Radio Romances

OCTOBER **15**¢

CONSTANCE MOORE

EXCITING COLOR PICTURES YOU ASKED TO SEE

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN WHITE



-but we're still the weaker sex . . . It's still up to us to appear as alluring and lovely as possible.

So remember, ask for the aids to beauty made by THE HOUSE OF TANGEE -TANGEE Petal-Finish Face Powder and Rouge and Satin-Finish Lipstick. You'll find you were never lovelier!

Whether you're in or out of uniform, you'll want to be completely appealing just what you need to keep you as lovely as you should be. For your lips, we have world-famous TANGEE Satin-Finish Lipsticks to give your lips longlasting satiny smoothness. And with TANGEE Petal-Finish Rouge and the extraordinary new TANGEE Petal-Finish Face Powder, your complexion will take on a silky, radiant petal-smoothness that clings for many extra hours!

SAMMY KAYE IS ON THE AIR IN TANGEE SERENADE...Listen Every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. (EWT) Coast-to-Coast...Blue Network

Satin-Finish Your Lips
Petal-Finish Your Complexion

ANGEE

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..



Let your smile bring new happiness! Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

MORE POWER TO YOU, Plain Girl! You don't need to have real beauty to make you click.

Learn from the girls who have the most fun—girls who find happiness, romance. Yes, learn that you can cast a spell with a smile!

So smile, plain girl, smile. But be sure your smile is radiant, heart-warming in its charm. Remember, though, that such a smile needs sparkling teeth. And teeth

that are sound and bright depend so much upon firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist at once! He may tell you your gums are sensitive—that modern soft

foods have robbed them of exercise. And as thousands of dentists do, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the health of the gums as well. So massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation speeds up in the gumshelps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more appealing.



It's a Great Life for the girl with a bright, flashing smile ... Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile radiant!



IPANA and MASSAGE



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ON THE COVER—Constance Moore—radio and movie star—Natural Color Photograph by Tom Kelley

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Did you know?

L VERY time a member of the Armed Forces goes overseas it takes three hundred feet of lumber to box and fifty feet a month from then on to keep him supplied. Each liberty ship requires ten carloads of lumber to hold its supplies in place in the hold. And these are only two of the many uses which war makes of wood. Do you wonder, then, that the War Manpower Commission has sent out an urgent call for 100,000 strong men to work in the woods industries? If you know a man who can do this sort of work, urge him to volunteer at the nearest U.S.E.S. office

Christmas mail month is at hand-the Post Office Department has designated September 15 to October 15 as the time when Christmas mail for men overseas must be sent. With distances so vast and operations so widespread this year, every effort should be made to mail early in this period to assure delivery of packages in farthest outposts. And remember to take every precaution to address your packages correctly and fully. Here are other points to keep in mind: packages must not exceed five pounds in weight, fifteen inches in length and thirty-six inches in length and girth combined; only one package will be accepted from one person to one addressee in any week; perishable articles will not be accepted.

October marks the beginning of the heating season in many states and Government agencies warn that all fuel will be scarce this winter and must be conserved more than ever before. Here's what you are asked to do:

Complete the job of heat-sealing your home with insulation, weather-stripping, storm doors and windows. Calk cracks. Don't start your furnace too early, even though the delay may cause a slight discomfort. Before the furnace is started, clean and check it to make sure it will work at highest efficiency. Install heat controls—the WPB now permits them to be manufactured so that you can buy and use them in your homes.

We've said it before, but it can't be said too often—when you write to your man overseas, use V-Mail! It saves precious cargo space, and you're sure of your letter reaching its destination.

Scenario for every girl with designs on a man!



"See—Jim's telegram! He's got leave. It says 'SATURDAY, GORGEOUS, WE'LL FLASH MY NEW WINGS ON THE TOWN...' Gorgeous! That's ME! Saturday—that's TODAY! Oh, what a beautiful mor-ning!"

"My shower sure makes me feel 'sweet and lovely'—and a quick touch of Mum will keep me that way for hours!"

A bath removes past perspiration—Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor!



"Speed's the word for Mum—and Mum's the word for charm—if a girl wants daintiness to last. And I mean ME!"

Takes only 30 seconds to use Mum—guards charm for hours!



(Private thoughts of a happy girl.) "He's my dream come 'true—only more so! Already, he's hinting I'm the girl to wear his wings. Thank goodness I can depend on Mum to keep me fresh as a daisy all my date long."

Mum works—fast, yet gently—won't harm skin or injure the fabrics of your daintiest dresses. Use Mum anytime, every day—always before dates! Ask your druggist for Mum—today!



TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

problem

MADE LOVELY AGAIN

Dulled and dingy hair needn't cause despair. One refreshing shampoo with Admiracion makes .. thrilling difference. It floats away dirt ... loose dandruff ... soap film. Lets natural loveliness of hair shine through. TWO TYPES-"foamy" in

green carton or lather" in red carton.
Ask your Hairdresser



Homiración

SHAMPOOS



PROTECT YOUR POLISH WITH SEAL-COTE



Avoid the ugliness of chipped polish—make your manicures last and last with SEAL-COTE Liquid Nail Protector. You don't have much time these days for manicures—yet well-groomed hands are important to morale. "SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day."

SEAL-COTE

25 cat Cosmetic Counters

For generous sample, clip this ad and send with 15c to cover mailing. Seal-Cote Co., 759 Seward, Hollywood, Calif.

★ K-10



By KEN ALDEN

THE news that Kay Kyser had wed gorgeous Georgia Carroll, his singer and nationally known cover girl, left radio row gasping with surprise. Most of us thought Ginny and Kay were a true twosome when they worked together and others insisted that the pair were secretly married.

The Hotel New Yorker in Gotham is reported to be the first major hotel to engage Gene Krupa, following his acquittal.

Woody Herman is being primed for a fall network commercial on CBS. Herman's band has recently climbed to the top ranks of phonograph record sellers.

Walt Disney's next big cartoon epic will have music provided by Benny Goodman and an all-star orchestra fea-turing drummer Cozy Cole. The cartoon will satirize swing music.

Jean Goldkette, one of the early pioneers of modern dance music, and the man who started many a big time bandsman on the road to fame, is assaying a comeback.

The reason Bing Crosby is unanimously admired by his fellow artists is further accentuated by Bing's voluntary appearances on radio programs starring his friends. He recently got up at dawn to make a surprise guest appearance on friend Andy Devine's early morning coast to coast broadcast.

Frank Sinatra's feud with his Hit Parade sponsors may end with the cigarette company throwing in the towel and giving Frank more songs to sing, which is what he wants.

Students in more than 400 high schools across the country, polled by The Billboard magazine, have voted Harry James, Bing Crosby, Dinah Shore and the Ink Spots their favorites.

Harold Stern is out of the Maritime Service and has reorganized his civilian dance band.

Red Nichols, veteran trumpeter, has quit Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra.

That beautifully gowned girl who swishes into Lindy's famous Broadway bistro at the witching hour each Saturday is Joan Edwards, relaxing from her Hit Parade repeat broadcast.

Bing Crosby has been renewed on NBC's Kraft Music Hall until 1945, giving the Groaner a ten-year cycle with one sponsor.

Based on future scheduled bookings, Tommy Dorsey expects to gross more than \$1,000,000 this year.

Ted Lewis has had a park named for him in Circleville, Ohio.

Vincent Lopez's strenuous dieting has put the veteran pianist back in the glamour boy group.

All radio row is anxiously awaiting the heralded Warner Brothers' film, "Rhapsody in Blue," dedicated to George Gershwin. Tipsters claim it will be the finest musical movie ever made.

Freddy Martin has turned down all offers to come east. He prefers the easier life on the west coast and the less rigorous schedule of playing in Hollywood's Coconut Grove, where he has become almost (Continued on page 103)

Polly Ann was prettier ...

THE BOYS went "ga-ga" over glamorous Polly . . . broke their necks to get a date ... then regretted it. Plainer Molly on the other hand, dated them not once but again and again. Why? Both the girls had charm and wit and wore their clothes well. Unfortunately Polly had a little trouble* that repelled men instantly but which Polly herself didn't even suspect.

Between a girl with halitosis (bad breath)* and one without it, the choice is obvious! Off-color breath can bar friendships, good times and romance . . . just a whisper that you're guilty and down go your chances.

Don't Gamble

when it isn't . . . without your knowing it. The wise thing is to be always on guard. That means Listerine Antiseptic, with its delightful freshening effect. Simply rinse the mouth and gargle with it before social or business engagements. Almost immediately your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of medical authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

If you would be pleasing to others never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic as a part of your daily toilette.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.







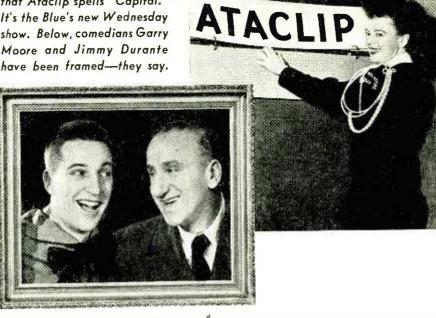
HER mother is a marvelous mother, but a little inclined to cling to habits already formed. If her mind were just a shade younger, how much better she could understand her daughter's modern point of view . . . Take the subject of monthly sanitary protection, for instance, and the use of *Tampax*. Here the mother might well learn from the daughter, both being of "Tampax age."

Isn't it worth a good deal to you to be free from the harness of belts, pins and pads? Then try Tampax, which is worn internally. No odor, no chafing, no bulges, no sanitary deodorant. Quick changing. Easy disposal. Originated and perfected by a doctor, the wearer does not even feel it . . . Pure surgical cotton ... Dainty patented applicator for quick and easy insertion.

Tampax comes in 3 different absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. It is neat and convenient. May be worn in tub or shower. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. A month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Scramby Amby fans will know that Ataclip spells "Capital." It's the Blue's new Wednesday show. Below, comedians Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante



What's New from Coast to Coast By DALE BANKS

POR the "Well, of all people!" department.... One of the amusing stories told by Gordon Fraser, Blue Network war correspondent in Italy, concerns the tough American M.P.s—as if you didn't know—Military Police. Many times Fraser has heard the M.P.s telling off some straying G.I. and always telling them off the same way. "All right, all right! Tell it to the Colone!"

The Colonel is the man who has charge of seeing that Naples behaves, that it runs smoothly despite the war-

charge of seeing that Naples behaves, that it runs smoothly despite the wartime strain of being Allied Head-quarters in Italy. Well, Fraser figured this Colonel would be a good person to interview. He also figured he'd probably be a tough old Army man who was a story from the second st who dispensed stern Army justice. So, he arranged a visit to the Colonel.

And then came the surprise. The Colonel turned out to be none other than Ray Perkins. Remember him? Yes, the Ray Perkins you've heard and heard and heard on the air as a comedian, singer and master of ceremonies—and—known far and wide as one of the kindest, gentlest men in the profession.

Women are certainly moving along into tough jobs these days. Take Miriam Stern, who holds down one of the biggest jobs in the music business. She acts as secretary, road manager and advance man for Sammy Kaye and his orchestra. Anyone who thinks that's a glamorous job had better take a good look. "Sternie," as she's known to everybody, handles the payrolls, reservations, road problems, fan mail and press when the band is on tour. In addition, just on her own because she's conscientious, she reminds the boys when it's time to pay their insurance premiums, selects the gifts which they regularly send home and little odds and ends like that.

Last spring Ed East announced on his programs, Breakfast in Bedlam and Ladies Be Seated, that he was starting a window-box Victory Garden in his New York penthouse apartment. Ed, who is Indiana born, felt that if he planted vegetables in the many window boxes of his apartment, he'd reap a sizable crop. The only hitch to his plan was the scarcity of garden earth in New York. So, he asked listeners to send him earth from their gardens, promising in return to send them photographs of the vegetables nurtured in their soil.

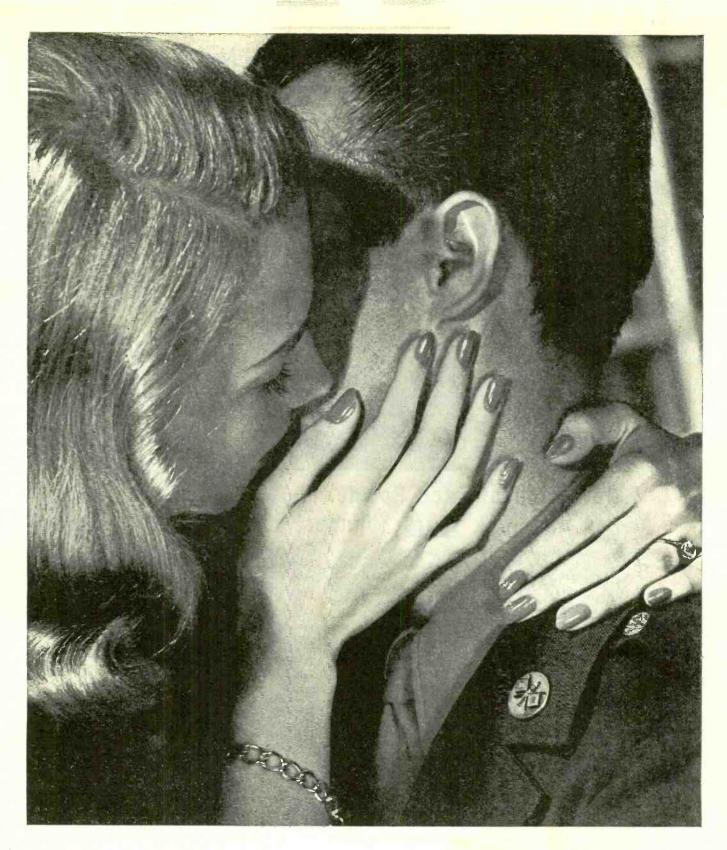
Almost all of the forty-eight states Almost all of the forty-eight states were heard from and the soil kept arriving in everything from paper bags to shoe boxes. And then came the topper. A listener-friend, Frederic A. Smith, the County Clerk of Poughkeepsie, arranged with President Roosevelt's consent, to send a cigarbox of garden earth from the Hyde Park estate

Park estate.

Incidentally, those photographs will be forthcoming any day, now.

Beatrice Kay, diminutive songstresscomedienne gets more out of her Gay Nineties antics than just fun. She's indulging a long suppressed desire for frills and ruffles. When she was a little girl, she says, she was always made a boy in the plays and dances at school, because she wasn't pretty and all the joy would go out of play acting for her when she saw the beribboned dresses of the other little

Talking about clothes and color, prior to his Mr. District Attorney assignment, Jay Jostyn used to be one of the most colorful dressers on Radio Row. He favored odd jackets, striped and colored shirts and brilliant ties. Now that he's grown into his "Mr. (Continued on page 8)



hands theill him as they Touch his face.

lovely, even through these do-more large and you can ... with Trushay to help you!

Trushays the new beforehand idea in lotions. Smooth it on brofose everyday tasks. . . before you tub undies or do dishes.

It helps grand soft hands, even in hot, soapy water. Try lush, creamy Trushay Today.

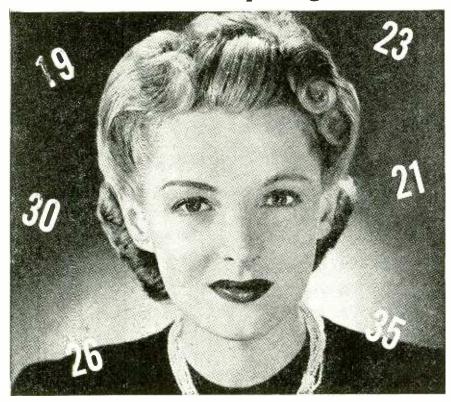
TRUSHAY



R

7

"Guess My Age!"



New Kind of Face Powder Makes Her Look Years Younger!

NCE this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people thought she was approaching middle age.

For she was the innocent victim of an unflattering face powder! It showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of her pores.

But lock at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 20-30-35?

At last she has found a face powder that *flatters* her skin-makes it look younger, more enchanting!

Why Lady Esther Face Powder Is So Flattering

Lady Esther Face Powder is extra flattering because it's made differently. It isn't just mixed, just sifted, in the usual way. It's blown by Twin Hurricanes blended with the speed and power of hurricanes—to look clearer, smoother and more flattering on your skin!

Because of this patented, exclusive method of hurricane blending, the texture of Lady Esther Face Powder is much smoother and finer than ordinary powder. The first touch of your puff spreads a delicate film of beauty on your skin, hiding little lines, little blemishes. And Lady Esther Face Powder clings longer, too—clings four long hours!

But the most exciting difference is in the *shades*. Lady Esther shades have a subtle new quality—because the color is blown in by hurricanes. Many women say that the Lady Esther shades are so fresh and alive that ordinary powder shades seem dull and drab by comparison.

Try Lady Esther Face Powder! See for yourself, in your own mirror, how much smoother and younger it makes your skin look. Get the small-size box and try it today!

TUNE IN Lady Esther "Screen Guild Players" - Monday nights, CBS



Continued from page 6
D.A." part, he's the picture of sedateness and dignity—until you spot his tie. He hasn't been able to bring himself to give up the colorful cravats.

Have you heard what comedian Harry Savoy says about marriage? "Marriage," he says, "is like a bathtub full of water—after awhile it's not so hot."

Recently, the First Piano Quartet got a fan letter they think outdoes the all time high.

It was written in pencil on small stationery, in one corner of which two teddy bears on roller skates were delivering mail. This was the message: "I am seven years old. I take lessons but it is hard to practice on nice days. Did your mothers have any trouble making you practice when you were little? Will you please play 'Waltz of the Flowers'? It is one of my favorites. I would rather listen to you than Superman!"

It's a pleasure to watch Sammy Weiss, staff drummer at the Blue Network in New York, work. His face is a shiny, gleeful mirror of joy while he's pounding rhythm out of his complicated equipment. It's a pleasure to listen to him, too, when he talks about himself.

himself.

There's nothing modest about Sammy. "I'm the best dash-dash drummer in the world," he says. And what's more, it's very easy to get people like Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw and Paul Whiteman to agree with him. "Sure," Sammy says, "so-and-so is a swell drummer, but he only plays drums. Me, I play everything, drums, tympani, bells, chimes, xylophone and vibraphone, bongoes, maraccas, clavasticks, gourds, Egyptian cymbals and a slide whistle."

Boastful as he is about his talent, Sammy is just as frank about the toupee he recently acquired to augment his thinning locks. Who ever heard of a bald jazz drummer? While Sammy was shiny on top, a publicity man brought a photographer around to get pictures of the band playing a broadcast. The photographer, moving from place to place to get good angle shots, frequently collided with Sammy



Here's movie star Chester Morris who plays Boston Blackie on that show Friday evenings over NBC.

who was hopping around among his various instruments. A few days later, the publicity man met Sammy and apologized, "I'm afraid that photographer got in your hair last week."
"Last week I didn't have any hair,"

Sammy brushed it off.

Evidence of the incorrigible American sense of humor was received by Mark Warnow not long ago. From an American soldier in a German prison camp came a card which stated simply, "Am spending a little time in Germany." The card also referred to Bea Wain and Barry Wood, who haven't been heard together on Warnow's program for over three years, which says something for that G.I.'s stay overseas.

Scramby Amby took on the proportions of a national epidemic when it spread from coast to coast a couple of months ago. The daffy quiz program, set to music, which mushroomed on NBC's Pacific Coast network, is heard over the Blue net-work, every Wednesday night 7:00-7:30 EWT, re-broadcast on the Pacific Coast 7:30-8:00 PWT. Fever pitch interest in America's newest parlor game has convinced its sponsors that Scramby Amby is a "must" for armchair contestants all across the country who clamor not to be left out in the Scram-

Unlike other audience participation programs, the unseen listening audience takes part in the proceedings on a par with contestants in the studio. When Emcee Perry Ward and Announcer Larry Keating go into their contes-Larry Keating go into their contestant-confounding routines, countless contestants in the unseen radio audience pick up their pencils and begin unscrambling like mad. Highbrows and lowbrows, city slickers and country bumpkins, movie moguls and harried housewives, all have the Scramby lirge and write in weekly by the Amby urge, and write in weekly by the thousands with scrambled entries. Innumerable Scramby Amby clubs gather in members' homes on Wednesday nights to vie for homemade prizes and jack-With pencils in hand and ears cocked toward the radio, devotees strive to outdo studio contestants and each other in licking chimerical posers.

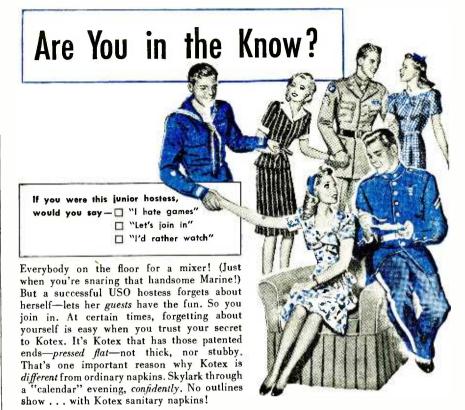
It all started a couple of years ago on Cincinnati's WLW. Elbowing its on Cincinnati's WLW. Elbowing its merry way to a foremost position among Pacific Coast programs in record-breaking time, the show continues to skip merrily to greater and greater heights with its silly spellings, musical gems ("Never Hit Your Grandma with a Shovel") and dizzy definitions

nitions.

During a gruelling pre-broadcast During a gruelling pre-broadcast session lasting many hours, the guiding lights of Scramby-Amby map out the latest strategy for unwary Scramby Amblers. Two-thirds of the script never reaches the air, thanks to the facility of contestants who make the lovingly provided musical clues and definitions unnecessary by unscrambling the scrambles as soon as they hit bling the scrambles as soon as they hit the blackboard. Anything can happen on the frisky show and usually does, meaning that stars Larry and Perry, as well as the musical ensemble and sound effects girl, not knowing in advance which way the worm will turn, must prepare several different versions for

a given program.
Producer-writer Howard Blake the man behind the scenes responsible in large measure for Scramby Amby's consistently lively excellence.

David Butler, famed motion picture director, is a Scramby Amby expert.





If this happens to you, should you blame-

- ☐ Your waxed floors
- ☐ Your scatter rugs
- ☐ Yourself

Tain't funny when falls cause 15,750 casualties a year! If your scatter rugs slip-blame yourself. Anchor them with rug cushions. And for safety's sake on difficult days, why not choose the only napkin with the 4-ply safety center .. choose Kotex . . . and get plus protection? You'll like the dependable softness of Kotex. Unlike other pads, Kotex does more than just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex stays soft while wearing-keeps its shape, keeps you more comfortable-longer!

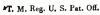


Which do you need, for this "trim" effect?

- □ Scraps of felt
- □ Two weeks' allowance
- ☐ A milliner

You can do it yourself! Just cut out simple flower shapes from scraps of felt . . . tack 'em with snappers to your gloves and beanie. Vary the flower colors, and have matching accessories for every outfit! They go together. Like daintiness and smooth grooming. Like Quest and Kotex. For Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, answers the urgent need for a powder deodorant on "those" days. Used with sanitary napkins, safe, unscented Quest Powder banishes fear of offending.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together







KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG For that well-groomed look, whethror mar well-groomed look, whethere you wear your hair up or down

er you wear your hair up or down a delicately perfumed hair laca delicately perfumed of Haira delicately perfumed hair place
ausr. Just a few drops of hair
lac will keep your cost in place
throughout the day.

bottle 25c.

Nestle HAIRLAC

So is Dr. Lee De Forrest, renowned "father of radio." So's No. 24429 at So's No. 24429 at Folsom Prison!

It's good to have "Ukulele Ike" on his own show. Cliff Edwards is one of our favorites.

It's a toss up whether Cliff's rasping tenor or his ukulele put him in the big time. Edwards plays by ear, sings by ear and, apparently reads and writes by ear, for he never went to school in his life. While other folks were learning their three "R's," Cliff was riding the river boats as an entertainer and touring the vaudeville circuits. cuits.

When Edwards first started making strange noises with that tenor of his, he was in Chicago. Mike Fritzel, who now owns the Chez Paris there, heard Cliff, said he sounded like a lot of pigs and gave him a job in the old Arsonia Cafe on Chicago's West Side. Cliff recalls that he got no salary but so many tips that the other enter-tainers insisted on being cut in on the take.

That was when the "Ukulele Ike" tag was put on Cliff. It started with a waiter, who didn't know his name, yelling "Hey, Ukulele!" at him. Someone else added the Ike later.

The Quiz Kids did the town when they were in New Orleans for their War Bond broadcast during the Fifth War Loan Drive. They saw pralines being made in the French Quarter, the battlefield of the famous city, the Higgins plant where landing craft are being made, the beautiful Cathedral of St. Louis, the famous Cabildo. And they went to Antoine's, the restaurant noted all over the world for its fine food, and proceeded to act in their usual independent manner.

They looked over the menu, long and carefully, studying the names of the distinctive New Orleans and French dishes. Then, they calmly ordered lamb chops. At that, it was a change, according to Joe Kelly. Usually, they order peanut butter sandwiches.

Natalie Core, the first woman announcer on the Blue Network, is finally



George Burns and Gracie Allen are celebrating fourteen years on the air with a new 5-year CBS contract.



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazina

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

- 1. Gives lustrous highlights.
- 2. Rinses away shampoo film.
- 3. Tints the hair as it rinses. 4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON. At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses 10¢ for 2 rinses

Guaranteed by



LEARN NURSING AT HOME

High school not necessary. No age Ilmit. Send for FREE "Nursing Facts" and sample lesson pages. Earn while learning. Act nowl Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing 160 N. Wacker Drive. Chicago, Illinois



Workl Play Go Any where! 0

Write for FREE Information INVALID CARE

EVEREST & JENNINGS



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50c and \$1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or tollet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

realizing an ambition that she has carried with her ever since she first went on the air while going to school in Pittsburgh. She always wanted to be an announcer, but that's a tough spot

for a woman to get.

Canada's declaration of war on Germany brought Natalie her first real chance at announcing, although she had done a little, scattered work in that field when she acted as substitute on an occasional program. She was in Montreal at the time, substituting for a woman friend who had a program on station CFCF. Overnight the station lost twelve regular announcers, all reserve officers in the Canadian Army who were called to active duty. For six weeks Natalie helped to fill the gap -which just made her that much more determined.

Natalie was born in Ford City, Pa., and was graduated from the Pittsburgh Carnegie Tech Dramatic School in She had a few semesters McGill University after that. Her radio McGill University after that. Her radio experience includes dramatic roles in Portia Faces Life, Stella Dallas, Gibbs and Finney, and The Three R's. She's also served as commentator in the Food News Round-up and, for two years, wrote, produced and narrated her own show, Your Window Shopper from Washington, D. C. Now, on Listen, The Women, Natalie feels she's really arrived. This is what she wanted really arrived. This is what she wanted to do all along.

Did you know that Guy Lombardo used to play the violin? He did. Then, for a time, he just held it under his arm and never played it. Eventually, that began to get in the way of his conducting, so he put it into a special case in his home, where it reclines in state.

As a result of a radio play, one housekeeper has firmly resolved to clean her refrigerator every day. She's the mother of a ten-year-old boy who listened wide eyed to a play about the wonder drug Penicillin recently, and afterward searched through the refrigerator until he found a piece of bread with some mold on it. The boy hung on to the bread for four days



Is Jack Carson whistling or puckering? Well, Dale Evans seems to be indifferent about it anyway.

I Spelled Marriage _"M·I·R·A·G·E"



I married for love . . . and at first George did love me. Then—I can't explain when or how it began-George became more and more indifferent. Our marriage happiness began to fade away like a mirage.

I brooded so that I actually became ill. When I went to see my doctor, I started to cry and told him everything. It was then I learned how "one neglect"—carelessness or ignorance about feminine hygiene - so often wrecks romance!

My doctor advised me to use Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. "Thousands of modern wives use it," he said, explaining how Lysol makes an effective germ-killing douche that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. "And Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues...just follow the directions," he added. How right he was! I've found Lysol so pleasant to useso easy and economical, too. It's been working wonderfully!



For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-44. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

Cover Girl tells —"How I <u>really do</u> Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor

(and save up to 50%)"

"More than glamour needed," says exquisite BETTY RIBBLE

"Posing is hard, hot work, under blazing studio lights," insists beautiful, blonde Betty Ribble. "Yet I can't risk unglamorous 'wilting'—and I can't damage the high-priced gowns I model. I have to have a deodorant I can rely on for both clothes and charm protection.

"The answer for me is cool, fragrant Odorono Cream!

"Odorono Cream is so wonderfully effective because it contains a perspiration stopper that simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed up to 3 days. It controls perspiration and odor at the same time. And it's entirely safe for lovely delicate fabrics—I just follow directions.

"Safe for skin, too. It's non-irritating even after shaving—it actually contains soothing emollients.

"I'm so enthusiastic about Odorono Cream I'd pay more if necessary—yet it's really economical. I get up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorants give.

"No fastidious girl today has to have an underarm problem! Just try my Cover Girl way of guarding daintiness and glamour with Odorono Cream. See if you aren't simply delighted!"

(Price 39¢ plus 20% Federal Tax)



Porcelain-lovely Betty Ribble



with bathing Your bath should be a luxurious experience. Three things will make it just that: 1. Before bathing, add Bathasweet to your tub. Softens and perfumes the bath; gives it greater cleansing power; soothes nerves. 2. While bathing, use Bathasweet Soap. It **BATHASWEET** gives a rich, billowy, creamy lather such as you don't get from ordinary soaps. 3. After the bath, use Bathasweet Talc Mitt. It's the final touch of refreshment Also recommended are Bathasweet Foam and Bathasweet Shower Mitt. **BATHASWEET** Your choice of these delightful Fragrances: Talc Mitt Garden Bouquet: Forest Pine: Spring Morning

and it was very hard to convince him that he wasn't growing Penicillin on it. After all, he'd distinctly heard it said on the radio that the drug comes from one of 600 molds that grow on bread and cheese.

Johnny Mercer, who does his composing at a desk instead of at a piano, is one of Hollywood's fastest songwriters. Many of his most popular tunes have been written in as short a time as half an hour.

time as half an hour.

He has a talent for plucking a catch phrase out of current colloquialisms and making it into a song hit—like "Goody Goody," which he wrote in forty-five minutes, and "Jeepers Creepers." Then, there was "Strip Polka," which he wrote because he was fed to the teeth with the then current polka revival. "You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby," he owes to his wife, Ginger. Looking through an old family album at the Mercer home, she came across a picture of Johnny as a child and made the obvious comment. Johnny gave a short yelp, dashed for his den and emerged half an hour later with the song.

Each October, with trumpets trumpeting and the full cacaphony of heraldic England resounding merrily, radio harks back to the days of the Drury Lane and the Elizabethan era to pay tribute to Joe Miller—author of the immortal "Joe Miller's Jests," patron saint of wits, clowns, comics, zanies, and buffoons the world over.

saint of wits, clowns, comics, zanies, and buffoons the world over.

"Senator" Ed Ford, Harry Hershfield. and Joe Lawrie Jr., comic stars of Can You Top This? (NBC 9:30 P.M. EWT) are the instigators and hosts of the celebration that is assuming the proportions of a national holiday. Originally conceived to serve a two-fold purpose: to mark the first anniversary of Can You Top This?, the affair has become a festive occasion for all the foremost funnymen of our time.

The hall in which the fun fest is held is styled with appropriate Elizabethan decor... pennants, costumes, caps and bells, tankards, etc. A huge unoccupied chair for Joe Miller—the absent guest of honor—heads the speakers' table. Leading jesters of the day meet to swap tall tales and gags.

tall tales and gags.

The "Joe Miller Jests", containing "the Most Brilliant Jests, the Politest Repartees, the Most Elegant Bon Most, and Most Pleasant Short Stories in the English Language" was compiled a year after Miller's death in 1738 by his friend, John Mottley. Since then it has become the source book of humor for comedians—without benefit of royalties—the world over.

The festivities are hailed by all funnymen. One typical comment was written by the late Irvin S. Cobb concerning the first get-together ". . . I heartily endorse the idea of honoring the Patron Saint of our profession. Where would radio be without him, and what would become of the movie gag writers—those brilliant individuals who have a good memory for old wheezes—and hope nobody else has."

Jimmy McClain, better known to you as Dr. I. Q., is going to be even busier than before. He's studying for the ministry. He's attending the Seabury Western Theological Seminary in Evanston, Ill., having just begun a three-year course leading to ordination as a minister in the Episcopal Church. Dr. I. Q. will be continued, how-



One of the contestants on M-G-M's Screen Test show heard daily, 9:15 P.M., on Mutual, was Joan Vitez.

ever, since his theater originated program will be scheduled in cities within easy traveling distance of the school. Following the completion of his seminary work, he hopes to get a parish in his home state, Kentucky.

Here's a story that soldiers on the Normandy beachhead were telling about war correspondent George Hicks right after the invasion. Hicks was the man who gave those exciting and stirring eye witness accounts of the landings and progress of our men

ring eye witness accounts of the landings and progress of our men.

It seems that one day Hicks returned to the beach completely exhausted. He borrowed a blanket and lay down by the side of the road. In a few minutes he was fast asleep. In a little while a truck picking up wounded for hospitalization rolled up. A couple of soldiers picked up the blanket-enfolded Hicks and were about to toss him into the truck, when Lt. Sam Byrd, who used to be an actor, recognized him and stopped them. Byrd says Hicks slept through it all.

"this One Complete Cream is all I need!"

... says Deanna Durbin

Long hours of war work and film-making never dim her dawnfresh loveliness. Adorable Deanna Durbin explains, "With satiny Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, I give my skin complete care—in seconds."



All-YOU need is this one cream—to help make your skin film-star lovely. Cleanses. Softens. Smooths. Holds powder.

Helps erase tiny dry-skin lines. And Stericin, exclusive ingredient, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

Take Hollywood's Beauty Night Cap: Every night cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, then use as a night cream for extra beautifying. Use also for freshening daytime clean-ups. 10¢ to \$1.25.

(Woodbury

COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM



A RE you a chronic shower-taker?
Too busy, too rushed for an old-fashioned tub?

Then, says Leah Ray, who represents the typical American housewife on Morton Downey's show, heard five days a week over the Blue network at 3:00 P. M., EWT, "you're missing one of the real luxuries of life—and passing up, for the sake of a few minutes' time, a ritual which pays dividends in feminine beauty."

Unlike so many housewives, Leah has never complained that she hasn't had the time to devote to personal beauty habits. And, she has a right to complain, because her time is very well occupied every day in the week. Yet she manages to run her home and continue her professional career, without neglecting either or herself. She always looks cool and fresh as a daisy.

Leah has always been fastidious and it paid dividends for her when she went into the professional work that brought her before public scrutiny. Born in Norfolk, Virginia, Leah got her start on a singing career quite early in life. When she was only seven she had started to sing at socials and club dances. Five years later she was being paid for her work. At seventeen, after she had been

graduated from high school, she took a trip to Los Angeles with her mother. An uncle, a song publisher, introduced her to Phil Harris, and it didn't take long before Leah received a call from Harris asking her to work for him. She started with his band at the Cocoanut Grove.

There are plenty of pretty girls in Hollywood, but the movie moguls there are always quick to notice beauty. Leah was not overlooked. In 1933 she was given a part in a picture starring Maurice Chevalier. Because she was still a minor and of school age, Leah was always accompanied by a tutor.

In 1934 she made her debut on a sponsored air show with Harris. The following year she was lured back into the movies by 20th Century-Fox, and appeared in pictures with Sonja Henie, Jane Withers and other stars. Then, for three years she sang in vaudeville and night clubs.

By this time Leah's beauty was not only appealing to radio, movie and supper club room audiences but to David

RADIO MIRROR * * * * *

* * * * HOME and BEAUTY

Werblin, too. "Sonny," as he is known throughout the entertainment world, is one of the executives of the huge organization, Music Corporation of America. The couple was married in 1938, and Leah gave up her career, temporarily, to take over household duties and to become as she says, "a typical American housewife" in fact

and to become as she says, "a typical American housewife," in fact.

It was just a year ago or so that Leah accompanied a friend of hers, a girl who has appeared in many daytime serials, to the Morton Downey auditions. The sponsor was looking for a girl with "the average American housewife's voice." Leah sat in a corner while her friend and 200 other girls were making the voice test. No one would do. The director of the show, in desperation, asked Leah if she wouldn't like to try out. She did, and won by a unanimous vote, as the girl with the "familiar and easy" voice.

When the lovely looking Leah confronted her husband with the news that she was going back into radio, he answered, "I always thought you were better than average, but I'm really pleased."

She is a fine example of the fastidious and feminine woman, whether she is at home or on the air. Because she (Continued on page 16)

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

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

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

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

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

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

Sssssshhhhh! But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled by frequent and correct shampooing. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!

drene



Make a Date

Glomout

ight...don't put it off...shampoo your hai

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

Drene Shampoo

Hair Conditioner
Product of Proceer & Gamble

Continued from page 14

"Let Up

NATURE LETS ME DOWN?

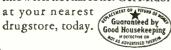
Not M



YOU watch the calendar, of course, but nature doesn't. Plans are often upset by menstural pain and discomfort. So look ahead now and get Midol before your next period. Have relief handy!

Take one of these triple-acting tablets at the first sign of suffering. See how speedily Midol eases your functional distress. One ingredient relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. And a third stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Millions of girls and women rely on Midol every month because they find it so effective and know it is not narcotic. Get Midol



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

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A Product of General Drug Company

spends so much time indoors, she makes sure some of her chores take her into the open air for at least a couple of hours each day. She has a wonderful victory and flower garden at her home in the country. (She insists upon living there all year long.) Although ing there all year long.) Although the Werblins have a gardener, Leah takes care of the flowers and of some of the vegetables, too. Most of her efforts are spent on the chickens and ducks she raises, too. Her pet cocker spaniel and Irish setter follow her on her daily tour of the garden.

Leah likes her home and spends a great many evenings there. Friends are invited up frequently.

But when she is alone she does not idle her time away. If she isn't reading or in the kitchen trying a new recipe, she is busy sewing. Her latest hobby is needle point work. Right now she is finishing some intricate work on a baby's rocking chair, the seat and back of which she is making herself.

So you can see that Leah leads a full, busy life—but she finds time for that all-important bathe-forbeauty routine of hers every day just

beauty routine of hers every day just the same.
"If I'm going out for a really festive evening," Leah confides, "my half-hour bath is really a production. I fill the tub brim full of steaming hot water, add a triple dose of bubble bath, and simply lie in them and luxuriate in the heavenly-smellingwarmth."

SHE adds that she supposes the effects of a bubble bath are chiefly psychological . . . "but the foamy stuff feels so clean, and so feminine somehow."

The daily ritual probably adds up to more real beauty magic. And Leah does it in three stages.

First she fills the tub with hot water, adds a bottle-cap full of a very good and guite evensive both sill. good and quite expensive bath oil—
"but it is really economical,

so very little will do the trick"—then, with her hair tucked securely under a scarf, she jumps in. The first ten minutes are strictly for relaxing, for getting rid of all the mental and physical quirks that a hard

day has brought.

Leah, a bath lover from way back, has accumulated all the props: an inflated

rubber pillow (no can get any more, but a folded up towel will do) which clamps onto the back of the tub, and a bath tray equipped with creams, lotions, eyebrow tweezers, a large mirror which magnifies, and damp pads soaked in a good eye solution.

The pads are for the first ten minutes when Leah, her face gooey with a good lubricating cream, lies back on the luxurious little rubber pillow, her eyes closed and losing their strain with the help of the saturated pads.

After ten minutes, the water has chilled a bit—Leah has to work to keep warm. That, too, is beauty insurance. At this stage, a rugged bath mit—a good scratchy one—and a delicate coan (same fragrance as the both city) soap (same fragrance as the bath oil) and Leah scrubs, all over, and hard. She emerges not only clean, but rosy from improved circulation.

That, most of us would say, is a bath. But, for Leah, there is more:

After the scrubbing, she drains the tub and refills it with clean, warm water, and adds another cap-full of the luscious oil. This is to rinse away all taint of soapiness.

There is time now, and warmth, for more beauty business. At this point, Leah removes all traces of the lubricating cream with cotton pads soaked in skin freshener, then applies a lubricating cream. It smells like straw-berries—for the good reason that it is made of strawberries. Leah keeps this very delicate cream in the ice-box. It

is more effective cold, and besides it feels so good.

While the blood rushes

into her face, coaxed by the strawberry oils, Leah makes the most of her time. She pounces on any straggling hairs which detract from her naturally good eyebrow line.

Then two tub exercises:
For a hint of a double chin—clasp your hands together firmly at the back of the neck.
Head forward, then slowly back, pulling hard with the neck muscles, pushing back with the hands.

For a naturally high bust-line—fold your arms in front of your chest, clasping each forearm firmly. Push hands up and back. You can feel the muscles pulling up.

Twenty each of these tub-tricks and it is time for the stimulating cream to

come off, and Leah to come out.

For all of you who are half-way to
the bathroom now, armed with bath
mit and oil—remember two things more.

After such a thorough soaking, it is important to get thoroughly dry. Breezes on damp bodies induce nasty colds. Rub yourself violently with the thickest turkish towel you can find, and wrap up in a warm dressing gown for a few minutes before dressing for extra protection.

The warm, relaxing tub will leave you—temporarily—limp and lazy. (For that reason the bath routine outlined here, if followed just before bedtime, is a godsend to sufferers from insomnia. insomnia.

Lie down if you can, for few minutes before you dress, and take full advan-vantage of the relaxed nerves. And don't say you

haven't time. Every woman has time

to make herself more beautiful.
You will emerge from such a beauty bath pink and glowing, and as sweetly smelling. The fragrance of the bath oil, however, doesn't last—although the smooth skin the oil gives you will.

But you can retain an aura of your favorite fragrance—sweet as summer flowers, or exotic and strange—throughout the evening. You can get colognes and perfumes in the same

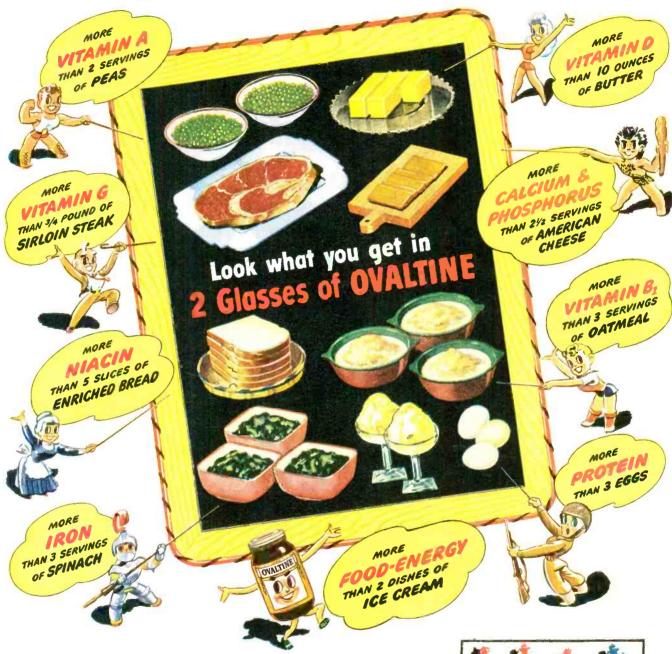
fragrance as most of the better oils.

The shower, boon to mankind though it may be, may serve its purpose in getting you clean, but it takes long soaking and pleasant, warm relaxation to settle jumpy nerves and smooth out the little worry-lines that the day's troubles have brought to your eyes.

So let's all stop rushing—and start bathing our way to beauty.



NEWS! To Get More Good from Vitamins try this DELICIOUS WAY!



Take them in combination with other food elements which authorities agree are necessary for best results!

All the world knows today that many people need extra vitamins for better health and keen vitality. It is also known today that vitamins do not work alone. They work as a team with certain other food elements. Hence, more and more, authorities are insisting "Take your vitamins in food!"

One of the reasons vitamins are so effective in Ovaltine is that Ovaltine is a concentrated all-round building food. It contains other food elements that enable vitamins and minerals to work together effectively as a team.

work together effectively as a team.
For example, Vitamin D can't do
its complete job unless you have plenty
of calcium and phosphorus, as found

in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A can't function fully unless you also have plenty of high-quality protein, such as Ovaltine supplies. Vitamin B₁ can't spark food into energy unless it has fuel-food to work on. To get this important "teamwork", doctors urge "Take your vitamins in food!"

Ovaltine also is the most delicious way to take your vitamins! And it costs very little for all it gives you! So why not turn to Ovaltine, as thousands are doing, for an easy, more delicious way to get the extra vitamins and minerals you need, for better health and all-round vitality!



3 OUT OF EVERY 4 PEOPLE need extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons for this include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitaminmineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.



This is a Victory Gardener...



Shouldn't she be proud?

She should indeed! And Uncle Sam is proud of her too for making food fight for freedom. She'll be prouder still when she sees her garden in sparkling Pyrex Ware!

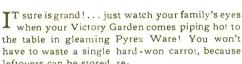
This is Pyrex Ware...





You betwe are proud to offer such lovely Pyrex Ware at such low prices. (You can buy all 7 dishes shown here for only \$1.95.) Won't they look nice on your shelf?

This is a Victory Gardener doing herself proud with PYREX WARE. Isn't it grand?



leftovers can be stored, reheated, and served again in the same Pyrex dish. You'll save dishwashing . . and you'll save precious time, because food bakes as much as one-third faster in Pyrex brand glass.



AND LOOK AT THIS FLAVOR SAVER...the first Pyrex Pie Plate with glass handles to make serving easier. You never saw a lovelier dish! Fluted edge and extra depth keep all the flavor and juices inside the pie and out of your oven. 10-inch...only

HEY, GARDENERS! This Pyrex Double Duty Casserole is *two* dishes in one. Bottom is an open baking dish, just right for baked apples, scalloped potatoes, and tomatoes. Top comes in handy as an extra pie plate. Three sizes. 1½ quart...only

This is the Pyrex Trade-Mark

You can find the little one pressed into the bottom of every PYREX dish. It and the orange label both mean "A Product of Corning Research in Glass." Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.



PRESSED

IN GLASS



THE GIRL WHO NEVER SITS

By Eleanor Harris

CONSTANCE MOORE is known by her friends as The Girl Who Never Sits—and for good reason. She's either moving at a dead run, or (for six brief hours a night) she's lying in a dead sleep. Her friends add that speed alone accounts for her beautifully run home, her happy marriage, and her bright career . . though perhaps you and I might add that looks and talent count too. Didn't we hear her every Sunday morning for a year, acting and singing on the America—Ceiling Unlimited program over CBS? And haven't we seen her in some thirty movies, including "I Wanted Wings," "Buy Me That Town," "Take a Letter, Darling," "Show Business," and now "Atlantic City?" To say nothing of the smash hit Broadway show "By Jupiter?"

Her looks are worth pausing to ad-

Her looks are worth pausing to admire, at that. She has very blue eyes, thick light brown hair, and a pin-up face and figure—that latter being five-feet-four inches high, 110 pounds in weight, and measuring exactly like a modern-day Venus. There are two people who admire her from morning to night, for that matter—one being her husband, actors' agent Johnny Maschio; the other being her two-and-a-half-year-old daughter Mary Constance, who is called "Gina" for the feminine of "Gino," which means John in Italian! The three of them live happily in a little white English house in Beverly Hills, which they rent from Rosalind Russell. They also swim happily in its small backyard pool—and both Johnny and Gina consistently applaud Constance's flying form as she

rushes around the house.

As a matter of fact, she's forced to rush—in order to fit a family into her life. Every dawning at six she's up and off to work, after a glance at the sleeping forms of her two favorite people; and by seven in the evening, when she's home again, she's eager to see them both awake and talking. The question was, should she see Johnny in the den for a relaxed re-hash of the day, or should she see Gina in the nursery? She answered the question in typical speedy manner: All three of them sit in the den, for a pre-dinner hour of chatter, just as if Gina were as grown-up as themselves. It has become a ritual now to which all three of them look forward all day long—a ritual which has helped make the Maschio family a family

grown-up as themselves. It has become a ritual now to which all three of them look forward all day long—a ritual which has helped make the Maschio family a family.

That's one of Constance's ways of speeding things up to prove that a career and a family can mix. Another method deals with the problem of having friends in to dinner, particularly on the maid's night out. Constance was determined to see the Cary Grants, the Lee Bowmans, the Dennis O'Keefes, and the Reginald Gardiners over plates of food—but again came the question of time and tide. She solved this too



Constance Moore is not only the beautiful girl on this month's cover, but she is also a radio and movie star, a loving wife and a devoted mother.

by cutting corners: Instead of spending hours setting tables and rushing to and from the kitchen with victuals, she has her guests sit up to the bar as if it were a lunch counter. Then she pushes dishes through a sliding door from the kitchen—and skids each plate down the counter like a practiced onearm cook. Result: Dinner is served fast, the guests linger over it fast, and the Maschio house is quiet hours sooner than usual—for Connie's muchneeded sleep before tomorrow's shoot-

But none of this speed-up routine surprises anyone who's known her long. She's always been hurrying, from the time she was born in Sioux City, Iowa. She was only a few months old when her family moved her to Dallas, Texas; and from then on she bustled around among her two sisters and one brother at a growing rate of speed. She was fifteen and still attending Miss Gray's School in Dallas when she hastily decided to become a radio singer. CBS was interested, but helpless, they had no program for such a youngster. "Izzatso?" said Connie, and sped to her godfather, who was Jack Marvin by name and owner of a chain of drugstores by profession. He promptly bought a radio show, and Connie was its singing star. This kept her happy for a year and a half, until one day she was out at the Dallas airport seeing a friend off—and learned that the dozing man sitting nearby on his suitcase was a Universal talent scout, heading back for Los Angeles. He was doomed at once, and Connie's destiny determined. She pounced on him like a hungry tigress, and by the time she got through talking, singing, and acting right there in the airport—she was under contract to Universal.

Once in Hollywood, her speed got her in career trouble: she was in twenty-three pictures in three years. Naturally, none of these hurried pictures gave her roles which left the critics moaning in ecstasy; so she transferred from Universal to Paramount, where she made four pictures of better acting proportions. But still Continued on page 56

MRS. LAWRENCE W EARLE

"Rosy Powders Flatter

_and Dreamflower'Rose Cream' most of all!"

"Never doubt the flattery of a rose-tinted powder shade!" advises charming Antonia Drexel Earle, shown in the portrait above wearing her favorite powder—Pond's Dreamflower Rose Cream. "Rosy tones in a powder are sure to give a clearer, brighter look to the skin—and I want my rosy shade to have creamy tones, too, for smooth blending. That's why I think Pond's Dreamflower 'Rose Cream' is so exceptionally flattering—because it brings out my freshest, clearest skin tones in such a soft, natural way!"

Pond's Dream flower Powder

Six sweet shades to choose from—flatterers all!

n—flatterers all!

BRUNETTE ROSE CREAM

NATURAL DARK ROSE

RACHEL DARK RACHEL

49¢, 25¢ and 10¢ (plus tax)

Ponds "LIPS"

Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer! Five warm, exciting shades. Dainty Dreamflower cases— 49¢, 10¢ (plus tax)

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK THE SOONER WE WINL



Their love lay like a sword between them, a piercing hurt instead of tenderness. And in the long, silent hours Sally wept bitter tears for the lovely, precious thing that they were tearing to pieces

THERE was still a half-hour before the train would pull in; through the latticed arcade over the tiny station patio the parching California sun made a crazy-quilt of light and shadow on the ground. The fine, gritty sand working its way down the collar of my suit only faintly irritated me. I knew I should have been spending that half-hour at my job—but how could I work when Tinker, my own, darling Tinker, was coming in on that train!

It was surprising that I thought of it at all. The girl that Tinker had left there on that same platform more than a year ago wouldn't have given time or duty a second thought. She'd have been squirming ecstatically on the baggage cart or, unable to keep still, walking up and down the platform, long bob swinging, short, full skirt whipping around her legs as she edged her way to the tracks, watching for the first sight of train smoke.

Not that I wasn't trembling with wild excitement inside. But I had learned—painfully—that there are things a young bride can do that a working woman simply can't.

A surprisingly large number of people had drifted into the patio, people I knew well. I longed to run over to them and share with them my glorious, wonderful news—but a strange reluctance held me back.

I was afraid they'd snub me. Between these old friends—the Twitchell sisters in their old-fashioned rusty black silks, gangling, cow-licked Sonny Laird, Mrs. Pulaski, just come from shopping with her string bag still on her arm, and the others—between us a barrier had slowly, hatefully grown. A barrier I could only dimly understand. I saw John Somers, the principal of the high school-but he only gave me a cool nod in recognition. Yet it had been John Somers who, at my wedding, had so gravely, so kindly, stood in the place of my dead father to give me to Tinker. Misery that was part bewildered resentment locked itself in my throat how could he have changed so quickly?

Resolutely I turned my back on these people. They had no place in the rapture that awaited me. And my spirits soared again with the thought of Tinker—Corporal Timeon Connor—



coming home to me, safe and well and to stay. The doctors thought his limp would eventually disappear, but the Army had given him a medical discharge. And the Purple Heart.

WAS so proud of him. And I was sure, hugging to my heart the thrill of happiness, that he'd be proud of me, too. He'd expect to find the same silly, thoughtless, care-free girl he'd married, the girl who'd spent her days in endless consultations with her mirror or puttering around an already-immaculate house. And her evenings perched on the edge of Tinker's desk there in the disorder of the Monterey Theater's office. I remembered, with a rueful smile, how I used to tease him, driving him to exasperation as he tried to make out the day's reports.

That seemed like a dream—so long ago. If I'd known then that four months later it would be I who would be struggling with those same reports, I might have paid some attention to what he was doing. But, then, Tinker hadn't wanted me to "bother my head about them," either.

Everything would have been all right if Dan Turnbull hadn't been drafted. Tinker had left his assistant in full charge of the theater while he was away, but two months later Dan was in 1-A. So it had been up to me.

For the first time in my life I had come face to face with stark reality. Not just a matter of hanging on, keeping things going until Tinker got back-but the sheer necessities of running the business so there would be food to eat and a roof over our heads. The Monterey had never been a money-maker. For months, terror was a live thing, crouching at my side, threatening to overwhelm me with the loss of everything I thought safe and secure in the world. Even now-even now when I thought about it, hysterical panic trembled in my pulses.

It had been agonizingly hard, but I had sworn to make good for Tinker's sake. Out of desperation \bar{I} had taken short cuts and made daring changes, but they had worked. Now I had a surprise for Tinker's homecoming.

Someone bumped my arm in passing. It was Mrs. Camsley, my next-door neighbor, and I smiled at her. "Hello, Mrs. Camsley. Going to the city today?" I asked.

The glance she gave me was measured, almost unfriendly. "No, Sally, I'm not!" answer was brief and unfriendly and I felt an angry blush rise in my cheeks. How dare she spoil these precious minutes!

But just then I heard the hoot of the train whistle. Now I couldn't restrain my eagerness. I hurried to the platform's edge for the first glimpse of the train. It came rocketing toward us; past the trailer camps; past billboards; past the park-

Even before it stopped he was swinging down off the steps. His dear, hungrily-

remembered, lean ranginess-and then he was holding me, tightly, with a year's bottled-up desperation of wanting. I clung to him, a desire that was almost painful in its intensity shaking us both as his lips found mine. We'd come together almost without seeing each other-I'd always felt that Tinker and I would have found each other in a crowd, blindfolded. The secret depths of our love made us so aware, so always conscious of each other's being.

At last, relunctantly, he let me go. "Sally—Sally mine!" It was the song of songs, the prayer of love upon his lips. you only knew how many times I've wanted to see that little flirting dimple playing hideand-seek in the corner of your mouth!" His eyes were traveling over me, eagerly, from head to foot, while mine searched his for their gray warmth, for the little crinkling laugh-lines around them, and on to the quizzical twist of his mouth. But suddenly I saw him stiffen in astonishment.

''What—have—you—done—to—your hair?" he demanded.

It was so unexpected that I shrank-one hand going apologetically, to my short taffycolored curls. "I-I had it cut, darling. It was so much trouble fixing it. This way I just fluff it up—and there it is." I hadn't thought he'd mind. Now I remembered, guiltily, that he'd loved to watch me brush its shimmering lengths and he'd thought it cute when I braided it sometimes into two pigtails with red ribbons tied to the ends. Well, I could hardly go to work every day in pig-tails!

I started to explain, but just then Mrs. Pulaski, followed by the others, crowded in upon Tinker, thrusting me out of the way

in their hearty welcome.

Of course—they'd been waiting for Tinker! I should have realized it. I should have remembered how well-beloved he was in Belmont. They weren't here just because he was a hero. They really cared for him, for his friendliness, his easy-going, good natured helpfulness, his sound good judgment, and even for his habit of poking his nose into their affairs. That was why they called him "Tinker," but it was a nickname of affection.

I only hoped he wouldn't notice how they'd cold-shouldered me. Not till I'd had a chance

to explain as best I could.

We finally started home, to the old rambling stucco house that my husband's grandfather had built. Tinker remarked about the swollen crowds that thronged Flores Street.

"It's the new factory, Tinker," I told him. "They've brought in so many new workers. Belmont is what you call a "boom" town now. Every house in town is jammed and the stores can hardly handle the business."

We were nearly opposite the theater now. The line of people waiting to get in was even longer than usual. I felt Tinker's start of surprise as he noticed the crowd. Then his steps slowed. Finally he stopped, frankly staring at the gaudy (Continued on page 58)



Teaching Dopey to but up



chest nut Rake, august 42



Tinker on his first fulnigh!

Moumust !!

E IS blind, Miss Trent," the nurse said.

Although time has dimmed the memory of that shock, I don't believe I shall ever forget it entirely. So many things conspire to remind me.

Looking back, I suppose it might be said to have begun on a hot afternoon in late June nearly five years ago. I was working at Carson's, Fairlawn's largest store, then. It had been a particularly bad day, with oppressive heat and a stream of ill-tempered customers. When I came out of the store at five o'clock, I was tired and hot and miserable

Just outside the employees' entrance I found David.

"Come along," he said. "The car is parked around the corner. I thought maybe a drive would cool you off."

David Welton and I had known one another almost all our lives. We had gone to grammar school and high school together and spent long, happy summers together. While nothing definite had ever been said everyone, David and myself included, I think, took it for granted that we would be married eventually. It happens that way in small towns.

We drove to The Club to which both our families belonged. Nobody ever thought of calling it anything but The Club and it certainly wasn't fashionable or expensive. It was just a big old house that several of the Fairlawn families had bought years before and maintained for their convenience at the lake. In ten minutes David and I had changed into swimming clothes and

were racing for the float.

After our swim we were ravenous and that of course called for dinner at the Inn. David had reserved a table on the veranda where we dined by candle light, going inside to dance once or twice. On one of those excursions to the dance floor David spoke to a young man who was sitting at a table alone. "Who was that?" I asked casually,

when we returned to our table.

"Ken Harding, a new fellow at the Plant."

"Doesn't he know anyone in town?"
"I doubt it. He comes from up North
someplace and he's only been here
about a week," David answered. "Would
you like to meet him?"

As I murmured something conventional in response to Ken's acknowledgement of the introduction, a moment later, I found myself looking into the bluest eyes I have ever seen, laughing eyes that crinkled at the corners. For the rest, he was a little taller than I, with a slight, wiry body which he carried with an alert, energetic air.

I couldn't help contrasting the two men as we stood there chatting. David, the larger of the two, grave and calm with quiet, steady eyes and slow, unhurried movements and Ken, intensely alive, with such a seeking look about him. I felt drawn to him at once and eagerly backed up David's invitation to join us for coffee.

Almost as soon as we were settled at our table on the porch Ken asked me to dance. I don't remember much of our conversation as we danced until in the midst of the polite banalities Ken asked, "You've known David for a long time, haven't you?"

"All my life, nearly."

"You aren't wearing an engagement ring," he said quietly. And the blue eyes weren't laughing now.

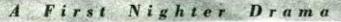
"David and I understand one another, I think," I said and found myself trembling. Rashly I had tried to answer his unspoken thought and perhaps I had assumed too much.

He tightened his arms and I could feel a tension in his shoulder.

"I think you and I do, too," he said. "May I call you tomorrow?"

It is hard for me even now to explain what had happened. In scarcely more than twenty words this stranger had quietly and irrevocably made himself a part of my life. He had penetrated









When she was with Ken nothing mattered, not yesterday nor tomorrow—until that dreadful night when Evelyn learned what fear was, and how tears can scald the eyes when your heart is broken

my thoughts and put himself between David and me as surely as if he had come between us when we were walking side by side. I was frightened by what had happened. Was I so unsure of myself, so unstable, that I could drop all that I had shared with David to snatch for something bright and impermanent which Ken held out?

And that is how it began. For of course in the end I did give him the telephone number he wanted, still not sure if I had done the right thing. I told David on the way home that night

told David on the way home that night.
"I like Ken," was all he said. And then a little later, "Why don't you ask him to take you to Mary Ellen's picnic next week? It will give him a chance to meet the gang, and I know Mary Ellen won't mind."

HAD made some definite plans about being cool and detached when Ken called, and not giving him the first date he asked for. But when his warm, eager voice came to me over the wire I melted at the sound.

"There's a new Bette Davis picture showing over in Redwood. Would you

like to go?" he asked.

Forgetting that David and I had planned to see it later in the week, I accepted. Or perhaps I pushed the recollection of my date with David into the back of my mind. I told Ken where and when to call for me and went back to my counter blithely ignoring the fact that the floor manager was glowering at me.

I found out something that night I had almost forgotten. . . Dressing to go out can be a gay and exciting thing when there is a new man waiting for

you downstairs.

It was still daylight when we drove out of town toward Redwood, chatting of the incidents that had occurred at our respective jobs. Ken laughed joyously over my story of showing old Mrs. James Peabody so many pairs of gloves that I found myself trying to sell her the pair she had worn into the store, and countered with an embarrassing moment of his own. We were on a friendly footing, a feeling of having known each other for a long time from

the first. We laughed at the same things, talked through the movie until the people around us frowned us down, chattered happily through a sundae afterward and generally behaved as if we'd known each other all our livesand loved it.

Later that night we drove home through the scented darkness. The indefinable odor of the tasseling corn was in the air and it was very still. We were both sobered now, remembering the picture we had seen, the story of a woman's victory over herself and the magnificent sacrifice she made for the man she loved. Ken spoke of that.

T MAKES you wonder," he said, "if you would have the courage and the strength to act that way."

"It depends on the kind of person you are to begin with," I said, slowly. "Most of us aren't called upon to face major tragedies. But if we're loyal and honest in the little everyday things, we can always cope with the bigger ones."

I thought with a sudden pang of David. Was I being fair to him? But as Ken had said, I wasn't wearing David's ring.

"Would that include pretending to love one man because you thought he needed you, when you were really in love with someone else?" It was almost as if Ken had read my thoughts.

"I don't know," I replied. "It wouldn't be honest surely, but it would require loyalty and even a certain integrity. If someone gives you his love you are in his debt to some extent.'

"I don't believe that," he told me. "No love ever demands return. And I place honesty above everything else."

Our talk drifted into more inconsequential channels after that and I found a chance to invite him to Mary Ellen's picnic. He seemed glad to accept.

On the porch I turned to him after I had put my key in the lock.

"I've really enjoyed it, Ken. Thank you very much."
"I have, too," he replied.

For a second we stood there in the shadows. Then he leaned forward and kissed me lightly.

"Goodnight, Evelyn," he murmured and ran down the steps to his car.

I went upstairs wondering why I suddenly felt that a world without Ken Harding in it would be dreadfully dull and flat.

David telephoned the next day to confirm some plans we had made to go sailing at the lake on Sunday. But I didn't hear from Ken. It troubled me. Not because he had impulsively kissed me goodnight or because I thought that one date gave me priority on his time, but just because I wanted to hear his voice again and catch the sparks from those blue eyes when he was interested or amused. I suddenly found new poignancy in little things I had never noticed before, like the shadow patterns the leaves made in the moonlight on the street and scraps of music heard on the radio late at night.

My long association with David had bred a liking and respect, a very deep affection, that I could not deny.

Whether I loved him or not I could not say. On the other hand, my brief meeting with Ken and our evening together had aroused and excited me in a way I had never experienced before. Our group in Fairlawn had known one another too well and too long for us to draw a mental stimulation from one another. Ken's ideas were new and fresh and daily I found myself thinking, "That's something I'd like to talk to Ken about."

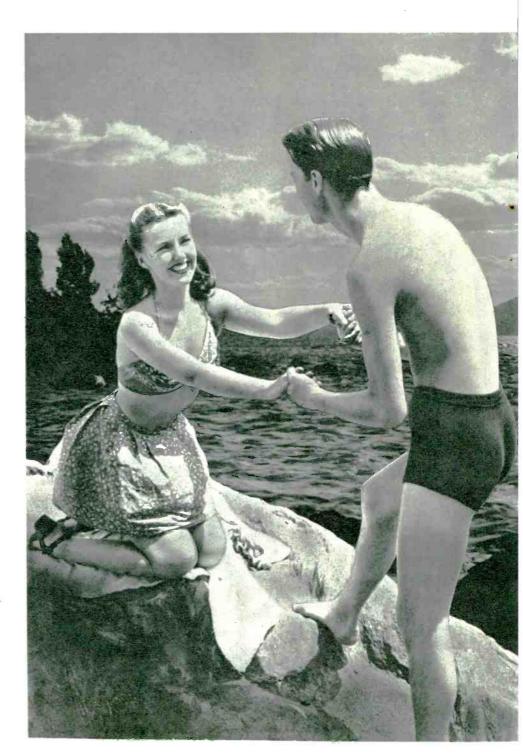
It all summed up to this—that David was a comfortable person and Ken, an exciting one. David was there and Ken had not called me again after that first time. The answer was surely obvious. Forget Ken. But I knew in my heart I could not.

At last on Monday he did call me and I was absurdly happy for the rest of the day, even though it was only to make final plans for Mary Ellen's picnic,

on Wednesday night, that he called. Tuesday went by on wings as I planned what I would wear and, in the evening, helped Mary Ellen and her mother peel potatoes for the salad.

Then on Wednesday, the night of the picnic, Ken and I were late. He had been detained at the Plant so all the rest of the crowd was there around the fire on the beach when we drove up. David came to the car to meet us and we strolled on down to the fire.

Ken made himself part of the crowd at once. It developed that he was the only one of the men with a pocket knife so Dolly dragged him off to cut wiener sticks. I got busy helping Mary Ellen lay out the food and I didn't really see Ken until after we had eaten, when he brought me a toasted marshmallow. It was dark by that time. He was little more than a shadow against the firelight as he stood holding the toasting



stick for me to pull off the sticky candy. When I had popped it into my mouth, inelegantly licked my fingers, and thanked him, he held out his hand to me.

"Come on—let's walk down to the beach."

I put my hand into his, and he pulled me to my feet. "It's not that I don't like your friends," he said, when we were out of earshot of the others. "I do—I like them a lot. But I want to talk to you."

He was silent then, until we had reached the Point, where we sat down on a big rock with the water lapping against it. In the cool silver light, he turned to me.

"Now—now that we're here," he said, a little hesitantly, "there doesn't seem to be anything to say."

"It's a lovely evening," I sighed.
I could see little laughter-wrinkles

crinkling at the corners of Ken's eyes. "Yes, and the weather is exceptionally lovely for this time of year, and the smell of pine is fresh and cool, and we just had an excellent supper, and yes, I do love a beach party with food cooked over a fire. And now that we've disposed of all the little social things people say to each other . . . Evelyn, I expect you're wondering why I didn't call you again last week."

Suddenly I found that I was trembling, that my breathing was swift and unnatural. I suppose I might have been coy and suggested that he was assuming too much if he thought I'd been sitting by the phone waiting for it to ring. But there was nothing but truth in me at that moment—and I'm terribly thankful for that. So I told him: "Yes, and I wondered if I'd done anything."

"It was you and David," he replied,

after a moment. "They told me at the Plant about that. And then I asked you to go out with me that night at the Inn when you were with him. It bothered me."

"But I accepted!" I protested.

"I thought perhaps you were just being nice to a stranger."

"You've never been a stranger to me," I said without thinking.

And then, blindingly, I knew. I knew why I was trembling, why my breath came short and sharp. Ken Harding wasn't a stranger—he was the man with whom I'd fallen in love. He was the man who had been imaged in my secret heart forever, and now the dream was reality. You're insane, I told myself. My heart was pounding frantically at the enormity of what I'd said to him, at the shock of loving him, and of almost telling him, in so many words, that I did.

"That was sweet of you to say," Ken replied, and my heart slowed down. I hadn't given myself away after all, then

But what about Ken? How did he feel about me? He seemed so casual, so polite. Could he possibly feel as I did—and if he didn't, what was to become of me?

HEARD him say, as if from a great distance. "I'd like to see you sometimes, Evelyn. Is it all right if I call you once in a while?"

All right? When I asked nothing more than just to be with him, to hear his voice, to see his eyes light up!

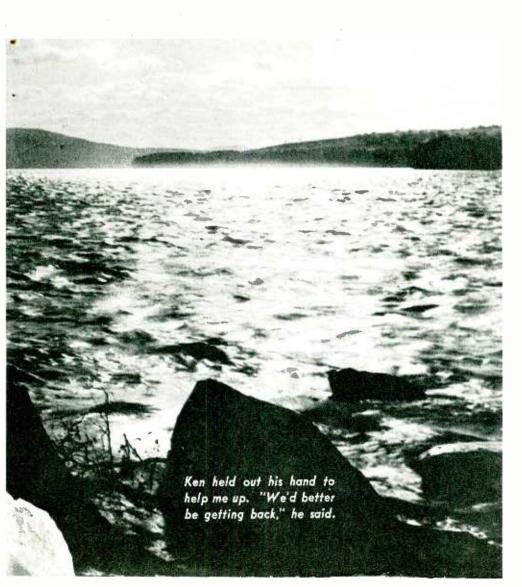
Somehow, I managed to keep my voice steady, to keep the almost uncontrollable eagerness out of it. "Yes, of course, if you want to."

Once more Ken held out his hand to help me to my feet. "Fine—we'll have fun. But we'd better be getting back now, hadn't we? They'll be wondering where we are."

So he left it at that, and that was the way it was. During the weeks that followed—some of the most difficult, heights-of-joy and depths-of-despair weeks I've ever known—I saw Ken regularly. And the more I saw of him the more heartbreakingly sure I became that he meant exactly what he had said the night of the picnic. I was good company. He liked to be with me from time to time. He had fun when we went out together—but that was all there was to it.

Of course, I saw David, too. He continued to call and to stop by the store for me, just as he'd always done. After the turmoil of an evening with Ken, watching everything I said and did, desperately careful not to betray myself to him, it was comforting to be with David. He had known me all my life; with him, there need be no pretending. I didn't tell him how I felt about Ken, but I think probably he knew, even then.

There were times when I thought of refusing to see Ken ever again. I'd make up my mind that the next time he called I would break off with him completely, no matter what he thought. And then I'd hear his voice—my heart would lift and (Continued on page 70)



It seemed to Alice that her every dream was fulfilled—but she had to learn this: That a great love like any other great thing must earn its right to exist, that it cannot live if its living means death to another love

WAS too impatient for love. And because of it, I am in debt to life. I have to repay someone—someone dear and precious to me—the cost of having hurt him through blind selfishness, and that is the hardest debt in the world to pay off.

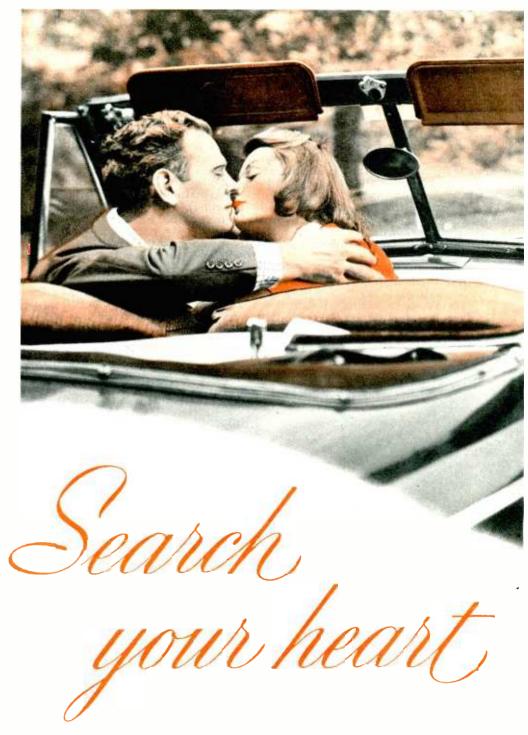
You see, I'd always felt that a true love between a man and a woman should be so strong that it would sweep everything before it. I thought the test of its greatness would be that it brooked no denial from anybody or anything, that it would be so enveloping the rest of the world could be forgotten. That was the kind I dreamed of and longed for—and never felt until I met Dean Abbot. And then it was through Dean and what we felt for each other, that I learned the truth. A great love, like every other great thing, must earn its right to exist and not borrow from the happiness of others.

And it all began so simply and so innocently! It began because a child in one of my classes got a schoolgirl crush on me.

I was in my third year of teaching at the junior high in our small city. I liked teaching, and I liked my subject—general science for the first-year youngsters. Occasionally there would be a child among them who would especially attract me, who would make me feel with an instinctive hunger—"There. I'd like to have a child like that." For the love I dreamed of meant a home and children, too, as its natural fulfillment. Oh, I was so very sure of what I wanted and so desperately impatient for it to come! And the sureness made me so blind, and the impatience so hurtful. . . .

Of all the pupils I'd ever had, Tracey Abbot was my favorite. She was a slim, intense little twelve-year-old, with a passionate interest in chemistry. It was that which first had attracted me to her. She used to be so absorbed in doing her laboratory experiments that she wouldn't even hear the bell ring that announced the end of the lab period—and that, from a twelve-year-old, would be impressive to any teacher!

It was once when she'd stayed later than the others to finish up some simple test that I talked to her for the first time. I looked at that absorbed



little face, and somehow I was stirred by the earnest intensity in it. "You'll probably be a fine research chemist when you grow up, Tracey," I said. "You love it—and you seem to have a talent for it."

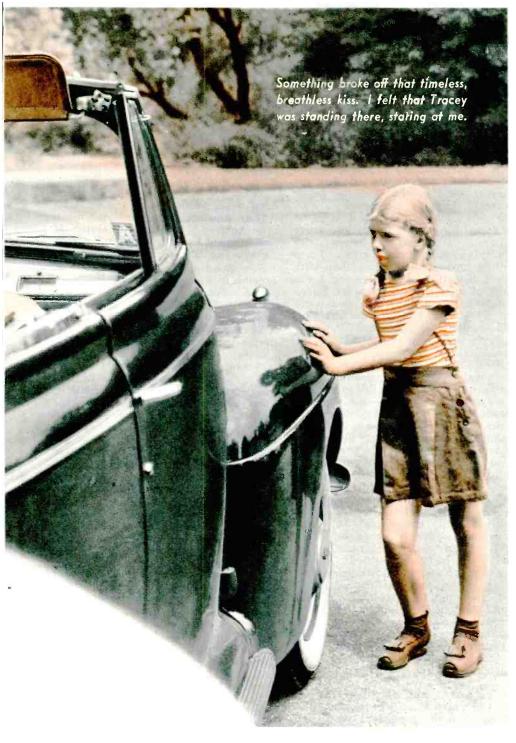
She raised her head and her dark eyes were glowing. "Do you really think so, Miss Morrow? Do you really think I could?" You'd have thought I'd given her the world. "You see—well, my daddy is a research chemist at the war plant and I want more than anything to—you know—to make him proud of me and then maybe when I grow up we could work together and be just like the Curies or somebody, only father and daughter, and—oh, you know."

Yes, I knew. I knew, too, that she had probably never confided that ambition to another living soul. I was touched by her eager confidence. "I'll tell you what, Tracey. If you like you

can be monitor of the lab and help me take care of the equipment. It's valuable, you know—especially for a school like this; this is one of the best equipped laboratories in the state. So you'll have to take special care, and make sure the door is locked at all times wher the room isn't in use—and meantime you'll be learning more than you could in class. Would you like that?"

"Would I!" She threw her arms around me in an ecstasy of delight. "Gee, Miss Morrow, I think you're super."

After that, Tracey Abbot was practically my shadow. With the headlong enthusiasm of youth, she thought I was wonderful and everything I did perfect. She hung on my every word, she carried books and papers back and forth from classroom to lab, she waited sometimes after school to walk home with me to my rooming house. All teachers have experienced those



crushes from pupils and know that they are normal and healthy and usually of short duration. I knew that the intensity of this one couldn't last, but I hoped that Tracey and I would remain friends. She was an interesting child, quick and intelligent in most of her studies, and I sensed that, somehow, she was lonely. Her home-room teacher told me Tracey's mother was dead and that she lived with her father and a housekeeper; and my heart warmed to the poor motherless little thing, so hungry for affection. I noticed that she never mentioned her mother but talked constantly of Mr. Abbot—"Daddy says . . . " And "Daddy thinks . . ." until I found my-And self curious to meet him.

And then one day Tracey arranged it so I did.

She and her father were having a picnic up at the Rock on Saturday and she wanted me to come. At first

I tried to refuse, because I knew how busy all research chemists are these days and that his time alone with his daughter must be doubly precious to them both. But Tracey was so insistent, I agreed. "You've got to come," she said.

I'll never forget my first sight of Dean Abbot. He was standing waiting by the car, while Tracey ran in to get me at my rooming house. He was bareheaded, and the bright October sun fell squarely on his dark, ruffled hair that yet had gold in it, on the tanned angular face that had strength in it, and, unshadowed, on his eyes—so like Tracey's in their dark intensity and yet so different. And I had the strangest feeling as I walked across the lawn that I'd been walking toward him all my life, and all his life he'd been there waiting for me.

His gaze held mine as Tracey made the introductions. "You know, of course," he said, "that my daughter believes the world was created especially for you to inhabit. For the last six weeks, I've heard nothing but Miss Morrow. I don't have to tell you that I'm happy to meet you at last."

It was a pretty speech. But it was more than that. And, with a suddenly thudding heart, I knew he realized it as well as I.

I tried to laugh lightly. "I'm afraid Tracey's heart sometimes runs away with her good judgment."

"No," he said, and his voice was serious. "I don't think so."

She sat happily chattering away between us as we drove up to the Rock, the highest point that overlooked our city in its valley in the hills. It was a perfect autumn day, clear, bright and tangy, and the foliage seemed to touch everything with golden flame. But I could neither look at beauty nor respond to Tracey's happiness. I was too aware of the man beside me. I saw his hands on the steering wheel, slim hands with sensitive fingers, and I wanted to reach out and touch them and know their strength. I saw his mouth, with its pain and sweetness, and, almost unbearably, I wanted to know its touch on mine. . . . I found that I was trembling when we reached the summit and stopped the car.

Under Tracey's strict supervision— it was her picnic, she said—we broiled the hamburgers and ate the lunch Mrs. Durenger, the housekeeper, had prepared. On the surface, it was all gay and companionable and a lot of fun; and I tried hard to keep my mind on those surfaces instead of on that frightening awareness of Dean Abbot that lay underneath them. Afterwards, we all set out to climb the remaining distance to the top of the Rock, where we could see the whole valley spread out before us. Tracey found a small cave she wanted to explore, so Dean and I went back to the car to wait until she was tired of playing.

"She's an unusual child," I said, when we were seated in the car. I was determined to be Alice Morrow, the schoolteacher, talking to a parent, to keep myself from being Alice Morrow, the woman who was falling in love. "I've grown very fond of her. But she feels things so intensely sometimes it frightens me for her. She'll outgrow that, I expect, but—"

"You feel that?" he asked quickly. "It frightens me, too. It's hard to bring a daughter up singlehanded and at times I'm afraid I do a bad job of it."

"You've done a wonderful job! Everything she does, she does to make you proud or happy. She adores you."

"Too much so, I'm afraid," he said soberly. He hesitated a moment, his eyes searching my face, and then he began to speak again with an odd urgency. "You see — there's a story behind that, a rather bitter story. Tracey's mother and I were married very young — too young. She was eighteen and I was twenty. She was one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen or hope to see, and I was madly in love."

I took poor little Tracey back to the only safety she knew the safety of her Daddy's arms.



He looked out over the valley, and I felt a pang as I watched his face. Could I be jealous of a woman I'd never seen, whom I now could never know, simply because she was beautiful and had been beloved by Dean? I couldn't be. And yet—

"Tracey was born when we'd been married a year," he went on presently. "We didn't have much money-I was getting started in my profession. And Eileen-well, she wanted the fun she thought she'd missed, and she began to resent the baby and me. In a way, I couldn't blame her and I tried to make up for it, but things got worse between us instead of better. Her beauty had spoiled her, I guess. I was still in love-with it, more than with Eileen herself, I know now-and I was crazy about the baby. So when Eileen fell in love with another man, it hit me pretty hard." His voice was hard and unemotional but it hurt me more than anything else ever had.

TRACEY was about five then, old enough to sense things weren't right between us. One night Eileen told me she was leaving me - for him. I pleaded with her to stay, more for Tracey's sake than my own; I told her I thought marriage had to be worked at, and maybe neither of us had worked hard enough at ours. She got angryand she screamed at me that she hated me and that the baby had never been anything but a millstone around her neck. Then she left—just like that. But—and this is the part you must understand — Tracey heard what she said. She'd been awakened by the voices and had crept out and listened. She was too young to understand anything except that her mother didn't love her, and to sense that I'd been hurt. And ever since, she's been clinging to me more than she should and trying to protect me, too. You can see why I'm worried about her. . . . "
"Yes," I said in a low voice. "I can.

"Yes," I said in a low voice. "I can. Then it isn't true that her mother—is dead?"

"It's true." And his voice was still flat and unemotional. "She was killed in an automobile accident four years ago. She'd left the man she'd left me for and was already married for the third time."

And do you still love her? That's what my heart was crying. Instead, I said, "I'm grateful to you for telling me all this, Mr. Abbot. It will make me a better teacher as far as Tracey is concerned—I'll understand her better and I'll try and help. Thank you for trusting me with the story—"

He leaned forward then and the look in his eyes took my breath away. "That's not the only reason I told you, Alice. I had to tell you—for my sake, as well as my child's. You see—Tracey has told me a lot about Alice Morrow. And I could tell what a fine person you were from what she said. But she never told me you had hair like honey and eyes like—" he broke off then, and what I'd been longing for all day happened—his hands reached out and took mine. "You know what I'm trying so badly to say. Don't you? And you know things like this can happen—because it has happened, to us. You know it, don't you?"

Yes, I knew it. And I knew, too, I need never be jealous of the dead, no matter how beautiful or how much once beloved. I knew it because at that moment I touched heaven, as Dean Abbot's lips met mine.

Something broke off that timeless, breathless kiss—some small rustle or sound. We looked up. Tracey was standing there staring at us—and her face had gone perfectly white.

Next day — Sunday — I was like a person in a dream. I woke very early, and even before I opened my eyes I was seeing Dean's face as he'd reached out for me yesterday. I was hearing his voice as he'd said, "You know it, don't you?" And everything in me was waiting for this afternoon when I would see his face and hear his voice again. For, as they'd left me at my door, he'd said, "May I come to see you tomorrow—around three?"

The ride back from the Rock had been a strained one. Tracey had run on down the path ahead of us, without a word, and we picked her up at the end of the road. All her gay chatter was gone. "She's just tired." I told myself. "And besides, I suppose it was rather a shock for the child to see her father kissing a woman he'd met only three hours before." Both Dean and I had tried to get the mood back as it had been before, but Tracey remained white and silent, making only polite replies; and occasionally I saw her steal a sidewise look at her father's face, regarding it with a curiious intentness as if she would read some answer there.

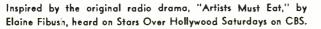
But Sunday morning I was too filled with the strange and wonderful—yes, and frightening—thing I had found in Dean to let my mind dwell on Tracy. For I knew I was in love. And I felt he was. Would he say so, in so many words, when he came this afternoon? Would he ask me to marry him—not now, of course, but later when we'd known each other longer and had given this new-born feeling a chance to mature and deepen through better knowledge of the other? Would he—

The telephone rang and I leaped to answer it. Instinct told me it would be Dean. It was. The first time I'd ever heard his voice over the telephone—how different it sounded! So many "firsts" lay ahead of us—the thrill of discoveries of each other. Then I was jerked back to listening to what he said instead of just the sound of his saying it.

"... afraid I can't make it this afternoon, Alice. Tracey is sick."

"Sick?" I was alarmed. "What's wrong, Dean? Have you had the doctor?"

4 Stars Over Hollywood Story



"Yes, and he can't find anything really wrong. But she ate no supper last night and has had nothing all day and complains her head aches and she doesn't feel good. She really must feel miserable because she can't stand to have me out of her sight."

"Oh." I hesitated. Then I said. "I'm afraid, Dean, this is an attack of jealousy."

"Jealousy?"

"I mean because of-of yesterday." This was embarrassing and suddenly I was flooded with the fear that maybe yesterday hadn't meant as much to him as to me. "Tracey adores you, perhaps too much, and yesterday on the picnic when she saw you were-interested-in me, she got jealous. Now she's pretending to be sick to keep you from coming to see me."

"You mean it's all pretense?" He

sounded incredulous.

"Not exactly pretense, but she's sick because she wants to be. Children often do it. I really don't think you should humor her too much. As long as Mrs. Durenger is there I think you should come anyway, just for discipline. And also-" I added laughingly, because honesty forced me to—"because I'd like to see you!"

"I want to see you, too." The words held that deep, urgent tone I loved to hear. "But-well, I suppose vesterday was pretty much of a shock to her. She's not used to my being interested in anybody but her. As long as she does feel so badly, I think this time I'd better stay."

I didn't answer for a moment. We wanted to see each other, we needed to see each other; this was the most important thing that had ever happened to me and-I hoped-to Dean. "Of course, do just as you feel you ought to," I said finally.

HE sensed the coolness in my voice. "You've got to believe I'm staying here, humoring her, if you like-because, for this once, it's so terribly important to Tracey. Not because everything in me isn't crying out to see you. You've got to believe that, Alice. . . I'll call you tonight."

"I'm going out tonight." I wasn't. but I was hurt.

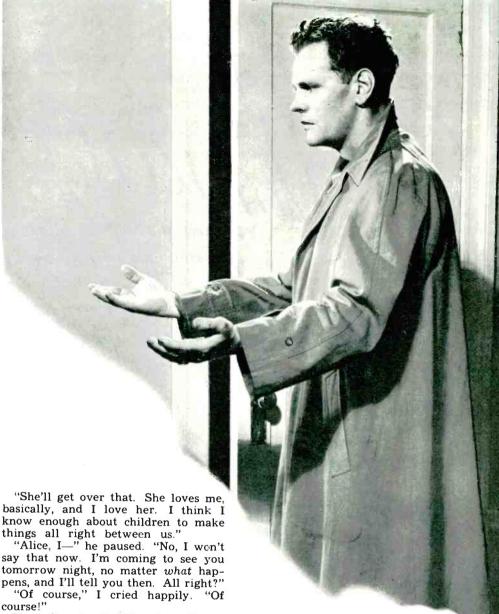
"Then I'll call you tomorrow."

"If you like," I said, and hung up. All that bright, special expectancy of my day was gone. It wasn't right that we wouldn't see each other. This thing that was trembling on the threshold of my life was too precious and too big to let anything—anythingstand in my way. Yet the self-imposed sickness of a child was keeping Dean and me apart.

Toward evening, I began to be remorseful for what I'd said and felt. After all, Tracey was a dear little girl and she came from an unhappy home. That makes a difference. I called Dean.

"I'm sorry for the way I acted this morning," I said. "How is Tracey?"
"You're a darling to call," Dean said

feelingly, and my heart sang. "She's much better-ate a big supper and everything. You were right, I'm afraid. It was just jealousy."



things all right between us." tomorrow night, no matter what hap-

Next day, for the first time Tracey wasn't waiting to help me carry my books from the classroom to the lab. And in class, instead of the passionate interest she had always shown, I had the feeling she was warily watching me, as one watches an enemy who might make a hostile move at any moment. After the lab period, she went about her duties as monitor-putting the equipment back in order and locking up-hurriedly and silently. That had always been the time we'd talked. and when I'd felt her affection for me the strongest. Today, no matter how hard I tried, I got nothing at all except a sort of careful courtesy.

Finally, when we'd locked the door and hung the key in its accustomed place, I thought it was time to try and bring things out into the open between us. "Tracey," I began-

She sensed it. "I'm sorry, Miss Morrow. I have to go now. I've got something else to do." And she raced away from me down the hall. I had the feeling she was crying as she ran.

But that night, for a little while, I forgot about Tracey. I had to. There was no room for anything, anyone else, when Dean took me in his arms and said he loved me. "I know it's quick," he said huskily. "But I had a feeling it would come that way for me, if it ever came. But I didn't know it would be so big — so overwhelming — so — "Oh Alice, darling-" And he strained me to him.

We knew we couldn't be married right away. We knew we'd have to be sensible; we'd have to know each other a little better, I'd have to finish out the school year-there were a hundred sensible reasons. And there was Tracev.

"She asked me tonight if I was coming to see you," Dean said slowly. "And when I told her I was, she just turned and walked away without a word. The look on her face-I can't describe it. She just looked numb with hurt.'

"I know, darling. She will be at first—because you've always been so close to each other and she resents anyone else coming between you. She'll just have to understand that you don't love her any the less because you love me too. . . ." Then I pulled him closer and put up my lips to be kissed. "Don't worry about it-I'll make her understand. Oh, Dean, I love you, I love

But in the days that followed, my confidence in winning Tracey over evaporated. She avoided me. She grew sullen and indifferent in class-not only chemistry, but (Continued on page 74)



Meet the staff of Municipal Hospital—the self-sacrificing doctors and nurses whose public and private lives are revealed to you each day in radio's new human-interest story



DR. PAUL BURTON, chief of staff of the big Municipal Hospital in the town of Fairview, Iowa, is not only the director of the hospital's entire staff, but is a friend and adviser to the people who work under him as well. Dr. Burton is a widower and has two lovely children in their early teens. His life is a very full and busy one with the numerous problems of his motherless family at home and his large hospital "family" as well.
(Played by Kenneth Griffin)

EILEEN HOLMES, a young Iowa girl, is the ward of Dr. Purdy, a physician in the town where Municipal Hospital is located. She has given up her college career to become a nurse. Eileen became interested in this profession when a nurse, Karen Adams, saved her life during an epidemic some time ago. Karen died after contracting the disease from Eileen, and before her death asked Eileen to carry on in her stead. Eileen has the same intense human interest in her patients as does her foster father, and the two are now interested in the rehabilitation of a young war veteran, Bill Sommers.

(Played by Sarajane Wells)

The radio serial, Woman in White, is written by Irna Phillips and heard daily at 2:30 P. M., EWT, over NBC. Photos by Maurice Seymour, Chicago.





HELEN BRADLEY is the very human and great-hearted superintendent of nurses at Municipal Hospital in Fairview where Dr. Burton is chief of staff. Dr. Burton is very much interested in Helen Bradley but although Helen would like to return Dr. Burton's interest, a mystery somewhere, back in her past life clouds her present love affair and colors her attitude towards Paul. (Played by Muriel Bremner)

DR. LANDIS is resident physician at Muncipal Hospital. His interne days are not so very fir behind him, and his youthful flippancy and cynicism have not yet quite given way to the more tolerant attitude of the more mature physicians. However, his genuine worth, his very real kindliness and his great capability overshadow these traits. Dr. Landis is very much interested in Eileen Holmes and is doing his part along with her and Dr. Purdy in helping toward the rehabilitation of Bill Sommers, the young war veteran in whom they have all become interested. (Played by Harry Elders)



AMELIA JAMESON is a nery bright—as well as a very pretty young student nurse at Municipal Hospital. Eileen Holmes, Dr. Purdy's foster daughter, and also a student nurse at the hospital, is Amelia's best friend. The two girls, Eileen and Amelia, share a room in Municipal Hospital's nurses' home. Amelia's affections are overseas with a young Marine, and she spends most of her free time writing long letters to him, or reading over and over his letters.

(Played by Cheer Brentson)



ALICE HENDRICKS is one of the home-front "casualties" of the war. Alice is the type of woman who loves only once, and long ago she gave her heart to Bill Sommers, the neighbor boy with whom she grew up. Bill has returned from the war with an artificial leg, so embittered by his loss that it was months before he let Alice know he was back. Now Bill insists that he no longer loves Alice and wants to live his life alone. (Played by Beverly Taylor)

DR. PURDY is the typical small town physician, and he has brought up Eileen to follow in his footsteps, putting service to her patients above all else. "Doc" is not only a hero of ailments, but his village friends have come to depend on him in their troubles. All his spare time goes to giving people a helping hand-people like Bill Sommers, whom he is trying to persuade to return to his home and take up his life and his romance with Alice where he left them.

> (Played by Hugh Studebaker)

Ellen would always remember her wedding. No one ever had a lovelier one. But now that one night of marriage had changed everything—Johnny must come back to her!

OHNNY asked me to marry him the night before he left home to be inducted into the Army.

Not that we hadn't known, both of us, for years, that someday we would be married. We knew that, when we were sophomores in high school and Johnny asked me to "go steady." When we started together to Junior College, and Johnny gave me his fraternity pin, we were a little surer. But until the night before he left home for the war he had never said simply, "Will you marry me, Ellen?" And I had never had a chance to say, just as simply, "Yes, Johnny, you know I will."

All of our friends in Morristown took our "understanding" quite as much for granted as Johnny and I did. There would be no surprises for them if our future followed the usual Morristown routine: an engagement party as soon as we finished school, the usual series of showers and luncheons, a pretty church wedding with Reverend Wilcox reading the double-ring ceremony, and then the beginning of our life as Mr. and Mrs. when we moved our wedding presents and our personal things from our families' big frame houses in the old part of town and into a small frame house of our own in the newer section up on North Hill.

I hadn't waited for Johnny's proposal to prepare for that ultimate happy day. The hope-chest in my room already was half-filled with some lovely linens and China and glass, and a few pieces of sterling silver all ready to do service in our dream-home-to-be on the hilltop overlooking the town.

We would have gone on, not saying anything, making no definite plans, probably, until we had our college diplomas safely in our hands—if it hadn't been for the war. But Johnny's going away changed all that. A man who is leaving everything that is familiar and friendly to go off to a strange place, among strange people—to learn to kill-doesn't want to guess that his girl will be waiting when he gets home. He wants to know.

It was quite late the night before he left when he told me that-that he had to know. It was after midnight, and I knew Johnny should be getting to bed, for he had to be up at five to leave for the induction center. But it was a breathtakingly still and moonlight night, and we were alone in the porch swing - Mother and Dad had long since gone upstairs to bed-and I couldn't let him go. I knew it would be weeks, maybe months-at least until he finished his basic training-before Johnny and I could sit together in the front porch swing again.

I still couldn't quite believe that he was going. He had been part of my life for so long. And now I didn't even know where he was going-how far away, or for how long. I clutched his hand tighter, realizing this, and held my lips up to his to be kissed.

He kissed me hungrily, as though in one embrace he would make up for all the nights I wouldn't be there to turn my face up to his. And then, pulling abruptly away from me, he blurted out the thought which had been weighing on his mind, leaving him glum and silent most of the evening.

"I don't want to tie you up, going away, Ellen," he began. "I want you to feel, if you want to go out with other fellows . . . that I'll understand."

I was indignant.

How did he get a thing like that in his mind? Did he think that I would be sitting here, close in his arms like this. kissing him like this, if I hadn't made up my mind - surely and foreverwhat man I wanted to be with? I wanted Johnny to be faithful to mewhether he was sitting in the porch swing beside me or thousands of miles away. I don't believe in the "modern" sort of engagements which leave room for all sorts of minor flirtations "on the side." I didn't expect to buy Johnny's loyalty for nothing. I expected to remain his—completely his—until he came home again. And I told him so.

He seemed to relax-and looked relieved—just hearing my reassurances. "I didn't mean it anyhow," he said,

abashed at my vehemence. thought I ought to try to be a gentleman about it."

A gentleman!

As if a gentleman would want his girl to be promiscuous . . . even if she did cloak such conduct under the de-

scription of "freedom." In any case, I didn't want "freedom." I just wanted Johnny.

He wanted me too. I knew that. But I was glad when he put it into words: "I wish we had time to be married before I pull out for camp," he said. "It would be good if I had a wife to fight for, and to come home to.'

"I'm your wife now, in my heart," I told him. "And I'll marry you as soon as you like." Mother would be disappointed if it had to be a hurry-up affair. I thought, but in wartime things had to be like that. Our men were here with us one moment, and then they were gone—and some of them would never come back. Normally, I would have been perfectly content to do things Mother's way—to wait until Johnny and I finished college to announce our engagement, to have the sort of pretty, formal wedding that every motherand every girl, too-really wants. But I had no intention of waiting for a bridal veil and organ music, if Johnny wanted me now, and was content with a bride in her old blue suit. Much as the thought would have repelled me before the war, I knew now I would settle for a rushed-through ceremony in Justice of the Peace Leonard's stuffy little office, and a furlough honeymoon in a motor court. What did it matter? I wanted Johnny, and Johnny couldn't wait. He had other business—important business—to attend to.

We left it at that, that we would be married as soon as ever we could-on Johnny's first furlough if he got one, but somewhere, somehow, before he





went overseas. We both agreed on that. I said goodbye to him there on the front porch, late that moonlight night. Johnny begged me not to come to the induction station.

YOU can see me when I'm a real soldier," he said. "I don't want you to see me half-man, half raw recruit."

But I was awake and thinking of him at six; I could see him, in my mind's eye, raising his right hand to take the oath of allegiance, falling in with the other inductees for the first' inspection, piling onto the bus, his one little suitcase clutched in his hand. Leaving for a destination neither of us knew.

He was constantly in my thoughts until three days later, when he telephoned from Ft. Hayes and told me that he was going to Camp Polk in Louisiana for his basic training.

"I'll see you somewhere," he said, "in thirteen weeks. And we'll get married."
Thirteen weeks more to be Ellen Brown, I thought, and they couldn't

pass quickly enough.

The time went by, at last, speeded by Johnny's daily letters, filled with the details of his life in camp. I kept on

going to college. Mother and Dad wanted me to. With Johnny gone I had nothing better to do. But classes in English and history seemed frivolous—almost indecent—with my Johnny off learning how to drive a tank and shoot a machine gun, more practical lessons—it seemed to me—in a world at war.

Finally THE letter came. Johnny had been granted a nine-day furlough. With luck and hard traveling he hoped to spend five of those days at home with me, "and of course," he wrote, "I hope you'll be Mrs. John England an hour after I arrive."

This was definite news, and I had to discuss it with Mother and Dad. If I hoped to spend every available minute with Johnny I had to get details—such as their consent for my marriage, for I was still under legal age—settled before he arrived.

I was shocked when Mother refused to understand.

AT first she argued that I was too young. I was just eighteen, she said. But Johnny was just eighteen too, I pointed out, and if he was old enough to fight, and maybe to die for his country, he certainly was old enough to

want an adult's life. He needed a wife. I was going to marry him eventually, why shouldn't I marry him now, when he needed me most?

Perhaps, she conceded, the war had changed things for young people.

But she wouldn't hear of a civil wedding. I could at least be married in a church, she said. I wasn't in such a rush that I couldn't have a wedding

gown, and bridesmaids, and just a small reception. . . .

"But Mother," I protested. "All those things take time. Johnny only has five days, and we want to spend them together."

"Being married nicely, in a church, with your family and friends to wish you well, takes no more time than running off to some Justice of the Peace." She was adamant.

I appealed to Dad. He had told me so often how he had wooed Mother while he was in the Army during the first world war, and eloped with her the last weekend before his contingent sailed for France. Surely, he would remember, and help me.

"You're your Mother's only daughter, Ellen," he told me kindly enough, but firmly. "She is only thinking of your best interests. She wants things to be nice for you . . . a pretty wedding, for her only child, is something she can remember . . when she's older . . . when we're both older. Try and see it her way."

I couldn't see it Mother's way. You couldn't plan a formal wedding, and buy clothes, and mail invitations and all that—when you had just five days.

"Don't be so impatient, dear," Mother begged me. "Johnny will have lots of furloughs."

"Maybe," I said, "and maybe he will be sent overseas without ever seeing me again." Dad hadn't had lots of furloughs, I reminded her. How could their memories be so short?

I seethed with impatience and fury until Johnny arrived, when, unaccountably, he seemed to think perhaps they were right.

"My own folks gave me the very devil for trying to rush you into it," he said. "They're like your family—they think we should wait for the 'right time.' I told them bachelors were fellows who had waited for the 'right time' and that I didn't want to be a

bachelor, not after knowing you, dear.

"But I got to thinking. Really, Ellen, a pretty wedding would be something for you to remember, too. And you may have to live on remembering for a long time—while I'm away."

"I want to remember being married to you, that's all," I stormed. For a moment I was angry even with Johnny.

But we had a wonderful time with our five days, after all. We went canoeing up the river, and took a picnic lunch which we spread on the mossy bank under a weeping willow tree. We were lazy and happy and in love. I began to believe Mother's optimistic promise

that Johnny would have "lots" of furloughs.

The night before Johnny went back to camp we gave a big party at our house and invited half the town. At midnight, very ceremoniously, we snapped off all the lights. When they went on again, I was in Johnny's arms, and my sparkling new engagement ring was on my finger, and Dad was an-

nouncing our betrothal.

It was dramatic and exciting, and I almost had to admit that Mother's way of doing things was better than mine.

I dropped out of school after that, and took a job as secretary in my uncle's law office. I wanted to buy my own trousseau, and besides the John Englands-to-be were going to need money if they planned to set up house-keeping while the master of the house was earning fifty dollars a month.

I began making plans for a wedding, the kind Mother wanted. I bought yards of white satin and tulle and Mother and I started to make my wedding gown.

And then our plans were blown to bits.

Johnny phoned and said he was on the move. His voice was urgent.

"I'll have a day, maybe two," he said, and named an eastern seacoast city. "Please come and register at the Harley Hotel. Wait for me. If I don't come you'll know that orders have been changed. I'll come if I can and I'll take you up on your promise."

"What promise, Johnny," I asked him, my heart sick with dread at this news.
"That you would marry me," he said,

"before I went overseas."

"You know I will," I said.

This time I didn't risk an argument with the family. I packed my bags in secret, left a note for Mother, and hurried to the railroad station. Of course I couldn't get Pullman tickets on such short notice but the station master, who had known Johnny and me since we were kids, seemed to sense the urgency of my trip and found a place for me in the day coach on the next train headed east.

Johnny wasn't at the hotel when I arrived. I was terrified at the thought that he might not come at all. I paced up and down in the cheap little hotel room and tore my crumpled handkerchief to shreds.

When I heard footsteps in the corridor, and a key in the lock I rushed to throw myself into Johnny's arms, half smiles and half tears.

Johnny wasn't excited at all. After a moment, when I was calmer, I could see that he was miserable.

"What is it, Johnny? Please tell me," I said.

"We can't get married," he answered.
"This is a military secret and you must
not tell, but I am leaving in the mornirg."

irg."
"Then we will be married tonight," I said, "we'll get a J. P. out of bed, or something."

"No," he said. "I've checked all that. We have to have a health examination before we can get married in this state. That and getting the license takes five days. They'll sometimes cut it short for soldiers—but not that short."

We were both silent for awhile, each of us trying to think of something to say to cheer the other. I looked at Johnny's scowling face, and thought how downcast mine must be, and I burst into tears.

At that moment I hated this ugly little hotel; I hated the big city. I even hated my mother for making this hap-



pen to Johnny. If we had gone through with our original plans, this never would have happened.

"Cut it out, Ellen," Johnny said, almost gruffly "This is no fun, I grant you. But it is my last night—for a good long time—to be with you, and look at you! Let's try to have a little cheer along with it, huh?" he finished, a smile pulling up the corners of his mouth.

I was ashamed of my tears, and tried to fall in with Johnny's determination to be gay—no matter what.

We went to a little Italian restaurant for dinner, and Johnny ordered a bottle of wine. Neither of us had ever had much to drink before—"nice" people didn't, in Morristown, except for an egg nog on Christmas and an occasional hot toddy if they were very, very sick. After the second glass of wine I felt flushed, and almost happy. After the third we both were gay.

We climbed onto the open top of a bus to ride back to my hotel. I knew that Johnny and I were going to have to let go of one another in a few moments, I to go to my cheerless room, Johnny to walk the streets, perhaps, until the hour he was due to arrive at P.O.E. This realization, coupled with

the chill air, was sobering.

"Ellen, are you quite sober?" Johnny asked me, as though he could read my thoughts.

"Yes," I said, "are you?"

"Yes," he answered, and then he added, "so I can ask you something I couldn't otherwise."

"Will you marry me here—on this bus roof—under God's sky—promising me all the things you would promise if Reverend Wilcox were reading the words. Will you marry me, on trust?"

"Yes," I whispered. I was trembling, but not because I was afraid.

"Then look at me and repeat these words," he commanded. "I, Ellen, take thee John, to be my lawful wedded husband . . . lawful in the eyes of God who sees us here, and knows what is in our hearts."

I repeated the solemn vow, and then he said the same words to me. Then, holding hands, we recited all we could remember of the wedding ceremony. John slipped a plain gold wedding ring on my finger.

And then—that was all. We got down from the bus and stood on the busy street corner, with traffic roaring and hooting its way about us. I felt flat, let-

down, as if someone had taken away from me an exciting, fascinating story before I could finish reading it; I felt lost and frightened.

Johnny slipped his hand under my elbow, and I felt the quick pressure of his fingers. My eyes turned up to his.

"We—we'd better get back to the hotel," he murmured uncertainly, and began to guide me across the street, through the traffic.

When we got to the door of the little hotel, Johnny stopped again. "Ellen—it's—we can't have this to remember."

I knew it was true. There was truth and faith in our hearts and in our eyes as I said to him, "I'll come with you Johnny," and he smiled gently down at me in answer.

Johnny went to the desk, then, and talked to the clerk. "We've just been married," he said, "and we'd like the—the bridal suite."

The night clerk looked at our proud, shining faces, glanced at the gleaming new ring on my finger, and called a boy to direct us to a suite of rooms high in a tower over the city. I suppose there were other, lovelier rooms, in other, better hotels—but to me it seemed like entering heaven, the perfect setting for a perfect honeymoon.

Our honeymoon was so short—just a few hours—but in those hours Johnny and I, close in each other's arms, climbed and climbed to the stars.

He was gone in the morning, when I awoke. . . .

I don't remember getting up and getting dressed, to face the world. I was a sleepwalker, adrift in a world of unreality, as I took the elevator to the lobby, handed my bags to the doorman, and directed a taxi driver to take me to the railroad station.

Even when I was on the old-fashioned train, chugging through the familiar valley to Morristown I couldn't believe that the events of the last few hours had really taken place.

What was I to tell my family? That I had gone to meet Johnny and had spent the night with him in a hotel? They would never forgive me for that. Besides it wasn't true.

Could I tell them that we were married? That we married ourselves? I knew it was true, that we were married—but I knew they wouldn't understand.

I slipped the gold wedding ring off my third finger and tied it into my handkerchief. No, I couldn't tell them the truth. I wouldn't lie to them, I determined, but I wouldn't spoil the memory of my one wonderful night with my husband by trying to explain it to my literal-minded parents.

The first few hours at home were difficult. I fought to hang onto my bridelike spell while Mother and Father hammered me with questions.

"Why didn't you tell us you were going, Ellen?" Mother demanded, tearfully.

"Your mother was worried. Don't you think you should have considered her feelings?" This last from Dad.

"There wasn't time," I said. "Johnny had only a few hours and I had to rush or I would have missed him."

"Are you and (Continued on page 79)



us changing world

SHOULD have guessed one thing about Neil, the very day I met him. I should have been warned by almost his first words to me, that we were two who could give each other pain as well as happiness. But I didn't. I couldn't. I was overwhelmed just by the sight of him. I had all I could do to look at him and see at last the man who looked exactly as I had dreamed a man would look. He wasn't what many girls would call handsome, perhaps, but the bold, jutting irregularity of his features pleased me, that look in his gray eyes that said, "Here

I am. Take me this way, or else—"
I was standing behind the teller's window in Brookdale Center National Bank, helping out in the Friday afternoon rush. I was very busy giving out payroll withdrawals and cashing paychecks, so that I hardly noticed anything else. Suddenly I realized that someone had moved from a position near the window in the next line to the very end of mine, which extended almost to the door, putting him back about ten places. I glanced at him and saw Neil for the first time in my life.

My hands stopped in the midst of their work, my breath seemed to stop too, and I was unconscious of everything around me. Not till the man waiting on the other side of the bars laughed did I realize that I was standing there with a rubber band stretched out already to put on a bankbook, staring at a young man across the bank. I looked back quickly to my work, my face hot, determined to keep my eyes down. But I knew when he got there, all the same. His hands told me. They were big hands, strong, the skin smooth and brown, with long fingers and clean, scrubbed-looking nails. I loved his hands. And I couldn't keep from looking up into his face. He was smiling at me.

I knew then that I would always be helpless against that smile.

I don't know how long we would have stood staring at each other if people hadn't begun to murmur and move restlessly in the line behind him and I asked automatically, "Is there

something I can do for you?"

He said, "Yes. Or no, rather. That is, I came to see Mr. Bright about a cashier's check, but never mind. I'll be back in five minutes.'

He turned away as if suddenly in a hurry. I called, "Mr. Bright won't be here in five minutes-"

He smiled again, over his shoulder. "That's fine."

I looked after him, puzzled, but be-

Here is the story of a love that was lost in a conflict of wills, that found itself reborn in the old, unceasing yearning of a woman for the man whose life she once had promised to share forever

neath the puzzle was a wild excitement that I had never felt before, a sense of the tremendous importance of what had happened and what would follow. The customer at the window said ironically, "Well, young lady, are you here or aren't you?"

I felt my cheeks burn again and I forced my eyes back. "I'm sorry," I

told him, smiling.

Neil was true to his word. In five minutes he was back, breathless, his cheeks flushed, as if he had been running in the August heat. He deposited five hundred and eighty dollars and sixteen cents. I'll never forget the amount. I guessed then that it was his total savings which he had been keeping in another bank, to which he added every week. And it was true. I learned it in three weeks, at our first date. I saw him twice, in between on two Saturdays, but he did no more then than speak to me, and ask my

But the third time he came was different. I don't know whether he had been shy before, and had just then managed to get up his courage, or whether he had wanted to wait long

This story is the fictionization of a new daytime radio serial, This Changing World, which is heard Monday through Friday at 10:30 A.M. EWT, over the Columbia Broadcasting System. Consult your paper for local time

enough so that he was sure that he really wanted to ask me to go with him. But at any rate he smiled that very nice smile of his at me, and said, bluntly, "Let's not waste any more time, Martha-can't we see each other away from here?

My plans-and I'd been rehearsing a nice little speech of refusal in case he did ask me to go out, the kind of speech which would let him know that mv friendship wasn't quite so easily come by-were flung to the four winds. For what I actually said was, "To-night, Neil?" And I don't think I even had the grace to blush.

He nodded very seriously. "Tonight." And I found myself giving him my ad-

dress-and he was gone!

That was the way it happened. And after all my plans about not seeming too eager, about making him ask me out several times before I accepted him! Maybe that's the reason that I treated him as I did, afterward, to make up for that beginning. I don't know. How can we know what fears, what deep insecurities may be lurking down inside us ready to drive us into behavior that seems senseless and cruel later-when it is too late?

When I got home that night of my first date I tried to slip in without being seen. I was late, and I was loaded down with half the merchandise in Brookdale shops. This was the first Saturday I had not deposited any money in the savings bank since I was sixteen; in fact, against my firmest principles, I had drawn some out.

I heard voices from the living room as I walked into the hall. "But if you'd just take the exam!" Peggy was insisting. "How do you know you can't better yourself if you never take a chance?"

My excitement began to fade. Peg and Joe were arguing again, a point they'd already argued too many times before!

"Listen, Peggy," Joe was answering in his tired voice. "I know my assets and I know my liabilities which is in itself an asset-"

Why did they have to talk about that tonight? My heart caught. What if they were still quarreling when Neil came? I tried to make myself small, slipping past the door.

But Peggy saw me. "Martha, you're

late!" she called

"I'm sorry!" I dropped my packages on the stairs where I could pick them up quickly, and almost ran to the kitchen. It was stifling. I opened the window and turned on the ventilator fan, made a pitcher of iced tea and ran



if we had known each other always, and had only waited for the moment when Fate would bring the two of us together at last.

out and cut a few sprigs from my special mint bed to stick in the frosted glasses. I set the table and called to Peggy, "How about skipping the gravy?"

"I guess we can," she called back.
"Is everything else ready?"

"Yes, let's get dinner over," Joe said. "From the looks of the packages on the stairs, Martha has a date. Is that right, Martha?"

That diverted Peggy's attention from the dinner. She asked quickly, "Date? With whom?"

I was glad my face was bent, and already flushed from the heat of the

stove. For even the very thought of going out with Neil sent waves of hot excitement over me. "His name is Rishon" I murmured "Neil Rishon"

"Who is he?" she asked. "Where did you meet him? Is he a Brookdale boy?"

"What is this, a third degree?" Joe asked, chuckling

Peggy turned to him and her voice was worried. "I'm asking my sister for some information I should have, I think. I am responsible for her. She's young and she has no one but me to look out for her."

"She's old enough to pull down

twenty-five dollars a week and turn over to you enough of it to pay our rent every month," Joe pointed out. He was still laughing, but there was an underlying tone of something else in his voice.

"That's just the point," Peggy said.
"It's bad enough for her to have to work in a place like that, exposed to advances from all kinds of men, but I want to see to it that she doesn't start running out with fellows she picks up and doesn't know from Adam—"

"Listen!" I turned on her suddenly. Was it the heat or her implications

about Neil, that made my voice so sharp? I had never spoken to my sister that way in all my life. "I'll tell you the truth, Peggy. I don't know Neil Bishop from Adam. But I am going with him. What's more, I'll marry him if he asks me!"

Peggy turned very white, and ran out of the room. I heard her high heels clicking up the stairs, one after another, very sharp. Joe looked after

her, and then he shook his head at me. "You shouldn't have done that." "Oh, I know, Joe!" I wanted to weep in my remorse. "What ever made me do it? I love Peg so, and I know that she only says those things because she wants the best for me."

He studied me. "I may be wrong but I think you're pretty fond of this fellow," he said after a moment. "Fonder even than you know." And he added in an angry tone that amazed me, "He'd better be worth it!"

THAT was the setting, you see, into which Neil walked that night at eight o'clock. And I had so much wanted him to like the only family I had! I wanted him to see them at their best! And I wanted him to see me at my best, too-not flushed with the anger of a quarrel, but somehow mysteriously, magically attractive at the time, so that he couldn't help falling in love.

But I guess Neil didn't need that magic to enchant him, nor could any of our troubles have frightened him away. For it wasn't a month before he had asked me to marry him. And I had accepted. That was quick, back in 1939, before all boys were in uniform and knew they had to count their time in days for living and for loving, and yet it didn't seem swift to us. It was as if we had known each other always, and had only waited for the moment when Fate would bring us together at last. I felt as if I could have told my family all about him without his ever giving me the facts: that he was from the west, the son of a country doctor; that he had refused to accept college at the cost of his father's sacrifices and had branch of his plant and had been promoted steadily ever since. He had done it all himself. Of course! You could had meant a lot to him. And I had me her words to him before she died: "I won't live to see the day you marry, be a fine girl who wants nothing more than to make a good home for you. . . ."

"That's all I want, Neil," I had whispered, tears hot on my cheeks.

"And I want to take care of you." he said, that night, standing under the great elm beside the quiet street outside our house. And though he held me so gently in his arms, his lips against my hair, there was something violent in the way he said it, an intensity that was almost savage. "I want to give you everything you need. I won't let you have a single struggle or worry. I want to know you're safe in the home I've made for you."

"That's where I want to be," him, my heart hurting in my throat. Those were such wonderful words to hear from the man I loved. But I didn't know, then, why he said them so fiercely. In a way, I wanted to keep our secret just between us, but at the same time I felt like shouting it out to everyone I met. Neil thought we ought to compromise by telling our folks. He took me one night to meet his father, who had come to Brookdale Center to visit him. I loved Dr. Bishop at once-he was kindly and understanding and sweet-and he seemed to like me, too. With Dr. Bishop's words of blessing in our minds, we went to tell Peggy and Joe.

Peggy's face changed as she listened

put himself through a trade school and got a job with the Brookdale see that sturdy independence and pride in the set of his chin, the way he carried his strong shoulders. I was as proud of him as-well, as proud as his mother would have been if she had lived to see him make good. She had died when he was seventeen, and I could tell she never felt so moved as when he told Neil," she had said. "But I hope she'll

to our plans. "In January!" she cried at last. "Oh, Martha—in less than three months!"

I put my arm around her. "Wish me happiness, Peggy?"

"That's just what I do wish for you, Martha," she said. "But oh, I do want to make sure you'll have it."

"Now Peg, it's my job to play the father role," Joe broke in. He turned to Neil, "Young man, what gives you the idea you can support this young woman in the manner to which she has accustomed herself to earn her own living?"

Neil laughed, but he answered seriously. "Joe, I earn a little over forty now," he said, his gray eyes so steady and honest that my heart swelled with love. "But I'll be earning more."
"That's an old story," Peggy said,

and her voice was very quiet.

"Peggy!" I was shocked. In her tone I detected some of the bitterness of her quarrels with Joe. Peg and Joe were terribly in love, but Joe's low salary and the fact that he wouldn't take the Certified Public Accountant's examinations which might lead to a higher one for him were perpetual bones of contention between them. I wished with all my heart that Peggy hadn't felt it necessary to bring all those troubles into this moment.

Peggy's smile was conciliatory but she went firmly on. "Martha dear," she said, "maybe you don't think this is the time to talk about things like this, but really it is! Marriage is a serious business, and marrying on promises isn't something to be done lightly. I can't let you go ahead and do the same thing I did, and Mother before me—"

"Peggy, please-" I tried to stop her,

my hand on her arm. But she only closed her hand tightly over mine. "Martha, you have a right to know, and you might as well know now, and Neil too, since you're planning to marry her. It isn't just some silly whim of mine, believe me, and it isn't simply because I want to keep you here with me, either. It's only because I want you to be happywant it above everything else in the world—that I'm willing to risk hurting you. Listen to me, Martha. Mother died of heartbreak. She tied herself to a man who went off to war and left her with a child to take care of. He came back and gave her nothing but another child and debts-"

"Peggy, stop!" I actually shook her shoulders. "You've no right to say such things about Father." I turned to Neil.
"But now that Peggy has started, perhaps you should know everything there is to know about us."

Neil nodded, his gray eyes grave. "All right," he said, "if you want me to know." His smile gave me the courage to go on.

"Father bought us a home when he came back from the war," I told him. "Mother loved it. We were happy there, fixing it up, as I've told you. Father wasn't well, and he worked too hard. We didn't know much about his affairs, even Mother. But the crash in 1929 wiped (Continued on page 86)



()verything" 'WE HAVE

By TRAVIS JOHNSON

THE first time I saw Margaret Bassett, I decided I was going to marry her.

It was in a chemistry class at Baylor University in Waco, Texas, where both of us were juniors. I wasn't the only man in the class who was distracted from his preoccupation with formulas and atomic weights by the tall, dazzling blonde who had just transferred to Baylor from a Junior College up in Missouri. But I was the most determined. Obviously-for Margaret has been Mrs. Johnson now for several years, and I had plenty of competition.

Even now, I wonder at my luckwatching her at work with our musical group, the Song Spinners. She does all the musical arrangements for our radio appearances on Melody Round-Up (NBC Saturdays 11:30 a.m. ewt) and for our Decca recordings. She sings a beautiful, sure alto. She taught herself to play the guitar, and now is our accompanist. She is definitely the "brains" of the outfit. And that's the last thing she needs to be, with her face and figure.

And there's more: She's a wonderful mother to our two little tow-heads, Hank, who is five, and Janet-we call her Miss Blue-who is just two. And she swears she's going to have two more!

What a woman!

I find myself repeating it, now, shaking my head, just as I did that morning in chemistry class back at Baylor.

My first problem was to find some way of meeting her.

I worked after college hours at the University bookstore. Margaret often walked by. I could see her-or at least the lower half of her-going past the high windows which ventilated the crowded basement room. But she didn't come in, at least while I was working.

Once when my friend, Ed Burlingson, was in the store, Margaret walked by-striding out proudly and purposefully in her spike-heeled shoes.

"See that pair of legs going by, Ed?" I said. "I'm going to marry that girl." Ed looked out the door to see the

top of the legs I had pointed out. "Why that's Margaret Bassett," he

"Do you know her?" I asked, eagerly "Introduce us, will you?"
"Sure," he promised. "You two

ought to get along swell. Her father is pastor of Cliff Temple Baptist church—one of the three largest churches in the South."

Ed knew that my Dad was a deacon of the Baptist church back home in Troup, Texas.

"And besides, she's a pianist, really accomplished musician. Maybe you can get her for your accompanist."

I had been making some extra money-for I was working my way through Baylor-singing in church and at club meetings around Waco. I thought Ed had a real idea there.

When Ed introduced us, I began to talk business right away. I thought I'd have a better chance asking her to play the piano than I would if I just asked her for a date. I had seen her around the campus with too many guys-with more money and more looks than me.

It worked, like a charm.

Margaret and I worked together for several months before I dared speak to her about anything personal. But when I did, it tumbled out fast.

I called her one night and asked if she could go out with me that evening. I am sure she thought I meant to go out on a job, because she had on her "playing dress" and she looked puzzled when I showed up without my brief case full of music. But she didn't object when I steered her to the movies.

We walked home. It was a good, long walk, and a wonderful quiet night. Nearly everybody in Waco had gone to bed. I talked first. I told her how many months I had been waiting to get up nerve to tell her how much she meant to me. "I've wanted to marry you," I confessed, "from the moment

working with her on NBC and father of their two children, Hank and Janet

He wonders at his luck—

happily married to beau-

tiful Margaret Bassett,

I laid eyes on you."

The Travis Johnsons at home with their tow-heads

> To my amazement, she replied that she had the same sort of hunch about

> By the time we got back to the Girls' Dormitory where Margaret lived, we had decided that we would be married as soon as we could after graduation, that after that we'd go to New York and I would study music, and we'd try for a career, that we'd have four children-two boys and two girls-!

> I hadn't expected things to happen so fast.

> "When you get goin'," Margaret drawled, in that easy-going Texas voice of hers, "you don't dawdle, do you?"

> We were taking a lot for granted, I suppose, making such an important decision so fast. But actually, we had almost no adjustments to make. Both of us came from large families, we'd had the same sort of home life, and the same sort of religious training. We both loved music.

> When I went to meet Margaret's family, it was just like going home, and when she came to visit my folks she felt just the same way.

> After that night walking home from the movies, Margaret never went out with another (Continued on page 68)



What happened to Sergeant Martin could happen to your boys overseas. Their fate is sometimes in your hands. So think before you talk, warns one of radio's popular daily serial stars

By CHICHI CONRAD

ONESTLY, ever since I heard about the case of Sergeant Martin I've decided that we girls ought to wear padlocks on our lips.

What happened to Sergeant Martin has probably happened to thousands of our boys in the Armed Forces-and could happen to your sweetheart, husband, son, brother.

It could happen to Barry or Toby (you've met them as Major Markham and Corporal Nelson in Life Can be Beautiful). Thinking about Barry and Toby, I've made up my mind that I'm going to watch my small talk because I've learned that that's how the enemy finds out many big secrets.

The story of Sergeant Jack Martin, radio operator on a Flying Fortress, tells you what I mean better than I ever can. Jack's plane was shot down in a bombing mission over Germany. To his cell in the German Stalag Luft came Oberleutenant Schmidt to examine him. Schmidt's purpose was to find out the strategy behind the bombing mission but first he flung many little questions at the American non-com, questions which of course Jack refused to answer.

Schmidt asked how long he had been in the Army, where he entered, where he got his basic training, what type of training, aerial gunnery, radio, what? When did he leave the U.S., when did he reach England, how long was he there, what was the number of his Bomber group, who was his pilot, where was he based in England, how many missions had he flown?

It would go well with him, Oberleutenant Schmidt told Jack, if he would answer these questions. And if he didn't . . and of course Jack didn't!

Then came the shocking surprise. Schmidt began to read from his records: "You entered the Army on January 7, 1942. You received your basic training at Cowden Field in Royce, Texas. On February 19th, you went from Texas to radio school at Snyder Field in Missouri. You completed that course on July 20th."

Jack Martin was dumbfounded. How could they know these things? If they knew these, they must know others

. . many others. .

Schmidt continued: "After July 20th you went to Newtown, Florida. Pascal Field. You completed that school on the 22nd day of August, 1942. On February 3rd, 1943, you arrived at Wharton, Kansas. You were the radio operator. Your pilot was Grafton. On February 13th you were placed on permanent flying status. You were promoted to staff sergeant. On February 26th you left Wharton, Kansas, and went to Dollar Field. You left your country for England on March 2nd. You arrived in England on March 24th. You were assigned to the 505th Bomber Group. Squadron number 1250, based in Marbury! . .

Except for the period between August, 1942, and February, 1943, these wily Nazis knew every saliant fact about his whereabouts and experience up to the very moment his fortress was shot down.

But how? How could they find out such things?

The German officer told him. "You see, sergeant, your people in the United States underestimate the skill of the German Secret Service when they talk so freely to each other. Third, fourth, fifth hand-it does not matter-always the information comes back to us in the end.'

And as for the other questions, the ones that he wanted Jack to answer now: "If you will not give me the information I require, have no fear. I will get it in time. For me it is merely a slight delay in completing my records—so small a difference to me, sergeant . . . but for you—"

Slowly, patiently, based on little bits of apparently harmless chatter picked up here and there by sympathizers or spies, the enemy reconstructs the larger picture, builds up the big secrets out of small talk. This "bits and pieces" system is like a jig-saw puzzle which when the picture is completed can mean the death of soldiers and sailors who would have lived if we Americans had kept our mouths shut!

It was Jack Martin's girl friend Vicky Locke who innocently but carelessly was the source of much of the information Schmidt had in his record. At a USO dance she told her friend Anne where the handsome corporal with whom she'd been dancing all evening came from, mentioned where he got his basic training, what he was doing now, how long he'd been in the Army, how long he expected to be there, where he thought he was going next. . . . Then on that shopping tour with her mother to get a present for Jack, Vicky talked about what Jack thought about Grafton, his pilot, when they reached Wharton, Kansas, was thrilled at the thought of Jack with staff sergeant's stripes, even tried to guess where his outfit was going, and made it amply clear she knew it was England, then told her mother when Jack was going to Dollar Field, Florida, from Wharton.

Well, Sergeant Jack Martin got back to this country as an exchanged prisoner. That was how he had a chance to tell the American people what amazing facts the Nazis have picked up from our small talk.

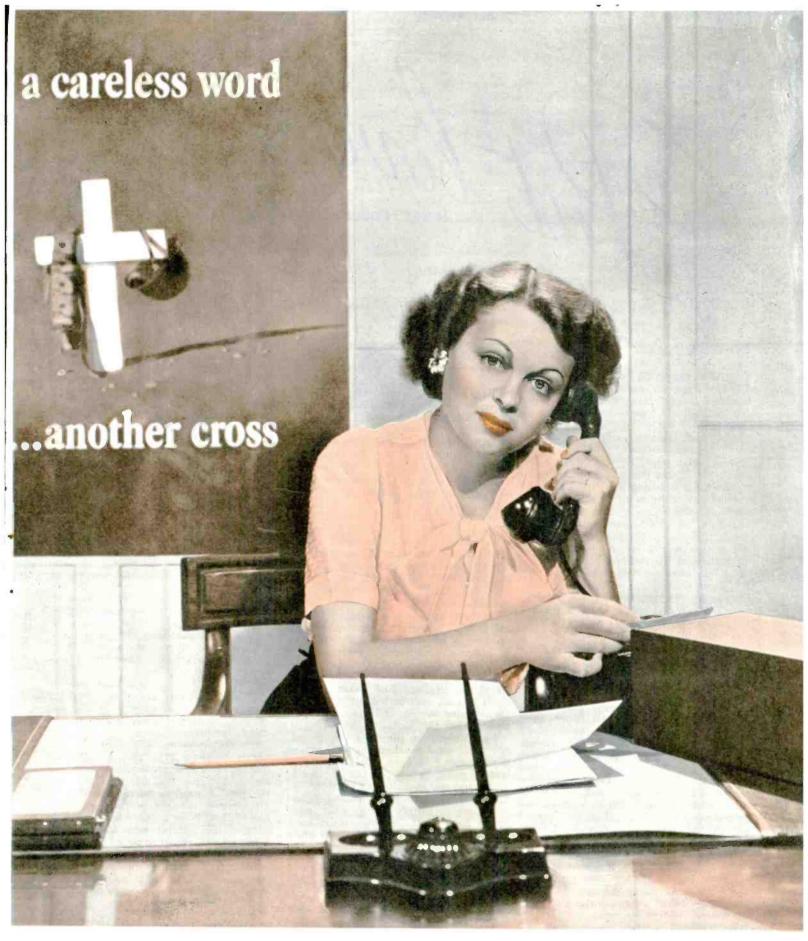
Honestly, I'm afraid we have the wrong slant on what we call free speech. We seem to think that free speech means we can talk about anything the boys in the service tell us.

Perhaps it's that we take the war for granted because we're so far away from it. If that's true our sense of security threatens the security of our country and of our fighters.

General Marshall put it this way: "The successful outcome of this war will not be assured until men and women at home realize the full extent of their responsibility for protecting our soldiers on the fighting fronts."

The Director of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover, put it this way: "Certain key words will tell you what type of information our enemies are especially anxious to get hold of. Read these key words . . . study them . . . remember them

"WHERE . . . (Continued on page 85)



CHICHI has been working in a defense plant. She started in the factory and now has been transferred to the Personnel Department (pictured here in her office). She is now married to Stephen Hamilton and they are on their honeymoon in South America, combining their honeymoon with the business of looking after Chichi's interest in a mine which her father left her. When they return, Chichi will go back to the plant for the duration of the war and Stephen will take up his law practice. Meanwhile, Papa David is fixing up an apartment for them over the bookshop where they will live. (Chichi played by Alice Rheinheart—Life Can Be Beautiful is heard daily at 1:00 P.M., EWT, on CBS)

It was a final goodbye—and then she would be alone as she had never been before, for there was between Link and Helen no tie the world would acknowledge

THE STORY:

HAD everything in the world I'd ever dreamed about. I was Don Laurens' wife, and I had loved Don ever since we were children. I had my little cottage out on Mill Road to keep shining and beautiful until Don came home from the war. Everything was perfect. And then, in one short moment, the dream was in ruins about my feet, for a messenger had brought a telegram beginning, "The War Department regrets. ." Don had been killed in action!

I felt, then, that there was nothing left in the world for me-that I had no future at all, without Don. I left my home town and went to live with my aunt and uncle and my cousin Cora in Carroll, where my uncle owned a small war plant. I went to work at the plant. Through my cousin Cora I met Lincoln Rafferty, a young soldier stationed at the camp nearby, and through him I learned to live again—I learned that going out with him, dancing in his arms, I could forget for a little while that Don was gone, that the future held nothing for me. But when Link was transferred, and told me, the night before he left, that he loved me, I told him as gently as I could that it was impossible for me to return his love. But I did miss him after he left, or, rather, I missed the good times which meant forgetting my troubles for a little while at least. And so I began to go out with other boys from the fortany and all who called me-for I had found that dancing and dating were drugs that numbed me against the pain of missing Don. I felt, too, that it was the least I could do for boys who, like Don, might be going off to be killed, to send them away with pleasant memories. And to me, who had no future, it didn't matter.

My uncle and aunt were worried about me. Indeed, Uncle Louis stopped me one evening as I was getting ready to go out with a boy from the camp, and told me that he could stand my conduct no longer, that I must pay more attention to my work and less to my dates. I replied hotly, telling

him that it was my generation, not his, that was suffering from the war—his was only making money from it! In the midst of the quarrel, the doorbell rang, and I opened the door, expecting to see my date standing there. But it was Link!

INK. Not the apple-cheeked boy I'd expected, but Lincoln Rafferty stood on the threshold. I didn't have time to wonder why or how. Uncle Louis' last furious denunciations still shook the air; he took a step toward us, and I automatically carried out the plan that had been in the back of my mind since I'd first started to edge toward the door, knowing that at any second the bell would ring. Without a word I took Link's arm and started out, closing the door behind me.

He didn't stop to ask questions, didn't act as if it were at all strange to call on a girl unannounced after months of absence, and then not only to be met as if he were expected but to be abruptly about-faced on the threshold. As if my urgency had communicated itself to him, he hurried me out to the car, handed me in, and got in himself and started the motor.

I sat tensely on the edge of the seat; not until we'd reached the end of the block could I be sure that Uncle Louis wasn't going to pop out of the house to pursue us, shouting at me to come back. I was trembling with anger and humiliation. Surely Link must have heard part of the uproar, must have heard me being chastised like a child—and he was the last person in the world I would have wished to witness the ugly indignity of that scene. I burned at the thought of what he must



be thinking, and I hardly dared speak to him.

But I owed him an explanation. I had to say something. "I'm sorry, Link. I—I didn't mean to involve you in a family quarrel—"

"Don't worry about me." He was brief, almost curt, as if he were as anxious as I was to forget the matter. Then he asked, "Where to?" just as he'd always done when we'd been part of a light-hearted foursome with Cora and Tom.

I sat back and drew a long, shaky breath of relief. "Wherever you want to go." That had been my stock answer; I'd always known that whatever Link planned would be perfect. He nodded and took one hand from the steering wheel to cover mine, and everything was just as it used to be. I could believe then that he was really back.

And I was glad to see him—gladder than words could tell. It seemed almost providential that he had come at a time when I was confused and at odds with everyone. Not that I expected him to help me, but his presence was a prop. his sureness reassuring.

was a prop, his sureness reassuring.
"When did you get into town?" I asked.

"This evening. I leave practically at dawn tomorrow."

"Tomorrow—Oh, no, Link—" The words were a cry, and I stifled it quickly. It was unreasonable, but I was keenly disappointed, and for more than the loss of support when I needed it. I'd scarcely thought of Link all summer; it had been a chore sometimes to answer his letters; why then should I feel such a sharp sense of loss at his leaving?

Link was smiling down at me, a strange new smile that seemed, in its very openness to be holding something back. "I had only ten days," he said, "and of course I went home to see Mother and Dad. I had two days with them, and then spent a night and a day on the train to come here—"

He'd cut short his visit with his parents to see me! My heart rose exultantly and then stopped at a new apprehension. "Link," I asked, "are you being shipped out—I mean, are you going into action—"



"Something like that," he answered. "Anyway, I see a long trip in the crystal ball."

I couldn't fall in with his lightness. Something heavy and stupefying gathered in my chest, and I sat dumbly staring at him, wondering why his going should mean so much to me. I had known, of course, that he would have to go eventually; I hadn't expected to see him again before he left, hadn't consciously expected to see him again, ever. Now, suddenly, these few hours I would have with him were more important than anything else in the world.

T was a silent ride for two people who hadn't seen each other for months, who should have had a dozen things to talk about. Link asked perfunctory questions about Tom and Cora, but I sensed that they came more of politeness than interest, and that his mind wasn't on my answers. And for my very life I couldn't think of anything to say to him-to Link, who had been the best of friends and the gayest of companions; I could only look at him, at the whip-slim grace of him, the fine, definite line of his profile in the faint light from the dashboard, feeling it etched upon my brain, upon my very heart. I could only think bleakly, "He's going. Tomorrow he will be gone."

I almost cried when he turned off the highway into the parking lot beside the Palladium. Tonight of all nights I didn't want to spend in that big, glittering dance palace, elbowed by a hundred other young people; I didn't want the beat of drums and the blare of trumpets. I wanted to go on riding through the night with Link, I wanted quiet to sort the confusion in my mind, to fathom the stirring in my heart that had been numb for so

long.

But Link was getting out of the car, opening the door for me, as if it were the most natural and desirable thing in the world that we spend the evening at the Palladium, and there was nothing for me to do but to go with him. Just inside the building's doors was a foyer, on one side of it the men's check room, on the other side the lounge where the girls check their wraps. The mid-September night was warm and I didn't have a coat, but while Link checked his cap I went into the lounge anyway, automatically, because it was the thing to do. I applied fresh lipstick and hastily wiped some of it off when I got a really good look at my face-stark white in its frame of copper hair, with enormous, wondering eyes. I brushed my cheeks with rouge, and tried to give myself a mental shake. I was still upset over my quarrel with Uncle Louis, I told myself; there was nothing else wrong with me.

But then, when I met Link in the foyer, and he led me out to the dance floor, I knew. Going into his arms was like-going home. My feet followed the music mechanically, but my pulse beat a more tumultuous rhythm, and in my heart was a blinding radiance, the dawn of a new life for me. I, who a



I turned back from the doorstep. "I'll be-I'll be praying that everything's all right for you."

year ago had thought that I could never again love anyone, was in love with Lincoln Rafferty. . . .

"Having fun?" He was smiling down at me. I lifted my face, felt a physical shock as our eyes met. I love you, I told him silently. I've loved you all along, perhaps from the first night I met you, and you got me to go to Cora's graduation dance-and I never knew it until now. I was lost without you. I've been here dozens of times since you left, and with as many different boys; I've had to have dancing and yet more dancing, and gaiety and masculine admiration. You taught me what it was to live again, to laugh and to feel again-and all of my moving from one night club to another, from one boy to another, has been a blind groping for the real happiness you gave me.

"Of course I'm having fun," I said

aloud, but I wasn't. It was agony now, to have to dance, to smile, to talk lightly, when my heart was crowded with far more important things, demanding expression. It was idiotic to be circling round and round the floor, like the china figures on an old-fashioned music box. And after a while, I sensed that Link wasn't enjoying himself any more than I was. He was very gay; he told stories about camp life, he joked with the waiter who came to serve us, and yet he seemed merely to be going through the motions of gaiety. Not once, since that one time, had his eyes met mine squarely; when we danced he held me now lightly, as if he hesitated to touch me, again with a bold possessiveness.

Finally, in desperation, I brought it out in the open. "Why did we come here tonight, Link? I hope that you didn't feel that I had to be entertained."



He looked down at me with that new smile of his, that seemed to conceal something in its candor. "Why-" he said, "I wanted to see the place again. I wanted to see the mirrors, and the big gaudy bandstand, and the kids jitterbugging. I wanted to dance with you once more-

suppose I should have been pleased, but it seemed that a hand had closed around my heart, suffocatingly tight. I wanted to dance with you once more —the way he said it sounded as if—as if he'd already said goodby to me.

It was raining when we left the Palladium, a fine misty rain that covered the car windows with a beaded curtain and brushed the highway with a silver glaze. Link's pretense of gaiety faded with the bright lights of the Palladium, and we rode in a heavy, charged silence, like the smothered, static electricity of 'the air outside. I found myself listening to the shuttling of the windshield wiper. "Click-click, click-click; he's going away, go-ing a-way." It was as deliberate and as inexorable as the pendulum of time itself. Then the rain stopped, and as the glass dried in the moving air, the rubber moved across it with a dismal dull screeching. Link reached up and snapped it off just when I thought my nerves could bear it no longer.

We'd left the highway; now he set the car to a steep grade up a wooded hill. At the top he turned off the road, stopped the car and got out. I heard him tramping around the car, saw the glow of his cigarette, and I sensed the struggle going on within him. He was a little sorry, now, that he had come to Carroll to see me. He'd wanted to fight; he'd chosen to go when he could have stayed home, but now that the

hour of his departure was almost here, he was discovering what so many others knew, how hard it was to go when life and youth were sweetest, how hard it was to leave those you loved when you had no assurance of returning. And seeing me again wasn't making it any easier for him. . .

After a moment he opened the door. "It's nice outside," he said. "The rain hardly came through the trees. Do you

want to get out?"

I got out quickly, stumbling a little on legs cramped from the ride, unaccustomed to the uneven ground. Link took a blanket out of the back of the car and spread it on the grass, and for a while we just sat there, our shoulders barely touching, staring down the hill into the shadows of the valley. Overhead the moon struggled out of scurrying clouds. I took long, slow breaths of the fresh, moist air. "It's wonderful, Link," I said. "Like spring -the rain did it." It did smell like spring; the rain had refreshed the sleepy earth of autumn, had given brief new life to the dying plants and grasses.

"Like spring," he repeated ironically. Then his arm went around my shoulders, and his lips brushed mine, tentatively, questioningly, until they set-tled in a long kiss. When he took them away, I felt spent and weak, and yet strong, too, full of a sweet new power. I buried my face against his shoulder, wanting to laugh with joy, wanting to cry, exulting in the magic circle of his arms, knowing that I could stay there all too briefly. "Link," I whispered, "I love you. I love you so much-"

Wonderful words! It was a glorious release; it was heaven to say them. It was more. It was the answer, delivered truthfully, from the bottom of my heart, to his heart-breaking plea when he'd left Carroll-Helen, I know you don't care, not the way I do, but promise you won't forget me. Promise you'll think of me sometimes-

He sat very still. His arms relaxed a little, and when I tipped my head back to look at him, he was staring past me into the darkness. Then he said in a queer, hard voice, "It's too

late.

I knew what he meant. And I knewoh, better than he-how late it was. I'd known what parting was, and how time crowded fast in the last few hours, until the last minute came, after which there was nothing but waiting and hoping against hopelessness, and trying to believe that you would meet again. And I knew, surely and bitterly, that hoping was foolish and faith a fraud with which you deceived yourself about the future. I knew that you couldn't count on the future, that the present was the only reality-those few flying hours into which we had to pack all we could of the lifetime which should have been ours.

I was afraid, suddenly, of the end to which my own thoughts were leading, of the convulsive tightening of Link's arms. I broke away from him and tried to get to my feet, but he pulled me back, and he was kissing me savagely, (Continued on page 94)







FOR THE mall fry



ITH the world in its present state of upset, our hopes for the future depending on the children of today, it occurred to me a

short time ago that we ought to devote a little space to RADIO MIRROR'S young fry, for unless we give them a good start to health and happiness we have no right to expect them to act as healthy, wholesome individuals when they grow up, and so I began to check up with experts on baby care in order to get suggestions for those of you who have babies or

small children of your own.

Everywhere I went the consensus of opinion seemed to be that proper feeding is the most important factor in starting a new-born infant on its way to sturdiness and happiness. The baby is so tiny, he eats such a little bit in comparison to an adult and even this little has to be given to him as multiple feedings of small amounts, but the as-tounding fact is that his food needs, in proportion to his diminutive size, are greater than those of an adult in pro-portion to his larger stature—all of

which means that the baby's meals must be as perfectly balanced as it is possible to make them.

Milk is the most nearly perfect food, but it is only nearly perfect. It needs the addition of supplementary foods such as cod liver oil to provide Vitamin D for sound teeth and strong bones, and orange and tomato juice to build up the required amount of Vitamin C which milk does not supply in sufficient quantities.

Contrary to the old belief that a baby should have only liquids throughout his first and well into his second year, many authorities advise feeding strained cereals and cooked strained fruits and vegetables from the third to sixth month on. This gives the baby, in easily assimilable form, a well-rounded diet, ample in vitamins and minerals, to speed him on his merry way to sturdiness, and as a further advantage it does away with what used to be a difficult period for both mother and baby—weaning from liquids to strained food—and accustoms him dur-ing the early months of his life when habits are most easily formed to eating from a spoon.

Since the baby's future well being

depends so largely on his early feeding it is essential for every bit of food he takes to be at the peak of its nutritional takes to be at the peak of its nutritional value. For this reason many pediatricians—and I suggest that you conferwith yours on this important subject—suggest prepared, ready-to-heat-and-serve strained cereals, fruits and vegetables. The step-by-step preparation of baby foods is a carefully worked out scientific process. Seeds and plants are carefully selected; the soil in which they are grown is carefully tested so that the ripened product will be the most nutritious that can be obtained. When the crops are ripe—neither a day When the crops are ripe—neither a day or so earlier or later, because only when at their peak of ripeness are they fully nutritious—they are harvested and rushed to the manufacturers' kitchens, only a few miles away. There, after careful inspection and washing, they are cooked under pressure to bring out their full flavor, sieved so skillfully that the fibres are removed without removing any of the food values, and sealed into containers ready for delivery to your neighborhood grocer. By this method, they reach you with their nutritive qualities practically intact, for the process from harvesting to sealing into containers has been so speeded up that there is a minimum exposure to the air and, as a consequence, a minimum loss of minerals and vitamins. I honestly do not see how even the most devoted mother can hope to control all these important factors from planting through the final steps, no matter how much she may wish, or how hard she may try, to do so.

A little later, many doctors suggest that the mother increase the iron and vitamins B-1 and G in her baby's diet by feeding strained meat broths, and these two are available ready to heat and serve. There are plain broths and broths with the addition of cereal, wheat germ or vegetables, a variety to suit the taste and the feeding requirements of nearly every infant

A well-fed baby is one who enjoys his food, so make mealtime an occasion for both of you to look forward to with pleasure. Never let anything unpleasant be associated in your baby's mind with eating. You must avoid undue excitement for the baby just before feeding time, for over excitement may make him indifferent, or even antagonistic, to the important business of It also means that if you have private irritations or worries of your own you must put them out of your mind temporarily and not let thinking about them make you hasty or impatient with him. This may sound unimportant or (Continued on page 101)



BY KATE SMITH **RADIO MIRROR'S** FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, at 7.00 EWT.

SUNDAY

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RIGHT FROM THE START..

Listening to Mack Harrell's brilliant baritone voice on the Keepsakes show, which comes to you over the Blue Network every Sunday evening at 8:30 EWT, it's hard to believe that he could ever have thought of being anything but a singer. He did though.

Oddly enough, Mack's earliest efforts at singing should have been an indication of where his main musical interests would one day lie. Down in Texas, where Mack was born, he was a constant source of amazement to his parents and neighbors because of the way he could learn to sing operatic arias, complete with Italian, French, or German lyrics, though he couldn't understand a word of what he was singing. This was at the ripe age of five.

When he was older—all of seven—Mack decided it was time for him to really begin musical study, but seriously. His favorite instrument was the violin and that's what he wanted to play. His parents, probably thinking in terms of the usual juvenile scrappings and sawings. held out for five years against Mack's steady pleading. Finally, they gave in and Mack got his violin.

Then it began to show that when Mack said he was serious about music, he was serious. His mastery of the instrument was so phenomenal that he continued his studies through the University of Oklahoma and on into the graduate courses at the Juilliard School. All this while. Mack was singing, too—not studying, just finding it a perfect way to express himself happily. Everywhere he went, he became a member of all the glee clubs and choral groups he could find.

It was at the Juilliard School that fate took a hand in his career. Fate—meaning a fellow student in the violin class. This young lady had an ear—as it's called in the music business. At one of the school concerts, she heard Mack Harrell sing a short solo. There followed a short conference and some advice giving, namely, Mack was advised by the young lady to study voice in a big way because that would take him a long way. It must have been a very convincing talk, because Mack took the young lady's advice. He's been taking it ever since, too, because she's now Mrs. Mack Harrell.

In 1939, Mack Harrell was named the winner among the male contestants of the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air. That brought him a contract with the famous opera company and made him one of the most versatile and valuable performers ever to appear before the "Diamond Horseshoe"

—not to be confused with Billy Rose's.

Now, co-starring with Dorothy Kirsten on Keepsakes, he brings to this program all the skill and talent acquired and developed in his years of training and singing.

MONDAY

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6:00	8:00 8:00 8:00 8:15	9:00	CBS: Blue: NBC: CBS: CBS:	News Breakfast Club Mirth and Madness "Swing Along" This Life is Mine
8:15 6:45	9:00 9:00	10:00 10:00 9:45	CBS: Blue: NBC:	Valiant Lady My True Story Alice Cornell
8:30	9:30	10:15 10:15 10:30	CBS:	Lora Lawton News of the World Light of the World This Changing World Kay Armen, Songs
2:45 7:45 7:45	9:45 9:45 9:45 10:10	10:45 10:45 10:45 11:00	CBS: Blue: NBC: CBS:	Bachelor's Children Air Lane Trio Tommy Taylor Honeymoon Hill Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00 8:15 3:15 2:30 8:30 8:45	10:10 10:15 10:15 10:30 10:30 10:45	11:00 11:15 11:15 11:30 11:30 11:45	NBC: CBS: NBC: CBS:	Road of Life Second Husband Vic and Sade Bright Horizon Gilbert Martyn Aunt Jenny's Stories Cliff Edwards David Harum
8:45 9:00 9:15 9:30	10:45 11:00 11:15 11:30	11:45 12:00 12:00 12:15 12:30	NBC: Blue: CBS: CBS: CBS: NBC	Glamour Manor Kate Smith Speaks Big Sister
9:30 9:45 0:00 0:00 0:15 0:15	11:30 11:45 12:00 12:00 12:15 12:15	12:30 12:45 1:00 1:00 1:15 1:15	CBS: Blue: NBC: CBS: CBS: CBS: CBS: NBC: Blue: CBS: Blue: CBS: Blue: CBS: Blue: Blue: Blue: Blue: Blue: Blue: Blue:	Nomance of Internation (U.S. Navy Band Farm and Home Makers Our Gal Sunday Life Can Be Beautiful Baukhage Talking Ma Perkins Humbord Family Bernardine Flynn, News
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6:30 6:55 7:00 7:00 7:00 7:15	8:30 8:55 9:00 9:00	9:30 9:55 10:00 10:00	NBC Blue: CBS: Blue: NBC:	Information Please Coronet Story Teller Screen Guild Players Raymond Gram Swing Contented Program Ted Malone—from England Showtime
7:30	9:30	10:15 10:30 10:30 10:30	Blue: NBC	Melody in the Night Dr. I. Q.

8:15|Blue: Your Life Today News News Breakfast Club Mirth and Madness Sing Along This Life is Mine Valiant Lady My True Story Alice Cornell Lora Lawton Light of the World News of the World This Changing World Kay Armen, Songs Bright Horizon Gilbert Martyn 8.30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | Blue: | Gilbert Martyn | 8.45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | Blue: | Ciliff Edwards | 8.45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | Blue: | Ciliff Edwards | 8.45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | Blue: | Ciliff Edwards | 8.45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | Blue: | Ciliff Edwards | 8.45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | 11:45 | Blue: | Ciliff Edwards | 8.45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | 11:45 | Ciliff Edwards | 8.45 | 10:40 | 11:45 | Ciliff Edwards | 8.45 | 10:40 | 11:45 | Ciliff Edwards | 8.45 | 10:40 | 11:45 | Ciliff Edwards | 8.45 | 10:40 | Ciliff Edwards | 11:45 | Ciliff Edwards | 11:45 | Ciliff Edwards | 11:45 | Ciliff Edwards | Ciliff Edward



IT'S A LOVELY KNIGHT...

Last season, Evelyn Knight was so well received when she did a guest spot on the Paul Whiteman Hall of Fame, that Paul asked her to sing on his Sunday evening program which replaced the other show for the summer. You've been hearing her on the Blue Network. For many months, before that, until the show was moved to the West Coast, Evelyn was the singing star on the Falstaff program, also over the Blue Network. In addition to her regularly scheduled radio appearances, Evelyn averages half a dozen guest shots a month and, at least, two or three shows each week at nearby camps and canteens.

Evelyn's always been a girl who gets around. The starting place was Reedville, Virginia, where she was born. Evelyn's father was head of a geodetic survey for the government and the family always went along with Daddy on his trips. They seldom stayed in one town very long.

Her professional debut was made on a radio show coming from Charleston, South Carolina, after she won an amateur contest. The South soon sat up and took notice of the lovely girl with the voice to match. She was signed to appear at the King Cole Room in Washington for two weeks. She was there for five years.

In 1942, she embarked on a bond selling tour with Veronica Lake. In her own words, she was "really unimportant. In fact, I felt like a little puddle, next to Lake!" Still, according to receipts she handed in, she earned a commendation from the Treasury Department.

After the tour, she returned to the King Cole Room for a short time. Then she came to New York and made her Manhattan debut in October 1943 at the Blue Angel, a smart supper club. That turned out to be a repetition of her Washington engagement. The two week contract was extended and she was still pulling in the customers when the club closed for the summer. Evelyn was also featured on the Barry Wood Million Dollar Band program until the format of the show was changed. Now, she's the star of a weekly program broadcast over CBS shortwave for Latin America.

Recently, Evelyn was flown in an Army plane to sing for the men at the Blackstone Air Base in Virginia. A few days after her return to New York she was informed that the boys had voted her the camp's official sweetheart. Her popularity with men in the Service extends to the far corners of the earth. In the South Pacific, two Marines wrote a song dedicated to her. In Africa, an Army private wrote a song on V-Mail which he sent to her. Evelyn liked the song so much that she took it to a publisher. The song was bought and published. It's called "Ship At Sea" and, if the song goes over—which after all depends on you and how you like it—there will be one private in the Army who will have a tidy little sum to come home to

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PERT PATSY...

Patsy Garrett, the singing star on the CBS Broadway Matinee heard Mondays through Fridays at 4 P.M., EWT, could no more help becoming an entertainer than she could help having red hair and only growing to 4 feet 10 inches. It was in her blood. One of her grandfathers originated the cake-walk. One of her grandmothers was a light opera star. Her father and mother were a well known vaudeville team.

Patsy, who was born in Atlantic City and christened Virginia, was raised by her grandmother and aunt in Richmond, Virginia. In spite of—or perhaps because of—the family's theatrical tradition, Patsy's aunt and grandmother insisted that she get a good education before she gave in to the bug they knew she had. Dutifully, Patsy stuck it out long enough to put in one year at the University of Richmond, where she tried her brain at child psychology, journalism and dancing.

Not that little Patsy waited until she was seventeen and at the University to start her theatrical career. That started when she was six and appeared in a Vitaphone short, which surprised her parents no end, since they knew nothing about their darling's debut, until they saw the movie in Boston and recognized the freckled youngster singing "East Side, West Side" with a Southern accent as their own. At 12, Patsy was on the radio for Southern Dairy Ice Cream in Richmond.

At seventeen, Patsy decided she'd had enough learning. New York was her goal and, being a bit broke, she got there cheaply by doing her hair in pigtails and wearing socks and short skirts. Her first day in the Big Town was spent doing the rounds with a friend of the family. This friend got Patsy auditions at NBC and with Fred Waring and Paul Baron at the William Morris Agency. All three offered her jobs and Patsy took the one with Waring.

Patsy stayed with Fred Waring for four years, winning featured billing and building herself a reputation as one of the best radio singers in the business. Last September, she left Waring to tour the Army camps and hospitals. She was in Jacksonville, Florida, when the call came from Broadway Matinee, on which she had previously done a guest shot with Alfred Drake. And there she's been ever since, although she by no means limits her activities to that program. She does many guest appearances, makes recordings and visits as many hospitals and canteens as she can manage.

A merry, sunny-tempered girl, Patsy has about as much temperament as a contented puppy. She leads an extremely irregular life, sometimes catching two hours sleep, sometimes twelve—and thrives on it. She doesn't like meat and would be a vegetarian if it weren't too much trouble. Her heart belongs to a Marine—Sgt. Frank Hower, formerly pianist and arranger with Fred Waring.

FRIDAY

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12:30	3:00		NBC:	Minstrel Melodies
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3:15	5:00 5:15	6:15	NBC: CBS: CBS:	Quincy Howe People's Platform
3:15 3:30	5:15 5:30	6:15	Blue: Blue:	Storyland Theater Harry Wismer, Sports
3:45 3:45	5:45 5:45	6:45 6:45	CBS: NBC:	The World Today Art of Living
3:55 4:00	5:55 6:00	- 1	CBS: NBC:	Bob Trout They Call Me Joe
5:00	7:00	7:15	Blue: CBS:	Leland Stowe Mrs. Miniver
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	RCA Program
8:30 5:00	7:00 7:00		Blue: NBC: CBS:	Early American Dance Music Abie's Irish Rose Blue Ribbon Town
5:30 8:30	7:30 7:30	8:30 8:30 8:30	Blue: CBS: MBS:	Boston Pops Orchestra Inner Sanctum Mystery Cisco Kid
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News
9:00 6:00	8:00 8:00		CBS: NBC: NBC:	Your Hit Parade National Barn Dance
6:30 6:30 6:45	8:30 8:30 8:45	9:30 9:30 9:45	Blue:	Can You Top This Spotlight Bands Saturday Night Serenade
3		9:55	Blue:	Coronet Quiz
7:00	9:00	10:00 10:00 10:15	NBC:	Guy Lombardo Palmolive Party Correction Please
7:30	1:		Blue:	Army Service Forces Present Grand Ole Opry
1:05	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Talks
		11:00 11:30		Ned Calmer, News Hoosier Hop

The Girl Who Never Sits



Constance Moore believes in celebrating happy events. That's when she sits down. Here she is with her husband, Johnny Maschio, on the occasion of her recent Broadway success, at the Stork Club.

Continued from page 19

she had her moments of brooding; why, she hadn't yet seen Broadway

from behind the footlights!
No sooner thought than done. She asked her husband-agent to contact the producers of the Broadway show "By Jupiter" and shortly thereafter was the toast of New York. Magazines fought for her life-story, autograph hounds fought each other for her signature, and yet another Texas beauty (and exradio find) was on her way to the big time. Studio representatives, naturally, were crowded in a football huddle around her . . . and she chose RKO-Radio, and came back in triumph to Hollywood, to America—Ceiling Unlimited, and to home.

IN this home, her only non-hurrying day is Sunday. Then she, Johnny and Gina have their one breakfast of the Gina have their one breakfast of the week together, which is more of a Roman feast than anything else. They loll for several hours over fruit, waffles, eggs, sausage, rolls, jam and coffee—and then the three of them go bicycling or swimming, with Gina trying to keep up with her elders and singing incessantly, "When your heart goes bumpity-bump, it's love, love, love!" By the way, Gina's arrival in this vale of tears was treated with Connie's customary dispatch: Connie acted until Gina was five months along. acted until Gina was five months along, and then reluctantly became idle until Gina was a month old. To celebrate the month's anniversary, Connie appeared as a guest on Kate Smith's property. gram, looking exactly as if she still thought babies came from cabbages.

But back to Maschio Sundays: By late afternoon, the house is swarming with friends, Hoagy Carmichael is swarming over the piano keyboard, and Connie is singing, Lee Bowman dancing,

and gaiety is everywhere.

Of course, there is still the other side of Connie's nature—the fall-intobed-when-exhausted side. This occurs for long and lazy stretches on her days off; when she sits in bed all day with the telephone in her lap, the news-papers at her feet, and her big and beaming maid Lovey May in the doorway-getting the answers to a thousand household decisions. Beside her, on these bedridden days, sits small Gina, eating her meals off trays right beside her mother—and cascading spinach and jello over Connie's bedclothes in regular doses. Some time during those days in bed, Connie manages to re-read "Forever," by Mildred Cram, and Robert Nathan's "Portrait of Jenny"—both of which books she's read a hundred times. But at sundown read a hundred times. But at sundown her pep is back again, and she leaps out of bed into a pair of gay hostess pajamas, and thence into the kitchen. By the time Johnny is back from his day's work, he finds both the women in his life in the middle of a hectic, fascinating meal—usually Mexican, Spanish or Portuguese dishes, with rare herbs and pear vinegar adding more spice and more originality to them. And more speed!

them. And more speed!

For Connie will be speeding until she skids to a stop at the top of the acting ladder. And more power to her

—as if she needs any more!



SKIPPER at the American Airlines Admirals' Club—Miriam Audette helped club members waiting between planes at New York's La Guardia Field. War workers like Miriam are needed for all types of jobs—in transportation, in offices. in stores. Consult your local U. S. Employment Service to find how you can serve.

c Hiriam Audette of Glens Falls, Acw York, engaged to Ordnance Officer Frank L. Havel of St. Louis... They met at the Admirals' Club last October, and became engaged in March



Miriam's exquisite skin has a white-flower texture—a dewy-soft freshness

The's Fingaged She's Lovely! She uses Dond's!

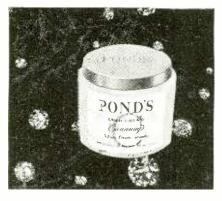
Miriam's complexion makes you think of a Romney portrait—her skin has such soft delicacy. She's another bride-to-be with that soft-smooth 'Pond's look."

"I really do adore Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so fluffy-light when you smooth it on—and it certainly makes your face feel gorgeously clean and soft as can be."

THIS IS MIRIAM'S DAILY POND'S BEAUTY CREAMING . . .

She *smooths* on Pond's luscious Cold Cream and pats briskly over face and throat to soften and remove dirt, makeup. Then she tissues off.

She rinses with more soft-smooth Pond's—sending her white-covered finger tips over her face in little whirls. Tissues off again. "It's this double creaming that makes my face feel extra special—so beautifully clean and soft," she says.



Use Pond's Cold Cream Miriam's way—every night and every morning, for your inbetween beauty clean-ups, too. You'll see why it's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for the big. luxurious jar—large sizes save glass. And, you'll like being able to dip the fingers of both your hands in the wide-topped big Pond's jar.



HER RING—a handsome 2½ carat diamond in an unusual platinum setting. Two small diamonds are set on either side of the center stone.

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LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR! There's an amazing 'lift' to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence in your beauty -bids you be irresistible - and if you feel irresistible, well, naturally, you are!

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- Apply rouge before powdering.
- Smile into mirror. Note that the cheek raises. Apply rouge to the raised area in the form of a > pointing toward the nose.
- Blend with finger tips outward in all directions. Notice that Princess Pat Rouge leaves no edges.
- Put a touch of rouge to each ear lobe and point of chin.
- Now, apply Princess Pat Face Powder.

ONLY PRINCESS PAT ROUGE has the duo-tone secret-an undertone and overtone are blended in each shade. See it perform its beauty miracle on YOU! Until you do.

> you'll never know how lovely you really can be.



And Lips to Match— Key your lips perfectly to your cheeks-the effect is stunning! You'll love the smoothness of Princess Pat Lipstick and its amazing power to stay on. The shades are simply heavenly! Wherever you buy cosmetics you'll find Princess Pat Rouge, Lipstick and Powder. Get yours today. \$1, 25c, 10c

PRINCESS PAT

Farewell For A While

Continued from page 22

display signs out front, the extra doorman to keep the line moving, the marquee with its blaring loud speaker extolling the wonders of the picture playing inside. He turned to me, his face a study in bewilderment. The Monterey was small but I'd had it fixed to much larger.

"Am I seeing things, Sally? A crowd like that in the middle of the day? Is Dan Turnbull giving away free washing machines to every customer?"

This was the moment I'd waited for.

I'd never written Tinker the truth, for

fear he would worry too much.
"Dan Turnbull, darling, is peeling potatoes at Camp Roberts—from the last letter I had from him. And there's a line like that waiting to get in for nearly every performance, all day long. War workers have to have some place to go and outside of the park and a few juke-box restaurants, there's only the Star and the Monterey. So—"
"But if Dan's gone, I don't see—" he began. I couldn't help but strut a little

then, he looked so stunned.

I took a deep breath, and said, "Tinker—I've been running the Monterey for the past ten months."

I HAD my reward. Right there in front of everyone Tinker swept me up off my feet, high into the air, holding me at arms' length, looking up at me with pride and adoration.
"Let me down! Tinker, really!" I

cried, squirming in his grasp. But loving, thrilling to his impetuous tribute, even though people were turning around to smile at us.
"Looks as if I married a genius!" He

was teasing as he put me down, but his eyes had a new regard for me. "So you've been sitting in my office raking in the money, have you?" We started to walk on, but he turned back to take another, closer look at the theater front.

This time when he looked at me he

wore a slight frown.

"That's a funny picture to be playing at the Monterey, Sally. It looks kind of cheap. We never ran that sort of thing before—couldn't you get any other?"

His remark nettled me. How often I'd listened to the same criticism from I'd listened to the same criticism from John Somers and Mrs. Camsley—I didn't want to hear it from Tinker, too! "They draw a certain crowd—what the Mayor calls 'drifters'—'undesirables'—among the war workers. I've only booked a few of them, but I've tried to satisfy all kinds of people. That's just good business, darling."

The absurdity of my trying to tell

The absurdity of my trying to tell him about business struck us both then and we laughed aloud. The argument vanished with our laughter and we hurried toward home.

Old Margaret met us at the door. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw that she had evidently decided to call a truce and be friends with me now that Tinker was home. She got a bear hug and a big kiss and she cried all over her dear "boy" and the spaniel Dopey chewed his khaki trouser leg and the roast burned in the oven-but it was a glorious homecoming. Margaret was in seventh heaven. She'd been house-keeper for Tinker ever since his folks died and she looked upon him as her

She'd welcomed me as a daughter, too, at first. But when Tinker left and

I'd taken over the managing of the Monterey she had been indignant and then downright disapproving. I was then downright disapproving. I was supposed to stay home being the helpless, forlorn war bride for her to comfort and coddle! I don't know where she thought the money was to come to keep up the house and pay her salary if I hadn't gone to work.

All that was forgotten tonight. We were enveloped in the warmth and magnetic sweetness that was so

and magnetic sweetness that was so peculiarly Tinker's, in spite of his intense masculinity. No one could quar-rel when he was around.

And, later, when at last we were alone—when, from the open window the moonlight etched a silver filagree through the velvety blackness around us, his arms closed around me with the same gentle, compelling strength that had so thrilled me in those first, brief weeks of our marriage. If anything, the fire of our love was deeper because it had been fed and banked by separation. We had known what it was to long poignantly, unendurably, for each other. I went into his arms now with more than just youthful ardor—I had earned my right to be there as his wife.

The sun had not quite burned off the early-morning mist when we came down to breakfast the next day, but the gay olive-green and yellow pottery dishes made a cheerful splash against the roughness of the homespun cloth. Margaret clumped her way into the breakfast nook with platters of scrambled eggs and bacon, beaming her ap-

proval of the cozy picture we made.

As for me, I was in a blissful state of dream-like rapture and content-

ment.

TINKER flipped the dial on the little table radio. Some woman—a member of the League of Women Voters, I think they said—was on the air but I hardly listened. I was too busy studying, affectionately, the way Tinker's hardly listened. I was too busy studying, affectionately, the way Tinker's brown hair, in spite of his vigorous brushing, was falling of its own accordinto its natural rumpled condition. Vaguely I heard the words of the broadcast, catching the speaker in midsentence, as I saw Tinker stiffen to attention. tention.

. these committees, the townspeople and the war workers are willing to cooperate in making this a pleasant, happy town for all. But it is my sad duty to tell you the first of these cooperative movements has been voted down by Civic Council. We wanted a ten-thirty weekday curfew for our children, but pressure brought by unpatriotic establishments, such as roadhouses and our two motion picture houses, killed this worthwhile resolu-

Unpatriotic establishments-! With exploding force those words leaped out like a slap in my face, shocking me out of my dream. I flicked off the dial, anger making my hands shake.

Tinker was staring at me in incredu-

lous, horrified unbelief.

"Sally! She said the Monterey—!"

The words tumbled out in a rush as I hurried to explain, to wipe off that look on Tinker's face. "Don't, darling don't! I just refused to sign their petition because a curfew doesn't go to the roots of the problem. They wanted me to promise not to sell tickets to Continued on page 60



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young people after nine o'clock on weekdays. But where are those children going to go, if they can't come to the Monterey? There's no place for them in Belmont. What do you want them to do, start roaming the streets in gangs, turning into hoodlums, if doors are all shut against them? And I've heard you say, many times, that the movies are part of children's edu-

cation." I finished triumphantly, sure he would see things my way.

"I don't know, Sally," crumpling a piece of toast between his fingers, absent-mindedly, "I'll have to think this out. You don't think a curfew would know them have where they would keep them home where they belong?" he asked slowly.

HOMES! Whole families are living in two and three rooms. Why would they stay home when they can't invite their friends because at least one of their parents has just come off a shift and wants to sleep in the evenings?" It seemed so obvious to me that sharp impatience tinged my voice and he looked at me in surprise.

"There has to be a solution, Sally." "Oh, darling, if you're going to start reforming—!" I knew that eager look dawning in his eyes, the one I called his "tinkering" look. "How can I make you see that running the Monterey is going to be a full-time job even with both of us working? With things the way they are you'll have no time for reforming Belmont."

With a quick gesture he flung down his napkin and rose. With me tagging unhappily after him, he wandered out to the garden, pacing up and down between the geranium borders. When he stopped and looked at me, there was a troubled questioning in his eyes.

"Look—Sally—it's a little early to start talking over problems, but there's something here I don't understand. I feel like a stranger—or is it the town that's suddenly grown strange? Even you, my darling—even you seem different. You haven't changed, have you Sally? We still think alike and feel the same way, don't we?"

I started to reassure him—and stopped. Of course, I had changed. And I was proud of it—proud that I'd grown up. Done my equal share on the

home front while my husband was doing his on the battle front.

"Yes, Tinker, I have changed and so have you. But not our love. That couldn't ever be anything but the core and heart of my very being."

and neart of my very being."

"You don't understand, Sally. It goes beyond the new way you wear your hair and those new tailored, mannish clothes. I—I can't reach you. I don't know what you're thinking. Don't think I don't appreciate what you've done donling but I don't work the done, darling, but I don't want the Monterey to be a success at the expense of the good-will and the happiness of our neighbors. We've always been a community theater; I worked as doorman for Dad when I was sixteen. All my friends have had jobs there at one time or another and the high school girls made pocket-money cashiering or ushering in their spare time. The Monterey's always worked with people— never against them. I have a feeling that's not true any more.

I went hot and cold all over, at the same time. Hot from the burning anger that swept over me-cold from the old, familiar fear that had the power to make my hands like ice and my heart a frozen pool. I was back there at the beginning, remembering those

moments of paralyzing terror when I first took over the Monterey and knew I walked a tightrope and that any minute, the terror would pounce and I would be penniless and homeless and without security. Tinker didn't know he'd never had to fight as I had!

I was so furious, so frightened, I could hardly speak. "You don't understand, Tinker. This isn't the old Belmont—this is a new town and new people and new ways! There are running to the benefit of the mors that another theater is to be built here after the war-and this town can't support three of them. It's up to us, now to make our future secure

His arms came around me quickly, holding me tight against those waves of terror. "I'm sorry, darling. I haven't been home long enough to know what's going on. Just don't worry, Sally." He kissed me then, tenderly. But there was no passion in his kiss, just the soothing affection you'd give to a frightened child, and I knew there was still no understanding between us.

We went down early before the theater opened to look over the books. It was a proud hour for me. Tinker, lounging back in his desk chair, looked up from the papers spread in front of him to smile fondly at me every once in a while, while I gloatingly showed him the small, but tidy, balance in the check-book.

So little did he question my management that I wasn't prepared for it when it came. For a minute I thought I hadn't heard him aright. He was asking me—he was saying!—"Sally, wouldn't you like to stay home—take a vacation for a while? You've worked so hard—" so hard-

Stay home! Never to walk into this office again except as an outsider, an intruder! I'd never even considered the possibility. I couldn't give it up! For nine whole months the Monterey had been the very breath of existence to me, my whole life—outside of the secret one I lived in my memories of Tinker. I wasn't naturally smart or shrewd; I'd had to throw myself into the job with every ounce of fighting courage and ability I possessed. I couldn't just hand it over now, like a borrowed book I was returning

AND there was another thing. Now—with his words in the garden still fresh—I wondered. We were in business to make money, weren't we? Was I to surrender what I'd so barely won, only to see it trickle out of Tinker's open, too-generous hands? I wanted safety—for us both!

open, too-generous hands? I wanted safety—for us both!

"Tinker, don't ask me to quit. Please!" begging him, "I love working here and there's so much to do we'll both be busy. Please, darling."

I knew I had the advantage because he hated to argue. "Of course, if you want to, Sally," he answered slowly. "I didn't realize it meant so much to you. And besides—"he was thoughtful now, preoccupied—"maybe it will give me a chance to find out what's going me a chance to find out what's going on in Belmont."

We left it at that and, gradually, things settled themselves. Tinker didn't

interfere with the routine already functioning and there were few new decisions to be made. He seemed to spend most of his time ambling around town renewing old friendships, talking to people, spending long hours in what we called Trailer Town.

But something was happening to us that stirred me, troubled me, deeply.

Continued on page 62



Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it



FIBS* have gently rounded ends for easier insertion!

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We never disagreed-in fact, we were too eager to smooth things over, never to bring our estranged ideas to the surface. We behaved like polite, formal strangers at our work. It was the shallowest mockery, a travesty of the closeness we'd once had.

I could have endured that, thinking it would pass. But our nights-! It was as if in the very intensity of our love we were trying to bring back that oneness and harmony. But instead, our passion was like a sword between us, furning in our grasp to hurt and pierce us, and a wildness came into our embraces that left us shaken and desperate. In the long hours before

dawn, sleepless, and miserable, hot, silent tears would slide down my cheeks -tears for the precious, lovely thing we were tearing to pieces between us.

TINKER had taken so little interest in the theater that I was surprised, the third week, when he announced he was going to revive his old Saturday morning matinees for the children. It was an immediate success. He had a talent for getting along with young-sters and for thinking up games and prizes. The films that were part of the show he carefully selected himself. That first Saturday I sat in the last row, a spectator. And in the children's faces, starved for fun and entertainment that was all their own, I read their worship of this tall, rangy man who was their friend.

The attitude of the town seemed to have changed a little, too. Mothers have changed a little, too. Mothers stopped me on the street to say how grateful they were. I was glad—but a little resentful, too. It seemed like a reflection on me. And I couldn't help but feel that if Tinker had been as busy as I, running the theater, he wouldn't have had the time to promote children's matinees which didn't even pay for themselves.

So that I wasn't quite as sympathetic as I might have been when Tinker began running into difficulties. The older boys got wind of the fun and they came in droves to the matinees.

they came in droves to the matinees. They were too mature for the kind of games that Tinker played with the younger ones, so they invaded the balcony to heckle him with catcalls and whistles, sailing paper airplanes in long spirals around the heads below. Even Tinker lost patience. But there was little he could do since we couldn't afford a doorman for these Saturday

The whole of Belmont was begin-

ning to have its troubles with these boys. As I'd predicted they had formed gangs, becoming nuisances, stealing milk-bottles off porches and fruit off market stands. So far there had been no real, serious damage—but the whole town was holding its breath and waiting for the next mayer. ing for the next move.

TINKER was getting more and more discouraged. I could see that the matinees couldn't continue with all that disturbance. That was why the idea that came to me, watching the crowd outside the box-office the next Saturday morning, seemed an inspiration. I hurried backstage to the little cubby-hole where Tinker waited before going on-stage to start the matinees.
"Darling—" I began, and then had

to stop for lack of breath.

"What is it, Sally? It's almost time for me to start the show." He was gathering up armloads of stuff as he spoke.

"Wait a minute—wait. The matinee isn't so important—this will probably be the last one, anyway. Tinker, did you know we could open the regular show Saturday mornings, early, and fill the house? I was watching the boxoffice just now and literally dozens and dozens of people—grown-ups—were being turned away. We could advertise a new starting-time and change the schedule a bit, and—"

Carefully he put down his armload on the table and slowly walked towards me. When I saw his face I was frightened. There was a grim hardness, an angry tenseness that I'd never

seen there before.
"Don't you think of anything but making money!" he blazed. "Doesn't it matter to you that these matiness are important to the children? There never was any real problem, one that couldn't be solved. For your information, the mothers have agreed to take turns, starting next Saturday, at po-licing the door and keeping the older kids out!

It was the first time Tinker had ever shouted at me like that and I was

stunned.

"I didn't go into the Army and fight just to come back here and start fightjust to come back here and start lighting all over with my neighbors. And if you want to know just how important money is—try buying your way out of an air raid!"

I was furious. "Yes, you went off to the Army—but don't forget you left the Montarey in my hands practically

the Monterey in my hands, practically Continued on page 64

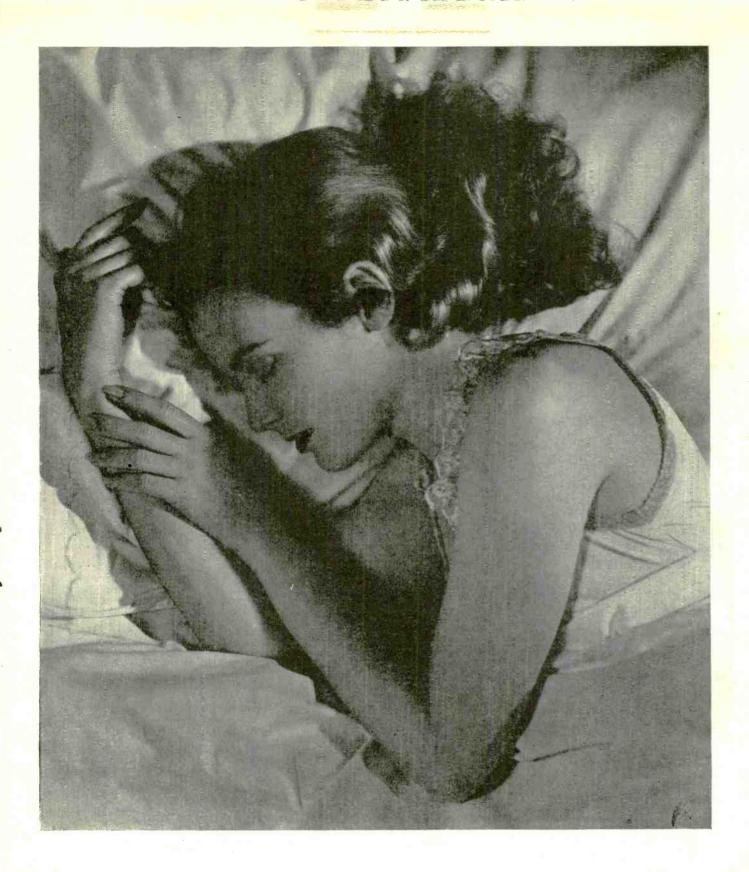


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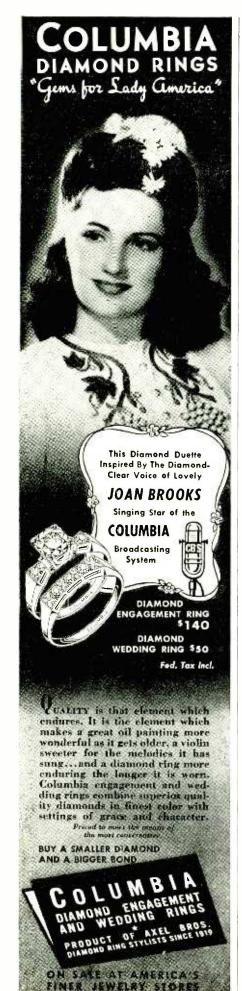
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She's even prettier awake! Because she really rests while she sleeps—on her Beautyrest mattress! A rest she's earned, with a full day at the office, plus some after-hours as nurses' aide. (Our country needs after-hours war effort from all of us.) If you own a Beautyrest, you're lucky. Take good care of those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those busy little ventilators that keep it clean and fresh! Simmons Company is deep in war production and

don't know when they will be able to make Beautyrest again. Meanwhile, if you need a new mattress see about WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! Tops in wartime buys at \$39.50! And here's NEWS—Beautyrest Box Springs are available in limited quantities at \$39.50 each!

BEAUTYREST - The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!



falling to pieces and nearly broke. I saved it for you. You may not like my methods but at least you're not out hunting for a job!'

We stared at each other for a long, cruel moment. To me it seemed as if part of our love lay visible, in splintered, shattered pieces, at our feet. Slowly the fury ebbed from me, leaving in its place a wash of sick despair. I hadn't meant to say that! To make him feel he must be grateful to me!

When he spoke again it was almost without emotion. "I wanted a decent place to live in and good friends and respect. I thought I was coming back to a wife who believed in me and wanted the same things I did. I almost wish you had lost the Monterey, Sally. Because we've lost something a lot more important."

WITHOUT another word he was gone. All afternoon I sat in the office, alone. There was work piled up but I couldn't bring myself to touch it. Suddenly this office, this desk, that had seemed so full of interesting, exciting drama. had become a prison. I was sick of it. All I wanted to do was to put my head down on my arms and let the bitter perplexed, resentful tears come. But the very walls seemed to frown on any

display of emotion.

So everything I'd done—for us—had been wrong! Tinker accused me of being greedy and selfish and thoughtless of others. Was it greedy to do one job and do it well? Was I supposed to Job and do it well? was I supposed to take on everyone else's troubles, too? Hadn't I been the first in town to make special prices for servicemen? Hadn't we sold bonds and stamps and made collections for the Red Cross? Did Tinker just resent my being a good business woman? I could think of no other

But, somehow, jealousy and Tinker just didn't go together. I tried hard to recall why it had seemed so important to me that we make money-and still more money-but somehow the old terror had been pushed into the background by the more urgent, the more appalling danger that threatened us. Our very marriage was headed straight for disaster.

We couldn't go on like this—pulled together by our desire for each other, and then torn apart by the antagonism of our wills.

We couldn't go on—! I couldn't bear to think that! My hands gripped the edge of the desk until the knuckles turned white. Not to be married to Tinker! Not ever to know the feel of his arms around me or the touch of his lips in the hollow of my throat.

In a daze, in the center of a terrible, spreading, aching misery I dragged myself through the rest of the afternoon and evening. Tinker was at a Council meeting so I had to work late.

Like an automaton I did the usual, routine things. One of the usher's flashlights had burned out and I got her new batteries. I substituted for the cashier while she got a sandwich. I brought her a new roll of forty-cent tickets, later in the evening. Someone complained about the sound being too low and I pressed the little button that connected with the projection room, so that Martie Long, the cameraman, would hear and raise the volume.

Never had I felt so useless. Where had the excitement, the proud feeling of being all-important suddenly gone?

There was a little flurry of work for me when the show closed and I had to check the day's receipts and make out the report. Finally it was all finished. The last show was over and everyone had gone. I shoved the cash into the brown bag, intending to drop it into the Night Deposit slot at the bank across the street, after I had locked up for the night.

It was while I was closing the safe that ${f I}$ heard the noise. My heart seemed to stop beating. Surely that had been a sound like a quick intake of breath!—a whisper—the scuffling of feet on the carpet outside of the door leading from the office to the theater lobby—? Panic at the unknown, the lobbymysterious, fearful, creeping unknown, gripped me. There was someone there—could Tinker have come—?

I stood paralyzed as the door slowly, slowly opened. Birdie must have forgotten to slip the catch when she left! I wanted to scream—to run . . . then, with a quick thrust of a hand, the door was flung open! I stared in horror at the three masked figures and the gun that was pointed squarely at me. Shock made my heart thud painfully—shock made me repeat over and over in my brain: "This can't be real! This can't be happening to me!"

But the gun was very real and steady and its shining blue-black barrel was

and its shining blue-black barrel was an ominous, actual malignance.

The one holding the gun spoke. "Okay, lady, don't get any smart ideas about calling cops." He was snarling—but there was an odd undertone of tremor—"Just hand over the cash and nobody gets hurt. But don't think this gun ain't got real bullets in it." his words ended on a high, squeaky note. And relief, so sudden I felt faint, made me sag against the desk. Why—he was just a boy—his voice had given

he was just a boy—his voice had given him away! They were all youngsters . . the oldest, holding the gun, couldn't have been more than fifteen!

He was still talking, obviously try-ing to sound bold and unafraid, but managing only a kind of shrill bravado.
"Go on—go on—" motioning to the
smaller boys—"pick up the dough and
let's get out of here!"

One little boy started forward. Below his mask his mouth was trembling and white. I took a deep breath. Strangely enough, I wasn't frightened anymore, although I knew if they were panicked they would really shoot. All I could think of was the horror of what these boys were doing, this first ghast-ly step that might put them perhaps forever on the side of the lawless and the hunted.

"Take it if you want to. Go ahead." I urged them. "I can't stop you—but I'll have to report you and the police will track you down. Your folks will get suspicious of all that money-

THE leader interrupted with a short, sarcastic laugh. "My folks? Are you kidding? And you ain't going to do any talking, either—! Hey, what do you think you're doing? Cut it out!"

The shrill surprise and consterna-

tion in his voice was echoed in my own bewilderment. From the shadow of the doorway someone had grabbed the gun, someone had pinioned the boy's arms to his sides despite his furious, desperate struggles. The other two boys and I watched, paralyzed, as the boy fought and twisted in that someone's grasp—and then it was all over! The boy flung himself free and raced across the office to the outside door wrongh. the office to the outside door, wrenching the door knob again and again, spending his breath in tortured, angry sobbing as the locked door resisted his Continued on page 66

LIVE in a land of romance and intrigue . . .





Good for headaches, too

efforts. And the figure moved from the

doorway into the room. It was Tinker!
Calmly he surveyed us all.
"You might as well sit down, boys."
he said. "We're going to have a little
talk. And don't take off those masks—
I don't work to know who were I don't want to know who you are. I don't want you running away from me when we meet on the street. Sit down."

Cautiously, warily, the boys eased themselves into chairs. There was something in Tinker's voice that brooked no refusal.

"Now—tell me why you wanted money so badly." He had moved over to stand beside me and his hand dropped lightly, comfortingly, on my shoulder.

For a long time no one said anything. They shifted in their chairs, not looking at each other. Then, finally the little one could stand the empty,

quiet room no longer. When he spoke, his voice was on the verge of tears.

"We—we were building a clubhouse up in the hills. For the Commandos. Our folks didn't like it. They wouldn't give us any money for the stuff we needed—uniforms and maps and charts and camouflage paint and stuff. We wanted to build us a gymnasium where we could toughen up so that when we got to be soldiers—" Now he couldn't hold back the sobs.

A clubhouse. A place of their own, where they could spend some of the restless energy that was driving their parents wild at home and getting them into scrapes. A place where they could be with others of their own adolescent age, where they could play and work and dream their own dreams.

I hardly listened to what Tinker was saying to them about the right way and the wrong way. About the court-martial a soldier faced if he stole. About the war and what it meant.

All I could think about—all I could hear—was the one word—"Guilty!" hammering over and over again in my brain. Remorse flooded me. Yes, I was guilty. I and all the other people who had turned their backs on these children, shrugged their shoulders, and said "It's not my problem. They aren't my children." They were my responsibility. Tinker had left their well-being in my laps just as he had entrusted me in my lap—just as he had entrusted me with the rest of the decency and wellbeing of Belmont. Wasn't it for that that he'd fought?

When finally he took the boys home, they were shaken, contrite little figures. Belmont would have no further trouble with them.

I stayed there in the office, facing a picture I didn't like. It was no use going over and over again how ter-ribly I'd let my town and my people and my husband down. I'd had no right to stand aside and scoff at their earnest to stand aside and scoff at their earnest endeavors to solve these problems. Maybe I'd been too young, too inexperienced, too suddenly carried away with the discovery that I could earn money. That was all past now.

What really mattered was proving myself to Tinker. Somehow I had to regain his faith and his belief in me. When he came back his face was gray with fatigue. Answering my unspaken question, he nodded wearily.

spoken question, he nodded wearily.
"They'll be all right, Sally. I'm not reporting them."
"Tinker—Tinker—" I had difficulty

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A FOREST FIRE...?

If you have, you know how it spreads, leaping from tree to tree, bringing destruction to everything before it. You know, too, the desolation it leaves behind. You know, too, how small a blaze it takes to touch it off.

Inflation is like that—it starts with little things. Little things bought at prices above ceiling. Little extravagances, little heedlessness of the laws which have been enacted for your protection.

Most of us have more money than we used to have and the temptation to buy more things than we used to buy is strong. The temptation to complain is strong, too-to complain about taxes, about the limited quantities of rationed goods, or things that we'd like to have, but which are no longer on the market. That leads to another temptation—to avoid paying taxes, to get goods through other than legitimate sources.

But remember this—inflation is always followed by drastic deflation, by panic and depression. Freedom from Want is one of the things for which we're fighting this war—and we can't have Freedom from Want when the war is won if we have bought our way into a depression.

Here's a pledge we all must make—and keep. I promise:

—to buy and keep as many War Bonds as I can afford

—to pay my taxes willingly, for they are paying for the war now so that we won't have to pay for it later

—to pay off my debts and not contract new ones

-to guard my future and my family's with savings and insurance -to buy rationed goods only in exchange for ration stamps-and

at no more than ceiling prices

-to avoid waste and buy only what I need —to avoid profiteering on the war, and not to ask for higher wages

-to do all these things to fight inflation-as insurance for the future.

speaking over the sobs that welled in my throat—"do you hate me for this? I've been so terribly wrong. I've turned my back on these children. Oh, Tinker, I've been such a fool!"

He didn't let me go on. Like a starving man he reached for me, blindly, pulling me to him. It was as if my words had broken the dam within him, releasing the floodgates, and the tor-rent of his love engulfed us both. His kisses were on my hair, my face, my throat—and then his mouth found mine and we were caught together in a time that seemed eternity. This was no capitulation merely of the senses; gone was the wish to hurt, to strive against each other.

When at last I opened my eyes I saw that the grayness had gone from his face. There was a heart-warming

his face. There was a heart-warming glow deep in his eyes.

"You weren't a fool, Sally," he said softly. "You were just as much a victim of get-rich-quick war fever as those children tonight. And, do you want to know something? Haven't you wondered how I happened to be Johnny-On-The-Spot tonight? I was coming back to you, dearest, to tell you I was wrong. I've always believed in you—in your courage and your generous love." It was like getting a medal, coming from Tinker.

VE tried hard since to live up to his I'VE tried hard since to live up to his belief in me. It wasn't an easy matter to convince our suspicious Mayor and the members of the Civic Council that I really did have the solution, but, with

Tinker's help, I won out.

Now, where there once was a deserted band-stand in the center of our little park there is a crude, but staunchly-built canteen for the youngsters. Most of the re-modeling the boys did themselves. There's a Commando did themselves. There's a Commando clubroom, complete with work-benches and maps and bulletin-boards and locker space for helmets. The park grass is ruthlessly trampled on by baseball teams, but no one cares. And there are even outdoor dances in the evenings for the older teen-agers.

But, more important, the canteen belongs to the children. They make their

But, more important, the canteen belongs to the children. They make their own rules, have their own committees, plan their own entertainments. They have a small jive orchestra, they make model airplanes and they have taken over Belmont's tin-can drive and paper salvage.

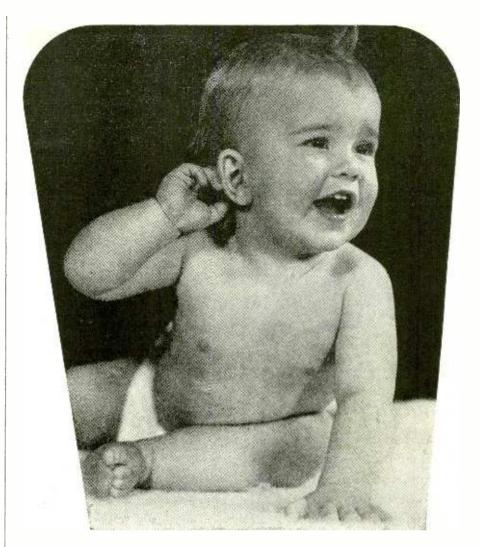
Nothing of the pride I'd felt in running the Monterey can compare with the way I feel about the Commando Canteen. My cup of happiness was full to running-over the day Tinker went with me to look it over.

"You're a born manager, Sally," he said, thoughtfully. "You've done a wonderful job. Now that you've finished with the canteen and you haven't any outlet for all that energy—how about coming back to the Monterey and being my partner again? I really miss you. You know, it's funny, but I'm really glad you're not the happy-go-lucky girl I married. I guess all men coming back from the Army secretly hope their wives have grown up and are doing their part. Do you want to come back to work, Sally?"

I smiled at him, tenderly, knowing the secret I had for him. "Not right now, Tinker. I think having a baby is enough outlet for even my energy!

There were a lot of youngsters on the steps of the canteen and I really believe they were scandalized when Tinker stopped so suddenly, swooped me into his arms and kissed me right there in front of everyone.

there in front of everyone.



How's that again

Well, Miss Inquisitive, we weren't talking to you, really. We were telling your Mother about Fels-Naptha Soap ... but you can listen too.

We were just reminding Mother that you'll soon be big enough to toddle around and 'get into things'. You'll need a complete change of costume often—on short notice. And that's when she'll need Fels-Naptha Soap!

She'll need it to get your washing done in a jiffy. To get all the dirt out without rubbing your little dresses into rags. To get them so white you look 'sweet enough to eat'.

Does she have to use Fels-Naptha Soap? No, but if she takes the advice of a lot of Mothers we know—she will!

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP_banishes"Tattle-Tale Gray"



Patriot, President -and penman!

In darkest days, General Washington led his country towards light. This patriot was also a potent penmanwrote fiats and commands, letters, ledgers, memorable memoranda . . . in his own hand, with quills of geese.

Today, the pen behind the sword is Inkographchosen by many generals, and hundreds of thousands of men in service. Precisionbuilt, easy flowing, pointed to fit pressure of any hand, durable yet light, it is as dependable in the field, as in the office and home.

Inkographs are preferred by men in the service-so if your dealer is out of stock, please keep trying!

Sorry, no mail orders—only dealers can supply you.

Use any pen to sign up for more WAR BONDS!



"We Have Everything"

Continued from page 43

man. She gave back the collection of class rings and fraternity pins the other fellows had showered on her. I had never looked twice at any other girl, so there were no broken hearts in my trail.

At the end of that term, the Junior class girls—200 of them—gave Margaret a surprise party at which I appeared, a lone male, and presented Margaret with her engagement ring. It was quite an evening. Two hundred girls, dressed up in long dinner dresses

-and only one poor man.

IN another year, we got our degrees—mine was in Business Administration. Margaret received two, Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Music.

Commencement was on Friday. Our wedding was planned for the following Monday, June 4—in the garden of the Bassett home.

Margaret's father, Dr. Wallace Bassett, who was going to marry us, wanted Margaret to have an outdoor wedding. Mostly, I think, because he had a trellis covered with a rambling rose in the back garden that he had been grouning expecially for the time been grooming especially for the time when one of his beautiful daughters would get married.

would get married.

We had the trellis, Margaret said, so all we had to do was plan the rest of the wedding to go with it. And she did. Pastel garden dresses for the five bridesmaids, and for her sister, Elaine, who was maid of honor. And big garden hats, which the girls were to carry as baskets, filled with blossoms. Her as baskets, filled with blossoms. Her own dress was a breathtaking thing of pale pink gauzy stuff—marquisette, I think she said it was—and she wore a matching filmy veil. I never will forget how radiantly beautiful she looked.

No wedding, I'm sure, goes off with-out a hitch. Ours had several, but it only made more fun.

In the first place, it rained all day Monday—rained cats and dogs. We didn't care—except for Dr. Bassett, and his precious trellis. But Dr. Bassett is a very resourceful man. He moved the trellis, roses and all, down

moved the trellis, roses and all, down to the church, and we were married under it just as he'd planned.

Elaine lost her shoes—the Cinderella pumps dyed peach to match her dress, and had to break open Margaret's honeymoon trunk at the last minute to borrow another pair—noticeably black.

And one of the little tikes who served as flower girls, chewed gum vigorously all the way to the altar.

But it was a lovely wedding. And there never was a lovelier bride.

there never was a lovelier bride.
We went to New York in the fall,
just as we'd planned—I first, to study
at Juilliard, with Margaret following at Christmas. New York was good to us, from the first. I got a job right away as soloist in a big Fifth Avenue church. Margaret went to work as soon as she arrived, as a Powers model, and between us we made enough money to lease a very nice apartment facing Central Park.

I don't know why it didn't occur to us earlier that we should work together. Margaret had much more musical education than I, and here I was earning the musical money.

Both of us got our big breaks—both in music—at about the same time. I was offered a contract singing tenor with a radio quartet, and Margaret

landed the job of doing musical ar-

when the Vass family left the air to go west to do movies, it was natural that Margaret should think of organizing a homey, Southern-style musical group of her own. And even more natural that I, her ever loving husband, should apply for—and get—the job of tenor with it. We tried half a dozen singers for the alto before we discovered that we had the best one in town right at our elbows. You guessed it: the versatile Mrs. J.

That was the beginning of the Song

Spinners.

Hank came along about the same time as the Song Spinners, and three years later we were able to get the

years later we were able to get the same room in the Fifth Avenue Hospital for the advent of Miss Blue. Hank thinks Central Park is his own back yard. The half-acre of grounds which surrounds our Hollywood house—for we're in Hollywood now to do Round-Up with Andy Devine—he thinks is small potatoes. Since the war Margaret and I have

Since the war, Margaret and I have added one new job to our list which added one new job to our list which means a great deal to us. Our kind of simple, old-fashioned singing is just the thing, the Army has discovered, to put the boys in camp in a good mood. So for a year and a half before we left New York we went every which the complete we have with the camp large with the camp large. Thursday night to Camp Joyce Kilmer and led the boys in community sings. They're bashful at first, but they like it—and nearly every song-fest produced at least one soloist. Contests and prizes started the boys edging toward the mike, and once they got the hang of it there was no stopping them.

Margaret has done something else

for the servicemen which I think is pretty wonderful. I don't think she will mind my telling it here.

ALL last year, she spent all day Mondays at a U.S. Coast Guard hospital, working with the shock cases boys who are seriously ill from violent shock, slow to respond to the usual medical treatment. Margaret would play and sing for them, informally, playing whatever songs the boys requested. Some of the veterans who came to listen had been at the hospital wader treatment for months, without under treatment, for months, without

visible improvement.

One boy, the nurse told Margaret, hadn't spoken a word for four and a half months. When the attendant half months. When the attendant brought him to the piano he sat there frozen-faced, without the slightest animation or interest. When Margaret asked him what songs he liked, he just stared into space. She played softly, some of the older, more familiar songs. She noticed that his eyes moved once, that he seemed to be trying to speak.

She noticed that his eyes moved once, that he seemed to be trying to speak. "Can you," he stammered at last, "can you play 'Melancholy Baby'?" She could, of course, and did. He smiled when she finished. "That was pretty," he said. The boy was on his way to being cured. It gives you a sense of accomplishment—more than anything else—to be able to help with a job like that. I am a little frightened knowing what we have: a happy marriage, two beautiful children, and a chance to work constructively with the boys who have given so much more than we have given so much more than we have been asked to give.

We have everything.

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AIR-INTAKE CHAMBER permits floor-level air to flow rapidly into heating chamber-no restricted airflow.

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80% OPEN REGISTER permits speedy airflow throughout the house -into every corner.

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- LINGERIE-BLOUSES-DRESSES-Girls who look as if they came "right out of the top-drawer" depend on LINIT-starching.

You Must Love Me!

Continued from page 27

laughter would come back to me, and I'd say a joyous yes! to whatever plans

he had made.
That was the way it went. When I was with Ken, nothing mattered at all except that I was with him. Then there was no yesterday, in which I'd been sick with loving a man who didn't love me, no tomorrow in which I'd be sick with the same sweet sickness again. All there was was the wonderful now, sitting beside Ken as we drove along the road to the beach, tremulously aware of the closeness of him when we danced, desperately, shamelessly wanting his kiss to keep me safe until another meeting, when we parted.

That was the way it went-gray days, a happy evening, and more gray, end-less days—until that dreadful night when I learned what real fear was, and hopelessness, and how tears that have real meaning can scald the eyes and tighten the throat to breathlessness.

KEN and I had planned another trip to Redwood for that evening. Early in the afternoon he called to say that he might be later in calling for me than we'd planned.

I did mind waiting-of course I did, when the line between happiness and unhappiness was for me marked by Ken's ringing of our doorbell. But I couldn't tell Ken that. And so I waited—waited until long after the time he said he would be free to pick me up.

When at long last the phone rang, it was David.

"Evelyn—" His voice sounded harsh.

"Yes—yes, David. What is it?"
"I—listen, Evelyn, and please don't well, anyway, I might as well tell you and get it over with. Ken's been hurt. Seriously, I'm afraid. . . ."

His voice faded out. There was a cool green sea at my feet; I could hear the rhythmic beating of the waves, and I wanted to sink down into it.

"What—what happened?" I felt as if I dared breathe only shallowly.

"There was an explosion at the plant. It's his eyes."

It's his eyes.

His eyes! They were blue. His eyes! They were blue. There was laughter in them, and gentleness, and kindliness. When he was a little boy they must have danced with mischief. Oh, his eyes!

"Evelyn!" David's voice demanded.
"Are you still there?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm listening."

"He's in the operating room now. I'll let you know as soon as there is any news."

news.'

I must have hung up the receiver and climbed the stairs to my room, but I don't remember doing it. I know that I sat there on the bed, in the gathering darkness, not crying, but my body shaking uncontrollably. It seemed hours that I sat there in the shadowy darkness of that summer evening, thinking endlessly of the perpetual shadow into which Ken had been plunged. At last I heard David's voice plunged. At last I heard David's voice, and I got up and went slowly down the stairs, like a sleep walker.

David put his arm around me, and

answered the question in my eyes.
"The doctor says he has a fifty-fifty chance.

I had to swallow the dryness in my throat before I could ask, "To—to live?"
David shook his head. "To see."
Then, at last, I could cry. In those first few moments it seemed to me that

it would have been better for Ken to have been killed than blinded. Never to see again—never to see the sun come up, the sun go down, the awakening of spring, the path of the moon across the

"Oh, no—oh, no—oh, no—" I heard my voice repeating monotonously. "Evelyn—stop it!" David's voice was

a sharp command, and his hands were rough as he picked me up and carried me to the davenport in the living room.
"Stop it! What are you crying about?
You're not hurt—it's Ken. You can't afford to cry—you've got to be strong for him!"

for him!"

The harsh words penetrated my mind
—kindness wouldn't have. In a moment
my sobbing slowed, and I was able to
smile wetly at David through my tears.
"I'm sorry," I said. "I'll be good—I
promise. Tell me what to do, David."
For answer, he said, "You love Ken
very much, don't you? He needs you
now—I'll take you to the hospital."
That was all he said, but in those few
words he selflessly put aside his own

words he selflessly put aside his own feelings. Dear David! In the days that followed, I found that I could count on him, always.

I took my vacation from the store and I spent every moment that I could with Ken. David was always there when I needed him. He took me to and from the hospital, brought magazines and library books so that I would always have something to read aloud, came in sometimes to talk shop with Ken, so that he wouldn't feel that he was cut off from the world he was so used to—in all, David did everything he could to help me keep the spettre of could to help me keep the spectre of permanent blindness from haunting the darkness in which Ken lay.

I couldn't bear to look at Ken. voice, my hands, I could control, but I knew what was in my eyes. It was as well that he couldn't see them—love well that he couldn't see them—love was there, and pity, and Ken wanted neither of those from me. He would have hated being pitied, I knew. As for the love—well, sometimes, in those long days, I began to hope a little. Certainly he needed me, certainly he detainly he needed me; certainly he depended on me. Could I dare hope that the need, the dependence, would turn into love?

A S the days went by, it seemed to me that I had a right to hope. There was a gentleness in Ken's voice when he spoke to me that had never been there before—or was it only a quietness that was there because he was forced to lie still and quiet? There was an intimacy in the touch of his hands that had not been there before—or was it only because the hands, without eyes to guide them, fumbled now, lingered longer in mine to beg some of my strength? His talk of the future included me, as it never had before—but was that only because I was so much a part of his present that he automatically thought of me in the future, too? There was a oneness, a togetherness, between us that had not been there before—but was that only because we were together so much of the time?

I learned to read aloud almost automatically, not getting the sense of what I read, my thoughts all for the future hoping, wishing, willing Ken to tell me that he loved me, to ask me to share it with him. And he must do it now now, before the bandages came off his eyes, before he knew whether the future held light or darkness. Even if he loved me, even if I meant his very life to him, I knew that if Ken found out he was to be blind he would not



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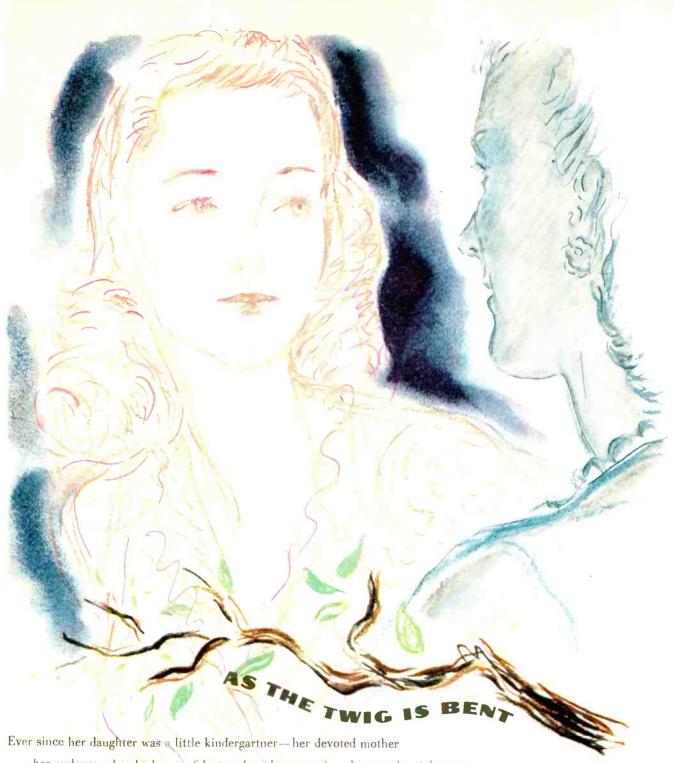
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ask me to share that life.

And so I sat, day after day, my heart breaking to see Ken lying, apathetic, his eyes bandaged and his vibrant body still, his brown hands, always before so sure in everything they did, aimless and useless. And always there was that little added tenderness, the new togetherness-and nothing more. Nothing more to feed my hopes, nothing more to keep me from crying into my pillow at night.

Nothing—until the morning when they told Ken that next day the bandages would be removed from his eyes, next day he would know. That morning he asked me for a cigarette, and as I slipped it into his fumbling fingers and got up, ready to strike a match for he let the cigarette drop and caught my hand in his—caught it with

something of his old strength. "Evelyn—" and his voice was husky -"I can't ever tell you, never in the world, what it's meant to have you here

with me. It's been—"
Now, I thought. Now, at last, he's going to say it. Now, at last, he's going to tell me that he loves me.
But he didn't say it. He only said, "It's been wonderful, having you here through all the long, hard waiting. And tomorrow—" tomorrow-

"Tomorrow," I said gently, "is tomorrow. Let's not think of that now."
Let's not think of anything now, my heart cried, but that I love you, and that you must love me—you must!

But the moment was gone. "All right," Ken sighed. "Let's not think about it. Will you finish that story you started to read to me yesterday?"

I don't believe he heard a word that I read, in spite of what he said about forgetting. Certainly, I didn't. I could only think of tomorrow—tomorrow that might, if Ken could see, be a second beginning for him. Tomorrow, that, if Ken could not see, would certainly be the end of all my hopes and my dreams. And so, at last, the day dragged its way to a close, and I went home, heartsick and miserable, knowing that my chance at happiness was gone. After tomorrow, if Ken could see, he would go out into the world again, and things would be between us as they had been before -friendship, comradeship, an occasional date, and no more. And if he could not see, that would be the end of my world, too, for then, I knew as surely as there was a moon in the sky tonight, Ken would never speak to me of love no matter if that was in his heart.

The next day David and I waited in a little ante-room while the bandages were taken from Ken's eyes. I picked up a magazine and leafed idly through it, only to remember that where Ken was there were no pictures to see, no

words to comprehend.

Violently, I slammed the magazine down on the table. "It isn't fair," I cried, "It isn't fair!"

David came across the little room to stand beside me. "You've been so swell, honey," he said quietly, "it would be a shame to crack up now, when he may be going to need you more than ever."

I tried to smile at him.
But Dave, it isn't fair. V "I know. Why should

young man like Ken-

But the nurse came into the room then, and I left my sentence unfinished. Her face was quite blank—I could read nothing in it.
"Yes?" I asked. "Oh, nurse—it must

be yes!"

She shook her head almost imper-

ceptibly. "No, Miss Trent. No-he is blind.'

So it had come. The final, dreadful certainty of it seemed to gray the whole world, where only a moment before the sun had been shining through the windows of the little waiting room. Ken was blind, and there was nothing beyond that.

"Will you go in to him now? He needs you." It was the nurse again.

Yes, of course I must go to him. I'd go without crying; I'd go to give him the same kindness, the same courage I'd brought him in these weeks of waiting. I'd let him know that he was unchanged to me. And then, as I turned toward his room the tears came, and flowed over my eyes, and ran unchecked down my cheeks, so that after all I couldn't say what I had meant to say, or lend him courage when he needed it most. I had to be led to him by the nurse, and the thick sobs in my throat betrayed me when I spoke. Ken-

"Evelyn? Evelyn—don't."

I put my hand into his, and sank down on the edge of the bed because my knees refused to let me stand.

"Ken—Ken—" It was all I could sob, just his name."

"Evelyn—Evelyn, don't cry. You mustn't cry for me, dear. Don't cry!

I knew, then, in a great surge of fear and joy that left me breathless, what I must do.

I said, "I'm not only crying for you, Ken. I'm crying for me." And when I had said it, I was afraid, and I knew that I must go on swiftly or I'd lose my courage completely, and never be able to say it at all. "I'm crying for me—because I love you so, Ken. I love you so much, and I knew about your pride—your fierce pride. I know that even if you did love me readd." if you did love me, you'd never tell me now, because you'd think that you'd be now, because you'd think that you'd be a burden to me. You'd think I'd have to say yes, if you asked me to marry you, because I was sorry for you. And you'd be wrong—so wrong! I haven't any pity for you. All I have for you is love—all the love my heart can hold, now and for always!"

COLLAPSED against him, the sob-COLLAPSED against him, the soubing uncontrollable now. He was silent for so long that I had time to think, for the first time that day. And my face flamed. Suppose—oh, suppose that he didn't love me, but that he felt obligated to say that he did, now, after all my long days of being with him.

But his voice, when at last he spoke, left no room for doubts or fears. And his arms, as he gathered me into them. were a lover's arms.

were a lover's arms.

"I've been lying here so long in the dark," he said, gravely, "nights and days, all alike, and all filled with thoughts of you. A thousand times I've asked myself, 'Do I dare?' and a thousand times I've told myself, 'No—wait until the bandages come off—don't tie her to a blind man.' I could hardly bear to touch you. to know that you were to touch you, to know that you were close beside me and as far away as the stars. Why—why darling, nothing matters now except that you love me, and I love you, and we can make what we will of the world, together!"

My cheek was against his, now, and his arms held me fast to him, as if he'd never let me go. "My darling—my love—my—my eyes," he murmured, and somehow that last little word was the sweetest love-name a man has ever called a woman.



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Search Your Heart

Continued from page 31

all her classes. Other teachers noticed and commented on it; Tracey had al-ways been so bright. Once, after class, she came up and said stiffly: "Miss Morrow, I don't want to be lab monitor any more. I want you to get somebody else—please."

"But, honey," I was honestly distressed. "Chemistry always meant so much to you. I thought you wanted to make your daddy proud by being the best chemist in the school. Are you sure you want to give up being monitor?"

"I don't like it any more. I think it's silly," she said defiantly. "Just plain silly! I—I hate it!" And she turned and ran from the room and-again-I knew

she was weeping.
"Tracey!" I called after her. "Wait—

school.

I've got to talk to you."
But she ran on heedlessly, her little shoulders shaking with sobs.

I felt helpless, because she wouldn't talk to me. I was seeing Dean nearly every night now and it was after an evening when she knew we'd been together, that she was at her worst in

DEAN, at home, was doing the best he could with her. "I've tried and tried to talk to her," he told me miserably, "but she won't let me. She gets almost secretive now, when she used to tell me everything. Sometimes it's as if she couldn't bear the sight of me. And then again for no reason-she'll run to then again, for no reason-she'll run to me and throw her arms around my neck in a—a frenzy of affection. I feel somehow to blame in all this, darling. I feel I've hurt her terribly—I've let her down. And yet, it's right and natural that I should marry again, that I should love-

"You're to blame only because you've spoiled her. You let her make you the center of her whole world, and now she feels that world is threatened."

"But I was trying to make up for what her mother did. For her hearing what her mother said: 'the baby has al-

ways been a millstone around my neck."

"That was long ago, Dean. Tracey is twelve now—it's time she started being a grown-up and realized that if her mother didn't love her, other people do—and that other people have rights"

mother didn't love her, other people do
—and that other people have rights."
"Of course, you're right," he said
slowly. "Only—she's so hurt. It makes
me very unhappy, darling—when I
want you so and need you so—"
I was unhappy, too. Miserable. For
Tracey somehow was coloring every
moment Dean and I spent together,
every thought. She cast a shadow over
us. We had planned to be married as
soon as school was out in June I was soon as school was out in June. I was getting my trousseau ready and had already told my friends. Now I felt in Dean's attitude, rather than anything he said, that he was beginning to feel we shouldn't marry until Tracey felt happier about it. It was as if he were torn between us.

Another woman, I felt, I could fight, fairly and squarely for the man I loved so overpoweringly. But a child—how can one fight a child?

One day I went back to the chemistry lab after school for something I had forgotten. To my surprise, I found the door unlocked. I was very careful of that responsibility and I was positive I hadn't forgotten. I slipped quietly inside

Tracey was bent over a Bunsen

burner, watching some colored liquid in a test tube. On her face was the same absorption that used to be there, the same passionate interest. Once more she was lost in the subject she loved. Once more she was making her father

proud of her.

I moved forward. "Tracey, dear," I said gently. "I'm glad to see you back at work. But you know you shouldn't be in here alone, after the lab is closed. That's against the rules—especially to do that experiment you're doing. That's a very advanced experiment, dear. It could be dangerous. It could explode, you know, and not only wreck our equipment but hurt you."

She started when I began to speak. Now her face took on the familiar sullen expression. "I know enough to be careful," she said rudely.

"I know you do, my dear. But it's still against the rules . . . Tracey. I'm

glad I found you here. I want to have a little talk with you. We used to be such friends—and now you seem not even to like me any more. Why is that?"

She was very busy emptying the test tube. You wouldn't have thought she'd heard me. "Oh, I don't know—I have lots of things to do after school now."

"That's not the true reason," I went on, still gently. "The true reason is your father, isn't it, Tracey? You feel I'm trying to take him away from you I'm trying to take him away from you. Darling, that simply isn't true. I love him and he loves me and—" him and he loves me and-

SHE turned then, like a flash, her small intense face blazing. "That isn't so! He doesn't love you. He doesn't love anybody but me. He doesn't, he doesn't, he doesn't!"

And before I could stop her, she had

run past me and out the door, sobbing hysterically as if her heart would

It was hopeless, I thought desperately. The child wouldn't even listen, wouldn't even try to understand. And she had to! My whole life was, somehow, hanging in the balance. I had to have Dean's love and I had to have it whole—not divided by his fear of hurting Tracey. I remembered all the times he'd had to cut short dates with me because Tracey might be crying herself at home, of all our plans that had sick at home, of all our plans that had to hang in abeyance because she wouldn't accept me. What should have been simple and whole and beautiful was made incomplete and complicated Dean's conflicting loyalties.

by Dean's conflicting loyalties. It couldn't go on any longer.

That night I told him what had happened. "We've got to go to Tracey right now, together, and tell her that we are going to be married in June," I said. "It's the only thing to do."

"But we can't." His eyes were wretched. "She knows we love each other and she can't even take that. If she knew definitely I was going to marry vou—"

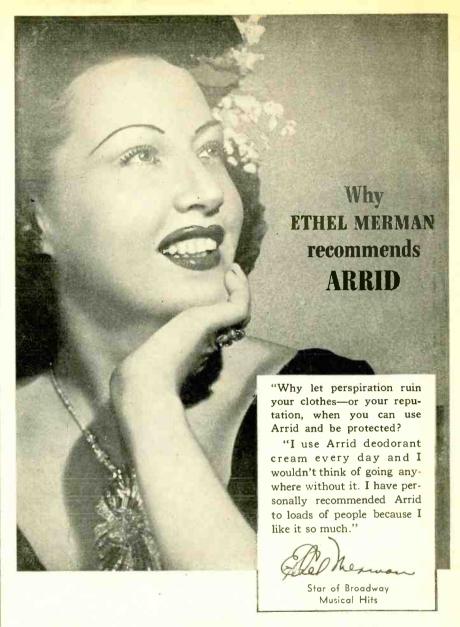
marry you-

"—she'd learn to accept it that much sooner, Dean." Then as he hesitated, I went on, pleading with the desperation welling up in me. "It's got to be this way, dearest. I can't go on any longer loving you with all of myself and not having all of you. I want—all or nothing."

having all of you. I want—all or nouning."

All or nothing. For one breathless instant, the words hung there between us. Then Dean said quietly: "Then I have no choice. We'll go home and tell Tracey right now."

I waited in the living room of Dean's house while he went upstairs to get her. She was already in her pajamas, ready for bed. At sight of me, her face



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CHAPTER 1

"Let me help you," you said.

I'd never seen you before. But there was something about you, my darling. And tacking up those posters was a job.

By chance, our fingers touched.

"They were such soft little fingers," you always say; "they curled right around my heart."

How much I owe to Jergens Lotion. I've always used Jergens. I've seen how a girl's hands can get coarse and old-looking from lack of natural skin-softening moisture.

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took on the familiar sullen expression and she said shortly, "Hello." "Hello, dear. Your father and I have

something to talk to you about.

I could feel her stiffen in resistance She turned her back on me and looked at her father. "What is it?" she said.

He sat down and drew her to him.
"Darling," he said very gently, very tenderly, "I love you very much—more than even you can know. It's a love that will always last, no matter what

that will always last, no matter what happens. Alice loves you, too, and wants you to love her. I want you to love her. Because, darling, Alice and I are going to get married in June. ."

"No!" It burst from her like a wail of anguish. Then she broke away from her father's arms and whirled on me. Her whole little body was shaking and her face was contorted. "No! I hate you, I hate you—" And, to my horror, she rushed at me as if she wanted to strike me. strike me.

"Tracey!"

The force in Dean's voice brought her up sharp, and for a moment she stood there, her chest heaving. Then she burst into a torrent of weeping and ran out of the room.

I was shaken. I leaned back in the chair and closed my eyes, waiting for the strength to return. Then I looked over at Dean.

"I'd better go," I said.
"Yes," he said, heavily. "I'll go up and talk to her alone. I'm-sorry, dar-

ling."
"It will be all right," I reassured him. "She'll get over it."

THAT'S what I kept telling myself the rest of that night as I tossed sleeplessly. It was better this way, to have the shock over and done with. And if Tracey couldn't adjust herself before we were married, she would after. She loved me once, quite naturally. She'd love me again. Over and over, I told myself that.

About six the next morning, I struggled up from the first sound sleep to answer the telephone. It was Mr. Green, superintendent of the school, and he sounded agitated. "Higgins, the janitor, just called me," he said. "This morning when he entered the building, he discovered there had been an explosion in the chemistry lab sometime last night. A good deal of the equipment is damaged."

"An explosion—" I clung weakly to About six the next morning, I strug-

"An explosion—" I clung weakly to the phone. "Who—was anyone hurt? Mr. Green, you've got to tell me—was anyone hurt?"

'I don't think so. At least, not badly. But there was a lot of broken glass around and some of it had blood on it.

around and some of it had blood on it. Do you know who is responsible for this, Miss Morrow?"

"Yes," I said wretchedly. "Yes. I'm responsible, Mr. Green. It's my fault, completely and utterly. . . Will you ask Miss Lang to take my classes, and I'll be in to see you sometime during the day." And I hung up before he could ask more questions.

could ask more questions.

With frantic haste, I dialed Dean's number. He answered almost immediately. "I've been trying to get you," he said. "Darling—Tracey's gone!"

"I went into her room early—I couldn't sleep. She'd left a note—it said—" and his voice broke as he repeated it—" 'Dearest daddy; I'm sorry about last night. But I am a millstone around your neck. So I am going away. Please do not try to find me, ever. Your loving Tracey.—I've looked everywhere. She must have gone during the night sometime. She can't be far—" "But she's hurt, Dean!" I cried. And I told him about the chemistry lab. "Not badly, or she wouldn't have been able to get away so quickly. But—oh, darling, we've got to find her right

That day was a nightmare day. Sometimes, even now, I wake from sleep trembling, as I re-live it in my dreams. Because Dean and I couldn't find Tracey. At first, the two of us with Mrs. Durenger scoured the neighborhood around the Abbot house and around the school asking questions of every con-

Durenger scoured the neighborhood around the Abbot house and around the school, asking questions of every conceivable person who might have seen her. No one had. Then we telephoned everybody we knew, asking questions, enlisting help. No one knew. We got in the car and searched every road leading out of town, while Mrs. Durenger went to the railroad station and the bus stations. No one had seen a little girl answering our description. "She'd emptied her piggy bank," Dean said. "But she'd taken nothing else but the clothes she wore. It's going to the lab I can't understand—why she should go back there, alone, late at night—"
"I can," and the knowledge was bitter and deep within me. "Her love of chemistry and her love of you were all tied up together. When she thought I was threatening the love for you, she had to pretend she didn't like chemistry any more. Last night, she went back as a sort of last gesture to you—a last symbol of her wanting to make you proud. She didn't mean to cause the explosion. It just happened—she was probably crying when she did it. And now, she's got the guilt of that on her conscience along with everything else. . "I was weeping now, heartbroken tears of self-blame. "It's my fault. Dean. Don't you see? It's my fault. If I hadn't tried to rush her so, if I'd given her sensitive little heart time to take it all in naturally—" given her sensitive little heart time to

"Don't." It was like a groan. "Don't darling. I'm to blame, too. But, dear God, we've got to find her."

BY afternoon, the day was cold and threatening and an icy rain was beginning to fall. We'd notified the police by that time, and they were sending out a teletype description to nearby towns, to drugstores where she might have gone to have her cuts treated, and were

gone to have her cuts treated, and were searching all possible places.

I was torn between sitting by to answer the telephone and my desire to rush out into the rain and cover the surrounding countryside foot by foot until I found her. I made myself stay by the phone where I could be really useful. Every time I rang, hope leaped. And every time I answered, hope died.

There was no trace as yet.

There was no trace as yet.

The thought of her wandering, bleeding and hurt and alone, was more than I could bear. And the words of her note kept coming back. Dearest Daddy . . . a millstone around your neck. How searingly deep those cruel words had gone into that childish consciousness, how they had remained to color her whole short life. She probably didn't know where they came from, or what she was repeating. They'd been there all the time, buried, until I, in my blindness and my selfishness, had brought them out again.

brought them out again.

By evening there was still no word.

It was as if she'd vanished from the earth. And the rain was turning into sleet. Dean was out in one of the police cars and, for the moment, I was alone. I'd been going back over all the time since I first met Dean, seeing with shuddering clarity how I'd tried to buy my happiness at the cost of another's. I



And then, dear, You Kissed Me!



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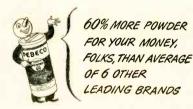
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ALSO PEBECO TOOTH PASTE—CLEAN, REFRESHING FLAVOR—104, 254 AND 504

thought of the picnic-and her face as she'd seen Dean kiss me. She'd been so happy up there on the Rock—
The Rock! I jumped up. No one had

thought to look there.

Without saying anything to Mrs.
Durenger I grabbed my coat and
rushed out. Dean's car was at the curb.

I think I must have been a little mad, the chances I took. Up that long, slippery, narrow trail I pushed that car at breakneck speed.

I stopped where we had parked that

sunny day so long ago, and got out. Rain beat against my face, and the cold wind whipped at me like an enemy. "Tracey," I screamed. "Tracey."

There was no answer.

I scrambled up the footpath leading to the summit. Branches clawed at me and tore my skin, the rain beat down

I looked down over the edge at the rocky depths—and shuddered. Could she—No! A new terror laid its hands on me.

THEN suddenly I remembered the cave, the little cave that Tracey had explored that day while Dean and I had waited outside. I ran toward it, slipping in the mud, heedless of the sharp pain in my ankle. "Tracey!" I called. And faintly, just inside the narrow entrance, I heard a moan.

How I ever got her out I don't know. The entrance was just large enough for

How I ever got her out I don't know. The entrance was just large enough for a child's body to squeeze through, and she was a dead weight in my arms. But somehow I did it. And somehow I carried her down the path to the car. Feverishly I examined her. She was cold and soaked through, and from the cut on her arm she'd lost a lot of blood. But she was alive. I held her close against me, willing warmth back into her little body. And once she stirred and muttered, "I want my daddy..."

And I whispered fiercely, "You're going to have your daddy, darling." I put her in the car and drove back to town, taking poor little Tracey to the only safety she knew—the safety of her daddy's arms.

daddy's arms.

Tracey was ill for quite a while with exposure and shock and loss of blood, too ill to come back to school during the rest of that year. I didn't see her. Deliberately, I stayed away, fearing that even the sight of me would do her harm. And, at my instance, we indefi-

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nitely postponed our wedding day.
For I knew that I could never marry
Dean until Tracey accepted me naturally and of her own accord. I had tried
to force it, and that kind of force is evil.
At the end of school, I went away for

the summer, still without having seen her. Letters from Dean told me she was growing healthy and strong and that he thought the shock of what had happened was receding from her mind. Yesterday was the first day of school.

I knew that, at last, I must face Tracey

and she me.

It was early morning—just before the opening bell. I was sitting at my desk, arranging papers for the first class. Suddenly I felt someone's presence. I looked up. Tracey was standing in the

looked up. Tracey was standing in the doorway, looking at me.

She gave me a long, level gaze and then she walked in slowly, warily. "Hello," she said.

"Hello, dear," I said quietly.

There was a pause, while her eyes searched my face as if to find some answer there. I held myself still, kept myself from pulling her into my arms as I longed to do. At last she said, "Daddy told me what you did. He said you took all the blame for that awful thing I did in the lab. And then that you went up to the Rock all by yourself

thing I did in the lab. And then that you went up to the Rock all by yourself in the storm and found me and you sprained your ankle and nearly got pneumonia."

"That doesn't matter, does it, Tracey, as long as I found you? It doesn't really matter how much we each have to suffer before we find each other."

She thought that over gravely, weighing it, her intense dark eyes still fixed on my face. "I guess so," she said finally. And then she smiled—and the smile went through me heartwarmingly, ecstatically. "Gee," she said, "I think what you did was super. And—Miss Morrow, can I take chemistry over Miss Morrow, can I take chemistry over again this year?"

That was yesterday. Today, with that smile and with those words close to my heart, and with the memory of Dean's kisses on my face last night—I can face the future, content and unafraid.

Dear One

Continued from page 39

Johnny married?" Mother flung at me. This was the question I dreaded most.
I didn't answer directly.
"We wanted to be," I faltered. "It takes five days to get a license..."
The half-answer seemed to satisfy

them.

The next few weeks I lived on remembering. I knew now what Johnny had meant when he said he wanted me

membering. I knew now wnat Jonnny had meant when he said he wanted me to have a pretty wedding to remember. No one, I thought, ever had a lovelier wedding than ours. The mere thought of those few hours we had spent together warmed my blood, as though Johnny were with me even then. There were no letters from Johnny, for weeks. And then I read in the newspapers that Johnny's company had been among the first to land at Salerno. The knowledge that he was there, in that bloody place, was a cold ring around my heart. He had to come back. He had to come back because I knew now that our one night of marriage had changed everything. We couldn't be just two youngsters in love any more. We had to face adult responsibilities in an adult world—for we were going to have a child!

going to have a child!

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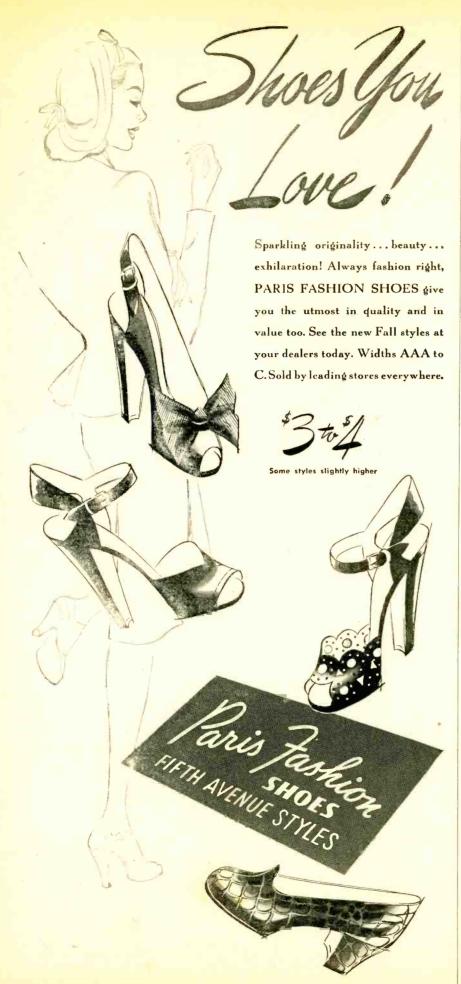
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The knowledge didn't frighten me. It would be good to have Johnny's son. Even in those early months I never thought of our coming baby except as a son—a replica of Johnny. Johnny would be so pleased when he knew. He would be such a wonderful father. Surely the war would be over soon, Johnny would be back with me. He

Johnny would be back with me. He could get a good job, we'd buy the house we'd always wanted on North Hill—we had always said the extra bedroom would be a nursery. We could begin to live!

I wrote Johnny long, excited letters, hoping he would feel as I did, that this result of our one night together made

Two weeks after the first news stories of the Salerno campaign broke in the papers I had one or two hastily scrawled notes from Johnny. One he had written crossing the Mediterranean on an L.S.T. boat. "The biggest body of water I want to see after this is a swimming pool," he wrote. And then, a day or so later another note, "It's so lovely here . . . the countryside is lush and green. It seems such a pity that it should be marred by the sights and sounds and smells of war.'

IT was as good as talking to him, to have his letters.

I was so radiantly happy, going about my routine job at the office that my uncle remarked about it.

"What's happened, Ellen?" he asked.
"Is your Johnny coming home?"

"I feel he is," I said, "soon."

But Johnny wasn't coming home.
Even now, a whole year later. I can't

Even now, a whole year later, I can't think about that horrible morning—that ghastly wire—without trembling. I don't weep any more. Johnny wouldn't want that. But I can't help trembling. So much has happened

The wire didn't come to me. No one but Johnny and I knew that he had a wife, so it was to his mother that the wife, so it was to his mother that the War Department dispatched the cold words that her son—my husband—had been killed in action. Poor Mrs. England was so beside herself when she phoned me that I had to be calm. My own hysterical weeping came later, when I was alone, in the middle of the night. Weeping and a nausea so violent that it left me weak and gray. And there was more to stand. The next morning the mail brought me

next morning the mail brought me another cheerful letter from Johnny. Some Italian children had given him a bottle of red wine. "The first I've tasted," he said, "since our night. But I didn't think you'd mind."

Another day to get through and then another mail, bringing me back the letters in which I had told Johnny about our coming baby . . . they had never been opened. Johnny had died without knowing he was going to be a father. a father.

The cumulative shock was too much. I couldn't rally enough strength, try as I would, to keep going normally. I knew if I went to bed, Dr. Pemberton would be called. I knew he would tell Mother and Dad what I had kept from them so far. I knew it would be a cruel blow to them, but I was too ill now to ward it off. I was too ill to care. I knew from Mother's tear-stained face when she brought my dinner tray The cumulative shock was too much.

face when she brought my dinner tray that evening that she knew. She didn't make me talk. Dr. Pemberton, I supposed, had ordered that I be kept quiet. Dad didn't come into my room at all. A trickle of fear persisted even through the lethargy invoked by Dr. Pemberton's sedatives that Father was angry, that he wouldn't understand. I couldn't cope with that. Not yet. Little by little the fear dimmed away, and I slipped into a drugged sleep.

I was half-alive like that, I know now, for almost a week. Dr. Pemberton

came every day. Mother came and went with medicines and cups of hot broth but they didn't make me talk. Dad came in once and hovered over me, patted me gently on the head. He looked older and very tired. But he was going to be kind.

Then, one morning, Dr. Pemberton changed his prescriptions. No more sedatives, he said. Instead there were shots of Vitamin B and a tonic of some sort. I could feel the strength—artificial strength, I thought—pouring back

into my bones.

The family conference, of course, was inevitable.

MOTHER and Dad drew up chairs by my bedside after the doctor left.

I knew what was coming.

"Now that you're stronger, Ellen,"
Mother began, "we'll have to do something."

thing."
"About what?" I asked her, but I

"About the baby," Father said, as

Mother's face set tensely. "There is nothing to do," I put in quickly, "except to have it."
"Dr. Pemberton thinks you're not

strong enough to have it, dear," Mother argued. "As a physician he suggests that you have a that we

that you have a . . . that we . . ."

She was groping for words, but I knew what she meant.

"Don't say that," I cried angrily, not even wanting to hear the ugly word.
"Because I won't. I have no right to kill Johnny's child."
"But Ellen," Dad began, "if you

aren't strong enough ..."

"That's ridiculous," I said. "Women all over the world are losing their husbands ... but they're having their babies just the same."

That, of course, was the point that Mother had hoped to avoid. But now

she had to face it squarely.
"It would be different," she said, "if

"But he is," I was almost screaming.
"Ellen, please," Father tried to calm
me. "We are only trying to help you.
Remember you told us that you weren't married when you went away to see

Johnny ..."
"I told you nothing of the kind. I said we didn't have time to get a license. But we were married ... we

license. But we were married . . . we married ourselves . . . before God . . "
"Ellen, don't be blasphemous!"
Mother's voice was shrill with irritation. But I couldn't stop now. I had to

try to make them understand.
"Mother, I mean it. My marriage to
Johnny is as sacred to me as any marriage could ever be. His child is going to be born in wedlock—in God's eyes."
"Perhaps," Dad compromised, "But

not in the eyes of the law.'

"God didn't make the marriage laws," I said, "But God knows," and I wasn't being blasphemous, "that I am really married to Johnny."

Dad looked at me queerly, and then

faced Mother.
"I think she's right," he said quietly. I had won. As long as Dad stood by me, Mother-or Dr. Pemberton, or anybody—couldn't make me destroy all that I had left of my marriage.

Mother didn't give up easily. Poor Mother. I knew what it meant to her. The neighbors would talk. In her eyes, we would be disgraced. She had brought me up so carefully, to be a "nice girl." Now the worst had hap-



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pened. It didn't matter that Johnny and I had taken one another reverently and soberly-that we meant it when we promised one another to be man and wife "until death do us part." What mattered to the others would be that the words had not been said over us in a church.

Finally, however, Mother agreed that Father and I should go away to wait for the birth of my baby.

What we were to do, after that, come back sto Morristown, or go away to stay—all that, Dad convinced her—we could decide later on, when I was stronger.

stronger.
Father was wonderful. I don't think I could have survived the arguments and the emotional crises, and then the packing and traveling if he hadn't been constantly at my side, smoothing the way, intervening when it was necessary between me and Mother, making plans. He neglected his own real estate business shamefully at first, but before we took the train he turned but before we took the train he turned it over to a young associate.

"I'll be gone for several months," he explained. "Dr. Pemberton thinks Ellen

needs a complete rest. Shock—Johnny's death, you know .

The young man promised to hold the fort until Dad came back.

Dad had chosen a lovely spot for our retreat into anonymity, a comfortable old inn in the country surrounded by trees and facing a plunging mountain brook. I sat patiently day after day, in a hammock under the trees, and waited. I would have been almost happy—but Johnny's loss was too new.

UR baby came at last, a beautiful blond boy. His name, of course, was Johnny. Having Johnny's baby at least proved that our marriage had been real,

and not just an illusory dream.

Dad was foolish about the baby, and much to my surprise Mother was too, when she joined us for a few days in

the country.

Mother seemed changed. She didn't press me, as I had expected she would, about my plans. In fact, she seemed almost eager—childishly eager—for me to decide to come back home to Morris-

"But the disgrace?" Dad, too, was

puzzled.
"Everybody in Morristown knows that Ellen is a good girl, and that Johnny England was an honest boy," Mother said defiantly, "and if anybody doesn't, he's too small for us to worry about."

What had happened to Mother?

In the last weeks before my confinement my mind had raced with half-plans. I would take my child and go back to the city where I had said goodbye to Johnny, find a war job of some kind. There was the problem of a nursery for the baby . . . but I had some money . . . and people would be kind

I hadn't dared think of returning to Morristown, although I longed for the security and safety of the home I had lived in since I was born, and the family and friends who were all I had

family and friends who were all I had now that Johnny was gone.

Mother's apparent right-about-face made my decision easy. I would go back. Morristown was my home, and Johnny's home. He would want me to be there. The baby could grow up in his own home there—not in a nursery school in the hands of strangers. school, in the hands of strangers.

I was not brave enough when we first went back to leave the safety of our rambling old frame house and walk about the streets of Morristown among the people who had known me since

was a little girl.

I was a little girl.

I wasn't sure of my old friends.
Would they accept me, knowing about
the baby? Would they believe what I
knew in my heart, that little Johnny
was a child not only of a great love,
but of a marriage sacred under God?
I also knew the people of Morristown
were good people. Were they also
kind? I wasn't sure. So I didn't seek
them out. But they came to me.
I didn't have to explain about the
baby. Everyone knew by now that
Johnny and I had had a child. I was
not too surprised, for things like that
don't remain secrets for long in a little

don't remain secrets for long in a little

Johnny's mother was the first to come to see us. She was laden with presents for the baby and for me, and she gooed and talked baby talk over little Johnny's crib, happier, I am sure, than she'd been since that awful day

of the telegram.

Our next door neighbors came and admired Johnny too, and brought cakes and pies, so Mother wouldn't have to cook so much. "You'll be having lots of company now that Ellen's home," they said, "and you won't want to spend all your time in the kitchen."

HADN'T been prepared for this. When they left I faced Mother with

"I didn't tell them anything," Mother said, but there was a defiant glint in

said, but there was a defiant glint in her eye.

What the town really believed I found out later that day when Mayor Garner and Reverend Wilcox came to call with a delegation of townfolk. They came to invite me, as Johnny's widow, to be guest of honor, along with his mother, at a memorial service for Johnny the following Sunday at Legion Hall

Hall.

They brought me, for the first time, the details of the way Johnny died. He was killed, they said, trying to rescue wounded comrades from the beach at Salerno. He had brought four wounded boys safely back to the lines, braving a violent crossfire, before he himself was hit. The Distinguished Service Cross, awarded posthumously, was to be presented to Johnny's widow, the Mayor said, at the Sunday service.

I was so torn with a mixture of grief

I was so torn with a mixture of grief

I was so torn with a mixture of grief and pride at the news they brought me that their easy use of the word "widow" didn't seem unduly significant.

But after they were gone, I saw clearly just what had happened while Dad and I were gone.

"Mother," I said gently, for I knew she had acted out of what she thought was kindness, "you shouldn't have told them that . . . they'll find out it isn't true."

"They'll never know," she said, her proud head high, "and it's better this way—for little Johnny."

But I went to the Memorial Service full of misgivings. I knew everyone in the crowded room, nearly two hundred friends of Johnny's and mine. There was one stranger, the representative of

the War Department.
Reverend Wilcox had a prominent place at the speaker's table. So did Mayor Garner. Places of honor were reserved for Mrs. England and for me.
I saw Dr. Pemberton in the back of

the room.
All of our good friends. How could I lie to them?



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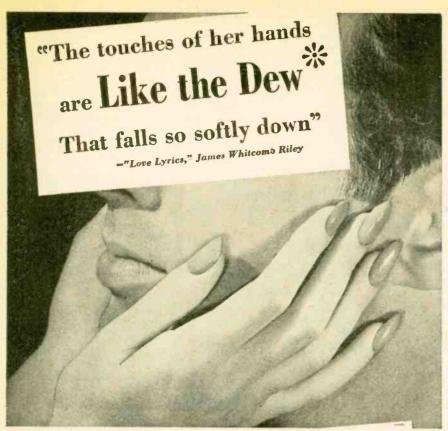
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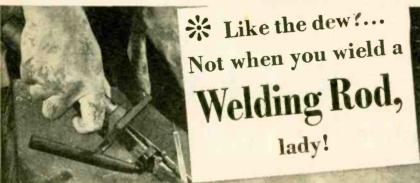
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I can't honestly say that I heard all the words that were spoken that afternoon, friendly and stirring tributes though they were to my dear Johnny. I was detached from the proceedings,

thinking, wondering what all these people would say if . . . Mayor Garner introduced the War Department official, who looked earnestly into my eyes as he told the now familiar story of Johnny's gallantry. I didn't cry, when he put the leather box

in my hand. I was still wondering . . . Reverend Wilcox took the stage to introduce Mrs. England, who was weeping unashamedly. The crowd applauded for her, and wept at the same time, trying to show her how much they understood. Would they feel as warm toward me if . . .

Reverend Wilcox went on: "I know

you all want a chance to salute the other woman in Johnny England's life. Come here, Ellen," he said.

I walked dizzily into the center of the stage. The minister looked down at me kindly, and put a friendly arm around my quaking shoulders.

around my quaking shoulders.

"Ellen and Johnny were married in the East the day before he went away," he told the crowd. "I'm sorry it had to be that way, for that was one wedding ceremony I had counted on performing. But war changes all our plans. Ellen's life will not be easy in the next few months—but she has Johnny's beautiful child who will be more and more a comfort to her, and I know all of you here, her good friends, will help her through the difficult months to come."

THE audience, wanting to be friendly but not sure whether such sad words should be applauded, buzzed with mut-tered phrases, "You know we will," "You can count on us, Ellen." A few applauded, from sheer emotion.

applauded, from sheer emotion.

I had to stop them.

"Wait," I said, holding out my hands.

"I hope you are my friends, and Johnny's. It is good to have friends. But good friends deserve the truth...

"I can't deceive you," I went on, looking straight at Reverend Wilcox but meaning to include them all.

"Johnny and I were not married—not legally, I mean. He had only a few hours, and we couldn't get a license. But I had promised him I would be his wife, before he went overseas." wife, before he went overseas.

There was a murmur in the audience,

but I plunged on.
"I meant that promise. Johnny
wouldn't have held me to it, but we
wanted so much to be married. We
asked God to marry us..." I faltered. It sounded so incredible as I said it. but I had to finish.

sat together . . . just the two of . and we married one another, "We sat together . under God

"Then Johnny gave me this ring.
"That was all. He went away in the morning."

There wasn't a sound now in the room. I looked from face to face, want-

ing a sign.
Suddenly, beside me, someone started to applaud. It was Reverend Wilcox.
Mayor Garner followed suit, so did the stranger from Washington, and there were tears in his eyes.

Everyone applauded, loudly now. Some people were standing up. Mrs. England. Dr. Pemberton. My father. Yes, Mother was standing and applaud-

ing too.

If Mother understood if everybody understood, then "Oh, Johnny," I whispered, "Johnny, you don't have to worry. Everything is going to be all right."

Don't Say It!

Continued from page 44

are our men going? How are they armed and equipped . . .?

"WHEN . . . are men going . . "HOW MANY . . . troops, ships, planes, tanks, other weapons, war ma-

"WHAT KIND . . . of duty is a man doing . . . of training is he getting . . . what kind of regiment is he with and its name . . . what kind of ship, plane,

And remember, these questions apply not only to our fighting forces but to our home front as well, and to all the wheres, hows, when, how manys, and what kinds that are well known to our gigantic army of war workers.

The words we use are often innocent The words we use are often innocent words but they can have meaning to a spy. "They use a lot of bronze . . . a funny little gadget like a watch and it has a lot of wheels . . . Frank runs a lathe . . ." Translated by spy: Bronze sounds like naval guns. The gadget? Bomb timers. Frank runs a lathe? That means the nineteenth lathe counted in that factory! that factory!

It's the same way with the little things the boys tell us when they come home on furlough or leave.

The other day Mrs. Higgins started regaling a group of us with some of the fascinating stories that her Tommy had told her when he was home on furlough from the South Pacific. It was natural enough; she was so proud of him and of course she wanted everyone to know all about him.

BUT I interrupted her quickly, and I told her some of the things I've been telling you.

She was shocked at the case of Sergeant Martin. "I know how hard it is, dear," I told her, "not to talk about Tommy and what he said. The only trouble is he might have mentioned inadvertently the very thing the enemy is trying to find out. Telling the wrong thing may mean that Tommy and thousands like him won't get back to enjoy the land they're fighting for. So play safe. Don't tell any of it. It's hard—but it's worth it."

And it's hard, too, for the girls who

And it's hard, too, for the girls who dance with the boys at USO dances. To them I'd like to say: "Remember, he may say a lot while dancing because he's confident you won't pass it along. You've just got to learn to change the subject, by reminding him someone may be listening, and if that doesn't work, you've got to learn to forget what you've heard."

The two men who run the Army and the Navy put it this way: "We Americans have always been used to talking without looking over our shoulders wondering who's listening. We're pretty jealous of our freedom of speech. So keeping quiet about bits of information that may seem unimportant......learnthat may seem unimportant . . ing to force ourselves to stop and think before we talk . . . is going to be quite a job for us. But when you think of what could happen if you don't . . . it shouldn't be too hard. And all of us in the services—and our lives and success—are depending on you to think before you talk."

To these words of General Marshall and Admiral King our silence gives consent. No more small talk that gives away big secrets!

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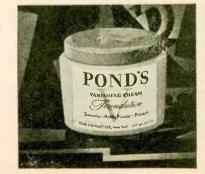
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THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK-THE SOONER WE WINL





This Changing World

Continued from page 42

him out. After his death, Mother had to give up the house. It was hard on her, bringing us up, though I don't

think for a moment she regretted marrying Father and having us."

"Is that all?" Neil asked quietly.

"No, it isn't!" Peggy broke in.

"Mother came from the South, where her father had done everything for her mother, where women are re-spected and treated as they should be, spected and treated as they should be, taken care of, cherished as the marriage ceremony promises!" She drew in a deep breath and her eyes flashed accusation at her husband, before she turned back to Neil. "Mother had never done a hand's turn til she came North. Then she had to learn to do all the things the servants had always done for her And he went away to war and for her. And he went away to war and left her. Away from home, scared and lonesome, with a baby to take care of!"

"She never told you she was sorry!" I cried out to Peggy.
"I'm telling you that Mother and I were both in love, and didn't take time

to think. And there was no one to think for us. I'm only trying to help you with your thinking, Martha. Joe told me he'd wrap the world up in tissue paper and tie it with ribbon and put it on a silver tray for me. And now look. He won't even take a simple little examination that might give us a decent position in the world."

"So." Joe sighed, and the sound was sad. "I might have known. Okay, Peggy. You win. I'll take the examination."

Peggy ran to him and threw her arms around his neck, forgetting Neil

and me for the moment. "Oh, honey, I'm so happy!"

At that moment she looked very pretty, as she always did when things were right between her and Joe.

Joe looked at us over her shoulder,

Joe looked at us over her shoulder, and his face was happier than I'd seen it in months. "Sorry, you two, to thrust our private affairs into your engagement party. Right, Peggy?"

Peggy pushed him gently away. "Is it strange to want the best for my little sister?" she asked. "Mother told me to take care of her, and I'm trying my best. She's been happy here with us, and I want her to go on being happy."

NEIL, to my amazement, agreed with her. "Peggy is right," he said slowly. "My income isn't much, when you look at it that way. If there's one thing I don't want to do, it's to walk out and leave my wife to fight her own battles." He turned to me with a little smile that somehow scared me.

"What do you mean. Neil?" I

Neil?" I "What do you mean,

gasped.
"I mean that I think, too, we ought to wait," he said quietly.
"To wait?" I echoed the words as if I hadn't understood their meaning. What had happened in half an hour? We had come into this room with our blood still racing from the hot excitement of our kisses. Neil had told me, blood still racing from the hot excitement of our kisses. Neil had told me, his voice rough with feeling, that he could not wait one month, much less three; not one week, one day, for us to be together, really together. And now, without giving me a chance to

speak to him alone, he was deciding to postpone our marriage. I wanted to seize him by his two big shoulders and cry out, "Neil, no! We're dif-ferent! We'll never be like this!"

I wished afterward that I had done just that. But I couldn't. Long ago, I had taught myself to curb my feelings. I had to, for I had started young to earn my part of the family living, and jobs can't be kept without selfdiscipline. So now I clenched my fists at my sides and forced myself to keep silent. No, if he didn't want me, I couldn't cling to him. Apparently he didn't.

And he didn't suggest our taking a walk together. He simply came to me and said, "Martha, it's late. You need your sleep."

Need my sleep? That was almost funny. How could I sleep, knowing he didn't love me as I thought he had?

He was looking down at me, holding my hand, but his wide mouth was curved in a strange, unhappy smile. As if he had seen my suffering and was sorry for me.

I didn't want him to be sorry for me! I forced my own lips into a smile and said, "You're right. I've been swallowing yawns for half an hour."

His eyes narrowed at me in surprise,

and I wanted to seize his hand and drag him out to the hall and whisper, "Neil, it's a lie! Can't you see I've been dying, watching you toss our happiness away?"

But I didn't. I kept on smiling and when he species of species.

when he spoke of seeing me the next night I said, "If I can make it, Neil. Telephone me first, will you?" I didn't know where the words came from. From my hurt bewilderment, I guess. I was acting like a foolish little kitten that spits and scratches fiercely when

it sees things it doesn't understand.

it sees things it doesn't understand. Neil studied me a moment, then said quietly, "All right. I'll call you. Goodnight." And he was gone.

Fate always piles things up. But really, I suppose one thing actually leads into another. If I hadn't got up the next morning after that awful night, feeling dazed and queer, perhaps things wouldn't have happened as they did in the office.

At ten o'clock Clive Lyttelton called

as they did in the office.

At ten o'clock Clive Lyttelton called me. "Come and take dictation while I beat my brain, will you?" In itself, that wasn't unusual, he always talked like that. As I sat down and opened my notebook he explained, "When Dad took off for Florida, he left me the rather astonished chairman of the Community Chest Committee. I rashly promised them a few brilliant ideas for their meeting tonight, and now, upon looking into the incubator of my brain. I find nothing has hatched. I find nothing has hatched. Moreover, there isn't an egg in sight."

HAD to laugh. Ordinarily my manners with him were so prim as to be spinsterish, for his were too free for my taste, and his brown eyes with their frank masculine way of examining me always made me uneasy. But today in my queer detachment I had lost selfconsciousness. "What was the idea to be for?" I asked.

"To startle people loose from cash, of course, in a year when they have many other uses for it. The committee seems to think that I'm new blood, and new blood should cause a veritable maelstrom of activity wherever it pulses.'

Again I laughed. Then I said, thoughtfully, "What makes people give money? Feeling sorry for people. Having their emotions stirred." I went on,



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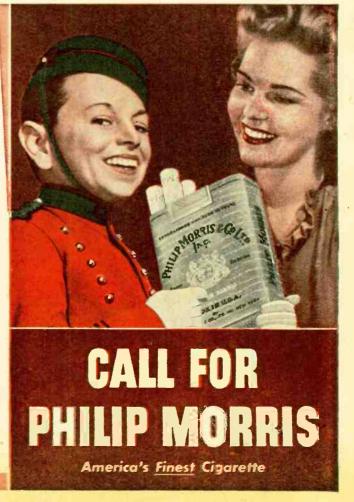


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hearing ...y own voice as if it were another person talking. "What stirs emotions, when do people cry about other people's troubles? In the people's movies-

"Wait a minute!" Clive Lyttelton jumped up excitedly. "You've got

"Yes." I stood up too. "We could take movies of people right here in town—old ladies in the Home for the Aged, children in the Hospital and the Orphan Asylum, families being kept

Orphan Asylum, families being kept together—"
"That's the stuff," Clive Lyttelton said, seizing both my hands. "Just quick shots, teasing flashes showing a sweet old lady knitting, a crippled kid being taught to walk, with a running commentary telling how they're not begging, all they need is a chance, etc., etc. Whip out that notebook, my lady, and watch my dust."

TIME raced by, the rest of that day, preparing the memorandum for his committee. When five o'clock came I was tired and somehow peaceful. I caught my bus on the corner, and went home to start getting ready for the evening. Everything would be all right, if only Neil and I could be along together. As soon as he saw me as together. As soon as he saw me, as soon as he put his arms around me, he'd know that nothing counted but our being together.

our being together.

While in my bath Peggy's voice followed me, advising me solemnly not to see too much of Neil, now that I had made the wise decision to wait—but I hardly heard her. My ears were tuned for the ring of the telephone. When it finally did ring Joe answered and called up to me that Neil would be here at eight

be here at eight.

At a quarter to eight the phone rang again. I was already dressed in a new light green woolen dress with bands of bright embroidery at the neck and hem, and I was brushing my dark hair until it sprang in lovely burnished

waves away from my temples.

"Martha, it's for you," Joe called.

"Me!" Neil was breaking the date!

Oh, how unsure we are of ourselves and how this unsureness can trick us

into hatefulness!

It wasn't Neil, though. It was Clive Lyttelton. "Come quick, lady, to a gentleman in distress," he said in his funny, breathless voice. "The Committunny, breathless voice. "The Committee can't wait to put your idea into action." Before I could answer he had added, "I've already sent the car around to pick you up."

What could I say? I couldn't refuse to help my boss in an emergency, and offers a day count working on plans.

after a day spent working on plans for the Community Chest I had begun to care a lot about its success. It was rather wonderful to feel that something I had thought of might help

hundreds of people.

It was only after these thoughts that the other little secret shameful one came into my mind. Perhaps I never would have known it was there but for Peggy's reaction when I told her what I had to do.

"Why, that's wonderful!" she cried. "Going to the Lytteltons' house, to a meeting of the town's leading citizens!"

I shook my head impatiently, maybe trying to shake away that teasing, persistent little thought: It couldn't do Neil any harm to find I wasn't at his beck and call. But I only said, "You'll explain to Neil, how it happened, won't you?"

The doorbell rang and I saw the old blade limousing down on the street

black limousine down on the street

below. "Promise?" I asked her, turn-

ing to go.
"I'll take care of it," she said, staring

down at the car.

When I stepped into that car, I admit I felt a little thrill. As I sat back against the cushions I had to laugh a little, thinking how often Peggy and I had stood on the curb watching people ride past in this car. And now I was riding in it. Too bad it couldn't have been Peggy—it meant so much more to her. To me, it meant only delay in seeing Neil. Maybe if the meeting didn't last too long, he'd still be there. I couldn't wait to get back.

BUT I had to wait a long time. It was eleven o'clock when at last the Committee adjourned. I didn't feel Committee adjourned. I didn't feel tired at all, and when Clive Lyttelton told me I had earned a cup of coffee and a sandwich, I realized I was hungry. It was nice, sitting in the front seat of his gray convertible riding through the crisp cool night, listening to his easy chatter. It was fun, stepping with him into the brightly lighted grill of the Arlington Arms. The headwaiter gave us attention such as I'd never known people could get in a restaurant. And Clive Lyttelton's care over the order he gave for me made me feel like a princess. It was nice to have him act as if I were important—dangerously nice. I couldn't fight that sneaking little thought: "If Neil could see me now—" Wishes like that are black magic.

For Neil did see me. We were just coming out of the grill room into the lobby of the hotel and I saw his familiar broad shoulders bent over the counter of the telegraph desk. And in that moment, as if he felt my glance, he turned and looked

He stared at me as if he couldn't believe his eyes. And then his mouth drew into a hard line of anger.

Why should he look at me like that? Why should he look at me like that? I had broken a date with him, yes—but Peg must have told him that it was because I had to, not because I wanted to. I think that in another moment I would have rushed across the lobby to him, but he turned swiftly and went out the side door before I could recover enough from the look he had given me to move a step.

cover enough from the given me to move a step.

At home I rushed to Peggy's room the door, "What did

At home I rushed to reggy's room and flung open the door. "What did you say to Neil?" I cried.

She shook her head. "I didn't say a thing to him, dear. In fact I haven't even seen him."

"You mean he didn't come—?" There was sympathy in Peg's eyes. She's sorry for me, I thought, and I didn't want sympathy just then. I didn't want sorry for me, I thought, and I didn't want sympathy just then. I didn't want anything but to get to my own room and close the door behind me and shut out the whole world.

Neil didn't call me, all that week or the next. A hundred times I went to the phone, but always I stopped. What could I say to him?

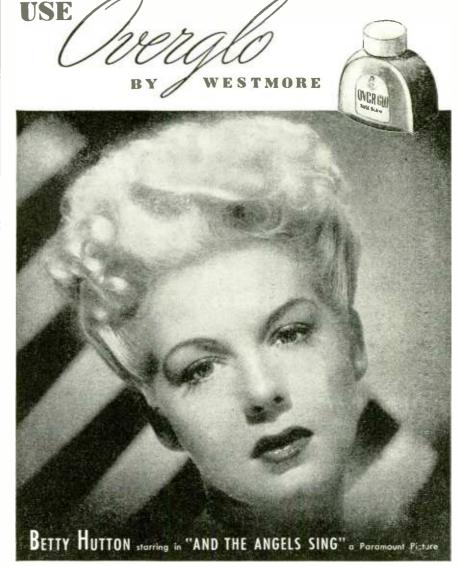
I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't had the Community Chest Drive to fling myself into.

if I hadn't had the Community Chest Drive to fling myself into.

I found work to keep my hands—and sometimes even my mind, that persisted in thinking of Neil—busy. I went to work in a nursery which took care of children while their mothers worked in war plants. That filled my evenings, my Saturdays and my Sundays, for twenty-four hour shifts at factories meant that there were children to be cared for any hour of the day.

with every effort I could summon I threw myself into my work with children. And I loved it! I was particu-

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larly interested in one of the little girls, Donna Carmine, who was apparently frightened to death at the change in her life—being separated from her mother, so many other children around her, and particularly frightened by all of us at the nursery. I set myself a special task of winning her affection and of solving the very real problem of getting her to eat at mealtimes. I invented a story all about Mr. Popper's Penguins, and I managed to make it exciting enough so that I could feed Donna spoonfuls of cereal almost without her realizing it. The story worked beautifully until one evening, when the Community Chest photographers came to take pictures of our particular nursery.

WAS feeding Donna, and again the story of Mr. Popper's Penguins had made it possible to get a few spoonfuls of cereal between her parted lips. Just when I was hoping that tonight we might achieve a real meal, I looked we might achieve a real meal, I looked up and saw Clive Lyttelton in the hall. And behind him our photographer. As he opened the door, I raised my hand in warning. I looked back at Donna and continued my story. But I heard Clive talking to the photographer. If Donna heard them and looked up and saw those strangers with their queer equipment all my work would be undone. I heard the rustle of nurses' uniforms in the hall, other steps and voices, and I knew a group was gathering. Donna started to prop herself on her elbow and twist around. I said, "Donna, I'm going to sing you a song. Listen.

Listen."

And I sang. Not that I really could sing, but I had to. I sang, "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?"

And Donna lay back to stare at me, fascinated. She took another bite. I sang "Mary Had a Little Lamb," then "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?"

A child from another bed called out. A child from another bed called out, "Peter Peter Pumkin Eater!" Another cried, "God Bless America." Some of those who could walk crowded around, insisting on their request numbers. Soon the whole ward was singing. When the last bite of Donna's cooky and custard had been eaten, I rose to carry the empty tray to the door. Clive Lyttelton and the photographer were blocking the way, behind them a cluster of interested spectators. As

a cluster of interested spectators. As I moved past, Clive said, "Baby, that's the best shot of the whole campaign. How about letting Papa back you in Hollywood?"

Hollywood?"

Why did he have to say just that?
For I had looked past him. And behind, at the edge of the onlookers, stood Neil Bishop. Our eyes met for only a moment, before he turned to go, but it was long enough for me to see unmistakable scorn in his eyes.

If I had stopped to think, I know I never would have done what I did next. But I didn't think. I just felt. And I couldn't stand it. I couldn't let him go that way. I ran after him and seized his arm. "Neil, don't look at me like that!" My voice was low, there in the nursery corridor, but I could me like that!" My voice was low, there in the nursery corridor, but I could hear the hysteria coming up in it. "What have I done, Neil, tell me?" He looked at me, his gray eyes narrowed as if in amazement. "You can ask me that?"

"Yes, Neil. I can ask you that." I was desperate now. "And that's not all I have to know. Why did you postpone our wedding that night?"

"Because I wanted you to have security," he said slowly, his face white, so that the bones stood out too sharply and I saw that he was very thin. "But

and I saw that he was very thin. "But

I didn't know even then how much you cared about it. I didn't know to what lengths you'd go. I never thought I'd see you making a public exhibition of yourself to get a rich husband."

yourself to get a rich husband."

I stepped back as if he had hit me.
I could not speak. I just looked at his angry face, and I watched him turn

After that my hopelessness deepened. There seemed to me to be no words or actions in the world that could possibly bring Neil and me together again. And yet I knew that there was no happiness anywhere in the world for me unless we were together—now and for the rest of our lives.

At last the simple solution came to me. I didn't know what to do, how to go about mending the breach between us. I needed help, and who could better give me help than Neil's father. He was wise and kind, he would know

what to do.

Once I thought of it I couldn't wait to see Dr. Bishop. I called him, but he told me that he would be out the rest of the day. He must have caught the almost frantic disappointment that I felt, for he added: "Martha—I tell you what. I'm going to be at the hospital this evening visiting an old friend of mine who's a staff doctor there. If you really want to talk to me tonight—and I'm anxious to talk to you too—why don't you come up to the hospital around eight and perhaps we can have our little talk there."

Promptly at eight o'clock I asked for Dr. Bishop at the hospital desk and was sent up to the Staff Room, where he was waiting for me. Just seeing him—his wise gray eyes so like Neil's, his gentle smile—made me feel better at once. Here was the sort of man to whom you could tell the secrets of your heart.

WE said the conventional things that two people meeting again after a long time say to each other, I suppose, but I was too eager to talk of important things. Even as he led me across the room to a chair I was asking him, "Dr. Bishop—can you help me? I don't—" He patted my arm and interrupted. "Martha, I think I know what you want to say. First, will you sit down here and listen to me for a moment? I want to tell you a story about my son."

rupted. "Martha, I think I know what you want to say. First, will you sit down here and listen to me for a moment? I want to tell you a story about my son."

We sat down and very gravely he began: "One winter night, when he was about nine," he began, his eyes remote, "I came home late from a country call, and he met me at the door. I was surprised, for it was about three o'clock in the morning. But I'd had

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a hard night's work, had to do a tracheotomy on a little girl with diphtheria, and I'd had a tough time saving her. It was in the depression and those farmers were proud as blazes; they'd never send for me till someone was dying. I was worrying about this child and hundreds of others like her, so I didn't pay much attention to my own son, God forgive me, till I heard him suddenly burst into tears. He was a manly kid, he seldom cried, so I gave him all my attention then. I saw him standing there in his nightclothes that were too small for him, his little thin wrists sticking out of the sleeves, and his face twisted in furious weeping. Do you know what he was saying? He was telling me he hated me. Me, his own father."

CAN'T describe the bleak sadness of the doctor's voice as he said those words. I could almost forget my own

pain, listening.

He went on, "He was telling me he hated me because he had discovered that his mother hadn't had a decent meal for a week. She had fooled him into eating all there was in the house, and that was mighty little. The farmers, you see, had always kept us in supplies when they couldn't pay their bills, and I didn't know they weren't even able to do that any more. I'd had my hands so full taking care of their grippe and pneumonia that I their grippe and pneumonia that I guess I didn't pay any attention to my own cupboard till it was bare. And my son was telling me. With his fists digging into his eyes he was gasping, 'When I grow up, I'm going to take care of my wife!' I'll never forget those words as long as I live. They still hurt and always will."

The phone on the desk rang then, and with a little gesture of impatience and with a little gesture of impatience Dr. Bishop got up to answer it. I heard little snatches of his end of the conversation—"Yes, in about fifteen minutes"—"All right, at the side entrance. Wait for me if I'm not there." But I was too wrapped up in my own thoughts about the story he was telling thoughts about the story he was telling me to pay much attention. So vivid was the picture his words had painted that I could see that little boy standing that I could see that little boy standing before me, helpless, hurt and defiance in the gray eyes that were so very like his father's. In a moment Dr. Bishop was beside me again. "Let me finish my story," he said. "Once more I am worried about my son, Martha. He's not eating and he's not sleeping. He's going to be sick if I don't set things right. I had in mind getting your help right in correcting my mistake. You see, my son and I patched up our difficulties son and I patched up our difficulties that night after a fashion, but he'd seen too much. He'd seen his mother struggle. And he was right. I suppose I slipped up somewhere, or I'd have managed to look after my own family and the others too. Anyway, my care-lessness had driven into his head the idea that nothing counts but material security. And I think he's in danger of losing his chance at happiness because of it. Are you going to help me?"

"But what do you expect me to do?" I asked miserably. "He saw me with my boss and believed—oh, I don't know what!" I couldn't go on. Suddenly I was sobbing heartbrokenly against this kind man's shoulder. I knew that he was talking to me while he patted my back awkwardly, but at first I didn't hear what he was saying. Then my crying wore itself out. I caught a sentence and sat up with a start



"Not there?" I asked him increduously. "Peggy and Joe weren't home that night? They didn't explain where I had gone?" I was remembering what Peggy had said—I haven't seen Neil. She had told me the truth—she hadn't. But she had left the house to keep from seeing him. Oh, Peggy—even then I couldn't be truly angry with her. She hadn't done it maliciously, I knew, but only because she was trying as she always had tried to do what she felt was best for me.

The doctor was shaking his head.
"Not a soul was there. What do you expect a crazy proud young fool to think?"

Proud . . . I had been proud, too . . . Proud and stubborn . . . That had been our whole trouble. "Where is he?" I asked Dr. Bishop breathlessly.

"He's out in the car waiting for me,"

Dr. Bishop answered. He rose and went to the window. "It was Neil who called me a moment ago, and I asked him to wait for me at the side entrance. He's down there now." His eyes told me that he knew what I would do.

And I did it.

NOT that it wasn't hard. At first I was afraid Neil would drive away and leave me standing on the curb pouring out my incoherent words of explanation. Even when I had told him that Peggy and Joe nau democrately given the impression that I had broken my date without a word, I was afraid he wouldn't believe it. But then he turned, his lips twisting painfully as he spoke, his eyes hoping, "After all that Peggy and Joe had deliberately he spoke, his eyes hoping, "After all those queer things you said that night."

Warning me you might not be free—"
"Oh!" I had forgotten those silly words of mine. "Oh, Neil! I'd been so

hurt. I thought—I thought you didn't want me!"

"Didn't want you!" The way he said that was reassurance enough to last a lifetime. And the way he took me in his arms, breathing my name softly, over and over, with infinite tenderness. "I was afraid," he whispered. "I've got to take care of my wife. I told myself it would be almost better if you did

it would be almost better 11 you did marry that Lyttelton fellow. At least you'd always be safe—"
"Safe from what?" I was laughing and crying. I took his face between my hands and looked into his gray eyes. "Not from unhappiness, Neil. Not from loneliness, nor misery nor fear. The only place I can be really

safe is in the home we make together."

Those were the words that brought Neil's lips to mine that night, and they are the words that have stayed with me ever since, the words that keep my courage up in these hard days. For I am in the home we made together, but Neil is not there with me. For the war came, and Neil had to go. But not til we had had two wonderful years together in our home—perfect years, worth any price that we may pay for them. Now I am working in an office again, to keep that home, but I am glad to do it, glad to keep his home ready for him till he comes back, no matter how long I must wait.

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Put Love Away

Continued from page 49

demandingly, and I welcomed his kisses. They bruised my mouth, and his hands were rough on my body, and I welcomed the hurt, found exhaltation in it. Link needed me, and in fulfilling his need, I was making up in some measure for the young, bright years that were being taken from him. It set a seal on the pact of our love; it was consecration.

I honestly believed that. It was contrary to everything I'd been taught, to everything I had believed at one time—but my teachers were the older generation, the people who had let the world run mad, who permitted the horror called war, and I no longer believed in anything but making the most of the brief hours that were left

T was late when we left the hill. The struggling moon was gone, and all of the earth was black and unfamiliar. Even the town looked strange when we drove into it—it was like looking at the negative of a familiar photo-graph. Then I realized that the street lights were out, and the queer dark-

nights were out, and the queer darkness was that which precedes dawn.

Link was turning the car into the street that led to Uncle Louis' house when I stopped him. "Link—I can't go back to my uncle's, you know."

He slowed the car to a crawl. "That's right. I forgot. Where do you want to go?"

For a moment I couldn't speak. Not only because I hadn't thought where only because I hadn't thought where to go, but also because of a formless feeling of disappointment. Somehow, without actually thinking it, I'd expected Link to be aware that I couldn't go back to Uncle Louis'—and to be glad of it, in a way. I wanted him to say that I belonged to him, now, and that he would take care of me. . . . Then my chin went up. Link was a soldier, and of course I couldn't expect him to worry about me. He had other things to think about. "I can stay with a girl I know until I find a place of my own." And I directed him to the house of Rose, a girl with whom I'd often double-dated.

He turned the car. "Okay. 14 North-

He turned the car. "Okay. 14 Northern Avenue it is." I imagined that he sounded relieved, and the feeling of disappointment deepened. After all, although he couldn't really look after me, I wanted him to want to.

Rose's house was even more dismal than I remembered it from those occasions when I stopped by with Gordie or Mac or Lester—or with some other boy—to pick her up. With dismay I saw the shabbiness of the neighborhood; the house itself was a sagging

black hulk.
"This the place?" Link asked after he'd picked out the number on the slanting doorstep.

slanting doorstep.

"I think so—yes."

He stopped the car, looked at the house, at me. Then he said uneasily, "Are you sure you'll be all right?"

My heart leaped. He was concerned about me! He did want to know that I'd be safe and comfortably settled!

"Of course," I said firmly. "I'll be here only a day or so."

"Well—" He still sounded doubtful. Then he sat back as if the matter were settled, put his hand to the door handle, and I was suddenly cold with panic. He couldn't—he couldn't be leaving this very minute, when there

was so much left unsaid, without a real goodbye. Then I remembered that I must make no demands. He was going into utter uncertainty, and I was staying safely behind.

ing safely behind.

I put my hand on his arm. "Link," I said tremulously, "you know I'll be thinking of you—" Thinking of him! a feeble way of saying all that was in my heart—that I was his forever and after, that no matter where he went, or what happened, my heart would be with him, that every second, every minute would be a prayer for his return. That my love for him was everything in the world to me, the very blood and bone of me, and his love for me was the light I lived by. "And I'll be—I'll be praying that everything's all right for you—"

The arm under my hand might have been turned to stone. Then he said roughly, "I'll be all right." His arm under my shoulders tenderly

went around my shoulders, tenderly, and—it seemed—commiseratingly, too. This was goodbye. This was it, that last minute after which there was nothing . . and I would be alone, in a way that I had never before in my life been alone. There was no visible bond between Link and me, no tie the world would acknowledge. If—if anything happened to him, I might not ever be told. This was what it was like when you couldn't take your love openly, couldn't let the world know that you belonged together.

"You're going now," I said bitterly, as if to myself. "This—this damn war—"

H E straightened, stung. "I'm proud to be going," he said sharply. "I'd be miserable if I couldn't. I'd never understood your feeling that the war's a personal affront to you. Other people are suffering—a lot more than you or I will ever know. Nobody likes it, of course. No one wanted it. But it was brought to us, and the only thing to do is to fight-and win-and do our best

is to fight—and win—and do our best to see that we don't get into the same mess again, and I feel privileged to be doing something active."

I shrank back, white-faced, against the cushions. "Link!"

"I'm sorry, Helen." His anger was gone, and he sounded almost contrite. "You've a right to your own ideas, of course." He raised his wrist to look at his watch. "Four-thirty. Now I really have to move—"

We were getting out of the car,

We were getting out of the car, and Link was kissing me goodbye, firmly, gently taking my clinging arms from his shoulders. "Take it easy, Redhead," he said, and he swung back into the car

into the car.

into the car.

I stood stunned, my fist pressed against my mouth, watching the red rear light of the car go down the street. It turned the corner and disappeared.

I took a step after it and stopped, and out of the turmoil in my mind one crazy, irrelevant thought emerged. "Take it easy, Redhead—" Take it easy—those were the words Don had spoken when he'd gone down the walk that brilliant July day.

I didn't go into Rose's house. I don't know how long I stood there, staring

I didn't go into Rose's house. I don't know how long I stood there, staring down the empty street, but I knew from the first that I wasn't going to spend the night with Rose. I would have to tell her about the quarrel with Uncle Louis, and she would be sympathetic, and she'd be secretly a little pleased and excited, and she'd giggle... Instead, I walked until I came to an all-night lunch counter. I ordered scrambled eggs and bacon, and then scrambled eggs and bacon, and then left the plate untouched while I drank





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GOLDEN GLINT

cup after cup of coffee, and looked blankly at the lunchroom wall, and waited for daylight. I didn't have to make plans. They'd been in the back of my mind for weeks, ever since I'd first realized that a break with my uncle was inevitable. A restaurant I'd passed several times when I'd been out in the evening had a "Cashier Wanted" sign in its window. It was a plain-looking place, but fairly clean, and it was as out-of-the-way from Uncle Louis' house and his factory as it could possibly be. I'd taken particular note of its location, and I remembered that there were rooming-houses nearby.

I finished the last cup of coffee, and started to walk to the restaurant, slowly, because I didn't want to get there too early and find it closed. But the place was open, and the proprietor himself came out from behind the cash register to ask what I wanted. "I came in answer to your advertisement—" I pointed to the sign.
"Have you had any experience?"
"No, but I can learn." I wanted the

job, and I was so sure that I'd get it that it didn't seem necessary to bluff

about my qualifications.

He began to talk about salary and hours, and I listened without really hearing him, although I got enough of it to understand why the sign had been so long in the window. The pay been so long in the window. The pay was good, and the work was light, and I could have all of my meals there. But the hours were long—eight hours one day, until closing the next, which meant anything up to twelve or thirteen hours. That was all right with me. "When can you start?" he finished. "Today." I changed it quickly to, "Tomorrow morning." I had to rest, and get my clothes, and find a place to live.

to live.

DOWN the block, I arranged for a room in the most cheerful of a row of tired-looking rooming houses, and then I dialed Uncle Louis' number. I was relieved when Aunt Harriet answered. "Helen!" she cried. "Where have you been? We've been frantic—"

"I'm all right, Aunt Harriet. I'm sorry I worried you. I've got another job, and a place to stay. Will you ask Uncle Louis to give me a release?"

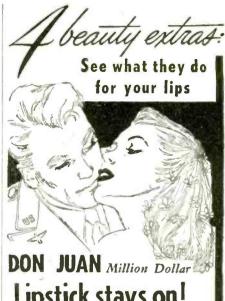
"But, Helen, shouldn't you think it over? Your parents—"

"You can tell them if you want to Aunt Harriet, but it won't do any good. I know what I want to do, and I'm not going back to Maplewood. May I come out for my clothes tonight?"

It seemed wonderfully easy. I was exhausted by then, and a little giddy and light-headed. I might have been miles off the earth, dictating grandly my wishes, saying I wanted this and I didn't want that, sure that they would be carried out.

would be carried out.

It wasn't so easy that evening, when, rested and bathed and more nearly my-self, I went out to get my clothes. There was Cora's unhappy face to reproach me, and Aunt Harriet's red-rimmed, sleepless eyes, her whispered, "If you don't like your new place, dear, don't hesitate to come back." I even felt contrite about Uncle Louis. He merely looked up from his paper and grunted by way of greeting, but he didn't look happy. He didn't look like a bloated war profiteer, either. He looked like an overworked little man who had so much to do that he couldn't afford to be worried by a self-willed niece. And he'd brought my release, all neatly typed, home from the factory. Aunt Harriet left Cora to do the



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dinner dishes, and she helped me pack until Cora came upstairs and told her that she was wanted on the telephone. When her mother had left the room, Cora said, "Helen, a boy called for you last night after you'd gone out, and he's phoned two or three times today. He says his name is Roddy. Shall I tell him where to reach you if he calls again?

Roddy—actually I hadn't given a thought to the boy I'd had a date with the night before, the date I'd fought so furiously to keep. "No," I answered. "Don't tell him where I am. Tell him maything—that I've left town." And then because Cora looking puzzled, and because I was bursting to share my news with someone, I added, "I was out with Link last night, Cora. He left to go overseas this morning. We're going to be married when he comes

back.

I felt a little guilty as she hugged ine and exclaimed over me, and then I told myself that I hadn't really lied. Link and I hadn't talked about marriage, but there hadn't been time

"Heien. I'm so glad! He's such a fine person, and he's so in love with you. I'm so glad you've found you care

about him-

HER words reassured me. When you want very badly to believe, you do. The autumn days passed in a dream, a dream of Link's homecoming, of our life together when he would come back. I went to work, and made change, and smiled at and greeted the customers without really seeing them; I worked over my accounts with my boss without really seeing him either. To this day I can't remember what he looked like, except that he had a thick black moustache, like a bar of soot, on his upper lip. My real life began when I reached home at night, when I could shut the door of my room behind me, and—in my imagination—be with Link.

I wrote to him, every day at first, and then, when I realized that he would probably have an alarming pile to wade through when they finally reached him, I wrote once or twice a week, but I took more care with a week, but I took more care with the letters. I sent everything I thought would please him in those pages—autumn in Carroll, the turning colors in the trees along the boulevards, the crisp winy air, the bonfires burning in backyards. I sent little incidents at work that I thought would amuse him, and faithful accounts of Tom and Cora. And I sent him my heart When-Cora. And I sent him my heart. When-ever I needed to be reminded how very much he wanted to be assured of my love, I had only to remember the letters he'd sent me from camp, the letters I hadn't bothered to keep.

I hadn't heard from him since he'd left, but then I didn't expect a letter very soon. It had been three weeks, I recalled, before Don's first letter had reached me after he'd gone away. I gave Link a month, and when the month was gone, two months longer, and then another two weeks. Then I was certain that I would hear from him any day, perhaps a stack of letters would come all at once. I believed that. I dared not but believe it.

I wasn't lonely, and I wasn't restless-not when everything I did was for ink. When I spent half an hour Link. brushing my hair at night, it was so that it would be a shining glory for Link when he came home. When I mended my clothes, and resurrected and restored to usefulness old dresses I'd intended to throw away, my love for Link went into every stitch, be-



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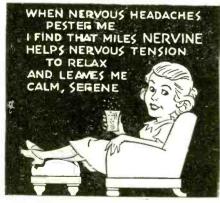






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and that was for Link, too.

I didn't have to save. Don's insurance had more than paid for the cottage in Maplewood, and my parents banked the rent from it for me. I'd given my father power of attorney to sign my pension checks, and they went into the Maplewood bank. My rent and an occasional movie were all that came out of my salary from the restaurant, and the rest I put aside, for the dream. Link was going to finish medical school when he came back, I was determined. I could see him objecting, refusing to take my money; I could see myself eventually winning him over, making him see that it was only right. And the bank-book meant even more than medical school; it meant that we wouldn't have to wait to raise a family. At that point my thoughts always stopped, as if I knew that I was carrying the dream dangerously far. I'd ing the dream dangerously far. lost everything once before, and now I dared not even dream about complete happiness.

That was my life, in that one small room, with my new-found hopes. The outer world rarely intruded. Cora called frequently, and sometimes she and Tom came to see me. I had letters from my mother. She was still puzzled that I'd left Uncle Louis' simply in order to be near a new job, but as long as I was happy . . . I saw no one I knew on the streets, until one day I met Rose. Or, rather, she hailed me from a half-block away.

"Helen!" she exclaimed. "Well, I'll be—Thought you'd left town. You're just the girl I want to see. We're having a party tonight—"

LOOKED at her with Link's eyes, and felt sorry for her, and wondered how I could ever have thought her thin, over-painted little face attractive,

her shrill patter amusing. "I can't, Rose, thank you. I'll be working—" "Saturday, then. We're going—" I shook my head. "Not Saturday, either. I—I don't go out much any more—" more-

She gaped. "Well—I must say you've certainly changed!"

I had changed, more than Rose knew, more than I fully realized. My whole outlook was different. You see, before I'd had Link, and his love, I had nothing to live for, no reason for doing anything except that which seemed easiest, or most pleasant at the moment. Now, because I was living in the future, I had to believe in that future, in the better world that Link was fighting for. The planes and the tanks and the guns—the instruments of war I'd hated—I took a fierce pride in them now, when I read about them in the papers or saw them in news-reels. They were our planes and tanks and guns, weren't they? They were protecting Link. Our victorious ships

would bring him home.

I didn't think out the change in my attitude, but I lived it. It was narrow, and as intensely personal as my hatred of the war had been, but at least it was a step in the right direcknew now what a useless and—yes, ruinous—life I'd been living in the months between Link's leaving Carroll and his brief return. The boys I'd gone out with the young soldiers—I'd done out with, the young soldiers-I'd done them no favors by giving them easy kisses. Because, in one respect, they were all like Link—they didn't see themselves as going to be slaughtered, as I had seen them; they were going to fight for the same things Link was

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fighting for; they were counting on coming back to a better world. It was a world I didn't measure up to; I know that now, too. I hadn't been really bad, but the boys like Gordie and Lester and Mac couldn't know that surely, and if they had believed that their sweethearts and sisters and wives-to-be were as reckless as I had been—well, they just wouldn't have seen much use in fighting. I didn't like to remember myself as I had been, but I couldn't help it sometimes, and when I did, I salved my conscience by telling myself that it was over now, and I earnestly thanked God that it was.

I thought that it was over. I didn't stop to think that everything you do is reflected somewhere, as if all of life were a mirror, and that some day, in-evitably, you come face to face with

one of your old images.

One day a man I knew came into the restaurant. He wore a bright tan top coat, stitched in brown, and a peacockblue hat, and he had heavy dark brows that met in a V over his nose. He stopped and stared at me boldly, insolently, before he took a booth, giving me plenty of time to recognize him. He was a man who rented cars to the soldiers at the Fort, the man I'd pushed to the floor in the juke-joint where I'd gone with Gordie. My face flamed at the memory, and I felt him looking at me as he ate. I couldn't avoid him when he came up to pay his check, but looked through and past him, at a point on the wall.
"You don't like me, do you, baby?"

he asked silkily.
"I don't know you," I answered.
"Oh, yes you do. I'm Harry. You remember me, and I remember you. You almost broke my skull once, and not so long ago a hot-headed Irish friend of yours almost took a crack at me on account of you.

MY eyes met his then, and at what he saw in them he laughed softly and triumphantly. "Yup," he went on, "this kid came in to rent a car one night a couple of months ago, and I asked him, like I ask all the boys, if he wanted me to recommend a girl who'd show him a real good time. He laughed and said nope, he'd come a few hundred miles to see a certain redhead and no one else. I told him that if it was a redhead named Helen who lived uptown with her aunt and uncle, that was the very one I was going to recommend. He almost swung on me, if I hadn't stepped back and told him to go ahead and take the car and do a little checking up, and save his punches 'til he brought the car in. I wasn't there when he came back, and I notice he didn't bother to look me up and deliver that punch."

I couldn't speak. It was too fantastic

—that this man had carried a grudge so long that he'd troubled to find out my name and where I lived, and then had waited for an uncertain chance of hurting me. He couldn't have known Link had cared about me, or that I cared about him. But he talked as if he'd seen Link, and he did know who

I was . . .

"Link wouldn't—" My lips moved, but no sound came. The man named

but no sound came. The man named Harry laughed and went out.
"Whatsa matter, Helen?" My boss had come over to me. "You sick?"
I looked at him with unseeing eyes.
"No—I—" I tried to get a grip on myself, but I knew it wasn't any use. I couldn't sit on that stool all after-noon, couldn't trust myself to make change.

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He took my arm, helped me down from the stool. "You better go home," he said kindly. "Lie down. Come back at dinner time, maybe, if you feel better.'

I left the restaurant, but I didn't go ome. I walked miles and miles in home. the cold November wind, fighting a fear that grew ever larger, ever surer. I knew that Link would never have believed a man like Harry, any more

than he would have driven to the Fort, or to the places in town that the soldiers frequented, to ask questions about me. If he'd given it a second thought, he would have come directly to me. . . And then the answer came, clear and deadly. Link had come directly to me. He had come to my uncle's house, and he had stood on the porch and had heard Uncle Louis shouting . . . Ashamed to have you in the same house with my own daughter

The words weren't true; they were the understandably exaggerated recriminations of an angry man, but Link wouldn't have known that. To Link, they could have been corroboration of what Harry had told him. He would believe Uncle Louis, even though he would never in the world believe

Harry.

T wasn't true, I told myself desperately, over and over again. And yet I kept remembering Link's strangeness that night, the strangeness I'd put down to tension over leaving the country. It would explain my not having heard from him; it would explain—everything I dared not believe. It would mean that the time we'd spent on the hill had not been as much a pact and a consecration of our love as if we'd spoken marriage vows and a prayer had been said over us, but a gesture of revenge and contempt on Link's part, because he was hurt and bitter, and felt that I'd made a fool of him . . . "It's not true," my heart cried. "Link wouldn't—" and another voice inside me said coldly, dispassionately, "It may be true, and if it is, it's your own fault. You let yourself be talked about. You didn't care, because you and your own grief were all that mattered to you. If you sent Lincoln Rafferty away in bitterness and disgust, not treasuring your memory, never wanting to see you again—then it's because you yourself didn't believe that there was a future worth buildof revenge and contempt on that there was a future worth building.

I went back to work at the dinner hour that evening, simply because I couldn't bear the torment of my own thoughts. I worked the next day, and the next, and the next, under a weight of apprehension so heavy that I thought I'd welcome any certainty yes, even the certainty that my worst

fears were realized.

And then one night there was mail in the box when I reached home. There was an official-looking envelope postmarked Maplewood, so long and bulky that I had trouble prying it out of the box. Behind it was a thin envelope blotted with censors' stamps. One thin envelope—not the packet I'd hoped against hope to see. I carried it into my room, snapped on the lamp, and then with shaking fingers tore the letter open.

'Dear Helen, It isn't easy to say what I'm going to say, but I think I owe it to you to be honest—"

I read the rest of it piecemeal. I could no more keep my eyes on the lines than I could have held my hand



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on burning coals. ". . . sorry if you think you care about me . . . admit it's largely my fault . . . lost my head last summer and said and wrote a lot of things I shouldn't have . . . wish you all the good fortune . . . best not to continue correspondence .

It was signed, "Sincerely, Link." This is like dying, I thought, but even then I knew that it wasn't. was like being sentenced, like being sentenced for life, and knowing that

there would be no parole, ever.

It was a long time before I could open the other letter.

The thing that should not come even once to a woman has come twice to Helen. Is there a promise of light in the blackness of the future in that sec-ond letter which she holds in her hand? Read the conclusion of this exciting serial in the November issue of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, on sale October 11th.

For the Small Fry

Continued from page 52 impossible to some of you who are living under unusual strain these days, but it is important and I know you can do it.

Clothing and bedclothing are important items in a baby's welfare and they may have some effect upon his mealtime disposition. His little garments should allow him plenty of room to stretch and kick without restraint; there is a lot of energy stored up in his small body and if he can't work it off when he feels like it he is likely to be pretty cross. Two light-weight sweaters which can be worn together or separately are a better protection against sudden temperature changes than one heavy one, just as two light-weight blankets provide more warmth and are less weighty than a single thick one. There should be plenty of fresh air in his sleeping room but his crib should be well out of the way of drafts, protected by a screen when necessary. Remember that a baby needs to be thoroughly relaxed and comfortable while sleeping just as you do. If his sleep is fretful he is likely to be fretful when he wakes up and then mealtime may not be the happy occasion it should be.

WHEN the baby passes the strained food age but is still too young for adult fare, a gradual change to pre-pared chopped foods can be made. The same fine ingredients and exacting care that characterize strained foods are used in preparing chopped foods for the years between infancy and schooldays. At this time a mother may be alarmed to discover that her baby is not eating as much as he has been in the habit of eating. If he continues well and contented, this is not a serious sign, for it simply indicates that his food needs are no longer so great as they were in infancy, a perfectly normal phase of development.

Considering their superior quality, and the ease and speed of serving them, these prepared foods are an economy, not an extravagance. And I hope you are not one of those old-fashioned people who believes that once a container is opened all food which is not eaten at once must be thrown away. You can serve your baby as much as he needs, leave the remaining portions right in the container, store (covered with waxed paper or a fitted lid) in your refrigerator and be certain that it will be as palatable and nutritious for a later feeding as it was for the first.

DON'T "EXPERIMENT" TH OUR CHILD'S LAXATIVE!



Laxatives are Too Strong-

Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such need-

less, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's too strong will often leave a child feeling worse than before!



Others are Too Mild-

A laxative that's too mild to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none

at all. A good laxative should work thoroughly, yet be kind and gentle!



But_ EX-LAX is the Happy Medium !

Treat the Children to the

HAPPY MEDIUM'LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time. And remember, Ex-Lax tastes good - just like fine chocolate! It's America's favorite laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

As a precaution use only as directed

The Original Chocolated Laxative

HEY, Mom! Don't Be a Diaper Drudge! Dennison Diaper Liners reduce unpleasant-ness in changing and washing my diapers, Just fold a Liner inside diaper next to my skin. When soiled, flush away. No hard scrubbing. Sanitary. Helps prevent diaper rash. Costs only a few cents a day. Baby-pads: 200 for \$1. Downer-soft: 200 for 69f. FREE . . . Full day's supply. Write to Dennison, Dept. K145, Framingham, Mass.



This is a picture of an eviction. Remember?

We don't think there will be any more pictures like it. But there *might* be. Yes, there *might* be if American families muff this greatest opportunity to put money aside in War Bonds. Why?

Just this. We're all working now—and making good money—because there's a ready customer for what we make . . . WAR. He drives a hard bargain, that customer. In return for high wages he takes our sons, and husbands, and brothers, sometimes for keeps.

Families all over America are asking now if WAR is the only buyer big enough to make jobs enough. The answer is no. To have good wages and enough jobs after the war simply means that there must be a peacetime "customer" equally as big, with equally as much cold cash to spend. And the only customer big enough is the American working public—you and your neighbor, his neighbor, and his.

THIS WON'T BE YOUR FAMILY ... OR WILL IT?



War Bonds today are the soundest, safest, surest way for American working families to have cold cash to spend after the war. That's why we say: WAD DANNE TANA

the war. That's why we say:
Every War Bond you buy now
will be cash later on. You'll be able to buy some of the things
you've had to do without—a car, a washing machine, or a
new radio. And nearly 80 cents out of every dollar you will
pay for that car, washing machine, or radio will go to people,
as wages. Then they will have money. They will be able to
buy what you make. You will get paid.

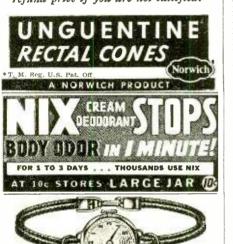
And it doesn't even stop there. For as long as people buy, people work. As long as people work, people buy. And if you and enough of your neighbors have that ready cash, there will be no more pictures of evictions or breadlines. No more "made work". No more handouts. Instead, there will be jobs, bank accounts, security—the America we all want.

—RADIO MIRROR MAGAZINE



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Facing the Music

Continued from page 4

an institution in that dance spot. * *

Here are two new bands slated for prominence: Boyd Rayeburn and Dean

A romantic fallacy long prevalent in this country and abroad was that the average American soldier musically lives, eats and sleeps jazz, jive and swing. The classics, according to this notion, were to him something of a necessary evil—something that just happens to be—like taxes and shortiust priced favorites at the racetracks. We say "was"—for this thought has gone along with Hitler's dream of world conquest. The item collections are the state of Department, to its collective amaze-ment, discovered that the troops in Europe were beginning to prefer the musical programs of Central European radio stations, becoming satiated with the blare of jazz broadcasts by the Army. The Army was quick to ease Army. The Army was quick to ease up on the hot licks and made generous replacements with doses of classical and semi-classical music, which the G.I.'s took to like a kitten to catnip.

Jascha Heifetz was swiftly brought to Rome as the Army's first attempt to bring adult entertainment to the troops. He soon found out that not one per cent but ten per cent of the men wanted serious music. And that the percentage grew whenever the G.I.'s heard Bach and Beethoven. Many of them knew nothing of that type of music but when they heard it, they welcomed it with obvious sincerity.

Pleased with the results of Heifetz' concert-touring, the USO Camp Shows got up a group of concert artists, in-cluding Frederick Jagel, of the Metropolitan, Robert Weede, another Metropolitan Opera star, Issac Stern, violinist, Polyna Stoska, soprano, and Alex Zakin, pianist, and turned them loose on our boys stationed in the South Pacific. As Jagel said, "Not only did we wow the boys with Mendelssohn, Rachmaninoff and Verdi—but the native population as well!" The tour was an unqualified success.

If there were any doubts remaining they were dispelled by Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz, who have been entertaining troops in the Persian Gulf area. So well was their music received that the Army has asked them to extend their tour for another month in order to enable them to appear before G.I.'s in the Italian and North African war theaters!

HOT AND PRIMA-TIVE

F you are one of the host of admirers of gravel-voiced, trumpet-man Louis Prima, you will probably be shocked to know that your hero was originally

"I had a real choir boy voice," Louis recalls, "and my mother had high hopes of spawning a new Caruso. To help the cause along the family doctor took out my tonsils and adenoids. Maybe he left one of his scalpels down my throat because when the operation was over, I sounded like a bayou bull frog."

Louis carries no grudge against the His husky, well-meaning medico. throaty harmonies are easily identified from coast to coast as his hard-riding seventeen-piece band tours the country and turns out best selling phonograph

Although Louis was born in New Address

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Weary Feet Perk Up With Ice-Mint Treat

When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just grown and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cool-ing soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out... tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.



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UNDERARM PADS



Orleans-that fabled city credited by jazz students as the cradle of swinghe avoids the over-long debates as to just where jazz came from.

"This argument over whether it's New Orleans or Chicago jazz bores me. The important thing," he says, pointing to his heart, "is that it comes from

The lean, olive-complexioned, brown-eyed, and fuzzy-haired trumolive-complexioned, peter was born thirty-one years ago, the son of a hard-working, but far from prosperous soft-drink salesman. The Primas came to the colorful Louisiana city from sunny Sicily.

The boy was educated in a Jesuit school and when he was seven he was taking violin lessons to match his angelic voice. He kept at his task but secretly envied his older brother, Leon, who was the family's horn tooter.

When Louis' voice broke, he dropped the violin and started fooling around with brother Leon's trumpet. He hasn't touched a violin since.

"Gosh, with this murderous voice of mine a fiddle seems out of place," he explains.

AS a self-taught trumpeter, Louis played in the school band, and soon got offers to play professionally in neighborhood theaters and cafes. He was paid a dollar a performance. This kept him quite active. During the day he played sandlot baseball with Mel Ott, the manager of the New York Giants.

Then Michael Cupero—who Louis claims is the father of modern day trumpet playing—offered to teach Prima. Cupero was then playing in New Orleans' Sanger theater. He got his young disciple a job there and the lad

worked while he learned. Louis still remembers Cupero used to nudge him each time he paused for breath, an indication that

he paused for pream, an machine boy was forgetting the rules.
"Don't blow from the head, Louis,"
Cupero implored, "Blow from the Cupero implored, stomach!"

This tip, along with sound advice regarding fingering and tonguing, now helps Louis play solidly for eight con-secutive hours, except for brief tenminute rests.

The Prima brothers started to prosper in their home city, averaging about \$400 a week between them. But when they shoved off for New York in 1934, they discovered no one in Gotham knew them.

But Louis' torrid trumpet, animated style, and hoarse, happy voice managed to command attention at jam sessions. Fellow musicians passed the word along and the first offer came from the now-defunct Brunswick Record Company. They slapped together a recording band, topped by Louis' voice and trumpet. The personnel included some of jazz's all-time greats pianist Claude Thornhill, drummer Ray Bauduc, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, and

The latest students to ioin Kay Kyser's NBC College of Musical Knowledge are the four pretty King Sisters. They are Alyce and Donna (top, left to right), Yvonne and Luise, (bottom, left to right). guitarist George Van Epps. Their first disk, "Breakin' The Ice" is now a col-

lector's item.

That did it. Swing was at its peak and even had a street of it's own, 52nd. Into that artery's Famous Door went Louis with his six-piece outfit, and stayed there eight months. A Holly-wood facsimile of The Famous Door beckoned him and he repeated his success there.

"Those were the days," Louis sighs nostalgically, "Guys like Benny Goodman, the Dorsey brothers, Jack Jenney, and Manny Klein used to drop in and sit with us."

Of course these unannounced visitors didn't hurt the box office till. Martha Raye became his number one booster in filmdom and helped Louis get picture offers. He made three movies and then returned East to The Famous Door.

Shortly after Louis' return East, he decided to organize a full-sized band. He had a sound reason for doing this

even though it meant a financial risk.
"I figured I had done just about
everything that was possible with a
small band."

But running a larger organization has major problems. The first two years found Louis dipping his trusty Waterman into red ink. Just recently, the band showed a profit sheet.

Radio fans and professionals liken Prima's singing and playing to the im-mortal Louis Armstrong. This is okay with Prima. He credits the Negro for the development of modern day jazz. Prima points out that things Armstrong did without realizing why, are today standard arrangements with established and aspiring swingsters.

Louis bemoans the fact that commercial jazz has retarded the initiative

and the fostering of new ideas.

"Too many of us like Harry James and Charlie Spivak are playing stuff we don't like."

Louis has been married eight years to brunette Alma Ross, a former motion picture actress. He has a daughter, Joyce, from a previous marriage. Louis' first marital try happened when he was seventeen and it was a dismal experience. Louis doesn't like to talk about it.

Because Louis and Alma are on the road most of the time, his daughter lives in New Orleans with Prima's folks.



