money, but there's. . . . The boys said they wouldn't talk, but you can't keep a secret when twenty men know it. It won't be fun for you, facing the town."

"I don't care. I can face them."  
His fingers tightened on mine. "I may lose my job."

"You'll get another."  
"You're sure, Diana—sure you want to go through it with me?"

I didn't answer. There would be time to reassure him later. But just now it had struck me that another old dream—an old mind-picture, rather—was coming true: the picture of Diana, Tommy's wife, shabby, in a four-year-old coat. And I didn't mind at all. It was all right. Everything would always be all right, so long as we were together.

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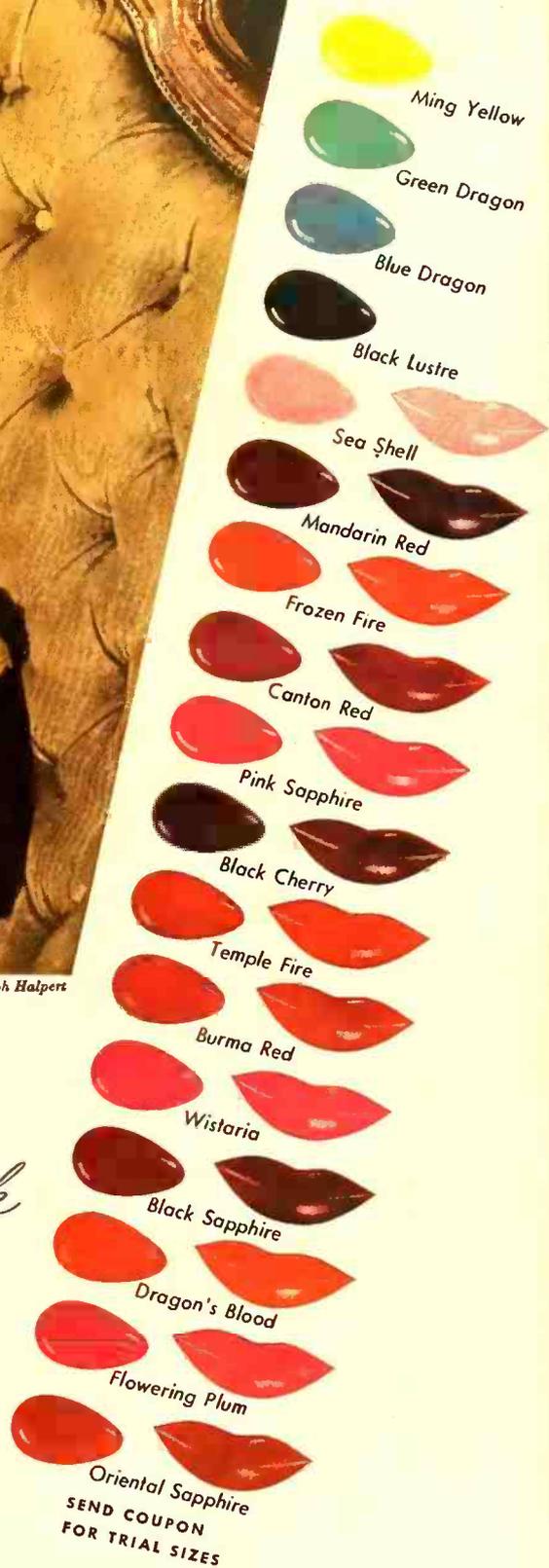
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