Radio Romances

FORMERLY

Radio Mirror

AUGUST

15¢

Living Portraits—

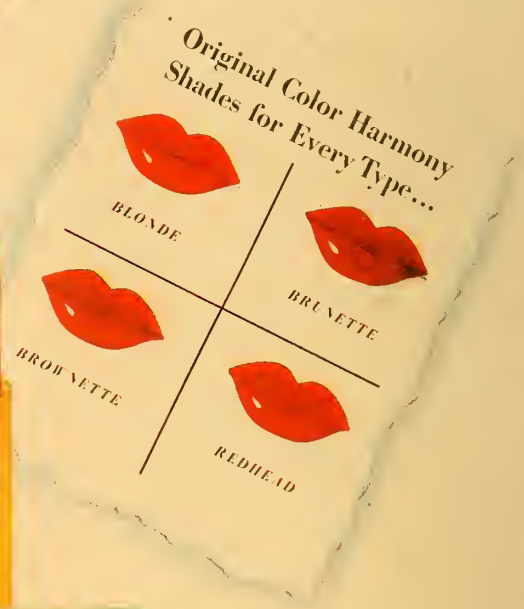
OUR GAL SUNDAY

ANN RUTHERFORD

Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Wonderful life-like color harmony shades to give your lips an alluring color accent... lovely reds, glamorous reds...dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original color principle* discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood*. There's a shade for your type...$1.00



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Complete your make-up IN COLOR HARMONY...WITH MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

Ella Raines

Soon to be seen in the Universal Picture

"UNCLE HARRY"

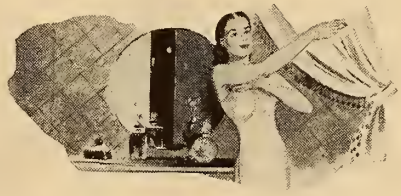
Max Factor - Hollywood

You can't take it with you

NOT that you'd ever embark on a date with a tub in tow—but honestly now, doesn't your bath freshness have a way of fading into the warm summer night?

But you *do* want to be safe. And there *is* a way—a sure, easy way to safeguard your daintiness. You can clinch that freshness with Mum!

Your bath, you see, washes away *past* perspiration. But Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. With Mum, you can dance the hours away and know that your charm is safe.



Take half a minute with Mum—and *stay* as sweet as you are. Gentle, dependable Mum never irritates your skin, won't harm the fabric of your clothes. Can be used even *after* you're dressed. Why take chances when you can trust Mum?

Sw-e-et Ad-e-line. And they do mean *you!* Isn't it thrilling to know that men find you attractive—the girl they like most to be near? And wouldn't you be a *goon* to let underarm odor rob you of popularity! But you're too clever for that. You use Mum, *to be sure.* How's your Mum supply today?

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

AUGUST, 1945

Radio Romances

FORMERLY Radio Mirror

VOL. 24, NO. 3

CONTENTS

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

ON THE COVER—Ann Rutherford, NBC Actress
MGM Kodachrome

Did You Know?

On the Farm—August is the peak month for use of city boys and girls on farms all over the country. The Department of Agriculture says that one and one-half million of these youngsters—they range in age from fourteen through seventeen—will help harvest crops in every state in the union. About a quarter of these boys and girls will live on the farms for the harvest season; the others will be brought daily back and forth between their homes and the harvest fields.

Around the House—You won't be tempted, any more, to "make do" by buying victory furniture—that springless, give-less kind that is no more welcoming after a hard day than if you'd filled your home with park benches. The reason is this: there just isn't going to be any more of the stuff made! Shortages in materials are still acute, but manufacturers have agreed that it's better to make a little good furniture than a lot of bad . . . Think twice before throwing away that old mattress, no matter how long and faithful a service it has given you. Mattresses will be in shorter supply than ever before the year is over.

In the Kitchen—Among those many things coming to us in the wonderful post-war world is a garbage disposal unit that can be fitted to your old sink. It's a kind of "chewer-upper" with a grinding device that reduces refuse to particles about the size of coffee grounds, and then washes them down the drain . . . More—and better—ice cream for civilians: that's what the War Food Administration promises, and no better hot weather food news could be had. Restrictions have been lifted on non-fat milk solids . . . If you've felt that a pressure canner is a poor investment for you, because it can be used for only one function, or because you think that you don't can enough to warrant the expense, here's good news for you. There's a new model now available, with removable racks and inset pans: when you're through canning, they can be useful the year 'round for family cooking.

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Best Feet Forward

Judy Canova, who stars on her own NBC show Saturdays 10 P.M., EWT, says that foot care means foot beauty, as her own lovely legs and feet testify!

IT'S been proved time and again—your feet can go to your head!

As a matter of fact, they can go right straight to your face to make themselves known by little wrinkles about your eyes, a deepening of the calipers between nose and mouth corners, and worst of all, that look of discomfort and discontent that is the greatest beauty enemy of all. Your feet can do all of these things to your face if they are hot, tired, badly cared-for.

And so, if you'd have summer good looks and summer comfort, it behooves you to look to your feet!

It isn't, thank goodness, necessary any more to say much about the stupidity of trying to cram size six feet into size five shoes. We women have realized, at long last, that that sort of foolishness went out with the bustle, and is as unlikely to be taken up again as is the fad for six petticoats and long woolen "drawers." But proper-sized shoes don't solve the entire foot problem by any manner of means, especially in the hot days of summer, and especially for us working girls who have to walk the city pavements on those hot days.

Slipping off your shoes for a few moments, shielded by the privacy of your own desk, is a good beginner for your foot-comfort program. Stretch your toes; spread them wide; pull your heels off the ground, and, with the ball of your foot as a balance point, roll your feet and ankles in a round-and-round movement. You'll be surprised how rested and comfortable you'll feel. And don't worry about your feet swelling so that those easily slipped-off shoes won't go back on—if you take care of your feet, they won't protest by swelling out of all bounds.

A few minutes of care, night and morning, will pay you dividends all day long. A soothing foot bath, containing one of the many excellent commercial preparations, or fortified merely with a handful of salt or of soda, will work wonders. Don't forget the foot powders that, sprinkled inside your shoes, keep your feet dry and sweet, cool *and* comfortable, throughout the day.

After a hard day of walking in the heat, you'll want a stimulating massage to supplement the foot bath. There are creams available for this purpose, too, or you can use your favorite lubricating face cream—and never think for a minute that you're wasting it! Work the cream into the "webbing" between your spread toes; massage it deeply, with a firm hand, into both the lateral and transverse arches; move both hands, in opposite directions, down either side of the tendon above the heel, and with a cupping motion around the heel itself. Doesn't it make you feel good just to read about it?

Then there's the matter of pedicure—and that word covers a great deal more than a quick swish with a nail polish brush before you appear barefooted on the beach. A good, sudsy footbath, including a scrubbing with a stiffish brush, comes first. Then the nails—and remember, no matter whether you favor long, talon-like *finger*nails, any of the in-between stages, or short, businesslike ones, the latter kind is the only kind your *toe*nails should be. Keep them short enough so that they won't embarrass you by poking through your stockings and peering out at the world through your toe-less shoes, or make you uncomfortable by bumping against your shoes that have toes. Be sure that they are smoothed off with a good emery board. Next comes your favorite cuticle-removing preparation—use it just as you do on your fingernails, but remember to press back gently. And *then* you're ready for polish—the same color as your fingernails, by all means.

You can give your feet a vacation, too. Take them, as bare as the day they came into the world, for a walk through the dew-fresh grass some early morning. Walk about the house barefooted sometimes, too—it's as good for your feet as it feels! When you're on the beach, try picking up pebbles or a "footful" of sand with your toes—that's the kind of exercise that's fun.

Quit Sitting On the Cover of Your Hope Chest!

All the girls were getting married . . . but not Alice. Alice was sitting on the cover of her hope chest and didn't know it. She would be the last to suspect why men were interested in her one moment and indifferent the next.

• • •

Even when it's only occasional, halitosis (unpleasant breath) can stamp you as undesirable. Once this condition has been detected the bad news may travel fast and be hard to live down. Dare you risk offending others when Listerine Antiseptic provides such a quick and wholly delightful precaution?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and before any date where you wish to be at your best. How it freshens! . . . what a feeling of assurance it gives!

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of 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. Almost immediately your breath is fresher, sweeter—less likely to offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

Milton Berle and Eileen Barton (above) *check a script for their CBS show.* (right) *Wounded veterans at Valley Forge General Hospital will get more than one thousand musical instruments, the result of an air appeal by Kate Smith on Columbia.*

YOU'RE used to hearing the band on the Double Or Nothing show. Do you know who conducts the band—and how he got the job?

It's Victor Pelle—but very recently of the U.S. Army. On his last day in uniform, Victor attended the quiz show broadcast. He was chosen as one of the contestants and won himself the tidy sum of $202. But he also happened to mention that he used to be an orchestra leader before he went into the service.

That was all that was needed. John Wellington, the producer of the show, invited Pelle to audition for him the next day. You are hearing the result.

* * *

Sometimes fans can be funny. Sometimes they can be annoying. But at all times, their devotion to their favorites is pretty gratifying. Anne Seymour has one fan in Cape Cod, who's listened to every show she's ever been on in the past ten years. More than that, the fan's been writing Anne a weekly letter, giving her pats on the back when Anne deserves them—and taking the privilege of criticizing, when it seems necessary.

* * *

The pattern of Fred Waring's broadcasts is so familiar by now that it's hard to think of it ever being changed. One of the steadiest standbys is his Glee Club.

No matter how important a part of Waring's set-up the Glee Club is now, though, back in the early days it used to be a plenty big headache. Nobody went for the idea, then. Once Fred had to audition 28 times before he could get a sponsor who would take the Glee Club along with the rest of the act. There were lots of offers for the band, but Waring refused to accept them if they turned down the singers.

And now look what's happened! The Glee Club idea has wormed its way into all kinds of radio shows and movies.

* * *

Who says we don't get around? We just got a note from Marilyn Erskine, honey on the CBS Let's Pretend show. She says she's just been informed by the Navy's Flotilla 15, Group 44, 7th Amphibious Force, now in the South Pacific, that she's been elected "Flotilla Favorite"—and it all happened because the boys saw Marilyn's picture in RADIO ROMANCES.

* * *

Radio rehearsals are what you make them. They can be routine and not much fun. Or they can be lively and lots of fun. A couple of months ago, Staats Cotsworth, star of Casey, Press Photographer, started pepping up the rest periods on the Tuesday rehearsals. He'd fooled around with an idle xylophone, it seems, and discovered he could actually make music with the hammers. Now, Staats and three other characters around the studio fill in the rest periods with their own special kind of jam session. Not good but fast.

* * *

It's good to hear that Hilda Simms, who's been starring in the Broadway hit, "Anna Lucasta," this long time, is making a break for herself in radio, too. She guested a while back on the Alma Kitchell show and there are other assignments coming up for her.

Hilda is a beautiful girl. A few years back she was a model—the first Negro girl ever to model at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. After that, Hilda was a teacher—having been trained at St. Margaret's Academy in Minnesota. That was a first, too, since she was the first Negro ever to have been admitted to the Academy on a scholarship.

* * *

Did you ever wonder where the Landt Trio got all those wonderful old-time tunes they feature on Take It Easy Time? Seems their father has a collection of songs dating back over some seventy-five years and not only

By DALE BANKS

Western-style heroine Arlene Joyce of Cimarron Tavern, Columbia's new daytime serial about the Southwest.

does he have them in print, he knows most of them from memory. The boys won't be running out of material.

* * *

Real turnabout. Not long ago when Joan Brooks was out on a USO tour the GI Joes at Camp Croft, South Carolina, turned the tables on the singing star. Joan got pneumonia on her arrival at camp and had to be hospitalized right there. When she was convalescing, the GI's rounded up all the available soldier talent at the camp and put on a show, especially for her.

* * *

Interesting sidelight on Don Bell, Mutual correspondent who successfully eluded identification by the Japanese for 37 months in the Santo Tomas prison camp. Don was a U. S. Marine in Shanghai in 1927. In those days, he had a special buddy—one named Hunter. Don eventually left the Marines to become a newspaper and radio reporter. And, in the years since then, Don Bell and his buddy sort of lost track of one another.

Not long ago, Don Bell talked to newspapermen in New York, telling about his experiences in the Pacific. Of course, there were stories and pictures in the next day's newspapers. A couple of days later, Don Bell and Hunter—now Chief Petty Officer Hunter—were reunited at Mutual's New York studios. They found they had a lot more to talk about, too, than "remember the time when . . ."

* * *

Marx Loeb, director of Theatre of Romance among other shows, is a firm adherent to the idea that when you want something well done you do it yourself. Sometimes, he carries it to lengths that could be called slightly extreme.

Like the time when a script called for a couple of intervals of tap dancing. Marx had very special ideas about what kind of rhythms he wanted in the tap dancing. So, he climbed out of his control room seat and gritted his teeth and made like Fred Astaire—after a fashion.

He'd never have fooled Astaire, of course, but he wasn't bad.

* * *

Whether they like it or not as the

first radio program they'd heard in weeks, a bunch of dirty, tired GI's in Germany had to sit and listen to The Romance of Helen Trent awhile back. Bess McCammon's son, Bill, was in the group, when they came across a blaring radio somewhere in Germany. Bill demanded quiet so he could hear his "Mom," who plays Aunt Agatha on the Helen Trent show. He got it, too. Wouldn't it have been wonderful if all the guys could have heard their mothers' voices? It would.

* * *

We've heard of all kinds of honoraries—honorary chairmen, doctors, lawyers, club presidents and on and on. Comes now an honorary postman.

Danny Thomas, who plays Jerry Dingle, the troubled postman on the Fanny Brice show, has been made an honorary postman by the Angel City Branch No. 24 of the Los Angeles Postmen. Not for nothing was this honor conferred on him, of course. It was for helping to make a public servant a real person in the eyes of radio listeners.

* * *

Fan mail is one of our favorite topics. It can get so far out of this world. Here's a sample from Fulton Lewis, Jr.'s grab bag. A lady from Maryland wrote to the national affairs reporter, "Please make some arrangements to have some cats taken away from my yard. I have written to several places and they have not called for them. Please give this prompt attention, as I want to put in a garden."

To date, Lewis has been trying to figure out what he could do besides just stare at the letter.

* * *

Martin Agronsky, Blue Network commentator and news analyst, has received the Asiatic-Pacific Service Ribbon from Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

Such things we like to hear, especially when they are awarded because military men understand that writers and correspondents are doing a swell job in this war and running many risks that don't necessarily go with their profession. Lots of these men might be able to get themselves nice, quiet, safe assignments. But they don't. They get out into the thick of battle. Sometimes, they get hurt. Sometimes, they get killed.

Which makes it time to doff our hats in memory of Ernie Pyle, a hero in his own right.

* * *

Cute twist at one of the Blind Date shows a while back. One of the lucky servicemen did a double take when he opened the door after he'd won and got a look at his "date." For a long minute he stared and was sure that he'd won Betty Grable. Really, his girl-for-the-evening was Janice Hansin, a model. The soldier was pleased, at that. He settled down to enjoy his evening at the Stork Club without having to worry about offending Betty's husband, Harry James.

* * *

No rehearsal on the Nelson Eddy show is complete without a small tussle between Eddy and Robert Armbruster's drummer. Eddy's always wanting to take a crack at the drums and thinks up all kinds of gimicks to lure the percussion man away from his instruments.

Seems that back in the days when Eddy was a telephone operator—he was 14 years old then—his greatest ambition was to become a drummer in an orchestra. Seems, also, that Eddy has never really had a chance to beat that out of his system.

* * *

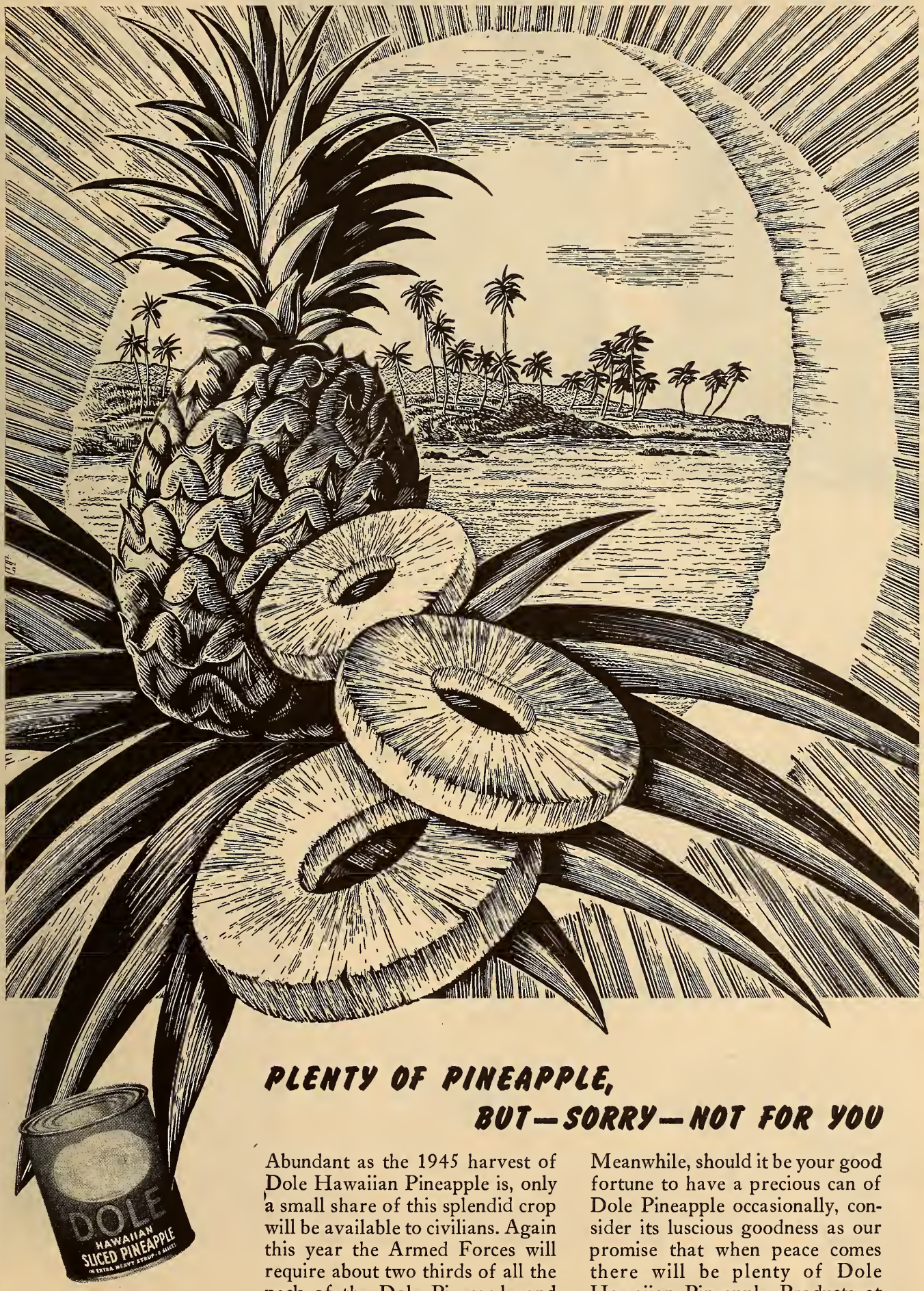
It would be interesting to know just what Arch Oboler's small son, Guy, is thinking about his father and mother these days. Guy is out at the Oboler ranch home in California, while Arch and his wife are in the East for Oboler's series on Mutual. Guy is probably wondering what in the world happened to his mom and pop. Because young Guy is under the impression that whenever his parents leave the ranch house, they're only going down the road a piece to empty the garbage.

* * *

Bennett Kilpack, who plays Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, has been commended by the American Red Cross

Continued on page 14

Hard-working Hollywood youth starts a CBS Command Performance overseas. Back row: Philip and Gary Crosby, Peggy Ann Garner, Elizabeth Taylor, Roddy McDowell, Frank Sinatra. Front: Lindsay Crosby, Margaret O'Brien and Dennis Crosby.



PLENTY OF PINEAPPLE, BUT—SORRY—NOT FOR YOU

Abundant as the 1945 harvest of Dole Hawaiian Pineapple is, only a small share of this splendid crop will be available to civilians. Again this year the Armed Forces will require about two thirds of all the pack of the Dole Pineapple and Dole Pineapple Juice.

Meanwhile, should it be your good fortune to have a precious can of Dole Pineapple occasionally, consider its luscious goodness as our promise that when peace comes there will be plenty of Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Products at your grocer's — for you.

R
R

FACING the MUSIC

Granddaughters Toni and Teresa take advantage of pianist Jose Iturbi on his day off. Daisy Bernier, The Honey, Bees Hal Kanner, Bob Evans, Ray Sax, are Waring's "Honey and The Bees."

By KEN ALDEN

UNLESS certain adjustments are made suitable to Ginny Simms, listeners can look forward to hearing one of the GIs' favorite singers on a different network and with a new sponsor. Ginny recently came East to straighten out her future plans. She told friends she was not happy with her present broadcasting format and salary but was very loyal to the cigarette sponsor who gave her the first starring opportunity.

* * *

Jerry Wayne's marital blowup rocked Tin Pan Alley. His wife sued for divorce and named a tall blonde model as corespondent. Jerry denied the charges. The girl in the case was formerly the constant companion of comic Ed Wynn. Jerry used to sing on Wynn's radio show.

* * *

Gene Krupa has cut his band down fifty per cent, junking the string section. Jitterbugs aren't even shedding crocodile tears.

* * *

Readers of this column have written in saying friends in the armed forces tell them that GIs in Europe were positively informed that Glenn Miller was dead. Glenn's wife, Helen, was recently given the Bronze Star medal awarded her husband.

* * *

Here's a switch: Singer Harry Cool, who used to sing with Dick Jurgens' band and then went it alone, has purchased the entire music library of Carl Ravazza's band. Harry wants to organize his own band. Ravazza prefers to drop his band and sing solo. The latter is currently m.c. at the Roxy Theater in New York.

* * *

In addition to his orchestra leading and trumpet playing, Charlie Spivak is the owner of a brand new music publishing company—Stevens Music. The company is named for Charlie's year-and-a-half-old son, Steven. Charlie's older boy, precocious Joel, wasn't offended. He told his dad, "Don't worry about hurting my feelings, Pop."

* * *

Jean Tennyson, gracious soprano star of CBS' Great Moments in Music, is one prima donna who doesn't hog the spotlight. Without fanfare, Jean goes out of her way to encourage youngsters in getting recognition on her program. When replacements are needed for solo spots, no high-priced singers are lured. Jean prefers to fill in with members of the chorus. And when Jean vacations, her own roles are performed by kids in the choral group. Thanks to this policy, several new and shining voices have been heard, and will be heard again. I asked Jean to mention a few of these promising vocalists. She picked out blonde, 26-year-old Vivian Bauer, tenor Norman Horn (who once pinch-hit for the great Jan Peerce), soprano Karen Kemple, and basso Eugene Loewenthal.

* * *

Silent Jack Miller, Kate Smith's

veteran orchestra leader, controls the largest "dramatic music" library in show business. He has some 5,000 original music cues and bridges carefully cross-catalogued, and estimates the collection at $100,000.

* * *

Joe Lilley, the brilliant choral director of the Dinah Shore program, is ailing. Doctors blame over-work.

* * *

There is a slight possibility that Bing Crosby might not continue his regular air series next year, preferring to do occasional guest appearances.

* * *

A Gal Named Jo

Soldiers writing from muddy foxholes in the Pacific best describe why tall, syrupy-voiced Jo Stafford is making such amazing progress on the air and with her records.

"When we hear you sing," one GI V-mailed, "we just put our heads on our arms and think of home."

Another penned, "My platoon was tuned into one of your broadcasts but I had to shove off. Believe it or not, I walked out on tip-toes so as not to disturb them."

These unsolicited letters from the various fighting fronts astonish the modest and retiring singer. She tries to joke about it.

"The other day a whole gang of sailors came to see me," she said. "It seems their ship had been badly damaged by Jap planes and all the phonograph records aboard were destroyed except mine. They had to listen to me."

Not all of Jo's mail comes from service men. Their wives and sweethearts also fill her mail bag. They tell the singer how their men write about her and link her voice to their thoughts of home and happiness.

"I'm sort of a short-waved cupid."

The brown-haired, gray-eyed singer just recently finished a record-breaking engagement at New York's Paramount Theater, crowning a slow but sure trip to the top. On the way she sang with Tommy Dorsey, Johnny Mercer, as a member of a sister act, and as one of Capitol Records' best selling platter queens.

I asked her if she was nervous when she made her solo debut at the Paramount.

"I was frightened to death. After all, those bobby-sockers out front are

Jo Stafford's easy, natural vocal style has put her recordings right up at the top with the best-sellers.

From Kentucky comes young and lovely Martha Stewart, with a young and lovely voice to match.

tough critics. They know singers and songs. They buy 75% of the records made and are responsible for the tunes that make the Hit Parade. I told my sister Chris that if I clicked I would buy myself a mink coat."

Jo went out for that first show and was greeted with warm applause. They took to her the way they do to a juke box and a coke. Jo showed me the sleek mink, her certificate of success.

But that still didn't convince Jo that her talents were appreciated.

"I think they liked me because I used to sing with Sinatra. Any friend of Frankie's is a friend of theirs."

Jo lives, eats and talks nothing but music. It's been that way ever since she quit high school in Long Beach, California, to join her two older sisters, Christine and Pauline, who already were performing on KHJ, Los Angeles. Jo majored in music, studied diligently. She remembered the basic rule for all good singers, proper breath control. That's why experts tout her voice. It's clear, clean-cut without tricks.

The Stafford Sisters broke up when Jo joined the Pied Pipers, a male trio, in 1938. Jo married one of them. Sister Pauline wed Blue Network commentator Galen Drake, retired. Christine is now Jo's personal manager. Another sister, Betty Jane, works as a secretary.

The Stafford Sisters claim they got their singing ability from their father, a husky California oil foreman who used to raise his lusty tonsils at the drop of a drill.

When the Pied Pipers joined Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, songwriter Johnny Mercer used to come over to the immense Palladium Ballroom in Los Angeles and listen to them every night.

"He used to stand right up close, packed in with all the jitterbugs," Jo recalled. "We wondered what intrigued him." They soon found out. When Mercer got his own NBC show, Jo and the Pipers joined him. Mercer encouraged Jo to turn soloist; last June she followed his advice. Mercer helped launch her when he became a backer of Capitol Records, and signed her as one of his recording stars. Her platters, including a particularly infectious version of "Candy" have been enthusias-

tically hailed by listeners in the know.

Although the 25-year-old singer has had a relatively easy professional career, her married life was different. It wound up on the rocks. Jo doesn't like to discuss it, but some clue is given when Jo discusses her philosophy about marriage.

"Any girl who is in show business and marries someone who is also in show business should make sure that her husband is going to be more successful than she is," Jo advises.

Nevertheless Jo only accepts dates with people in show business.

"Gosh," she says, "what would I have to talk about with anyone else?"

ROMANCING THE RECORDS

(Each Month Ken Alden Picks The Best Popular Platters)

FRANK SINATRA (Columbia 36797). Johnny Mercer's new hit, "Dream" is reverently treated by Mr. S. "There's No You," an elegant ballad, is on the reverse side. Axel Stordahl, an orchestra leader who refuses to drown out the singer, provides a rhythmic assist.

SAMMY KAYE (Victor 20-1662). Sammy K-rations two slow-paced tunes, "The More I See You" from "Diamond Horseshoe" and "I Miss Your Kiss." At any moment you half expect the maestro to recite poetry but fortunately this never occurs.

HORACE HEIDT (Columbia 36798). Remember the Rita Hayworth film "Tonight and Every Night?" Well here's a slick version of that picture's best song, "Anywhere" enormously helped by Dorothy Rae and the Sweet-swingsters. The reverse has a stock treatment of "My Baby Said Yes."

ARTIE SHAW (Victor 20-1668). A revival of a fine melody, "September Song," paired with jumpin' "Little Jazz" shows off Shaw's new band in both slow and swing fashions. No vocals.

GOLDEN GATE QUARTET (Okey 6741). This excellent Negro group reprise their show-stopper from "Hollywood Canteen"—"General Jumped At Dawn," and throw in a ballad, "I Will Be Home Again," for good measure.

GENE KRUPA (Columbia 36802). If it's drumming you want, why not take the best? Here's a platter featuring Krupa and tenor sax star Charlie Venturo on "Dark Eyes" and "Leave Us Leap." The last named features the whole band.

THE MODERNAIRES (Columbia 36800). No one wants to be without some recorded version of "You Belong to My Heart," from Disney's "Three Caballeros," so it might as well be this one turned in by a rhythm group headed by attractive Paula Kelly. Plenty of room for improvement but still satisfactory. The reverse has "There! I've Said It Again," but you won't be referring to it often.

Coast to Coast

Continued from page 8

for having appeared in more than 250 sketches at war plants, clubs and other groups in behalf of the Blood Donor section.

Bet if all the many appearances of all the entertainers in the United States were added together to give some idea of the contribution that artists have made to morale in this war—that would be some impressive figure. Artists of all kinds, this includes.

* * *

Very few people ever take the expression "chewing up the scenery" literally. On the Inner Sanctum show, though, it's nothing but the gospel truth. Hi Brown, the producer-director, not only chews up the scenery, but eats his victims bit by bit at the same time. One of the most important props on Inner Sanctum is a head of cabbage, used by the sound man to supply the effect of a knife entering a body or a skull being crushed. Hi Brown being a great nibbler, the victim is very often a shred of his former self by the time the show is over.

* * *

When Music For Half An Hour rehearsals first started, Jean Merrill and Hugh Thompson discovered they had a lot more in common than that job.

Both were born in the state of Washington, both are in their 20's, which is still unusual for opera singers, and both are quite tall, Jean being 5′ 10″ and Hugh 6′ 3″. Besides, both are past winners of the Metropolitan Opera Auditions and first time parents, Jean's little girl Gretchen and Hugh's small son Dow being among their favorite topics of conversation.

* * *

Lon Clark, who plays pioneer Simon Weston on Wilderness Road and assorted characters on Casey, Press Photographer and Report to the Nation, is bugs on the subject of Abraham Lincoln. He's got an enviable collection of data on Lincoln, a collection of books, stories, articles and pictures. And he's always on the track of more stuff. On his last vacation, he took the Lincoln trail from Kentucky to Illi-

When Ginny Simms sends her popular records to servicemen, her picture goes right along.

Cedric Foster will be heard as Navy Correspondent from the Pacific Zone, whenever possible.

nois, making many of the same stops that Lincoln once made and visiting the places where Lincoln lived and worked.

* * *

Guy Lombardo, who has enjoyed the longest hotel engagement of any well-known maestro—having returned to New York's Hotel Roosevelt for fifteen successive years—recently came up with some amazing statistics. The maestro figures that in all those years he has played to over 7,600,000 customers at the Roosevelt, or approximately the entire population—if you go by figures—of the city of New York!

* * *

Dropped in on Martin Block in his hole-in-the-wall studio adjoining Studio 6A, where the Supper Club program originates, and left with a headache. There's a musical arranger who practices scales on a clarinet in another hole-in-the-wall nearby. It isn't enough he practices, he practices all the time. Our headache has given us an even greater respect for Martin Block and the kind of concentration he must have in order to take care of all three of his shows and all his visitors, with that racket going on incessantly.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER. . . . Bob Hope's off on another overseas entertaining jaunt. . . . Maybe you'd like to read about some of your favorite radio comedians in a book called "There's Laughter in the Air." It was written by Broadway and radio columnist Jack Gaver and Dave Stanley and is on the stands now. It reveals little known facts about the stars and gives some of the best spots from some of their best air shows. You can get the inside dope on people like Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Fibber McGee and Molly, Fred Allen, Abbott and Costello, Fanny Brice and many others. . . . Jean Holloway, erstwhile Kate Smith scripter, has been signed by MGM to write a picture based on the life of Jerome Kern. . . . Victor Borge, pianist comedian, will probably by the summer be replacement for the Fibber McGee and Molly show. . . . The Blue Network has completed negotiations to broadcast Madison Square Garden boxing matches this fall. Did you buy bonds in the 7th War Loan? It's never too late. . . .

COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS

Ann Rutherford's daily routine adds support to the rumor that living in Hollywood is one long, mad, happy series of adventures!

THINK of a happy whirlpool made up of people, hats, hidden babies, burglars, automobiles, trips, dresses, fires—and then, when you're dizzy and breathless, think of Ann Rutherford. She's riding that whirlpool like a champion swimmer . . . and loving every minute of it! Somehow she manages to leave it long enough to play opposite Eddie Bracken in NBC's Eddie Bracken Story whenever necessary—and the minute the program's over, she dives in again.

Ever since she left her movie career (only a temporary absence, if you ask us!), Ann has been putting her violent energy into day-to-day living; and for the past two and a half years, this has included a husband in the happy confusion. He is David May II, executive of the gigantic May Company Department Stores in Los Angeles; and because of his marriage to Ann, he has found himself wading through adventure after adventure.

Adventure Number One we'll call the Hidden Baby Episode—the baby being a blue-eyed blonde-haired girl named Gloria whom the Mays adopted at the age of one day. Knowing how adoption agencies disapprove of publicity, Ann determined to keep the baby a dead secret for eight long months until the final adoption papers were signed—and since she was also determined to lead her normal life, this created one crisis after another. Friends would swarm in the front door of the big white Georgian Colonial house, while Ann and the nurse whisked Gloria to one of the upstairs back rooms. When Ann's many girl-friends went upstairs, the baby disappeared down the back.

So that was one adventure the Mays weathered successfully. Adventure Number Two dealt with Ann's birthday present from David, which is a wicked black continental car named Christopher. Christopher is as beautiful as Amber, and as treacherous—he has brought the Mays nothing but bad luck. In quick succession, after the acquisition of the car, the garage burned down, destroying another car and smoke-damaging the newly-decorated house, burglars ransacked the house, and Christopher himself was stolen and stripped of everything—and found, three days later, washed and filled up!

What with fires, burglars, hidden babies and stolen cars, you would think that the Mays' abode was a shambles by this time. Quite the contrary. Of all the homes in Beverly Hills, theirs is one of the most lavish and lovely—fifteen rooms, all done in gay chintzes and colorful draperies, enclosed by a spreading garden with a big swimming pool. In it Ann forgets to eat lunch, but eats steadily at small dinner-parties she gives for her endless friends, who include Veronica Lake, Andre de Toth, Frances Rafferty, Peter Lawford, June Allyson, Stephen Crane, Hope and David Hearst, Cobina Wright Jr. and her husband Palmer Beaudette, and Mr. and Mrs. Sylvan Simon.

Ann Rutherford's life has always been a whirlpool, beginning almost with her birth twenty-six years ago in Toronto, Canada. She was only four years old when she began acting in plays in San Francisco (where she and her parents had moved), and by the time she was thirteen (and now living in Los Angeles) she became utterly irritated with schooling and marched into a radio station which lay on her way to school. "I," she announced, "am an actress, ready for work!"

To her astonishment, they thought so too; and she was instantly cast as the lead in a two-year radio serial. That led to other radio parts, which led to her photograph in the newspapers, which led directly into the motion picture studios—where she became famous opposite Mickey Rooney in the Hardy pictures.

But right now Ann is mostly acting the role of wife and mother . . . and gay adventuress! Her hat adventures alone would keep you reading for hours. She has always made her own cocktail hats, and she approaches her hobby briskly, armed with a hat-block, yards of wire for frames, bolts of various cloths, and boxes of flowers, veiling, and artificial birds. She has no inhibitions about hats—her most recent success consisted of *two* hats, worn one on top of the other!

But enough of this! By this time you get the idea: Ann lives in a happy whirlpool. Which is nothing compared to what is to come, when she and David have the five children they want. Then life will be an even bigger whirlpool for Ann—and she'll still ride it like a seasoned and graceful mermaid, in the best-looking hat you ever saw!

Even Beginners Can Now Put Up "Jewels in Jars!"

Delight your family with finer fruits...save sugar, too

HOME CANNERS everywhere are enthusiastic about this fully *tested*, sensationally *new* way to put up fruits with finer flavor, brighter color, firmer texture.

Beginners and veteran canners alike are packing fruits and berries; making preserves and marmalades that rival fresh fruit in sun-ripe flavor ... and putting up 25% to 30% more with their sugar ration.

The secret is home-blended syrups of Karo-and-sugar. Tested recipes, preferred by the tasting jury of experts and endorsed by home economists and food editors, are now *yours* for the asking.

Send *today* for the exciting FREE book ... beautifully illustrated in full color ... containing simple fool-proof directions for blending these new canning syrups. Accurate charts in this book guide you in perfect home canning of finer fruits to enrich your pantry shelves and delight your family.

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Variety IS THE Spice OF Salads!

HERE ARE 3 PIQUANT VARIATIONS FROM 1 "MASTER DRESSING"

With Mazola's new "stay together" dressing as your theme, harmonize your own piquant variations for *delicious* fruit, vegetable or sea food salads. Tempt your family with a symphony of *different* salads, or serve all three to summer guests.

Keep a big jar of this new "Mazola" dressing fresh and cool in your refrigerator, "ever-ready" for use.

MAZOLA "EVER-READY" FRENCH DRESSING

(The dressing that "stays together")

1 *tablespoon dry mustard*
5 *teaspoons sugar*
¼ *teaspoon pepper*
1 *tablespoon salt*
2 *teaspoons paprika*
1 *egg*
⅓ *cup vinegar*
2 *cups Mazola*
⅓ *cup lemon juice*

Combine all dry ingredients, egg, and 3 tablespoons of the vinegar. Beat until well blended. Add Mazola 2 tablespoons at a time until ¾ cup Mazola has been added, beating after each addition till Mazola disappears and mixture is smooth. Add remaining Mazola ¼ cup at a time, alternately with lemon juice and vinegar, beating well after each addition. Makes 3 cups. Store in refrigerator, and use "as is" for summer salads, *or* try these variations:

1 CREAM NECTAR DRESSING for FRUIT SALADS:
Blend well ½ *cup Mazola "ever-ready" French Dressing* with 1 *cup sour cream*, 1 *tsp. lemon rind*, 1 *tsp. orange rind* and 1 *tsp. Red Label Karo* or *honey*. Makes 1½ cups.

2 "DEEP SOUTH" DRESSING for SEA FOOD SALADS:
Blend 6 *tbsps. Mazola "ever-ready" French Dressing* with ¾ *cup mayonnaise*. Just before serving fold in ¾ *cup diced avocado*. Makes 1¾ cups.

3 CHEESE AND CHIVE DRESSING for VEGETABLE SALADS:
Blend well ½ *cup Mazola "ever-ready" French Dressing* with 1 *cup cottage cheese*, ¼ *cup milk* and 1 *tablespoon chopped chives (or onions)*. Makes 1½ cups.

I believe in yo

A handful of words . . . and the past became a lie, the shining future a black, ominous threat

"STAND *still*, Joanne!" Miss Ward's fussy, querulous voice recalled me sharply from my day-dreaming. Outside the window were the sagebrush hills that made our New Mexico ranch lands a valley, and from where I stood I could see the golden Palomino pony kicking up his heels in the corral. I wanted to be out there—not acting as a clothes-horse for the white wedding dress Miss Ward was fitting on me. "I'll never get this straight if you don't stop fidgeting!" Her words came out jerkily through the pins she held in her mouth. "The wedding only a week off and your

ma sick in bed—I've got plenty to do if I'm going to have you looking like a bride and not a ranch hand. But then I suppose you'd just as soon be married in your overalls, the way you live in them!"

I smiled at Miss Ward. The little seamstress was trying hard to disguise her pride that she had been called in for the occasion when Mother's illness had made it impossible for me to run up to Albuqerque for my trousseau. And I knew well that, though she scolded me to my face, back in her little shop in Indian Wells she would brag to anyone who would listen of how I looked in that white dress and of what a perfect match Don and I would make.

"I don't think Don would care if I did wear overalls. He likes me just as I am." And then, because that sounded smug, I added, penitently, "I do care—very much—how I look, Miss Ward. I want this wedding to be absolutely perfect." Strange that I should feel no excitement—only this pleasant feeling of satisfaction and importance when I thought of Sunday. But perhaps not so strange when you consider that Don and I had been taking our getting married for granted for so many years.

"Did you know Duncan was back?"

"Duncan? Oh, I'm glad! We were afraid he wouldn't get here in time. And it would be a queer wedding without Don's own twin—without my only brother-in-law." Everything is working out as it should, I thought complacently, as I turned around on the stool in obedience to Miss Ward's commands. Duncan home from Washington; the doctor confident that Mother would be out of bed and well by Sunday; the weather perfect; and the wedding plans shaping up as the biggest affair Indian Wells and the whole district had seen for a good many years.

It was all as it should be. Even the congratulations from our friends had the knowing, we've-always-expected-it tone about them as if it would be unheard of for either Joanne Deming or Don Henry to marry anyone else. We had always, Don and I, been the leaders among the sons and daughters of the ranchers whose holdings lay hidden in and around these hills, perhaps

Suddenly, there in that peaceful room, among the people and the things I had known always, I felt a chill of fear.

because both of us had the knack of doing things well, whether it was working or playing or building our ambitions for the future. Under Mother's tutelage I could manage the house as well as she; before he died Dad had taught me to ride herd like a boy and to understand the business of ranching. Don ran his own place, the Bar-H, with an expert hand that older ranchers envied. Besides that, we went well together . . . his tall, dark squareness and my slim height and fair coloring.

"I saw him get off at the station this morning. Looked like an Easterner—except that no dude ever was that brown or had those sun-squint lines around his eyes."

For a minute I couldn't think who she was talking about—and then I remembered Duncan.

"He's been gone a year so I suppose there'll be a lot of changes in him. And he was away at college for so long before that, I honestly don't know him very well," I answered absently. I was trying to recall exactly what Duncan looked like. He looked like Don, of course. They were twins. But when I tried to picture him distinctly I could only remember a slightly mocking smile that used to make me uncomfortable at times, that used to shake my self-assurance and that I knew had the same effect on Don. Outside of that, he was to me only a slighter, slimmer edition of Don, without any real impression of the man, himself. He had been ill a long time when he was a child and now that he was grown his interests were different from ours. He loved this country as we did, but not from our viewpoint. He didn't think of it in terms of cattle and range and horseflesh. Duncan was a geologist and I had only the foggiest notion of what a geologist did. . . .

"THERE." Miss Ward straightened her back and stepped back to look over her work. "You can take it off now—it's fitted." Carefully she helped me ease the white silk folds over my head. "This will be the prettiest dress I've ever made. As it *should* be. It isn't every day we have a wedding like this, absolutely right and made in Heaven, if ever there was one. And the dress has to be just as right."

"It will look terrible, if Joanne doesn't stop riding every day and getting more and more tanned." The dress covered my head at the moment but I didn't need eyes to know that the speaker was my second-cousin, Helen Lodge. There was a light contempt in her voice.

"Helen! I didn't hear you come in. You startled me. Here—help us get this sleeve off," Miss Ward directed her.

Once off, I breathed deeply in release. But Miss Ward wasn't finished. The suit skirt, she explained, didn't hang properly and I was to stand right there until she could go and get it.

I was left alone with Helen. I was weary of standing still so long, but that didn't account wholly for my irritation. Part of it came, as it always did, from the sight of her dainty, perfectly-groomed figure. From her red curls in faultless ordered waves. From her carefully-manicured nails and her shining, high-heeled pumps. Helen's grooming was never ruffled by heat or wind, because she never stirred, if it was possible, from the coolness of the house. Her nails could be perfect because her hands never did anything harder than making her own bed. Both Demings, I thought . . . Helen and I . . . both of us receiving from childhood the same love and care and training . . . yet we were so different. Duty and responsibility rolled off Helen like water off a duck's back and if there was work to be done she took it for granted someone else would do it. And someone always did.

Involuntarily my eyes went to my own slim, rounded legs—strong and supple from the (*Continued on page* 73)

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A Ring for

IT WAS New Year's Eve, 1942, that I met Ted Bromley.

A stinging wind was coming in off Lake Michigan, carrying a fine sleet with it that soon blanketed Chicago. It would have to be a night like this, I thought anxiously. All the girls who worked for Central Communications—and there were nearly three hundred of us—had decided to give a party to raise funds for the new Canteen. I was in charge of the entertainment and for days I had been rushing about trying to make all the arrangements. Even after the dance got under way there were still a good many things to do. So it was nearly midnight when I sat down at the table I shared with Mary Compton and Dora Mason, the girls I roomed with. "I've never been so tired," I admitted to Dora. "At the stroke of twelve I'm going to steal Cinderella's act and disappear."

"That's what *you* think!" said a teasing voice behind me. I turned to see a tall man standing there. Dora said casually in her off-hand manner, "Connie, you know Ted Bromley, don't you? This is Constance Rogers, Ted."

"I know. I've known your name for quite some time," he said surprisingly. "Care to dance, Connie?" I glanced at Dora but she was absorbed in a Marine. Ted caught my hand and led me out on the floor.

In his arms, I almost forgot how tired I was. He held me easily, lightly. There was no need for small talk. Not with this man. I might have known him all my life. "Let's get out of here," he said suddenly. "There's a small lounge off that hall where it isn't so crowded."

"But I'm taking you away from Dora," I said guiltily.

He laughed at that. "You are not taking me away. I *came*. Besides, Dora is busy adding to her male scalp collection." I glanced in her direction and saw her blonde head buried on the Marine's shoulder. There was a dreamy expression on both their faces as they danced. I had to laugh a little too. My roommate was up to her old tricks. She was a funny, likeable girl but she could not resist flirting with every good-looking man she saw.

The lights were soft in the lounge so that we could look out and see the frozen shores of Lake Michigan. "Brrr, I didn't know Chicago could get so cold," I said.

"Almost as cold as Rockford, isn't it?" Ted's dark eyes were teasing.

"How did you know I came from there?" I asked, astonished.

"I made a point to find out all I could about you. I work at Central Communications too, even if you never have noticed me around! . . . Connie, the first time I saw you was up in the Personnel Department. I thought I'd never seen a girl so fresh and lovely. Ever since then I've been like a kid looking in a candy-store window . . ."

We looked at each other intently. "But why didn't I see you?" I asked. He was not the type to go unnoticed. He had light hair, curly as a child's, and brown eyes, and the deeply tanned skin of a man who spends most of his time out-of-doors.

"Oh, you've seen me," he grinned. "But I am a 'trouble shooter' for Communications on their Main Line, and usually I wear thick goggles even around the plant that make me look first cousin to gargoyle . . . I've been waiting for tonight to meet you, Connie."

He took my hands in both of his. And at that moment the bells started ringing in New Year . . . 1942 . . . Year of portent and blackness it proved to be for so many. We were part of the generation—Ted and I—that our late beloved President Roosevelt said, "had a rendevous with Destiny." Not that we had any inkling of it then. We were simply another gay young pair at a party.

"Happy New Year!" Ted said softly. "Thank my lucky stars for the good old custom that goes with it!" And he kissed me. It was a strangely intimate kiss from someone I had known less than an hour. But there are some people you get to know instantly. He was one of them.

After that night I saw a lot of Ted. Dora said, "Well, I certainly started something when I introduced you two!" But she was too absorbed in her Marine really to notice anyone else. And Mary Compton, my other roommate, a shy little girl from the South, began talking in misty tones about wedding bells and such. But I laughed at that. "Ted and I have fun together. That's all," I explained. "I don't want to be married for a long time." And I meant it. It was too pleasant just drifting along like this. Ted was teaching me to ice skate and to bowl. It was such a comfortable companionship, so friendly and smooth, that I doubted if I were in love at all. Romance, to my mind, meant breathless excitement and a sense of high adventure. There was nothing like that in my feeling for Ted.

About once a month I was in the habit of going home on the bus to Rockwood for the week-end. It was only a two-hour trip and I got lonesome for mother and dad and the twins—Bud and Bidge, who were eleven. In February Ted decided to go down with me for a visit. "I haven't had any folks of my own since I was fourteen. D'you mind if I adopt yours?" he asked.

"Of course not!" I said, laughing. "But isn't that kind of rash, adopting them sight unseen?"

"No. They are *your* folks, aren't they?"

Something warm filled my heart when he (*Continued on page* 88)

More than a ring, it was the symbol of the perfect thing that had been their love. Now the time had come to take it off—and she had sworn she would wear it forever!

Remembrance

"When I take you into my arms as my wife, I want it to be for good. Not just a day, and then separation."

He talked continually of marriage, of the things he wanted for us. And I listened to him as if in a dream.

Until too late

Some things, Adele knew, she could never have—but she didn't know that happiness might be among them until she found that in choosing between love and friendship it's possible to lose both

UNTIL I met Tim Ellis, I thought I had everything in the world that I wanted. Everything, that is, within reason. There were some things I could never have—a sound heart for my mother, a sound body for my crippled brother, Eric. But we were comfortable, the three of us, in our little house on the west side of Blue Bridge—and being comfortable was a triumph and an achievement that had once seemed impossible for the Warren family. That was five years ago, after the automobile accident that left Eric a helpless cripple and settled the support of the family on my shoulders.

I wasn't prepared to carry the burden. I was just out of high school, and I'd had no commercial training. I learned, in weeks of waiting in one personnel office after another, that no one wanted to hire a high school graduate with neither training nor experience.

And then I saw the advertisement. "Receptionist wanted," it said. "Alert, intelligent. No experience necessary. Offices of Blaine and Anson, Blaine Building, after nine." I was in the lobby of the Blaine Building at ten minutes to nine the next morning. At nine I went upstairs, pushed through wide double doors into a large room filled with girls. A distracted-looking young woman handed me an application blank. I took it hopelessly. Somehow, that advertisement in the paper had seemed intended especially for me—and now I saw that every other high school graduate in town had evidently thought the same thing. There wasn't even room enough for me to sit down; I wrote holding the blank against the wall near the door.

That was how I met Harold Anson. The door flew open, jogged my shoulder, and the blank slid to the floor. I stooped to retrieve it, but another hand—a man's hand—was quicker. A man's voice said, "I'm so sorry. Did I hurt—" Then, as we straightened, facing each other, his voice died away. For a second he said nothing at all; for a second there was something startled, something like recognition—in his eyes. Then it was gone, and he was saying smoothly, repeating, "I'm terribly sorry. I should never have opened the door so abruptly."

I took the blank he held out to me, assured him that I wasn't hurt. He touched his hat and went on to the inner offices, after stopping for a minute to speak to the woman at the desk. The woman collected our applications. I imagined that she looked at me with some attention as she took mine, but then I put the fancy down to wishful thinking. She disappeared into the inner offices; two minutes later she came back, announcing "Miss Warren, Miss Adele Warren."

I followed her, trying not to hope too much. Then I was seated opposite Mr. Anson in his office, trying to control my trembling hands, my shaking knees. There was no recognition in Mr. Anson's eyes now; he was brisk and business-like, but he didn't look frightening. He was a plain little man in his forties, hardly taller than I. He had a nice, rather boyish face, but he was the sort of person you would never notice on the street, wouldn't remember after a casual introduction. His hair was thinning, and everything about him—hair, eyes, his well-cut suit—was an unobtrusive, medium brown. Everything except his shoes. His shoes were a bright tan, almost orange. Somehow, the sight of those gaudy shoes gave me courage.

He had my application blank in his hand and he referred to it as he questioned me. "*Two* dependents, Miss Warren?" he asked in a voice that said I was rather young to have any dependents at all.

"My mother and my brother," I explained. "My father died several years ago, and Eric, my brother, supported us after that. Mother has a weak heart and can do nothing more strenuous than light housework. Then this spring Eric was hurt—paralyzed as the result of an auto accident."

"There's no chance of recovery?"

"He may be able to use his hands, some day. But the doctors say he'll never be able to walk again."

Mr. Anson didn't say anything. I liked that. Everyone said how sorry they were about Eric—but being sorry didn't give him back the use of his limbs.

Mr. Anson rose and held out his hand. "Thank you for coming in, Miss Warren. We'll call you to let you know."

I rose, too, swallowing my disap-

pointment. I'd heard that so many times—"We'll let you know." Only they never did.

But they called me that afternoon, and the next morning I started work as receptionist for Blaine and Anson, shoe manufacturers. I didn't question my good fortune. I was too intent upon doing my job well to wonder how I'd happened to be chosen for it—until the last day of the first week, when Mr. Anson called me into his office. It was late in the afternoon; most of the staff had gone home, and I thought Mr. Anson had gone, too, until he popped his head out of his door and said, "Miss Warren, I'd like to see you for a minute."

I went on shaking legs, wondering what I had done wrong, sure that I was going to lose my job. Mr. Anson closed the door after me, picked something out of the drawer of his desk. "Miss Warren," he said abruptly, "I'd like you to have these."

I looked down at the objects he placed in my hand. They were gold buckles—thick, heavy, old-fashioned shoe buckles. I'd never seen anything like them, but they looked valuable. "I can't," I stammered. "I mean, thank you, but I can't possibly—"

"But you can," he insisted. "I don't care what you do with them—sell them, have them melted down, anything. We had them made for a special display, and we've no possible use for them unless we gave them away as curios. I'd much rather you had them."

If I had been older or more self-assured, I would have known that he was as flustered as I was. But I was panic-stricken, remembering the odd way he'd looked at me the day he'd bumped into me, remembering, too, all the stories I'd ever heard about employers who made advances. "I can't," I repeated desperately, "and I think I'd better resign—"

"Oh, no!" he cried. "You mustn't do that! Think of your mother and your brother—"

"That's just it," I said stiffly. "I didn't want to be hired out of pity, or for any other reason. I can't work here unless it's on the basis of ability alone."

"Out of pity," he repeated. He sat down suddenly, took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead. "I don't pity you, Miss Warren. But it's true that I asked Personnel to consider you for the job, and I did have a reason. Would you like to hear it?"

I nodded dumbly. He motioned toward a chair, and I sat down. "You look like someone I knew once," he said, "someone I cared a great deal about. She had blue eyes like yours, and round pink cheeks like yours, and her hair was the same shade of bright, light brown. And there was something more, too—something young and shining and courageous about her—something you have. She was a waitress in the college town where I went to school, and I—well, I fell head over heels in love with her. We planned to be married, until I came home on vacation, and Blue Bridge closed in on me. Blue Bridge isn't a very big place, but it's big enough for snobbery. I'd been brought up to believe that the six best families in Blue Bridge were pretty important, and that there was a sort of law against marrying outside them, if you happened to be born into them. It's pretty hard to rise above that sort of thing when you're twenty, and I didn't have the courage my girl had. I didn't have spirit enough to fight my family and their friends. I didn't go back to school that fall. I stayed here and went into the firm."

I was listening, fascinated. Mr. Anson didn't look like a plain, nervous little man any more. His voice had deepened as he talked; he had taken on dignity and stature. "What happened to her?" I breathed.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "At the time, it didn't seem important to find out. I rationalized, put the whole thing down to infatuation, told myself that she'd been only infatuated, too. I married a Blue Bridge girl, and my two boys were born, and for a few years I was busy, building our home, working up in the business. But lately— As you get older, Miss Warren, you begin to think back, and you wonder sometimes. . . . I've been thinking lately that not only was I false to that girl and to myself, but false to something bigger than both of us—false to Life, in a way. That's why when I walked in the other morning and saw you—it was like being offered a second chance. I'm sorry I blundered about the buckles, but they mean nothing to us, and I'd truly like to help you in any way I can. I'm glad that you're here. It makes me happy just to see you around the office. I ask nothing except that you stay on here and let me be your friend."

I refused the buckles, but I kept my job. I walked out of Mr. Anson's office that afternoon dazed by his confidences, but so touched by them that I felt like crying, even while a cynical part of my mind whispered that they might not be true. Afterwards, I was ashamed of myself for doubting him. I asked no question about him, but the office force gossiped, and is wasn't long before I discovered that everyone was sorry for him. Even close-mouthed, acid-tongued Miss Porter, Mr. Blaine's secretary, softened when she spoke of Mr. Anson. "Poor man," she said. "All the color there is in his life is in those shoes he wears. He's spent his whole life running around a tight little triangle made up of the office and his home and the country club. As for his wife—she cares a lot more about Mrs. Harold Anson than she cares about her husband. It wasn't so bad when his boys were younger, but now they're both away at school. . . ." She shook her head. "I don't know what he'll do for an interest."

I might have told her that Mr. Anson was interested in me, but at that time I didn't know how much he thought about me, how much he planned for me. There was the secretarial course, for one thing—the first thing. One day he said to me, casually, "Have you ever thought of going to business school, Miss Warren?"

"I've thought of it," I said ruefully. "But I can't afford it."

"You can borrow on the employes' fund," he suggested. "It's there for you to use, and you can repay the money at the rate of a dollar or two a week. You'd make more as a stenographer . . . and my secretary is leaving to be married next June."

I lost no time in drawing on the employes' fund. I'd finished the course in night school: I'd been a stenographer for three months and Mr. Anson's private secretary for six before I discovered the amounts loaned out of the employes' fund were normally not nearly as large as the one I'd had, and that usually they were reserved only for emergencies. But by that time I'd been with Blaine and Anson for over a year, and I'd grown accustomed to Mr. Anson's thoughtfulness and generosity. In dozens of ways he made the difference between comfort and bare existence for Mother and Eric and me, between worry and a sense of security. Our clothes and household goods were purchased at discount at the department stores that did business with the firm of Blaine and Anson. At Christmas and on holidays and on every possible occasion gifts came to the house—practical gifts, like great baskets of tinned delicacies that provided midnight snacks and party fare for our family for weeks afterward. I had a two-week vacation my first summer, and a three-week vacation each summer thereafter—and more often than not the railroad fare and the hotel expenses at the resorts I visited cost me nothing at all. Mr. Anson had intended to use the railroad tickets himself, he explained, and had had his plans changed at the last minute. Mr. Anson "just happened" to hold a due-bill at the resort hotel I wanted to visit. There was no thanking him for any of these favors, but I felt better about accepting them after I discovered that the acidulous Miss Porter, who was middle-aged and had been twenty years with the firm, received the same sort of favors—although in smaller quantity—from Mr. Blaine.

I never saw Mr. Anson outside his office. Soon after I became his secretary our days fell into a pattern that never varied. He would come marching in in the morning, brisk and business-like. "Good (*Continued on page 54*)

Until Too Late was suggested by the radio script, "Motor Trouble", by Jon Slott, first heard on Stars over Hollywood, Saturdays at 12:30, EWT, over CBS.

In the Heart's Keeping

Marjorie prayed twice for a thing she wanted more than anything in life. And twice her prayer was answered...

I WAS tired that night, coming home from work. I couldn't remember ever having been so tired. It was the kind of tiredness you wake up in the morning with, the kind that seems to have gotten into your very bones. And ahead of me, there was dinner to cook, the dishes to wash, the house to straighten and—most of all—Bob, with whom I must pretend I wasn't tired at all.

I sighed. Gary Gray turned from his driving for a moment and looked at me. "You look all in," he said sympathetically.

"I'd like to go to bed and sleep for six weeks." I tried to smile at him. He was a nice person and a most considerate boss. "I certainly do appreciate this lift home. I'd never have made it on the bus tonight."

"You deserve a lift, having to work overtime. It's been tough lately for you and your husband. But he'll be well soon and then you can take your six weeks' nap. Although—" he smiled "—what I'll do without you at the office I don't know."

The car stopped in front of the small two-family house, and I got out. "Thanks ever so much," I said. "See you tomorrow." I stood there for a moment, holding my big bag of groceries, as he drove off. Gary Gray was attractive—tall, slim, good-looking. He was probably going

home to his bachelor apartment to bathe and dress and then take a girl out to dinner and a show. He knew lots of girls, and some of them ran after him.

Suddenly I wished I were going out to dinner, like the girl he was taking. I wanted to have a long, leisurely bath, to take my time doing my nails and hair, to get all dressed up and go to dinner some place where there was music and soft lights—and where I could just sit and order what I wanted without having to worry about cooking it and cleaning up afterwards. It had been a long time since I'd done that. Not since before Bob's operation, nearly five months ago.

But it was silly, thinking like this. I shifted the heavy bag, fixed a smile on my lips and went up the steps and opened the door.

Bob was sitting in his wheel chair by the window. He had managed to wrap himself in a robe. There were magazines and books on the table beside him, and the portable radio, and a piece of paper covered with figures. He tried to shove it out of sight, but I saw it and knew he'd been worrying over expenses again.

I went over and kissed him. "Hi, honey. How are you?"

His worried frown relaxed a little but the worry didn't leave his face. "Okay, I guess." His voice was lifeless, and at the sound of it all the life seemed to drain out of me, too. "You're awfully late. Whatever kept you?"

"We had to work overtime again. And then I had to stop and do the marketing. Mr. Gray brought me home, though, so it wasn't too bad."

"Yes," he said. "I saw him."

There was something in the way he said it that was—well, almost as if he were accusing me of something. As if he resented it. I looked at him sharply, and noticed again how much weight he'd lost and how drawn he looked. Bob was a big man. He'd played football in high school and had always been active and strong. That was one of the reasons why it was so hard on him to be sick for so long.

"Well," I said as cheerfully as I could, "dinner'll be ready in a minute." I carried the groceries out to the small kitchen. The sink was stopped up again. I'd have to fix it before I could wash the vegetables and, for a minute, I felt like crying in my exasperation. Marie was always letting the sink get stopped up. But she was young and inexperienced, and we were lucky to have anyone at all who could come in and get Bob's lunch every day.

"What did you do today?" I called out, as I started to work. "Have any company?" Sometimes the neighbors came in to visit with Bob.

"No, nobody came. And I had my usual busy, exciting day. I read the morning paper and I read the evening paper. I did a crossword puzzle. I listened to the radio and I looked out the window. That's always fascinating."

I should have been warned by the bitterness in his voice. I should have realized that this was one of the times when he felt most deeply discouraged. But I was full of my long, hard day; I was trying to unplug the drain; I was thinking of the note I'd have to leave Marie tomorrow telling her she must clean out the ice-box as I'd asked; and so I said, without thinking, "Gosh, that sounds like a wonderful day. I'd like to have had it."

THERE was silence for a minute. When I looked up Bob had wheeled himself to the doorway. His face was taut and angry. "Okay," he said, "throw it up to me that you have to go out and work all day, and then come home and work again. Tell me how you have to earn all the money while I sit here doing nothing."

"Bob!" I cried. "I didn't mean that. I was only thinking—"

"I know what you were thinking. You don't have to tell me. You're sick to death of having an invalid for a husband . . . you've made *that* clear. I saw you standing there on the sidewalk, looking after Gary Gray. You probably wish you were out with him somewhere."

"That's not fair! Maybe I did wish for a minute I were going out—but not with Gary Gray or anybody else. With you. That's only natural, isn't it? To want you to be well so we can go places again and have fun. To want you to be well for all the reasons in the world. It's been a long time—"

"You're telling me! Do you think I *like* sitting here alone, day after day, not able to do any of the things we used to do? Do you have to remind me how tough it is on you?"

I burst into tears. I couldn't help it.

After a minute, Bob said: "I'm sorry, Marjorie. I'm—jittery tonight but I didn't have any right to take it out on you. Don't cry, honey."

I needed to have his arms around me. I needed to have the tears kissed away and to be soothed and comforted. But he only sat there, gripping the arms of his chair, with his face suddenly white with fatigue. Even as I looked up at him, he turned away and propelled himself slowly back to the window as if he had expended every ounce of energy he had.

I dried my eyes. "It's all right," I said dully. And went back to peeling the potatoes.

But it wasn't all right. None of it was all right. It was true Bob's operation had been a serious one, and his long convalescence had been a strain on him. I knew he was weak, that he was sometimes in pain, and that he was bound to feel lonely and low here alone all day. His company had put him on half pay since his illness and he worried about money a lot. All that was true. But what was also true was that it had been a terrible strain on me, as well. I had taken the job with Gary Gray as soon as Bob was well enough for me to leave him, and I worked hard at it. We needed the money desperately. I, too, worried and, more, I had

"I had my usual exciting day," Bob said. "I read the morning paper. I read the evening paper."

to try to keep *him* from worrying. I had tried to keep him cheerful and undiscouraged as the weeks turned into months. And then tonight when I was so tired, when I needed comforting myself, to have him turn on me like that—I knew he didn't mean it, but it wasn't fair. It was too much!

I thought of the way things used to be between us, and tears came to my eyes again. The way we used to laugh, while I was getting dinner when he got home from work. The way he'd interrupt what I was doing to take me in his arms and kiss me and tease me. The way we planned for the things we wanted some day to have, the things we wanted to do. The—the togetherness of it.

And now all that was gone.

I remembered our first Christmas. We'd been married eight months then and we were terribly in love. We didn't have much money and we needed a lot of things for the house, so we'd decided instead of giving each other a regular Christmas present, we'd each save a certain amount and buy an easy chair for the living-room as a Christmas present to the house and to ourselves. We got a little china bank and put it on the mantel-piece, and at the end of each week we had a ceremony when we each put in the amount we'd saved—Bob from his budgeted allowance, I from mine.

And I remembered how, during the weeks before Christmas, I'd decided I'd break the pact and secretly get a special present for Bob anyway. A wristwatch. It wasn't a very expensive watch, but he wanted and needed one. So I scrimped every way I could—and I did without the occasional lunches I'd had downtown with girls I knew. I denied myself little things. I mended stockings again and again instead of buying new ones. I walked all over town to get the lowest prices on household supplies and food, to save enough to make a secret payment each week on that watch.

And then, on Christmas Eve afternoon, I'd gone to the jewelry store to make the final one. Just as Mr. Cohen, the jeweler, was wrapping it up—Bob walked in! I felt as guilty as if I'd been caught robbing the store instead of buying a present. I'd wanted to surprise him Christmas morning.

"Darn it, what did *you* have to come in here for?" I cried. Then I turned to Mr. Cohen. "You might as well give it to him now," I said. "He's ruined the surprise."

Mr. Cohen handed him the package, and Bob stood there, turning it over and over in his hands, looking at it with a funny expression. Then he said to Mr. Cohen, "Give her *her* package."

The jeweler reached under the counter and brought out a similar box. He handed it to me. It was a simple, inexpensive wristwatch. It was the most beautiful watch in the whole world.

When I looked at it, and looked at Bob, and then at Mr. Cohen standing there beaming at us, I couldn't say anything. Only Mr. Cohen spoke. He kept saying, over and over, "Don't I keep secrets good? I knew it all the time! Each of you buying it for the other. Ah, that's nice, that's nice. That's good."

We walked out of the store with our watches, our precious gifts. We walked all the way home. "You're an old double-crosser," I said. "I thought you were putting all your savings into the bank, for the chair. I bet you had to do without lunches for this."

And Bob said, "You're an old double-crosser, yourself! All the time telling me you gave up candy because you were getting fat, and you couldn't go downtown to lunch because you were too busy at home."

We kept kidding each other because it went too deep to be serious. And when we got home, we broke the bank and there was enough in it to buy the chair. It was the happiest Christmas, we decided, that anybody ever had. Not because of the watches. But because the watches represented sacrifice and love.

That was what we'd had once. And now—

Now I put the dinner on a tray and carried it in to Bob. The chops had burned a little, because I'd been preoccupied with thinking about what had been.

Bob took a couple of bites and pushed

Mr. Gray looked at me with sympathy. "What you need," he said, "is a little fun."

his plate away. "I don't think I want any dinner," he said.

"But you've got to eat! You won't get your strength back if you don't eat."

"I'm not hungry. And besides the chop is burned."

"Then why didn't you say you weren't hungry?" I burst out. "I wouldn't have fixed dinner if I'd known you weren't going to eat it. I'm not hungry either. I'm too tired."

"I know you're tired. And I'm sorry you had to fix dinner. I'm sorry I can't take you out, if that's what you want. I'm sorry I'm sick. But, for Lord's sake, don't *blame* me if I don't want anything to eat!"

I tried to fight down the anger that rose uncontrollably within me. "Look, honey," I said as evenly as I could. "I know it's hard to be sick for so long. But it's not going to last forever, you know. You're going to get well. Soon, Dr. Squire says—"

"YEAH. Sure. That's what we've been telling ourselves for months now. You and the doctor have been giving me pep talks as if I were a six-year-old kid—"

"You've got to make an effort. For my sake, as well as your own. You've got to try to look on the bright side of things instead of always the dark side. I can't do *everything*, Bob."

"There you go again—reminding me of everything you have to do! I know what you have to do. But—" he shoved back from the table. "Skip it," he said in a dead voice. "I'm going to bed."

I sat there in front of the littered table, with its dirty dishes, its dinner we couldn't eat. I looked at it. I thought of the laundry still to be gotten together to send out tomorrow, the blouse I still had to wash and iron to wear to the office. And suddenly resentment flooded through me. What good were any of the things I had to do? What use were they? When the only results were that Bob and I were becoming like strangers to each other, who no longer spoke the same language except to bicker? He never seemed to appreciate anything any more at all; he could never have acted as he had tonight if he did.

"Well," I finally told myself, "he's sick and I have to make excuses for him. But why can't he, just once, maybe make excuses for me?"

Two hours later, when all the work was done, I went into the bedroom. Bob was lying in his bed, staring at the ceiling. I knew from the way his mouth was drawn that he was in pain.

"Is it very bad, honey? Will you be able to sleep?" I said softly.

"It's okay."

I waited a moment. Then I said, "I'm sorry if I was cross. I didn't mean to be."

He looked at me then but it wasn't as if he saw me. It was as if he were looking at something a long time ago. "I'm sorry if I was," he said.

Whenever we had quarreled over anything, before Bob was sick—and we had occasionally, as I guess all married people do—we'd always ended it finally together. There had always been a reconciliation that had gone deeper than the quarrel, and made the disagreement as if it had never been. Now nothing was finished. Nothing was ended. It was exactly as if two strangers had apologized for accidentally running into each other on the street.

And that was the way it stayed. Bob and I seemed to withdraw more and more from each other. It was as if we didn't have anything to give each other any more—we who once had given in full and overflowing measure. In trying not to quarrel or misunderstand each other, we just stopped trying to talk—really talk—at all.

I stopped trying to figure it out, and resentment stayed with me. If he really, truly loved me, I thought, he'd stop thinking only of the way he felt and try to understand how I was feeling.

One day at the office, after Gary Gray had finished a lot of dictation, he said, "What's the matter lately, Marjorie? You seem so depressed."

"I am," I said. "Oh, I guess it's nothing really—except just things at home don't seem to go so well any more."

He looked at me sympathetically. "What you need is a little fun. Tell you what—let me drive you home this afternoon and on the way we'll stop off at that new place and have some tea. It will do you good."

It would make me late getting home. But what of it, I thought suddenly. I was late when I had to work overtime. Why shouldn't I be late, just once, to have some pleasure? Bob shouldn't mind—just this one time. So I called Marie at noon and told her to tell Bob I'd be late. I didn't say why. I would tell him when I got there.

And all afternoon I worked with more vigor, thinking how I was going to do something gay and different at the end of the day instead of the same dreary round of going home and cooking dinner and facing the silence that seemed now to come so often and so separatingly between Bob and me.

THE tea room was in one of the new, smart hotels. There was an orchestra for dancing, and lots of well-dressed people. Gary and I had thin little sandwiches, and talked—not of work, but of the people around us and things like that. He could be very amusing, and I found myself laughing as I hadn't laughed in months. One of the things I'd always liked and respected about him was that, in all the time I'd worked in his office, he'd never made a too-personal remark to me. He never, in the slightest way, ever tried to make a bid for personal attention, as some bosses did with their secretaries. And it was the same now. We had a good time together but it was exactly like being out with an older brother.

It was raining when we left. As we drove up in front of my house, Gary took off his topcoat and put it over my shoulders. "Better wear this in," he said, "so you won't get wet." And then we both laughed at the way I looked bundled up in the coat that was so much too big.

He put his arm around me, helping me hold it up, as we ran up the steps of the house. "Come in," I said, "so I can give this back to you."

I opened the door and he followed me in. Bob was sitting in his chair by the window. "Hello, honey. You've never met Gary Gray, the nicest boss anybody ever had. Gary, this is—"

Bob's voice cut over mine, and you could feel the anger in it. "Where have you been?" he demanded.

I stared at him in amazement, and all my gay mood drained away. "Why, we just stopped off for some tea on the way home. I phoned you I'd be late—"

Bob was looking over my shoulder at Gary. "Is this what you call working overtime, Mr. Gray? When my wife has been late getting home before—"

"Bob!" I cried. "For heaven's sake—"

"I'm afraid it's all my fault," Gary interrupted smoothly, ignoring the implication of Bob's words. "This time wasn't overtime. I gave myself the pleasure of inviting Marjorie. I didn't think you'd mind. I'm sorry—"

Bob tried to get up. I saw his hands clenched at his side. "Well, I do mind. And I'd just as soon you left—right now."

Gary Gray looked at him a long moment, in silence. Then he turned to me. "Good night, Marjorie," he said, and picked up his coat and left.

I was shaking with angry humiliation. "What on earth are you doing?" I cried to Bob. "What do you mean—insulting him that way, implying the things you did about not working overtime when we said we were! He was just trying to be nice."

"I don't like other guys being nice to my wife like that! He's too smooth—and if he thinks—"

"He's not! And you behaving like a—a rowdy to him and to me, too! With all the rest I've had to stand, now you have to go and act this way." The tears rushed up and choked me. I ran into the bedroom, slammed the door, and threw myself on the bed.

I cried for a long time. Finally, from the other room, I heard Bob dialing a number on the telephone and talking for a long time. I couldn't hear what he said. Then he opened the door and wheeled in. He came up to the bed beside me and said, very quietly:

"I want to apologize, honey. I just got through apologizing to Gray. You've got to understand and forgive me, too. I'm terribly, deeply sorry."

"You ought to be!" I wouldn't look at him.

"You've got to try and see the way it was for me. I—I've been sick a long time, Marjorie. And I've sat here, day after day, watching all the things you've had to do and feeling like a useless dope because you had to do them. I wanted to look after you, take care of you, and I couldn't. I haven't even been able to kiss you as I've wanted to, for a long time. It was as if the illness—took my manhood away and just left me like a kid you had to look after. Don't you see?"

"But you didn't have to humiliate me like that. As (*Continued on page 67*)

IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Our Gal Sunday

The story of a happy Anglo-American alliance.

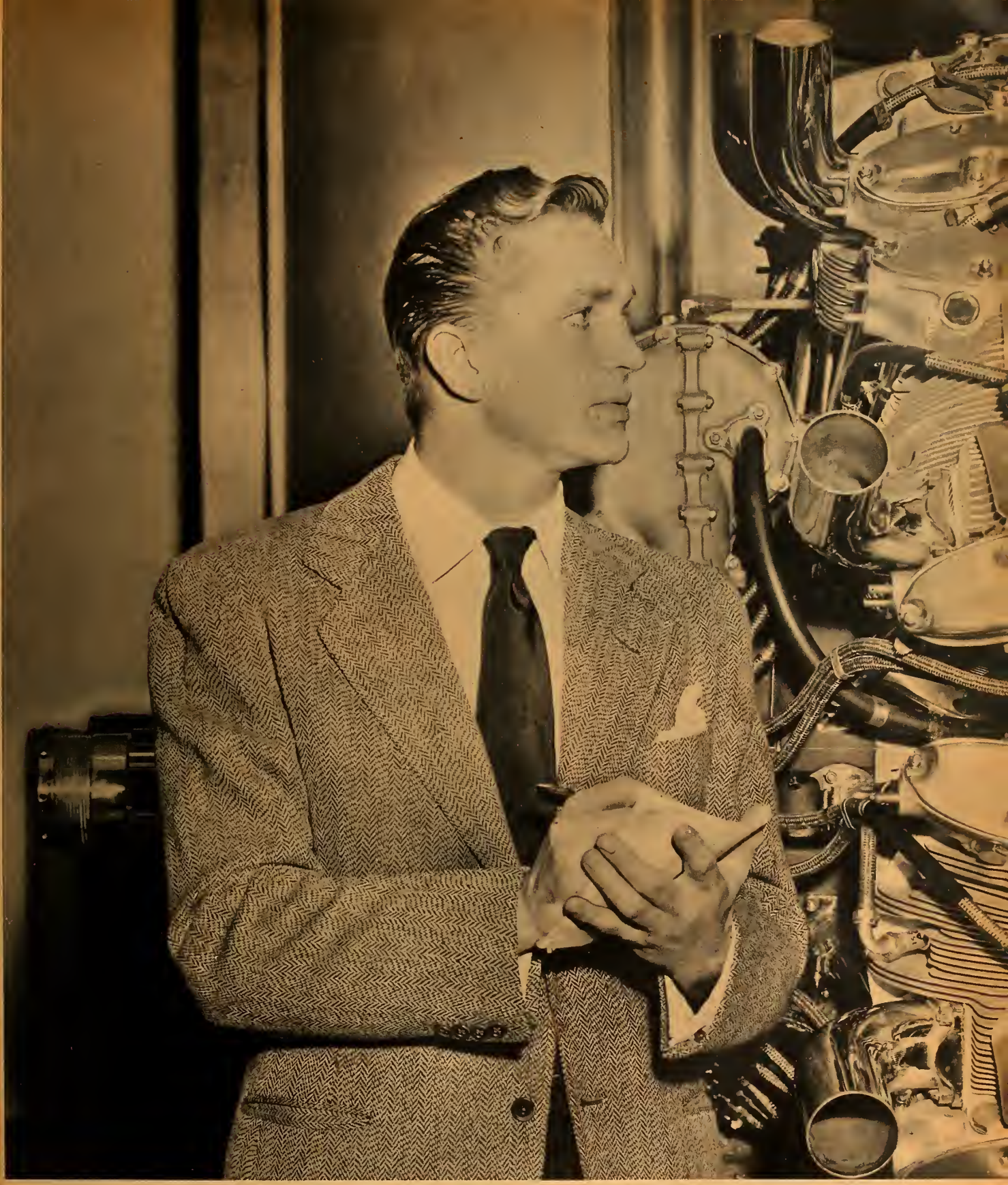
SUNDAY'S strange story began years ago when, a tiny baby, she was left at the door of two old miners. She grew up to loveliness and happiness as the wife of Lord Henry Brinthrope, but she has never solved the mystery surrounding her origin and her background.
(Vivian Smolen)

Produced by Anne and Frank Hummert; heard each weekday at 12:45 P.M. EWT, CBS.

LONNIE, though he is an adopted and not a real son of the Brinthropes, is a true big brother to little David, and a worthy heir to the Brinthrope title.
(played by Alastair Kyle)

CHARLOTTE ABBOTT, the wife of the local doctor, gossips too much; but Sunday admires her for the efficient help she gives her overworked husband.
(played by Elaine Kent)

IRENE GALWAY, next-door neighbor to the Brinthropes and Sunday's trusted friend, will always remember that her present happiness is chiefly due to Sunday. If it had not been for Sunday's tireless efforts, Irene and Peter, her ex-husband, might never have reunited.
(played by Frances Carlon)



LORD HENRY BRINTHROPE, Sunday's beloved husband, was born into wealth and an assured position in the British aristocracy. But he is one of those Englishmen who feels altogether at home with American people and traditions, and has managed to transplant himself and his family from his castle at Balmacruchie, in Scotland, to the thoroughly American environment of the state of Virginia, with no hitches and no regrets. Sunday and Henry, with their three children, are living at Black Swan Hall while Henry devotes his energies to the important work that his airplane plant is accomplishing in turning out needed war supplies.
(Lord Henry Brinthrope played by Karl Swenson)

HILDA MARSHALL was once a famous actress. Suddenly threatened by ruin and disgrace, she took advantage of the fact that she had once lived in the little Western town where Sunday grew up, and, uninvited, thrust herself upon Sunday and Lord Henry at their home in Virginia, Black Swan Hall, in an effort to reconstruct her fortunes and plan her future. Sunday and Lord Henry will not soon forget the strange woman whose visit turned into a period of trouble, very nearly of heartbreak, for them.
(played by Ara Gerald)

LAWRENCE SHEFFIELD, in addition to his capable functioning as Lord Henry's lawyer, has another place in the lives of the Brinthropes; he is their respected, trusted friend. Henry prizes him equally highly in both relationships, and often pays him the tribute of saying "Good old Lawrence, always there when I need him."
(played by Clyde North)

PETER GALWAY is another person whose gratitude to the Brinthropes will last for all of his life. He too will never forget that it is to Sunday and Lord Henry that he owes the happiness of his remarriage to Irene, after the divorce that was so sad a mistake for both of them. An architect, Peter completed some special assignments for the government in connection with the war, and now works at home where he can be close to his wife, his friends, and his adored and adoring small daughter, Dorothy.
(played by Joseph Curtin)

KATHY, in her brusque Scottish way, worships all three of the Brinthrope children, though the newest, baby Caroline, has a particularly firm grip on her sentimental heart. When Sunday and Lord Henry left England, faithful Kathy came with them to America, so that she need never be parted from the family to which she has so long been devoted.
(played by Ruth Russell)

When I saw the painted, neat little house, I thought, "Why, it's not so bad!" But that was before I had seen the inside.

There are many ways of living—some ugly, some tempting. But for Myra and Dick there was only one way, if they were to be truly at home, together

WHEN I woke up, that morning, the train was moving rather slowly through country where the cold breath of the north seemed still to linger, country one step removed from the wilderness. But there was no grandeur about it, I saw as I propped myself up and peered through the window of my lower berth. Scrub evergreens, dark thickets, patches where swamp water reflected the greyness of the sky like a dull mirror. And a little town, its mean buildings cowering, huddling together for protection from the surrounding wasteland.

I remember that I smiled to myself, thinking, "No wonder Dick got away! No wonder he never wanted to bring me here, even for a visit!" I pulled the shade down, shutting out the sight after one last supercilious glance.

But of course the country was still there, waiting, forty-five minutes later when I got off the train at Farr. It greeted me with a gust of cold wind which carried stinging particles of dust, and I shivered in spite of the warm tweed suit I had been wise enough to wear. Down in the city, two hundred miles away, it was Indian summer, but here—why, here it was winter already! If, indeed, it had ever been summer. A wide, unpaved street stretched away at right angles to the railway tracks; a street of shabby wooden buildings, some of them obviously untenanted. The only sign of life was a mud-crusted Ford car which came down the street and stopped a few feet away from me. A man leaned out to look at me. "You Mrs. Terrell?" he asked in a harsh voice.

"Yes," I said, and he unlatched the car door.

"Get in. You can put your valise in back." He was certainly ungracious enough, I thought as I obeyed. No doubt he was a neighbor of Dick's parents who resented being asked to meet me. He was old and thin and strong, with a deeply lined face and brown hands that engulfed the car's steering-wheel, they were so big. He was dressed in a black suit which was green with age and not particularly clean.

"How is Mrs. Terrell now?" I asked. He didn't answer; just shrugged his thin shoulders and swung the car into a narrow, rutted dirt road. Evidently conversation wasn't his strong point. I fell silent, staring out at the dreary landscape. "It's a dead country," Dick had told me once. "It used to be good timber land, but the lumbermen came in and stripped it bare. I mean—really bare. It actually won't support life now."

He had exaggerated there, of course. I closed my eyes, and against the lids I could see Dick again—not in his uniform, because the uniform meant the war, and the war was to be only an interlude in our life together. I brought back, vivid to my memory, the way his brown hair grew irregularly above his forehead, and the lively sparkle of his blue eyes, and the flat leanness of his cheeks; and I heard again, as I heard every day, his voice saying, "We've had one perfect year together, Myra, and it will do for a starter. When I come back we'll pick up exactly where we left off. Until then—"

He hadn't finished, but I had understood. Until then, I was to keep the old life intact. It was Dick's life; he had fought for it and fashioned it himself. Seeing this country, his birthplace, I was realizing all over again exactly how hard he had fought. He'd come from poverty, had worked to put himself through college and medical school, had built up a city practice. That was a good deal for one man to accomplish. And then, just as he had begun to enjoy the fruits of all his work, the war . . .

I opened my eyes, shaking my head a little in self-reproof. I musn't think about the war, or about the fact that at the present moment Dick was some eight thousand miles away from me. Much better to think, instead, of what I could do to help Dick's parents, that unknown old couple I was on my way to meet.

"I don't see why you have to go racing out there yourself," Edith, my brother's wife, had complained when I showed her the telegram signed Amos Fennison, M. D. "Suppose Dick's mother *is* ill? What can you do to help?"

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"He probably could. But I certainly don't think he should—not with the Army and Navy crying for nurses. Besides, I've gone all summer without a vacation. Here's my chance."

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"A high price to pay for curiosity, if you ask me," he commented. "I went through there once, on a hunting trip. It looked awful—and from what Dick's always said, it is."

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"Who wants to make it any better?" he asked lazily. "Time and again, Dick

Here is Home

A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES

When I saw the painted, neat little house, I thought, "Why, it's not so bad!" But that was before I had seen the inside.

There are many ways of living—some ugly, some tempting. But for Myra and Dick there was only one way, if they were to be truly at home, together

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has tried to persuade his people to sell their place and move nearer the city, where he could take care of them. You know that. If they insist on staying . . ." His gesture indicated that it was hopeless to try to help people who wouldn't help themselves.

AND maybe he was right, I thought uncomfortably as the old car rattled down one side of a washed-out gully and up the other. Living here could be nothing but an unending struggle for the barest existence; a refusal to leave argued an unintelligent stubbornness. I glanced at the hard-bitten old man beside me. If only he'd say something!

"Do you live near the Terrells?" I ventured.

He gave me a brief sidelong glance. "No," he said, in that grating voice. "In Farr."

"But—isn't Dr. Fennison going out to the farm today? I thought probably he'd meet me—he sent me the wire telling me to come."

Suddenly he laughed, without merriment. "*I'm* Fennison," he said.

I felt my cheeks crimson in mortification. But how was I to have guessed that this—this shabby, gaunt old man was a doctor? There was nothing of science about him, no sign of education—

He guessed my thoughts, of course. "Not your idea of a doctor, am I?" He pulled the car around a sharp bend in the road. "Nor Dick Terrell's, either, I guess," he added with a slow bitterness.

"You—you know Dick?"

"O' course." Taking his eyes from the road, he let them travel over me with a scorn I saw without understanding—as if he were cataloguing my smart clothes, my slim figure, the modest amount of makeup on my face, and finding them all distasteful. "Brought him into the world . . . Here's the Terrell place."

I looked, and my first thought was, *Why, it's not so bad!* True, the house was small, but it was painted and neat. The fence that separated it from the road was in good repair, and plump chickens scratched in the yard.

Dr. Fennison brought the car to a shuddering stop. "It wasn't my idea to send for you," he said sourly. "There's nothing you can do for Mary Terrell—nothing anybody can do. But Jim said Dick 'ud want you to be sent for. So I did as he said." He got out of the car, snatched up a bag from the floor in back, and was turning toward the house when I stopped him.

"Doctor," I said breathlessly, "I don't know— Just what *is* the matter with Mrs. Terrell?"

"Cancer," he said, without looking at me.

While that one word rang horribly in my ears, I got out my suitcase and followed him to the door of the little house, which was open now. The old man who stood there went with the house. He too was little, and weather-worn, but in excellent repair. Dick would have made two of him, but one look into his bright blue eyes told me that this was indeed Dick's father. Dr. Fennison indicated me with a gesture and a muttered word, and left us, going on into the house.

"Well!" Mr. Terrell said. "So you're Dick's Myra. You look just like your picture, only prettier. Come in, come in—Ma can't hardly wait to see you. Don't believe she slept a wink last night." He saw the pain in my face—how could she sleep, if what Dr. Fennison had told me of her illness was true?—and he patted my hand gently. "Ma don't complain—never has. You'll find that out. All the same, having you here's going to mean a lot to her."

He led me inside, into a low-ceiled living room with painted beaverboard walls. A closed door at one side indicated that Dr. Fennison had gone to his patient; through another door, open, I glimpsed the kitchen. Everything showed the fumbling efforts of the old man to keep house; the floor had been swept, but there was dust on the furniture, and a trayful of soiled dishes lay on the table. He picked it up and took it into the kitchen, apologizing for its presence. "Just as soon's Doc's finished with Ma," he promised, "we'll go in to see her."

I laughed nervously. "I don't think the doctor likes me," I said. "And I made things worse by not realizing he *was* a doctor. I think that insulted him."

"Doc's getting a little crabby in his old age," my father-in-law said with a chuckle. "Don't mind him. He's a real good doctor, though, spite of his ornery ways. He and Dick used to be great friends—I always figured knowin' Doc was why Dick made up his mind to be a doctor too." There was a deep, happy note of pride in his voice as he spoke of Dick, and as he rummaged in a table drawer and brought out Dick's latest V-mail. "Writes to us nearly every week," he said. "Says he's in the Philippines. It's hard to imagine that—I never been farther than Linden, myself."

Yes, the Terrells lived in a remote, completely different world. Again and again, that first day, I was brought face to face with the fact of its difference. It came when I met Mrs. Terrell—Ma—and saw her pain-ravaged, cheerful face, heard her speak quite calmly of dying, as if it were no more than a moving from one house to another; and again when I saw the room where I was to sleep. It was only a lean-to at the back of the cottage—bare and unfinished, with an iron cot and a wash-basin on an old chest of drawers for its furniture. It had been Dick's room.

"It ain't very nice," Mr. Terrell said apologetically. "Dick sent us money to fix up the rest of the house but we never use this room, now he's gone away, so we left it just as it was. I'm sorry now, seein' you got to sleep in it."

I was sorry too, but not for that reason. I was sorry because this room gave me a glimpse of how the whole house had been when Dick was a boy—a boy yearning to get away from its poverty.

"I don't intend to be poor," Dick had said to me—oh, so long ago, three eternal years ago! Roger had introduced us only a few weeks before, and we were flushed from dancing, and the veranda of the country club was a fairyland of moonlight and honeysuckle-perfume. Beside me, Dick leaned on the railing, staring out across the black-and-silver of the care-

"You see," Dick wrote, "I've stopped wanting to pretend that Farr doesn't exist . . ."

I found myself telling Roger and Edith about Farr, even though I knew they would never understand.

fully tended grounds. "It's fine to talk about the nobility of poverty," he said —"except that there's no such thing. Poverty's mean and ugly. I happen to know."

Yes, he knew.

I smiled at Mr. Terrell. "It's just fine," I said. "I'll be perfectly comfortable here."

I had no idea that I was telling the truth. But there *was* a strange sort of comfort—a spiritual comfort, not a physical one—in being here with Dick's parents, in plunging wholeheartedly into the task of making things easier for them. I gave the house a thorough cleaning, washed and ironed curtains and put them up again, cooked a good meal out of the materials I found in the kitchen and made up a list of more groceries to buy in Farr. Mr. Terrell told me Dr. Fennison would do the shopping. "I used to have a mule," he said, "and Ma and I went to town every couple o' weeks, but the mule died about the time Ma was laid on her back and there wasn't much sense gettin' a new one, seeing's I couldn't leave the place anyhow."

Dr. Fennison . . . Dr. Fennison. His name was always cropping up. He *must* be kind, I told myself—but why did he have to be so sour about it? He hadn't said goodby to me when he left the first day, and he didn't say hello to me when he came the second. He took the list from me, glanced at it, and said, "Canned asparagus—hmph! Chittering's grocery in Farr don't even know what that is."

"Oh! I'm sorry—I didn't realize—"

HE cut me short. Thrusting the list into his pocket, he said, "I'll get what I can. Better give me the money now."

Hastily, I got my purse and with trembling fingers (though I didn't quite know whether they were shaking from fright or from anger) produced a ten-dollar bill. He took it without comment.

But I saw the other side of him a moment later. I watched from the window while he stood beside his pitiful old car, talking to Mr. Terrell, and his face lost its grim austerity then, became gentle and kind. It was simply that he didn't like *me*, I realized.

He was only a crotchety old man, and his opinion didn't matter to me. Or did it? If it didn't, why did I find myself, the next day, going to meet him with a smile on my lips as he got out of his car, and being troubled when he froze the smile with a curt nod? Why did I—certainly without planning it—hear myself saying, "Dr. Fennison! I'm sorry if I've offended you?"

He stopped, frowning. "Offended me?"

"Yes—by not realizing you were a doctor, that first day—"

"Oh!" The corners of his mouth drew down. He said—not kindly, but with perfect sincerity, "I'd forgotten all about that."

"Then why don't you like me?" I burst out. "It's plain enough that you don't!"

He stood quite still, looking at me. His eyes, set deep in their sockets, seemed to probe into my brain. Then, inexplicably and very rudely, he turned without a word and went into the house.

Well, I had done my best. If he wanted us to be enemies—

I set my chin and began taking parcels out of the back of the car. I carried them into the kitchen, and stayed there when I heard him come out of the sickroom. Let Mr. Terrell have the honor of talking to him in the future!

I whirled at a sound in the doorway behind me. He was standing there, as tall and forbidding as ever. "Got a couple of hours to spare?" he asked.

"Why—yes, I suppose so—"

"Want to take a ride with me? There's some things I can show you."

As he said it, it was the opposite of an invitation, but— "All right," I said, and went for my hat and coat.

We turned to the right when we drove out of the yard, not to the left toward Farr. We passed another farm like the Terrells'; but after that the road degenerated to a mere track, pierced by out-croppings of granite rock. The car lurched from side to side so violently that I had to grip the door to keep from being thrown against Dr. Fennison. Finally, when he could go no farther, he stopped. "We walk a ways now," he said.

Slipping and stumbling—hating my city awkwardness—I followed him along a path running through undergrowth and scrub pine, skirting a tamarack swamp. "Where are we going?" I asked once, and he answered, "To see a patient of mine."

I SUPPOSE it wasn't more than half a mile, but it seemed ten times that, to the clearing where the rusty-red earth swelled to make a low hill. There was a hole in the side of this hill, framed roughly in timber, with a door swinging crazily on its hinges. Ragged children played there in the dust, but they ran and hid when they saw us. Dr. Fennison marched to the door, and through it. I hesitated. Inside I could see nothing but blackness—a heavy, solid kind of blackness, as if you would have to push your way through it. Then I took a deep breath and followed. It was not as dark as I'd thought. Enough light came in through the door and a sort of window on the crest of the hill overhead to show me a boarded-up room, a rusted stove, a bed made out of lumber nailed together, some boxes and rickety chairs. A woman was on the bed, and another woman was standing by the stove. Both were thin, both watched us with dull, incurious eyes. It was impossible to guess their ages, because somehow you knew that time had different values here; a year in their lives was the equal of ten years outside.

Feeling faint and oppressed, I stood near the door, waiting while Dr. Fennison bent over the woman on the bed. Rags covered her; he pulled them gently aside, touching her wasted flesh, talking to her with friendly roughness. "You been taking those pills I left you? Every night and morning, like I told you?"

"I did for a while," the woman said in a high, querulous voice. "But they didn't seem t'do me no good, Doc. What I need's a tonic—I get such bad shortness o' breath when I try to get up. . . ."

"You swallow those pills and forget about the tonic," Dr. Fennison told her sternly. "Where's Lafe? He get any crop in?"

The other woman laughed—a dreadful sound. "Blight got it—Pop let it rot on the ground."

"I don't rightly know where Lafe is now," the sick woman said. "Might be out in the woods somewheres—he said somethin' about borrowin' Wheelers' mule to sledge some wood into town. But he ain't feelin' so good these days either, Doc."

"No, I suppose not," Dr. Fennison said dryly. He had a hypodermic needle in his hand, and the woman shrank away, but he paid no attention. Swabbing clean a spot on her arm, he deftly inserted the needle and depressed the plunger. "There now," he said. "You finish those pills—here's another bottle for when you've finished the old one. And tell Lafe if he happens to be in town to come and see me." He turned to the other woman. "And how're you feelin', Nancy?"

In all, I think we spent nearly an hour in or just outside that dark hovel. Dr. Fennison looked at the children, too, after Nancy had captured and brought them, screaming, to him. They were miserably thin, and all appeared to have colds—and no wonder, I thought, considering the way they lived, like little savages!

At last we were walking back the way we'd come, and Dr. Fennison asked quietly, "Well? What do you think of the Thatchers?"

I shuddered. "Horrible," I said in a choked voice. "I can't believe—I never knew people lived this way—not in America!"

"They do, though. And if you think the Thatchers are bad off—!" He stopped and faced around, looking past me up the narrow path. "There's others, farther in—so far in that I can't even get to *them*."

All at once, he no longer seemed grim or forbidding, but only a rather tired and frustrated old man, struggling against overwhelming odds.

"Thank you for showing me," I said humbly. "You make me feel so— If there were only something I could do. But what can *anyone* do for people like that?"

His eyes flashed out at me. "Do? Plenty! Dick Terrell could have done something—if he hadn't turned his back on the place where he was born, and gone off to the city to make money and marry a city wife!"

The attack was so unexpected that for a moment I could only stare at him.

The story Here Is Home was adapted from a problem presented originally on the John J. Anthony program. Hear it on Mutual, daily, at 1:45 P.M., EWT.

"You think those people back there are past all help, don't you?" he demanded. "Well, let me tell you, young lady, that's not so. Yes—they're poor, and they don't get enough to eat. But nobody helps 'em. Nobody's ever helped 'em. Every day that passes, they get sicker and weaker, and the rest of the country goes on, payin' no attention. Not even a doctor to nurse their aches and pains—nobody but an old crock that can't get any place but where his car will take him, and that doesn't know anything newer in medicine than what was found out in nineteen-hundred!"

His face working, he turned abruptly and strode on down the path. I needed all my breath to keep up with him, and perhaps this was just as well, because it gave me time to realize why his attitude toward me had been so prickly. He blamed Dick for staying in the city to practice instead of coming back here—and he blamed me for the influence he fancied I'd had on Dick in making that decision. But that wasn't fair, I told myself, not fair at all! I felt that I had to defend Dick, and as we reached the car I said:

"You think Dick should have come back here to practice—is that it?"

Climbing wearily into the seat behind the wheel, he said, "I hoped he would. When he was a little fellow, he used to go with me on my calls—used to talk to me, and learn everything I had to tell him. *I* set him on the road to bein' a doctor, and the reason I did it was because I hoped there'd be somebody better and younger'n me to take care o' these people."

"But you can't seriously expect Dick to bury himself in this backwoods, Dr. Fennison!—to waste all the years of study and sacrifice that went into his education!"

"Waste?" he said sternly. "Do you call it wasting his education to use it saving people's lives?"

"He saves lives in the city, too!" I said defiantly.

"And if he wasn't there, they'd be saved anyway because there are plenty of other doctors around!" he retorted. "No, young lady, you can say what you want, but this is where Dick ought to be. Oh, I know it ain't very attractive, and he'd never get rich, if *that's* what he wants most out o' life. But there's a real job to be done, and he wouldn't starve at it. The county's ready to pay a health officer in this district, if it could get a man that'd really do the work, and there's no other doctor than me closer than Briarly, forty miles east o' Farr, so he'd have some paying practice of his own. These people *can* be helped—only reason so many of 'em are poor and shiftless is that they're sick, they haven't got the energy to do anything for themselves—"

He had begun now, and he didn't stop again, all the way back to the Terrell farm. He talked steadily, telling me of patients he'd saved and patients he'd lost, of reclamation and reforestation schemes which could be carried out on this blasted land if only its people had (*Continued on page 60*)

Ring around my finger

As told by ELISSA LANDI
to
MARTHA ROUNTREE

THE other day I was poking around in an old trunk battered from cross-country theatrical tours. (I have a mania for keeping all sorts of souvenirs) when, caught between a spangled headdress and an old crinoline skirt, I found a calendar. There was a big, bold, carelessly-drawn circle around the date May 5, 1943. I sat back and smiled reminiscently, as I remembered that night.

We had played our last-but-one performance of "Candida" in Boston. Shortly after the curtain fell on our final scene, there was a knock on my dressing-room door, and I opened it to a very tall, dark-haired young man, whose hat seemed strangely familiar. "I know this hat and this man—" I told myself, "but from where?"

Exerting my memory to its fullest, I came up with, "Mr. Curtis, how nice."

"Curtis Thomas," he corrected me with a smile. "Remember—Cambridge, cocktails, and our literary agent?"

"Of course," I said as the light dawned, "of course, won't you come in?"

"I just dropped by," he stammered, "on the chance that you might be free this evening."

"I'm very sorry," I shook my head, "but I have an engagement. As a matter of fact, he is due here any minute."

He looked crestfallen for a moment—then he asked me if he might sit with me until my date arrived.

When fifteen minutes went by and my Marine date had not landed, I arose and put on my hat. "Either there has been a misunderstanding, or I'm being stood up," I announced.

"Is it my pleasure to take you to supper?" Curtis asked.

I remember thinking that the old-fashioned phrase sounded most refreshing. I

A ring around a date on Elissa's calendar marked the start of an interstate romance that culminated in another kind of ring

have learned since that he has a certain inherent formality that is very endearing—and never, never stuffy.

Just as we started to leave, I laughingly picked up an eyebrow pencil and circled the date, which was May 5. "There," I said, tossing the pencil back into my make-up box, "that will serve to remind me of the first time I was stood up."

Little did I realize that only a few months later this particular date would assume an entirely different significance. A flippant gesture, a ring around a broken date, would evolve into a ring around my third finger, left hand, after an exciting summer romance.

WE spent the evening drinking coffee and talking. Everything under the sun came up for discussion; in fact, we were so absorbed in our conversation that the time flew and we found ourselves practically thrown out of the restaurant at three in the morning. Still talking, we walked back to the Ritz, where I was staying. I had never enjoyed anyone's company so much. But Curtis said good-night in the entrance without making a future date.

"Landi," I sent myself a mental note as I crossed the lobby, "you're hooked. And he lives in Massachusetts and you in New York!" Then I was struck by the difference between this meeting and our first one, eleven months before, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where I was playing in the Brattle Hall Playhouse, in Somerset Maugham's play "Theatre." My literary agent had come up to see me to discuss my book, "The Pear Tree." I was apologetic that she had to make the trip, but she assured me that I should not feel too bad about it.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I have another author in this neck of the woods. He's written an exceptionally good historical novel, but like most young writers he's written too much. I have to talk to him about cutting it down."

I could not help remembering this description several days later when I met a very serious young man, with a battered and beloved-looking felt hat, who immediately identified himself to me by saying, "By the way, Miss Landi, we have a mutual friend."

"Really," I said, surprised, "who?"

"My literary agent."

"Ah," I said, "you are the man who wrote the historical novel!"

From then on all conversation was based on history, so far as I can remember. I had to leave for the theater so soon after our meeting that we really had no chance to get acquainted, and it wasn't until I was lucky enough to be stood up by my Marine Captain one night—eleven months later—that we really got to know each other.

Two days later, Curtis asked me to dinner before the theater. It didn't seem possible that there could be so much to talk about, so many ideas to compare, and experiences to relate! The dinner hour seemed over before it had begun, and I felt a little unhappy as I bade him good-bye because, you see, we were closing the next evening,

Versatile Curtis Thomas writes historical novels in his serious moments, sonnets for relaxation.

and I had to go right back to New York.

But Curtis wrote to me, after that. His letters had the same warmth, understanding and absorbing interest as his company; and as we became even better acquainted through our letters, I was suddenly set back on my heels by a lovely sonnet for me which he enclosed in a letter one day. I had not suspected that such a serious thinker and writer could also be so sentimental, but now that I knew it, I began to look forward to those verses. And they became more romantic and more charming with each letter.

We played a return engagement in Cambridge several weeks later, and I saw Curtis practically every night. A few of my very close friends were in Cambridge at the time, and Curtis came down from Boston, and for the two weeks the play was scheduled we had a wonderful time. We all just seemed to click together, and when the show moved on to Providence, Rhode Island, the quintet continued.

When the play closed, I invited them all up to my farm in Kingston.

The day we arrived was warm, and I kept promising them bracing showers and cool things to eat and drink. But I painted the delights of farm life too gaily—and too soon!

My father met us at the farmhouse with the alarming news that my maid had up and left. A mild sort of panic seized me when I thought of the ten-room house, the farm chores, and four guests. I had promised them fun—not hard labor!

It was then that Curtis—the serious thinker, the sonnet-writer—displayed another talent. He came to the rescue with a burst of domesticity that was amazing. He pitched right in to all the work with an enthusiasm that is rare in a man and practically unheard of in a poet-writer. I began to regard him with a sort of amazed wonder. "This man," I thought, "can do *anything!*"

One day, he and I were weeding the beet patch. We'd yank at a weed and then stretch the kinks out. I was tugging away at a particularly stubborn one, and talking about my plans for the immediate future.

"I'm going to arrange my life so I can stay on the farm," I told him, frowning at the weed, "and write."

"Just write?"

"Well," I considered, "I expect to do a radio program soon."

"Where," he asked without looking at me, "do I fit into these plans?"

"What?" I looked at him quickly.

"You know I'm madly in love with you," he said gently.

I gasped, wide-eyed with amazement. And, inexplicably, I dissolved into tears. It wasn't until that moment when he looked so earnestly into my eyes and told me he loved me that I realized how important he was in my life. It was a pretty stunning realization to come upon out of the blue; I felt that I had to think over this thing, and figure out what had happened. Later that afternoon, while my friends were engaged in a violent political discussion, Curtis came back into the kitchen where I was ironing a shirt. He straddled a chair and sat watching me.

"You shouldn't be doing that," he grinned. "Now, if we were married, I could do half the housework."

There was a serious undertone to the joking. "Do you mean you really want to get married?" I asked him rather breathlessly.

He got up and came over to me. "When would you like me to speak to your father?"

"Curtis, in this day and age?" I said. "Does a man really ask a girl's father for her hand nowadays?"

A few minutes later I just rescued the shirt, which was on the verge of going up in smoke.

We were married the next month in a little wedding chapel on Park Avenue, with only our immediate families and four very close friends attending. That was August 28, 1943.

We are terribly happy. We are exceptionally compatible. We like the same people, entertainment, food and general way of life. We both love children. In September, 1944, Caroline Maude was born.

And it's particularly wonderful that all of our evenings are as absorbing as that first one in Boston. We have everything in common—our daughter, our writing, and now we both are in radio, too. Curtis is my best critic, and he and Caroline Maude stay at home and listen to me every Wednesday night on the radio. I have a show called Between Us Girls, which is a Roundtable of Romance, and like everything else I do these days, it's fun because happiness makes the whole world seem wonderful. All the fun in life is doubled, as if by magic, when there is another person to share it—but it has to be the *one* other person.

Beautiful Elissa Landi has such a vigorous creative talent that she can't confine it to a single field of action. She has matched her brilliant career on the stage with movie success; has recently published a well-received mystery novel; now emerges as star of Mutual's Between Us Girls, Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M. EWT.

THE STORY:

SANDY COVE was the same as it had always been, when sixteen-year-old Grace Landon came to spend the summer, as she did every year, with Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily. Grace thought it would be the same kind of summer, too—until she met Ronnie Sears, the nineteen-year-old Coast Guardsman from the Station near town, whom the aunts had taken to their hearts. And immediately it became different from anything that had ever happened to her. For Ronnie and Grace fell in love—the violent, irresistible, unthinking love of early youth, the love that demands fulfillment, that will admit no outside influence to guide its course. There was only one thing to do about this, Ronnie and Grace decided—and so they were married, secretly, by a nearby Justice of the Peace.

Ronnie and Grace had five stolen days and nights together, before Ronnie got his orders and shipped out. Grace was miserable in her loneliness, and in the necessity for keeping her marriage secret from her aunts when she longed to shout it to the world; but gradually she realized that the secret could not be kept much longer. She was going to have a baby. Panic-stricken, she made childish, impossible plans . . . she would get a job, take care of all the details herself . . . no one should ever know, until Ronnie came back. But even while she frantically planned, she knew she could never do it. She was only sixteen—she needed help, adult help. Afraid to turn to her own family, she fell back on her last hope. Ronnie's parents—surely he must have written them something about her. Surely they would at least know her name as a friend of their son's, and then she could go to them and tell them she was in reality their daughter-in-law. Timidly, she placed a long distance phone call to Ronnie's home, timidly gave her name to Ronnie's mother. Mrs. Sears was apologetic. "I'm so sorry," she said, "but there are so many of Ronnie's friends whose names I never know. . . ." Quietly, Grace replaced the receiver.

SOMEONE tapped sharply against the door of the phone booth. I looked up. The face of a truckman, large and impatient, peered through the glass panel. "I got a call to make, too, girlie—"

I rose stiffly, pushed open the door, said something apologetic to the truckman. How long had I sat there, I wondered, unable to move, unable to think, just wishing that I could find a dark hole and crawl into it and never, never have to face the world again.

I walked out of the shop, started blindly down the street toward the shore. I moved without purpose, aware only that I must get away from the town, away from the lighted windows and the people behind them, people

I looked at Ronnie teasingly, and said, "Aunt Fran says we're too young to know what real love is."

who had no dreadful secrets that cut them off from the world, people whose lives were straight and clear and open. I crossed the highway, went down the concrete steps of the breakwater, and then there was sand under my feet, and a stiff, stinging wind from the sea. I pressed into it, worked down toward the water's edge, as if I would find sympathy in the lonely roll of the waves . . . and because Ronnie was out there somewhere, on the dark and restless water.

He'd never said that he loved me. . . . I didn't want to think about that. It didn't matter surely, when his every letter said how much he missed me and longed to be with me, when I had so many endearments, so many little tendernesses to remember. But still, he hadn't mentioned me to his parents . . . and he had not, I knew, except perhaps casually. And I knew that if I'd had parents to write to, my letters would have been full of Ronnie. Why, I'd even told Uncle William and Aunt Martha many things about him. . . .

I came to the rocks at the point, and I climbed them in reckless haste, not caring that I slipped sometimes, not caring that the rough surfaces bruised my hands and my knees, finding in the physical pain some release for the hopelessness and misery stored within me. Half-way up, on the flat, windworn ledge where Ronnie and I had often sat, I rested and looked back toward Sandy Cove. The houses looked like toy houses at this distance; I could pick out the tall dark shape of Aunt Fran's house and a few doors down the lighted windows of Miss Bailey's, where Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily were having dinner, waiting for me to join them to make a fourth at bridge. What would happen, I wondered, if I should walk into Miss Bailey's and tell my aunts that I hadn't had dinner with one of the girls, that I'd been trying to call Ronnie's mother because Ronnie and I had been married in June and I was going to have a child? Would it be so much harder, after all, than the time I'd confessed to breaking Aunt Fran's prized heirloom vase when I was a little girl? I still didn't see that Ronnie and I had committed a crime, even though Aunt Fran had said that a boy ought to go to the reformatory for marrying a sixteen-year-old girl. I stared at Miss Bailey's windows, knowing that I wasn't going to walk into her house and tell my aunts anything about Ronnie and me, knowing that somehow we'd done something terribly wrong, even if I didn't understand what was wrong with marrying the person you loved.

I huddled back against the sheltering rocks, brushed my cheek against the gritty surface, tried to recall what it had been like, being there with Ronnie, trying to conjure his presence at my side. And nothing happened. I couldn't feel his arms around me, couldn't hear the way his voice dipped when he spoke my name. Couldn't see his smile, his (*Continued on page* 80)

The way love finds you

Had the summer been wasted—the summer that had brought Grace such warm enchantment, such frightening pain? Or had it been, instead, merely a prelude to other summers . .

Valley

The battle that begins with c

By LT. RALPH J. ANSLOW, U.S.A

LAST Tuesday I received more letters than all the other patients on Ward Six combined. They weren't ordinary letters.

"This is a big world," one said, "so I know I'll never have the honor of meeting you; but I want to thank you for what you have done to keep America safe. Your courage and faith is something I shall never forget, nor shall I forget what you've done." . . .

"I was a former teacher of French," another said, "before I was stricken with my illness, which has made me a shut-in for five years. (It is a condition similar to Lou Gehrig's.) I had about given up everything, but after last night I have new ambition and courage—and my French books are out this morning." . . .

"Was much interested for the fact that you came from New Castle, N. B. I was in that territory from 1889 to 1893. I worked as night operator at Beaver Brook and fished in that brook three hundred feet east of the station where Lord Beaverbrook used to fish when he was a boy. Wonder if you ever knew a fellow by the name of J. Gordon Edgar who was secretary to J. B. Snowball in Chatham. He had a sister Belle who married a clergyman. Was much interested in your case. Sincerely hope you get fixed up and make the grade for a life work." . . .

"Our two sons, Bob, twelve, and Dick, nine, were most thrilled at your story." . . .

"Que Dios le ayude a elevar a cabo todo lo que desea, y mucho mas!" . . .

Personal letters, all of them. Yet I have never seen the people who wrote them, and until the day before, they had never heard of me. I was a nameless soldier in a military hospital. They were the nameless public that tuned in its twenty million radios at eight o'clock on a Monday evening, to a program called Vox Pop.

I like radio programs where people are called in and interviewed before

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Forge—1945

A wounded soldier's return home can be more bitter than any other fighting he has faced . . .

the microphone. They have a human-interest flavor that you don't get from the big-name shows. I used to wonder how they picked the people they interviewed. They'd never picked me—I knew that, and I'd traveled around a lot. Perhaps they took someone from the audience, or a name out of the telephone directory. It could be anyone, you could tell from the voice. It just never happened to be me.

Two days after Christmas—the second Christmas I've spent at Valley Forge General Hospital—a Gray Lady came into my room with a long sheet of paper in her hand.

"Lieutenant," she said, "here's a chance for a late Christmas present."

"*For* me," I said, "or *from* me? That looks like a tax-blank."

"It isn't," she said. "The Vox Pop radio program sent us these. They're going to broadcast from the Red Cross auditorium here on New Year's night, and they want to select five people from the hospital to appear on the program. Why don't you fill it in? You might be one of the lucky ones."

"It's a big hospital," I said. "Lots of men around here have an interesting story to tell—better than mine."

"You've got as good a chance as any," she said. "Anyway, you've got nothing to lose. Why don't you give it a try?"

She been a good friend of mine, this

"I had about given up, but after your broadcast I have new courage."

"I agree with you; the handicapped do not want or need pity."

"Your courage and faith, and what you've done, I shall never forget."

Gray Lady. I don't believe in luck, but I wanted to please her.

"All right," I agreed. "What do they want to know?"

She helped me fill out the questionnaire. She helped me because I've lost one of my eyes and have only hazy vision in the other. My name: Ralph J. Anslow. . . Birthplace: Newcastle, New Brunswick, Canada, but an American citizen since 1937. . . . Years in military service: Ten . . . The long list of questions was no different from any standard questionnaire, with the exception of one curved-ball question: "What is the most outstanding experience you've ever had?" I didn't know whether this applied to business achievement or narrow escape or what. You could take it any way.

My mind went back to a certain day many years ago. I was working on a log-drive on a stream called Grog Brook, which runs into the Upsalquitch, in New Brunswick. A very bad jam had formed where this wild stream makes an almost right-angle turn after it piles up in a boiling mass against the foot of a cliff. This jam was tangled up like a keg of nails. As we worked down on the face of it, dogging the logs out one by one with our peaveys, the water which swirled away below us was feather-white.

About three hundred yards below us on the river a great granite boulder was bared by the receding current, so that logs started to pile up on the head of rock, (*Continued on page* 69)

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The battle that begins with a wounded soldier's return home can be more bitter than any other fighting he has faced . . .

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This is not just a song. This is a plea for the thousands of nurses the Army so desperately needs. This is a challenge—is there any way in which you can help to speed the final victory?

On more than eight hundred local stations, Cpl. Leon Gray's baritone heralds the Recruiting Publicity Bureau's show, The Voice of The Army.

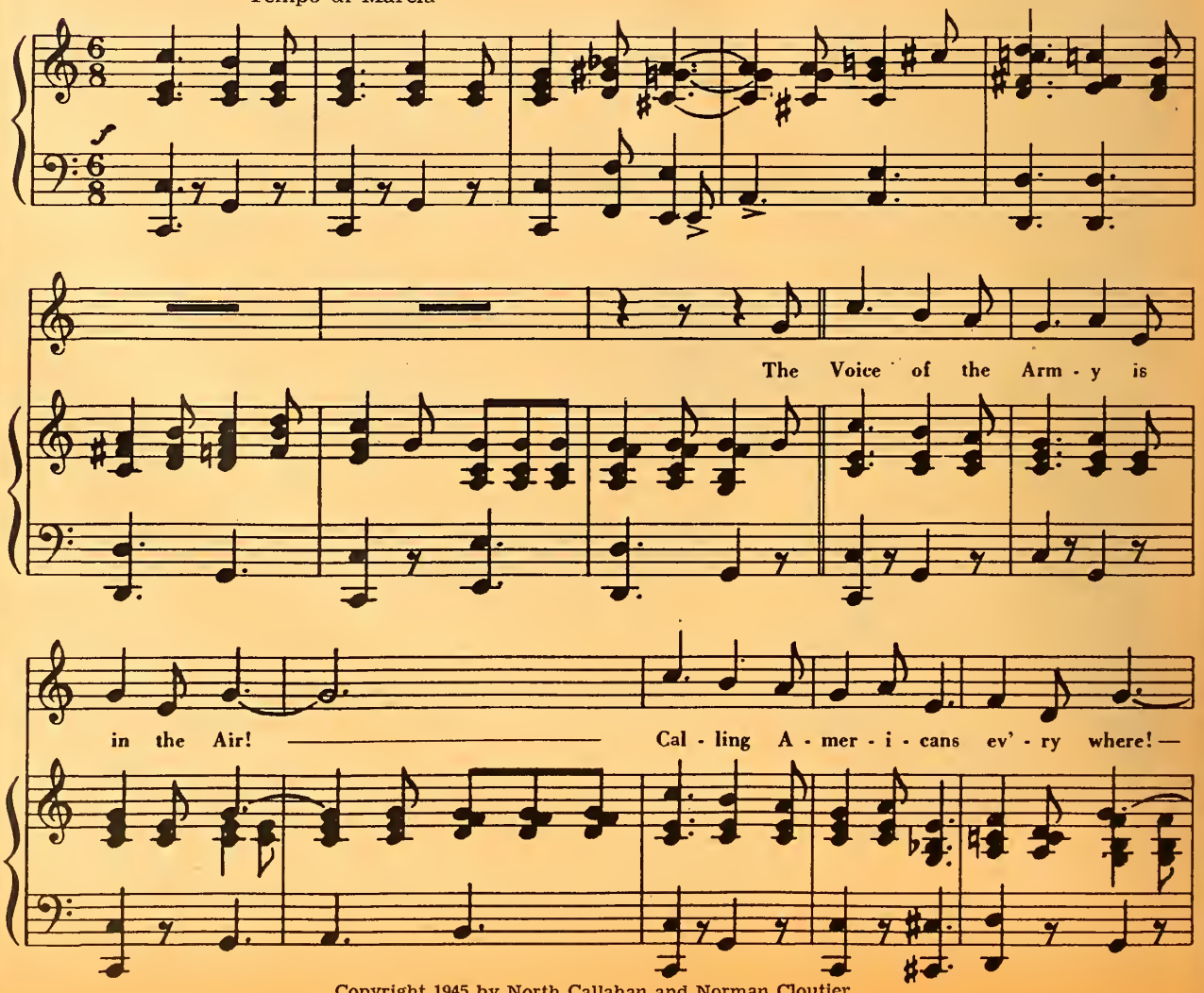
THE VOICE OF THE ARMY

The Official Song of the U. S. Army Recruiting Service

Lyric by
NORTH CALLAHAN

Music by
NORMAN CLOUTIER

Tempo di Marcia



May - be you're just the one we are look - ing for! —— to vol - un -

teer and help win the war! —— While our brave sol - diers

fight through - out the un - i - verse! —— Won't you serve as a U. S. Ar - my

Nurse? The Voice of the Ar - my is cal - ling you! ——

—— to get in step with the march to Vic - to - ry! ——

Vegetable Variety

Vegetables double as main dishes in these days of rationing, when you employ a trick or two—like these curry biscuits for shortcake.

ONE of the nicest things about summer is the added zest with which we eat. It is easy to tempt the appetite when Victory Gardens and markets are filled with brilliantly colored vegetables, offering color and appeal. But appeal depends on variety of preparation as well as on variety of ingredients for even a popular food grows tiresome if served always in the same ways, and so this month I have collected from my vegetable files some of my favorite recipes. Try them while fresh produce is abundant, and earmark the ones that prove most popular with your family, to make next winter with your home-canned vegetables or with the quick-frozen variety.

Vegetable Curry Shortcake

4 tbls. butter or other fat
3 tbls. flour
1 tsp. salt
Pinch pepper
2½ cups milk
½ tsp. grated onion
1 egg yolk
2 tbls. diced green pepper
2 tbls. pimiento, cut in 1-inch strips
2½ cups cooked mixed vegetables
1 tbl. butter
Curry biscuits

Make thick white sauce of butter, flour, salt, pepper and milk, using double boiler. Add onion. Add beaten egg yolk to a small quantity of sauce and blend, then pour gradually into remaining sauce and cook 5 minutes more. Drop green pepper into boiling water and let stand 10 minutes. Add to sauce with pimiento and mixed vegetables and remaining 1 tbl. butter. Serve shortcake style on Curry Biscuits. Green beans, lima beans, carrots, corn, peas and mushrooms in any desired combination may be used. Serve with an additional cooked vegetable if desired—peas, for example, if peas have not been included in the cooked vegetable combination.

Curry Biscuits

2 cups cake flour
2 tsps. double-acting baking powder
¾ tsp. curry powder
½ tsp. salt
5 tbls. shortening
½ cup milk

Sift flour before measuring. Add baking powder, curry powder and salt and sift together. Cut in shortening. Add milk and stir to form soft dough. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead 30 seconds. Roll out ½ inch thick and cut with floured 2-inch biscuit cutter. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in 450 degree oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Vegetable Casserole

2 cups sliced green beans
1 cup thin-sliced onion rings
2 cups thin-sliced raw potatoes
1 can condensed mushroom soup
1 tbl. butter or other fat
1 tsp. salt
Pinch pepper

Place beans in buttered casserole, cover with onion rings, then with potatoes. Spread soup over top. Dot with butter and add salt and pepper. Bake, covered, in 400 degree oven 50 minutes. Stir thoroughly, cover again and bake until vegetables are tender, about 20 minutes longer. Uncover and continue cooking until brown. Corn, lima or wax beans, peas or carrots may be used in place of green beans. If quick-frozen vegetables are used, do not thaw before placing in casserole; cooking heat will defrost.

Favorite Vegetable Stew

1 eggplant
4 onions
2 green peppers
6 stalks celery
1 garlic clove
4 tomatoes
6 tbls. olive or salad oil
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper

Peel eggplant and cut into 1½-inch cubes, cut onions into eighths and pepper and celery into 2-inch strips. Place in heavy stew pan with garlic; pour in oil and toss as you toss salad until vegetables are well covered with oil.

Cover and cook over low heat until vegetables are almost tender, about 45 minutes. Add tomatoes, cut into quarters, salt and pepper and continue cooking until tomatoes are cooked through.

BY KATE SMITH

RADIO ROMANCES FOOD COUNSELOR

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

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

SUNDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News and Organ Recital
		8:30	CBS:	Four Clubmen
		8:30	Blue:	Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist
		8:45	CBS:	Bennett Sisters
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News of the World
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	World News Roundup
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
5:00	8:15	9:15	Blue:	White Rabbit Line
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	NBC String Quartet
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Words and Music
		10:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
		11:00	MBS:	Pauline Alpert
	10:00	11:00	Blue:	AAF Symphonic Flight Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Marion Loveridge
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	News from Europe
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Concert Orchestra
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	George Hicks from Europe
10:45	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow (from London)
		1:15	NBC:	America United
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue:	Sammy Kay's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Sweetheart Time
10:15	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Problems of the Peace
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Ford Show
11:00	1:00	2:00	MBS:	Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00		2:00	CBS:	Stradivari Orchestra
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
		2:30	Blue:	National Vespers
11:55		2:55	CBS:	Olin Downs
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic
		3:00	Blue:	Charlotte Greenwood Show
		3:00	NBC:	WEAF World Parade
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Ethel Barrymore as "Miss Hattie"
		3:30	MBS:	You Were Meant to Be a Star
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Darts for Dough
		4:00	MBS.	Your America
		4:30	Blue:	Andrews Sisters Show
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Nelson Eddy
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey—RCA Show
		4:30	MBS:	What's the Name of That Song
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Mary Small Revue
		5:00	MBS:	Let's Face the Issue
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Nick Carter
		5:30	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera Presents
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Silver Theatre
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	Quick as a Flash
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
8:00		6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
		6:30	MBS:	Upton Close
		6:45	MBS:	Dick Brown
		7:00	MBS:	Opinion Requested
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Wayne King Orchestra
4:15	5:15	7:15	Blue:	Don Gardiner, News
8:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Greenfield Village Chapel
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Frances Langford, Spike Jones
8:30	7:00		CBS:	Blondie
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
		8:15	Blue:	Dorothy Thompson, News
		8:30	Blue:	Joe E. Brown
8:00	7:00	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Eddie Bracken Story
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Radio Readers Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Steel Horizons
7:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue:	Hollywood Mystery Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theatre, James Melton
		9:30	MBS:	Cedric Foster
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
8:15	8:30	9:45	Blue:	Jimmie Fidler
		9:45	MBS:	Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	The Life of Riley
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
		10:00	MBS:	Earl Wilson Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Comedy Theatre, Harold Lloyd
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We the People
		10:30	MBS:	What's the Good Word
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Searchinger
		10:15	MBS:	This Is Helen Hayes
10:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story

DRUMMER TO CROONER . . .

Now that Andy Russell has been signed by Paramount, maybe it's time to give out with a little information about the singing star of the Andy Russell Show, which is presented by the Blue Network Saturday nights at 10 (EWT).

Andy wasn't always a singer. He started out in life on the tough east side of Los Angeles, twenty-four years ago. And it was tough going, too. Not only did he have to contend with the neighborhood kids to keep his place—he was one of eleven children and frequently had to put up a fight for his rights.

When Andy was sixteen, the show business bug hit him. He ran away from school to join Gus Arnheim's band as a drummer and singer. He stayed with the band for four years. While singing and playing with local bands in and around Los Angeles, Andy got lots of offers from leading bands. Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Charlie Spivak and Tommy Dorsey all put in bids for his talents, but all of them, except Tommy Dorsey who was satisfied with having Frank Sinatra as his vocalist, wanted Andy to double on vocals and drums and Andy didn't accept any of the offers.

He finally left Arnheim to go with Sonny Dunham and, after a stay with that band, shifted to Alvino Rey's orchestra. That was when Paul Whiteman heard him sing and offered him a job as a staff singer for the Blue Network. That was for Andy.

Not long after he joined the Blue's Hollywood staff, Andy recorded a Mexican song, which made record sales history. It was "Besame Mucho." He followed that success with recordings of "Amor" and "Magic Is the Moonlight," and those two hit the top.

When Bob Crosby went into the Marines, Andy was selected to co-star with Les Tremayne on the Crosby air series. He went to New York that summer and broke attendance records in New York's theatres and night clubs. That was when the Russell fan clubs began sprouting up all over the country. The girls call themselves, appropriately enough, "Russell Sprouts."

On Andy's return to Hollywood, the movies began to sit up and take notice. Followed some screen tests—and a nice contract.

He should do all right in pictures. Andy's of Spanish and Mexican ancestry. That's where he gets that handsome, olive skinned, dark haired, brown eyed and very romantic look. What his ideas concerning romance are, he's not telling. He doesn't drink or smoke—and—he thinks night clubbing is a waste. He refuses to take night club engagements, because he doesn't like the late hours and the smoke and noise.

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed & Polly East
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Lisa Sergio
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:10	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman In White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment With Life
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Ethel and Albert
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
		4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	"I'll Buy That"
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS.	House of Mystery
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
		5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
		6:00	NBC:	Hoagy Carmichael
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Tim Healy
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Hedda Hopper's Hollywood
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone From Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Blind Date
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Sherlock Holmes
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Happy Island—Ed Wynn
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Information Please
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
		10:00	MBS:	Leave It To Mike
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Cameron Andrews Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Army Air Forces Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	The Woman's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Britto
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:45	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
		3:45	Blue:	"Yours Alone"
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
	3:40	4:45	CBS:	The Raymond Scott Show
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:15	4:00	5:00	MBS:	Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
9:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy, Sports
		6:40	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
3:35	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	News
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:30	Blue:	The Green Hornet
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Everything for the Boys
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone from Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:30	Blue:	Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Theatre of Romance
		8:30	MBS:	Roy Rogers Show
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Gracie Fields Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mystery Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	The Doctor Fights
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	9:30	NBC:	Victor Borge
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John S. Hughes
R 7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Listen, the Women
R 7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Man Called X
10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Service to the Front
		10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks
		10:30	MBS:	Wings for Tomorrow
7:30			NBC:	Sigmund Romberg Orchestra
		11:15	CBS:	Joan Brooks

BETSY ROSS GIRL . . .

She's just getting to the age when it becomes important for a girl to start doing everything she can to be glamorous. Marion Loveridge, NBC's Betsy Ross Girl, heard Sundays at 11:45 A.M. (EWT), is just past sixteen, lovely with brown hair and brown eyes and the complexion that no amount of artifice can ever duplicate. Not long ago, Marion was "done up" by experts in the arts of make-up and clothes and she turned out very glamorous, indeed. But it wasn't long before she was back to her natural self again. It was more comfortable that way.

Marion was born in Brooklyn, New York, on New Year's Eve in 1929. One afternoon, when Marion was four years old, a stranger knocked at Mrs. Loveridge's door in Brooklyn and asked whether any of that lady's children needed vocal lessons. Mrs. Loveridge said no.

"What about her?" asked the man, pointing at Marion.

"Oh, she can't sing," Mrs. Loveridge said.

"How do you know?" the man asked.

Much to Mrs. Loveridge's amazement, in a few minutes the stranger had Marion singing for him. She sang all the popular songs that she'd learned from hearing them on the radio. That takes a really musical ear—at the age of four, or any other age, for that matter.

A week later, the stranger was presenting Marion on a Brooklyn radio station. Marion sang "I've Got You In The Palm of My Hand" and she was launched on her career. Since then, she's sung almost steadily, having appeared over a long list of stations, local and network. The name of the man who started Marion on her career was Mr. Lord. The Loveridges never found out his first name, because they never saw him again, after that first time.

Marion is now a senior at Bay Ridge High School, where she majors in music. Besides her own Sunday morning programs, she sings on the Children's Hour Saturdays. She is also a tap dancer and dramatic actress and has appeared in numerous Warner Brothers' shorts, television broadcasts and amateur plays. In spite of all this, she doesn't consider her present work anything more than preparation for the future.

Marion is a healthy minded charming girl whose private life isn't very different from that of any normal girl of her age. She has a very close "gang," with whom she roller skates and goes bowling. She likes to read, especially romantic novels like "Jane Eyre." On the other hand she also loves Errol Flynn and Lana Turner pictures. She goes for dime store jewelry in a big way and can get very excited—like how many thousands of other girls?—over the Bing Crosby-Frank Sinatra controversy.

Like all normal Brooklynites, Marion is a Dodger fan. She collects scrapbooks of movie stars, but her most cherished posession at the moment is an autographed ball from the Brooklyn (Dem Bums) Dodgers.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East & Polly
6:15	2:30	9:10	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Wood
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Air Force Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Three Pianos
		2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
12:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	The Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
3:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mystery
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil Songs
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:35	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	The Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
		6:00	Blue:	Kiernan's News Corner
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
		7:00	Blue:	On Stage Everybody
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Saint
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone, from Overseas
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Fresh Up Show
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	David Harding—Counterspy
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Billie Burke
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Keep Up With the World
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Frank Sinatra
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Nora Martin, Leonard Sues
6:30	8:30	8:30	CBS:	Name It, Claim It
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
		9:30	MBS:	Brownstone Theatre
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Phil Harris & Orchestra
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Hire's Program
		10:00	MBS:	Human Adventure
7:30			CBS:	Milton Berle
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Colonel
		10:30	Blue:	Scramby-Amby Quiz
		10:30	MBS:	Between Us Girls
	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Casey, Press Photographer
		1:30	NBC:	Words at War

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:40	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Sky High
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Britto
10:40	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman In White
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
2:10	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:40	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	World News
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Calling Pan America
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
	5:30	6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:45	Blue:	Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Death Valley Sheriff
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	America's Town Meeting
9:00		8:30	NBC:	Adventures of Topper
		8:30	MBS:	Agatha Christie's Poirot
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Corliss Archer
		9:30	MBS:	Treasure Hour of Song
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Fred Waring Show
		10:00	MBS:	Arch Oboler's Plays
7:30	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Romance, Rhythm & Ripley
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	March of Time
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
		10:30	MBS:	Swing's The Thing
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	John Daly, News

HE COVERS THE FIELD . . .

When anyone around radio mentions an expert consultant of the War Department, a member of the Writers' War Board Radio Committee and president of the Radio Directors' Guild, they're not talking about three men. They're talking about one Jerry Devine.

Jerry Devine is one of the most versatile and outstanding writer-directors in radio today. His newest stint is writing and directing the This Is Your FBI shows that come to you on Fridays at 8:30 P.M. (EWT) over the Blue Network.

Thirty-seven-year-old Devine was born in Boston. His father was a well-known character actor. Naturally, at an early age Jerry was brought to New York to live, because that was the Mecca of all show people. Probably Jerry's father's appearances in plays like "What Price Glory?", "The Bad Man," "The Jest"—in many of the famous hits of that era, had a great deal to do with Jerry's choice of a career.

At twelve Jerry was enrolled in the Professional Children's School and, like most of the youngsters who attended (and it still goes) that school, it wasn't long before Jerry was acting as a professional. He was only twelve when he played an important part in "Over The Hill," which was made by Fox in their New York studios.

For the next six or seven years, Jerry was busy in the movies, appearing with John Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes" and with Will Rogers in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," to name a couple of the ones he remembers best. All in all, in his career as a screen actor, he appeared in some fifty pictures. That kept him pretty busy and left little time for the legitimate theatre, although he did play in a few Broadway shows. Once, he even sold a play, but it never was produced.

It wasn't until 1937, however, that Devine took the step that was to prove a turning point in his career. He had done some radio acting by then. More as a lark than anything else, he decided to try his hand at radio writing. It turned out so well that he won the assignment of writing the summer replacement for the Jack Benny show in 1937. This was followed by writing sketches for the guest stars on Kate Smith's program. Out of this grew a yen to do some comedy writing, and for three years Jerry wrote the Tommy Riggs show.

Along about 1941, Jerry decided it was time to branch out a little. As long as he was writing the lines, he might as well see they got a break on the radio by telling the actors how to speak them and the sound men how to dress them with backgrounds. He won himself the assignment to write and direct Mr. District Attorney and had a great hand in building that program to its present success. Now, he's got the This Is Your FBI show, in addition, and his particular flair is bringing these real cases from the files of the FBI alive for listeners.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:15	NBC:	Do You Remember
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:15	9:15	NBC:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
9:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:30	NBC:	U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman In White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:25		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	2:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and The Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:15	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
5:45	5:45	5:15	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45		5:15	CBS:	Wilderness Road
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
		6:00	Blue:	Klernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Raymond Scott Show
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Friday on Broadway—Frank Parker
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Aldrich Family
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Stars of the Future
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cecil Brown
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody—Paul Lavalle
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Correction Please
	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Adventures of the Thin Man
		8:30	MBS:	Freedom of Opportunity
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
8:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Those Websters
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Dunninger
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Durante and Moore
		10:00	MBS:	Fights
7:30		10:30	CBS:	Harry James and Band
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
		10:30	Blue:	The Doctor Talks It Over

SATURDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News of the World
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	Blue:	United Nations News, Review
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Brien
		8:45	NBC:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Press News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
		9:30	CBS:	Country Journal
		9:30	NBC:	Encores
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	David Shoop Orchestra
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Archie Andrews
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	What's Cooking—Variety
		10:30	NBC:	Bern Klassen, Tenor
9:00	9:40	10:45	NBC:	Alex Drier
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Land of the Lost
		11:00	NBC:	First Piano Quartet
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:30	Blue:	Transatlantic Quiz—London New York
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	The Land of the Lost
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30	MBS:	Hookey Hall
		11:45	Blue:	Chatham Shopper
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	Kay Armen, Songs
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Atlantic Spotlight
		1:00	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Eddie Condon's Jazz Concert
		1:15	NBC:	Music as You Like It
		1:30	Blue:	Soldiers With Wings
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Baxters
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Report to the Nation
		1:30	MBS:	Symphonies for Youth
1:00	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Report from Washington
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	John Mac Vane From London
		2:00	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera
	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:00	NBC:	Musiciana
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Grantland Rice
		2:30	CBS:	Carolina Hayride
		3:00	NBC:	Symphony
12:00		3:00	CBS:	The Land is Bright
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Syncopation Piece
		4:00	CBS:	Report from Washington
		4:00	NBC:	Doctors Look Ahead
		4:15	CBS:	Report from Overseas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Assignment Home
		4:30	NBC:	Music on Display
		4:30	MBS:	Music for Half an Hour
		4:45	CBS:	Report from London
		6:00	CBS:	We Deliver the Goods
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Grand Hotel
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Concert Orchestra
		5:00	MBS:	Sports Parade
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
2:00	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Viva America
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Hello, Sweetheart
		6:00	MBS:	Hall of Montezuma
3:15		6:00	NBC:	I Sustain the Wings
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Storyland Theater
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
		6:30	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	The American Story
		7:00	MBS:	American Eagle in Britain
		7:15	Blue:	Leland Stowe
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Meet Your Navy
		7:30	NBC:	Robert Q. Lewis Show
		7:30	MBS:	Arthur Hale
4:30	6:30	8:00	Blue:	Early American Dance Music
7:15	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Mayor of the Town
		8:00	NBC:	Variety Hall
		8:00	MBS:	Frank Singiser
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	F.B.I. In Peace and War
		8:30	MBS:	Symphony of America
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
		9:30	MBS:	Jean Goldkette's Orchestra
		9:30	MBS:	Calling All Detectives
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		9:55	Blue:	Coronet Quiz
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Judy Canova Show
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
		10:15	CBS:	Al Pearce
R 7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
R		9:00	NBC:	Night Editor
11:05	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Talks
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News
	11:15	11:30	Blue:	Hoosier Hop

Until Too Late

Continued from page 26

morning, Miss Warren. Nice morning."

He would remove his coat and hat, sit down at his desk, lean back and light a cigarette. "How're things with you, Adele?"

I would tell him, then, about the party Eric and I had given the night before, about mother's finishing the new drapes—anything, no matter how trivial, interested him. Then I would say, "What sort of weekend did you have?"

Sometimes he would answer, "Oh, so-so. Golf Saturday. Bridge Sunday night. Pretty good time." Sometimes it would be, "Awful. We've got house guests. Terrible people. Can't do anything to please them." He would laugh at the very impossibility of the suggestion when I would tell him to send his unwelcome guests home. "Can't," he would grumble. "They're friends of the family."

The family was Mrs. Anson. He rarely mentioned her to me, and when he did, it was always as "the family." When he meant his sons, he said "the boys." He spoke of them often, read me parts of their letters.

WE talked for ten or fifteen minutes every morning, and then we were Mr. Anson and Miss Warren for the rest of the day. At five o'clock Mr. Anson put on his coat and hat and went home to his big brick house on the Blue Bridge Drive. At five-fifteen I went home to Mother and Eric. Sometimes there was a boy waiting for me when I left the office, one of the Blue Bridge boys I'd known all my life. But lately there'd been no boys waiting for me, few boys at the parties we had. They were all away fighting. I wrote to them, but I didn't especially miss them. I'd never given a serious thought to any one of them.

And then I met Tim.

We knew from the first that we loved each other, and it all happened as casually, as unexpectedly as the walk down the block that started it. I'd set out, that June evening, to return a book I'd borrowed from Evelyn Ellis. I found her on her front porch, talking to a tall young man in the uniform of an Air Force lieutenant. "My cousin, Tim Ellis," Evelyn explained. "Tim, this is Adele Warren."

Then I was shaking hands with him, looking up into a dark bony face and a smile that made him almost handsome. "Looks as if the problem of my date is settled, Evelyn," he said. "That is, if Adele will go with me."

"Date?" I questioned.

Evelyn laughed. "Tim wants to go dancing, and I already have a date for tonight. I've been trying to get him to ask someone else."

"I didn't know anyone else I wanted to go with until I saw Adele," said Tim reasonably.

That was how it began. We drove to a pretty little inn outside of town, and on the way he told me about himself. He had been overseas for two years, he said, and he was home now on a month's furlough. He had just got in town this afternoon. "Thirty days," he said, "in which I've got nothing to do but kick up my heels and enjoy myself. I've been looking forward to it for a long time. You don't know how glad I was when you said you'd come with me tonight. I had my heart set on dancing my first night home."

From the moment we stepped out on the floor at the inn, I understood why he'd wanted to dance. He was a born dancer, sure and strong and effortless. After the first few steps he held me a little away from him and looked down at me and smiled—and it was as if a lamp had been lighted in my heart. I knew then that Tim was what I'd wanted all my life, that I never would want anyone but Tim. And Tim felt the same way about me. The sudden quick pressure of his arms as he drew me close was an acknowledgment. We danced three dances, and then he said, "Let's leave, shall we?" and I nodded. Getting acquainted with Tim had suddenly become more important than dancing, more important than anything else in the world.

We drove through a spring night that was pure enchantment—but no headier magic than that which had taken possession of our hearts. We talked about the schools we'd gone to, about Mother and Eric and my job, about the work Tim wanted to do when the war was over—and the most commonplace statement was enthralling because we were learning about each other. When Tim kissed me, I melted into his arms as gladly and naturally as if I'd been born for his kisses. "Adele," he whispered, "you know what's going to happen to us, don't you? You and I are going to be married—soon, before I go back."

The next morning when Mr. Anson and I had our daily chat, I didn't tell him about Tim except to say that I'd gone dancing with a soldier the night before. I'd always talked to Mr. Anson as confidentially as he talked to me, but the subject of Tim was too new and too close to my heart to bear discussion. And for once my work wasn't all-important to me. The day dragged interminably until mid-afternoon, when Tim telephoned.

"Guess where I've been," he greeted me.

"I couldn't possibly guess."

"At City Hall, arguing with the license clerk. Do you know that we have to wait five days to be married?"

I LAUGHED, giddy with happiness, and Tim said sternly, "It isn't funny. I've only got thirty days, and two of them are almost gone. Will I see you tonight at dinner, darling?"

I agreed hastily, conscious suddenly that Mr. Anson was waiting to finish dictating a letter, conscious that there was something attentive and watchful in the quality of his silence. But I didn't stop to think about it after I'd hung up the telephone. Not then, and not for the next few days was there room in my heart for anything but thoughts of Tim. He called me every afternoon, and we saw each other every night. He talked continually of our marriage, of the cottage he wanted for us, of the furniture we would buy, of how we could best make our home livable in the short time allotted us. He talked of practical things like that—and I listened as if in a dream.

And then, abruptly, I came face to face with reality. One morning I came into the office to find Mr. Anson there before me, unexpectedly early. "Good morning," he said. "You look especially happy today—happy enough to be in love."

I laughed and turned to hang my

Continued on page 56

Later! **HIS ORDERS RECEIVED**
Patricia Hicks Weds
Lt. William Michael Miller
Service Orders brought a quick change of wedding date for Patricia and Bill—as for so many engaged couples right now.

Major and M
of Stonybro
announ
of
daughter

Patricia
to
William Michael Miller
U.S.M.C.R.

COME AND HELP! Patricia puts in as much work on her college farm as studies allow. Victory Gardens are more important than ever this year, and farms need workers. Ask the Women's Land Army in your locality where you can help.

PATRICIA HICKS—red-gold hair, brown eyes, translucently clear complexion!

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

SHE IS VERY YOUNG and very lovely—another darling girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond's look about her exquisitely cared-for skin.

"I'm ever so grateful to Pond's Cold Cream," Patricia confided to us. "It has such a nice way of giving my face the clean, fresh, smooth look I like it to have."

HOW PATRICIA USES POND'S . . .

She slips Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream all over her face and throat, patting gently to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

She rinses with *more* luscious Pond's, sending cream-tipped fingers quickly round and round her face. "This *double* creaming makes all the difference," Patricia says. "Leaves my skin feeling ever so much cleaner and softer."

You'll love a big, luxury-size jar!

Use Pond's like this—every night and morning, for clean-ups during the day, too. It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll enjoy dipping the fingers of *both* hands in the wide-topped big Pond's jar.

HER RING—On Christmas Eve, Bill gave Patricia this beautiful ring—a round diamond in a square platinum setting.

A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Lady Edward Montagu
Miss Theodora Roosevelt
Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
Joyce, Countess Howe
Miss Evelyn Byrd LaPrade

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R

Continued from page 54

hat and coat in the little closet in the corner. "I am in love," I answered without thinking and then I saw his face reflected in the mirror on the closet door.

He looked terrified.

The next instant he recovered himself. "Is it serious?" he asked, almost casually.

"I'm not sure that it is," I said slowly. "Tim is a soldier, home on furlough. He'll be gone in three weeks . . . and I have responsibilities."

"I see." He sounded doubtful, but he looked relieved—so enormously relieved that the fear within me became an incredible certainty. I'd always thought of Mr. Anson as a dear and understanding friend, perhaps the dearest friend I had, but it had never occurred to me that I meant more to him than he did to me, that I figured importantly in his plan of life—but there it was. The look I'd caught in the mirror had unmistakably been the look of a man who sees his dearest possession threatened.

Stunned and disbelieving, I sat down to the morning's correspondence, but I couldn't keep my mind on my work. There were the many times he had said, "Adele, I don't know what I'd do if I couldn't look forward to seeing you in the morning"—and the words had been spoken from the bottom of his heart. And once he had said, "You know, Adele, I'm beginning to believe that we're never really cheated of what we want most, no matter what mistakes we've made. I'm beginning to believe that if you have patience enough and faith enough, the things you want come to you." I remembered, too, a remark of Miss Porter's in one of the rare instances when she'd talked about Mr. Anson. "She," Miss Porter had said—and the "she" meant Mrs. Anson—"she used to threaten him with divorce every time she didn't get her own way. He always gave in, on the children's account. Believe me, now that the boys are grown up, he's just waiting for her to threaten him once more, and he'll take his freedom."

And one morning—the morning of his forty-fifth birthday—Mr. Anson had said, "I'm forty-five today, Adele, but I'll be darned if I feel that old. Why, I feel young enough to propose to a girl like you. How would you feel about that—being married to a has-been like me?" He had been in a gay, bantering mood, and I'd laughed and had said sincerely that I would be very proud. "Would you, really?" he had said, and there'd been a world of wistfulness and longing in his tone.

It was a preposterous thought—that Mr. Anson had been hoping, even planning that his wife would one day divorce him and leave him free to marry me. I told myself that I was only conjecturing, and that I had no real reason to think it—but there are things that the heart knows so well that the mind need not confirm them. And I had known for a long time that Mr. Anson cared for me, but I had believed it to be a paternal affection. Now I realized that I'd believed it because I'd wanted to believe it.

And I was obligated to him, and perhaps in more than money. In practical terms I owed him more than I could ever hope to repay. There were his many gifts to my family, the train tickets, the due-bills—the hundreds of kindnesses that had amounted to hundreds and hundreds of dollars' worth of help over the course of years. They were freely given, with nothing asked in return, but—and this was the thought that frightened me—perhaps the very fact that I'd accepted his generosity, gladly and without question, had led Mr. Anson to believe that I cared for him.

That night when Tim talked of marriage, I listened soberly and with uncertainty in my heart. "We're going to get our cottage," he announced jubilantly. "The people are moving out in the morning, and we can see it tomorrow evening."

"Tim! You didn't do anything—You didn't sign a lease?"

"Of course not, because I want you to see it first. But I know you'll like it, and I can have the papers drawn up tomorrow—"

"No, Tim!"

"Why not?" He sobered, looked intently at me. "Aren't you sure about us, Adele? Don't you want to marry me?"

"More than anything else, ever. But—it's not as simple as all that. I've responsibilities, Tim. My family—" I couldn't tell him about Mr. Anson, not when I was still confused in my own mind.

"Honey dear—" he was holding me very close now, and his voice was very tender—"I've told you, I've thought of all that. You know I had a good job before I left—and it'll be waiting when I come back. I can take care of you and your family, too."

"But—"

"There aren't any buts."

And there weren't, not with his arms around me, with his lips moving with sweet insistence over my temples, my eyelids, seeking my mouth. Not with my own heart breaking at his dearness, his planning for me. But nothing—not his kisses, nor my own shaken response to them—would change my insisting that I must have time to think.

I didn't get any thinking done the next day. Mr. Anson came in late, looking as if he hadn't had much sleep, and for the first time I could remember we missed our morning talk in a rush of phone calls and business. But all morning I felt his eyes turning toward me, searchingly, anxiously, felt his

(*Continued on page 58*)

IS THIS THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION?

"YES!" say LANA TURNER'S fans

"Gracious, no!" says this lovely star modestly. But so exquisite is the beauty of her skin, that admiring fans declare it the loveliest in the world.

To guard its million-dollar beauty, lovely Lana Turner depends on Active-lather facials. "I've found this gentle Lux Soap care really makes skin lovelier," she says. For *your* precious complexion, use this same gentle care that screen stars tell you really *works!*

Cover your face generously with the creamy lather, work it in thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, pat gently with a soft towel to dry. Leaves skin softer, smoother!

IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

LOVELY LANA TURNER
starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"WEEK END AT THE WALDORF"

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

This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier...
no wonder 9 out of 10 screen stars use it!

Continued from page 56

thoughts upon me. And in the afternoon when Tim called, Mr. Anson left the office hurriedly.

That evening Tim and I drove out to look at the cottage, a dream cottage with wide white siding and fresh green shutters. Tim didn't say anything as we walked through it. He let the place speak for itself, eloquently.

When we were leaving, Tim stopped. "What do you think?" he whispered.

"Oh, Tim—"

"Will you let me sign that lease?"

I started for the car. I was afraid of a misunderstanding, and I didn't want it to happen in that dream cottage. "You see, honey," Tim said. "Everything is perfect. Your family—"

I drew a deep breath. "It isn't my family I'm thinking about, Tim. It's Mr. Anson."

"Mr. Anson!" He drew back, bewildered.

I TOLD him the whole story, beginning with the day I'd applied for a job with Blaine and Anson. Perhaps I didn't tell it very well, because when I'd finished, Tim looked as bewildered as before. Bewildered and baffled and a little angry. "But I don't understand what he's got to do with us," he insisted. "You say that you've never seen him outside the office, and he's done all this for you with no strings attached—"

Desperately, I tried again. "It's just that I've accepted his help, Tim. I should have realized what it meant, but I didn't until yesterday, when I told him about you. Oh, Tim, don't you understand?"

"Of course I understand." But he spoke stiffly. "What I don't see is why you didn't tell me about this before."

"I didn't know before."

We rode home in silence—not the entranced silence that went with our being together, but an uncomfortable silence. Tim kissed me and held me close when he said goodby, but there was a difference between us. I could feel it. Long after he'd driven away, I stood in the front hall, composing myself to face Mother and Eric, fighting down the fear that filled me, hearing my own voice begging, "You'll call me tomorrow, Tim?" and his saying briefly, "I'll call you." Everything had changed.

Tim didn't call me the next day. Somehow, I'd known that he wouldn't, and my fear grew until it choked my voice, made my fingers shake so that I could hardly type. Every ring of the telephone sent my heart leaping with hope, and then crushed it with bitter disappointment. At five o'clock, when Mr. Anson got ready to leave, I was sick with despair. I didn't look at him until he paused in the doorway and said, "Goodnight, Adele," and then the sympathy in his voice, the concern in his face were too much. I put my head down on my arms and cried.

Quickly, he shut the door. "Adele—" Then he said nothing more until I'd cried myself out. "It's nothing," I tried to say. "I'm sorry—"

"I'm sure it's something," he said. "And you're going to tell me about it. But first we're going downstairs to Rilling's and have a good, hot meal."

I couldn't argue with him. He waited until I'd put cold water on my eyes and fresh make-up on my face and had called my mother to tell her I was having dinner at Rilling's restaurant.

Mr. Anson didn't ask any questions. And not until dessert had been cleared away, until our coffee was set before us, did he allow me to talk. Then, taking my hand, he said, "Now, tell me—"

And then, over his shoulder, I saw Tim.

He was standing just inside the door, searching the room with his eyes. As he saw me, his face lighted and he started forward; then he saw that I wasn't alone, and he stopped dead. I was sure, in that moment, that he was going to turn and walk out. I started up with a little half-strangled cry.

Mr. Anson released my hand and turned to look. Then Tim was coming toward me swiftly, purposefully, coming up to put his arm around me. There was protectiveness in the gesture, and a proud possession, it said to all the world that I was his. "I tried to call," he said, "but your phone was busy every time. Your mother told me I'd find you here."

I looked up at him, and what I saw in his face told me all that I needed to know, told me that everything was all right between us, would always be all right. And it gave me courage, too, to face Harold Anson, to say, "Mr. Anson, this is Tim Ellis—"

For an instant there was a look in his eyes that wrenched my heart. He looked old suddenly, and tired. Then he put out his hand and smiled. "I'm very happy to meet you, Tim," he said. "Suppose we go outside where we can talk."

OUTSIDE on the walk, in the flickering glow of the neon sign, Mr. Anson looked at me, and at Tim, and then he nodded, as if he were answering an unspoken question of his own. "I'm very happy to meet you, Tim," he said again. "I didn't think that I would be. There've been times in the last few days that I've wished that you never existed. But just seeing you and Adele together makes me realize that you've saved me from making a mistake—an even bigger mistake than one I made a long time ago. You see, I wanted to marry Adele."

He smiled down at me, took my hand. There was no pain in his eyes now, only affection and a kind of peace. "Adele knows about it," he went on, "—about that first mistake of mine. She knows that I cheated myself and cheated a girl who was as lovely as Adele is now out of all that young love means, out of a lifetime of happiness. Perhaps the two of you don't realize even now how much you have together. I do know, and I'm happy for you."

Tim swallowed. My eyes were smarting unbearably. "Mr. Anson—"

He leaned forward, kissed me lightly, full on the mouth. "Don't say anything, my dear; I'll be running along now. I just want you to know how grateful I am for your friendship and for your youth and loveliness—and because I've been able to do for you in a very small measure some of the things I would like to have done for another girl who was like you. You've made me feel a little bit square with life, Adele, a little bit square with myself I hope you'll continue to work for me for as long as you want—and I hope more than anything that the three of us will always be friends."

I didn't see Mr. Anson go. He shook hands with me and with Tim, but I didn't really see him leave us. It was several minutes before I could see anything at all, and then through the rain of tears there was Tim's face . . . and there would always be Tim.

FAMOUS ARTIST PORTRAYS VELVET-SMOOTH SKIN-TONES WHICH CAN BE YOURS WITH THIS ORIGINAL* SHADE OF

CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder

A triumph of rich, sleek loveliness! Cashmere Bouquet's Rose Brunette is a new "Flower-fresh" powder shade tempting in its smooth, dark glow. A vibrantly youthful shade that goes on sheer as morning mist, yet veils tiny skin blemishes flawlessly . . . that clings hours to bring your complexion fresh loveliness that will take your breath—and *his*. And whatever your type, there's a new "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Powder just for you.

Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for you!

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural, Rachel No. 1
Rachel No. 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2
*Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
*Rose Brunette
Even Tan

Here is Home

Continued from page 40

the energy and a little help and advice. I felt myself being uplifted, borne on his own enthusiasm. He was outlining a truly heroic task, a task of such magnificent proportions that it seemed one man—even one with Dick's ability—would fail at it. Yet my breath came faster. Oh, it would be worth trying!

"They thought they'd robbed this country of all the wealth it had when they cut down the timber," he said. "It ain't so. It'd grow more timber, and good farm stuff, and fine healthy people, just give it a chance!" To emphasize his words, he thumped his hands hard on the steering wheel, and glared at me.

But I had no wish to do anything of the sort. The city seemed suddenly very far away, its niceties and refinements very trivial. And Dick's often-repeated determination not to be poor . . . it was something I had always accepted unthinkingly; naturally, no one wanted to be poor. But now I saw where it had led him—to turn his back on the people who needed him most, the people he *knew* needed him most. He'd taken the easy way, the selfish way—

I PULLED myself up sharply, horrified at the direction of my own thoughts. *I was criticizing Dick!* For the first time in our married life—for the first time since I'd known him—I was thinking that he was anything less than perfect. This was disloyalty, and I would not be disloyal. When Dr. Fennison stopped the car at the Terrells' I said coolly:

"Thank you for taking me along, Doctor. It was very interesting, and I can see your point of view. But after all, you must admit it would be asking a good deal of Dick to come back here when he's made such a good start."

It was like slapping a confiding child. The glow, the excitement, died out of his face, leaving it defeated. "Yes," he said. "I guess it would." He drove away, and when he came the next morning to see Mrs. Terrell he only nodded to me, without speaking.

But he set too high a price on his friendship, I said to myself. He wanted me to agree with him that Dick had done wrong; perhaps he even hoped that I would persuade Dick to come back here. That was ridiculous, of course. What was Dr. Fennison, what were all the people in this dreary section of the country, that Dick should throw away his career for their sakes?

And yet . . .

There was a strange uneasiness in me, these days—a restless dissatisfaction that nothing could dispel. The calm, cheerful resignation with which my mother-in-law accepted pain and approaching death, the sweet friendliness of Dick's father—these made me ashamed, somehow, of both Dick and myself.

I remembered—just when I least wanted to remember it—a conversation between Dick and my brother which I'd heard a few months after my marriage. They were laughing over Mrs. Hinch, who had been Roger's patient for a time, and now was Dick's. "You won't keep her long, of course," Roger said. "But she's a gold mine while she lasts. She collects doctors like other rich people collect old masters; it's her hobby."

"But isn't there anything wrong with her?" I asked, and Dick and Roger laughed again. "Not a thing," they said in unison, and Roger added, "But if anybody told her so she'd fly into a

rage. So she might as well have her fun, as long as she's willing to pay for it."

Remembering, I blushed. It might be that Dr. Fennison had been more nearly right than he knew in blaming me for the change in Dick that had kept him in the city. I hadn't influenced him—but my brother had. I knew that; I had always known it, but until now I had refused to admit it. Roger was the complete worldling, a materialist to the core of him. He measured his success as a doctor by his fees. Older than Dick, with more self-assurance, he had been Dick's teacher as well as his friend—and perhaps it would have been better if he had not taught Dick quite so thoroughly.

I did my best to put thoughts like this aside, but they crept into my head unasked, uninvited—as if there were something in the atmosphere that bred them. Lying awake in my little lean-to room at night, I tried to escape them by conjuring up the recollection of Dick himself—hearing the notes of his voice and laughter, seeing the play of expression on his face, even feeling his kisses, the touch of his hands. But it was no use, no use at all. He had never seemed so far away from me, not even in the days when he had first gone overseas.

On the tenth day after I had come, Dick's mother fell into a coma, and on the twelfth day she died.

I stayed for the funeral. It was held in Farr, and she was buried in the cemetery there, a flat, treeless rectangle of ground on the edge of town. I would have stayed longer, but Mr. Terrell himself insisted that I go. "It was mighty good of you to come," he said, "and Ma and I—we both thank you for it." Even after her death, he continued to speak of her as if she were still alive. "But now I have to figure out how to get along by myself," he added, "and I might's well start right in."

"But I hate to think of you living all alone!" I cried.

"I can do it," the old man said with quiet certainty.

Dr. Fennison—as taciturn, as stony, as he had been on the day I first met him—drove me to the station. At the last minute, with the train whistling for the stop, I tried to make our parting friendly.

"Goodby," I said. "I want to thank you for being so kind to the Terrells. I've written Dick about it—I know he'll appreciate it—"

"I didn't do it for him," he said sharply, "and you know it."

I FELT myself coloring hotly. "No matter *why* you did it," I said, "it was still kind of you. And—please don't think so badly of Dick."

He didn't answer that. He drove away, leaving me to get onto the train alone.

I came back to the city with a sense of release. Here, working at my familiar job, among familiar surroundings, I could reasonably expect to shake off the morbid depression—the sense of guilt, actually—I had felt at the Terrells'. I had a comfortable room in Rogers and Edith's home, I had friends, I *belonged*. Dick would be close.

But I didn't belong, and Dick was not close.

There were letters from him, waiting for me. "I didn't know when you'd be back," Edith explained, "so I didn't forward them to you." We both knew this wasn't strictly true; she hadn't forwarded them because, quite simply, it

had been too much trouble. I read them—Dick's small and illegible doctor's handwriting made smaller and more illegible on the V-mail—and still he was far away, not the Dick I had known and loved . . .

I dropped the letters into my lap. No, that wasn't true. Dick was the same. It was *I* who had changed. It was I who found my thoughts always returning to Dr. Fennison and his pitiful, gallant fight to bring health to people like the Thatchers. It was I who suddenly was asking myself the dreadful question, "What do I want from life?" A comfortable home, money in the bank, luxuries—and nothing else? Asking it—and finding no answer except the obvious one that of course I wanted these things—but I wanted something else, too, something like the integrity I had seen in Dr. Fennison, something like the soul-content I had seen in the Terrells.

"When I come back," Dick had said, "we'll pick up exactly where we left off." But suppose we couldn't? Suppose, with his kisses still warm on my lips, I discovered that we'd grown apart, so that we no longer thought alike, no longer had the same reason for living?

THAT couldn't—mustn't—happen. I would forget Farr and everyone in or around it, I would wipe the two weeks I had spent there from my memory—I would do anything that was necessary to keep any gulf from opening and widening between Dick and me.

But this was more easily resolved than done. That very night, at dinner, I found myself telling Roger and Edith about the Thatchers and the poverty in which they lived. It wasn't that I wanted to tell them; it was rather that I was compelled to, by some unseen monitor who ruled my tongue, and who put into my tone all the horror and pity I had felt when I saw the Thatchers themselves.

Roger chuckled. "Sounds very much as if you were developing a social conscience, Myra," he said. "Don't let it get you down, though. Remember what the Bible says—'The poor ye have always with ye.'"

"Whoever wrote that obviously didn't have *you* in mind, Roger," I retorted. "How long ago is it that you gave up your City Clinic work?"

"About four years," he said smoothly. "And I'd hazard a guess that if Dick hadn't gone into the Army he'd have dropped his work there too, by this time. The Clinic's fine, in some ways—gives a doctor valuable experience he couldn't get anywhere else. But the time comes when it can't teach him any more."

"It's lucky not every doctor in town thinks of the Clinic as just a good place to practice," I said. "But even if they did, poor city people would have *some* medical attention. Out around Farr, they haven't any."

"If they care—and I don't seriously believe they do—they ought to move to someplace where a doctor *is* available," Roger observed, lighting a cigar. "Myra, the truth is that some people are poor because they haven't the ability to be anything else. You can lavish all the pity you want to on them, but it doesn't change that fact. Myself, I prefer to make quite certain that I'm not one of the poor ones."

"Yes," I said, keeping my voice level with an effort. "I know that, Roger. I don't think I agree with you, though."

"Please!" Edith looked appealingly from one of us to the other. "Stop

quarreling, you two, for heaven's sake."

"We weren't—" I began, and stopped. Because it had been very close to a quarrel—as close to one as I had ever come with Roger, of whose judgment I had always stood a good deal in awe. Strangely, I didn't feel in the least awed by it now, or by him either. He seemed merely self-satisfied and insensitive—and rather old-fashioned. It was hard to talk to him without, very soon, finding some new proof that he cared about nothing in the world, really, except his own comfort.

There was no reason why this should bother me. Roger's attitudes, his ideas, were his affair, not mine. Only—and a kind of dread like the formless fear of a nightmare struck at the core of my heart—Roger's ideas were Dick's too; I had heard Dick express them, and Dick's life was patterned upon them.

I tried to escape from this fear by plunging into work. I had a good job—a very good job, I had always thought; I was style consultant and assistant buyer for one of the city's best dress shops. But now the details of my work, the preoccupation with fabric and cut and drape, seemed trivial and worse than trivial, almost shameful. I would think, "This isn't real! Two adults racking their brains in all seriousness over the question of how many women will want clothes of a certain shade of blue next spring—no, I can't believe it. Such things don't *matter!*"

I WAS lost. Within the space of a few weeks everything secure in my life—my love for Dick, my work, my relation to Roger—had become insecure. One night, after hours of wakefulness, I fell into an uneasy sleep in which I dreamed that Dick came home suddenly. He burst into the house, calling "Myra! Myra!" and I ran to him, my arms outstretched. But he didn't see me. He looked through me and past me, and he went into every room of the house, still calling my name in a voice that was each instant more lonely, more anguished—until I woke to the sound of my own sobbing, and to Edith bending over me crying, "Myra! What in the world's the matter?"

I couldn't tell her. She would never have understood.

In the morning I looked at myself in the mirror. My eyes were dull from lack of sleep, my skin had a yellow, pasty color, and my lips were tortured. "This can't go on," I whispered to the reflected image. "It can't . . . You're a coward, Myra Terrell. You're turning into a silly, neurotic female, making yourself miserable with imagined disasters. *You must stop it.* Now, wash your face and put on a lot of make-up and a pretty dress and go downtown."

Still I didn't move. Of all things in the world, the one I wanted to do least was go through another day of working in the dress shop. With diamond-sharp clarity, I knew what I *did* want to do: I wanted to give up my job and study nursing, so that when Dick came back we could go together to Farr, do together the work that he should never have abandoned.

I tried to obey my own instructions. Listlessly, I dressed and went downstairs to join Roger and Edith at breakfast. Passing the hall table I caught sight of an envelope lying there, addressed to me in Dick's handwriting—not a V-mail this time, but one sent by air. Once I would have snatched it up eagerly, but now I touched it with timid, fearful fingers, dreading to open it and experience again that sense of being separated from him.

Roger glanced at me keenly as I came into the dining room, still carrying the unopened letter. "That must have been a bad dream you had last night," he observed. "And you don't look too good this morning. Better let me give you a check-up, Myra."

I shook my head. "I'm all right."

"There's a letter from Dick—oh, you have it," Edith said. "What does he say?"

Mechanically, I ripped open the envelope, began to read the close-written sheets of paper while I sipped my coffee But in a moment I set the coffee cup down.

For as I read, Dick was with me again.

"The letters you wrote from Farr all arrived together today. I knew you were there, of course, from the cable you sent when Ma died, but it gave me a funny feeling to read the letters and know you'd written them from my parents' house. Not the kind of feeling I'd have expected, though.

"You must have wondered, sometimes, why I never took you to Farr for a visit. A man usually *does* take his bride home to meet his parents. But I never could bring myself to suggest it. Farr was something I'd escaped from, and I had even managed to persuade myself, in a crazy sort of way, that it didn't exist. If I showed it to you, then it would be real again—I couldn't go on denying its reality. So I never would have taken you there.

BUT I'm glad you did go there, glad you saw it. You see, I've stopped wanting to pretend there is no Farr—it's not the nicest place in the world, but it's a hundred times better than some I've seen since I got into this man's Army. In fact, right now Farr would look like Heaven to me, if you were there . . ."

I folded the letter and put it away in its envelope, and raised my head to see Roger and Edith staring at me in amazement. "For heaven's sake," Edith cried, "tell us! Is he coming home? He must be, you look so happy!"

I laughed. "No—he won't be home, not just yet. But I *am* happy. It—it was a particularly good letter."

That was all I could say—I couldn't tell them that across the miles Dick had sent me the certainty I had needed, had reminded me unwittingly of something I had never considered. He too was changing, growing, during this separation of ours, he too was finding wisdom and maturity he hadn't had when he left. "Don't change," he had warned me, but it was against the laws of nature not to change. And if, through some miracle, our growth could be parallel, simultaneous—oh, then we were married indeed!

Standing up, smiling, I said, "By the way, people—I've just decided. I'm going to give up my job today and study nursing."

Roger's cup clattered sharply against its saucer. "You're—Myra, have you gone crazy?"

"No," I said. "I'm saner than I've been for a long time. I'm going to study nursing, so that when Dick comes back we can work together—in Farr."

For a moment, while Roger's face grew red, he couldn't speak. "You *are* crazy!" he said at last. "Dick will never go back to Farr."

"He might," I said. I took a deep breath, feeling weariness and doubt and unhappiness fall away from me. "He might," I repeated. "And if he does, I want to be ready."

INTRODUCING KAY ARMEN

MANY years ago, in a small inland American community, a doting congregation would send a special donkey each Sunday morning to carry its favorite boy soloist to church. That beloved boy singer was the father of Kay Armen.

Today, Kay has her doting public, too, but they don't have to do more than turn the dials on their radio sets to the Kay Armen program of songs on the Blue Network every weekday from 10:30 to 10:45 A.M., EWT. Kay doesn't even ride to the studio on a donkey. She takes the subway.

Paul Whiteman can credit himself with having made another discovery in Kay Armen. She was born in Chicago, where she went to public school and had some idea of becoming a school teacher. She did study the violin for about three months, but then gave it up, because, as she says, "It was bad."

Kay got her first break in show business when she won first prize in an amateur contest run by Ed Sullivan in Chicago's Palace Theatre. That gave her a new direction, and school teaching went by the boards.

She sang for about six months on small Chicago radio stations, building a repertory and developing poise and experience. Then she got a featured singing spot on a coast-to-coast hookup from a Nashville, Tennessee, station. During this same period, Kay made a number of recordings, one of which, "How Sweet You Are," has sold more than a million and a half records.

LAST year, Paul Whiteman heard her sing and signed her as a staff singer for the Blue Network, for which he is director of music now. Since then, she has appeared on Whiteman's own program, Hall of Fame, and on the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street and Broadway Matinee. Now, in addition to her own morning program, she appears as the singing star on the Friday night show. Variations by Van Cleave.

Kay's rich contralto voice is what is known among musicians as a "natural." She has never had a singing lesson in her life, yet all voice coaches who have listened to her say she has a perfect ear, good breath control and beautiful phrasing. She sings a song the way she "feels" it, whether it be the blues, a ballad, a hot number or jive. And every day, on her own program, she sings a hymn, dedicated to the small Armenian boy for whom the doting congregation sent the donkey every Sunday—her father.

Armen is not Kay's real name. That too, is by way of dedication, if not to her father, then to the land from which he came to this country of freedom and opportunity. Kay's family name was one of those long Armenian names, which was simplified when the family settled down here to Manogoff. Sports fans will recognize that name. Kay's father and her brother have both figured in wrestling rings throughout the country.

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RIGHT COMBINATION WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

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they Satisfy

In the Heart's Keeping

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though you didn't trust me. As though Gary and I were doing something wrong!"

"That's all part of it. I've watched him bring you home before. I've seen how good-looking he is and—well, I guess you get sort of morbid when you have to be alone as much as I have. I started getting a little jealous of him. Then, tonight, when I saw the way you were laughing together—and you never laugh any more with me, honey—and the way he put the coat around you and had his arm around you, I—I just sort of went crazy there for a minute. That's what made me say those things. I don't really think them, Marjorie. Now do you understand?"

But the hurt had gone too deep for that, coming on top of everything else. I could feel only that, not the things he was saying. "I just understand that you don't trust me and I'll never be able to face Gary Gray again on account of the way you've acted!"

"Well," Bob said finally, "if that's the way you want to feel about it, I can't help it. I've done all I can. And all I'm going to." And he went out and closed the door.

AFTER that, we were further apart than ever. Each seemed shut up completely in himself. There was no joy, no hope, in anything for me any more. Every day was like the one before it. Gary Gray never mentioned what had happened, but I carried the embarrassment of that scene with me every day when I went to work and I couldn't feel natural with him any more. And each night when I went home, it was like going home to a burden.

Bob started getting better. He was strong enough now to get dressed during the day and go out for short walks. Things like that. I had once thought that the day he was strong enough to do that would be the happiest day of my life, and I'd planned how we would celebrate. Now, although I was glad, of course, it was just like being glad that somebody you don't know very well is getting better. It didn't really *mean* anything, because what we should have shared in it didn't seem to be there any more.

And at night, when we got ready for bed, when there should have been the warmest and loveliest intimacy of all, there was nothing. Bob had wounded me deeply in that moment when his trust in me had failed. None of his explanations or apologies could change that. I felt I'd made enough excuses for him. He'd gone too far, and nothing would ever be the same again, because of it.

Then came the day Bob was well enough to go back to work. I could tell that, even for him, it didn't mean as much as it should have, as we both once thought it would. "Are you glad to be going back?" I asked him that morning as we had breakfast in the kitchen.

"Sure," he said. Then his eyes met mine. "Mostly, because it will mean that now you can stop working. I know we haven't paid off the hospital entirely, but I'd like to pay that off myself. I mean, I think you've done enough. If we're careful on what I make, we can manage without your working any longer."

"Yes, I suppose so." I stirred my coffee thoughtfully. "It's funny. I thought I'd be crazy to stop working. But now, I don't know. I'd like to have a couple of weeks off to get rested, but then, maybe, I'll go back. Gary Gray needs me and—well, I'd sort of miss it."

"But, Marjorie, you know we said when we got married that we both wanted you to give up your job, even though there wouldn't be a lot of money. We agreed then we'd be happier if you just took care of the home part and I took care of the working."

"It's different now. If I kept on, we could pay off the debts sooner without having to scrimp so hard. And then, after they were paid, we could use the extra to get a maid. A real one. Not Marie. Then I wouldn't have to do any housework."

"I thought you liked looking after the house yourself."

I looked around the kitchen. It was messy and neglected-looking. I remembered how I used to keep it bright and shining, how everything in the whole house was fun to keep bright and shining for Bob and me. And I thought how somehow the marriage had gotten to be like the kitchen was now, neglected and sort of—empty. As if the heart had been taken out of it somehow. It would take a lot of effort to make it the way it used to be and even then maybe it would never be again.

"Well," I said, "we'll see. Now it's time for both of us to get to work."

I kept thinking about it the rest of that day. Bob wouldn't like it if I kept on working. But I pictured the maid we could have, and the extra clothes I could buy out of my salary. It was true I'd once agreed with him it was better if a wife didn't work. But that had been when our marriage was new and fresh, and just being together was enough. Now that didn't seem to mean so much any more.

I WAS still undecided as I got off the bus that night, going home. I walked along the street behind a young couple. I looked at them and whispered to myself, "That's the way it used to be with Bob and me. And that's the way it isn't any more." Because they were walking hand in hand, looking at each other, laughing together, oblivious to everything and everybody about them. You could feel the sort of togetherness they had. The sort, I thought bitterly, that just hadn't lasted for us.

I was still behind them when we started across the last street. I was only a few feet away when the car came tearing around the corner, going too fast. I saw the way the man jerked the girl out of its path and then—with a sort of numb horror—I saw it strike him, saw it hurl him against the opposite curb.

I was first among the people who started running. I stood there at the front of the crowd and saw him lying there with his head all bloody. He looked as if he might be dead. The girl had thrown herself down on her knees beside him. She wasn't crying but her face had gone all white. Then she raised her head, and for one second, she was looking straight at me with all the anguish in her eyes laid bare.

She wasn't seeing me. She wasn't seeing anybody. But she was pleading with us all. "Don't let him die!" she cried. And then, *"Dear God, don't let him die!"*

I waited till the ambulance came. I saw them lift him onto the stretcher and put him in it. I saw the girl get in, too, still with that anguished pleading on her face that nobody there could answer yet. She had picked up his hat and she kept stroking it over and over, as if it were something precious. I waited till the ambulance drove off, and then blindly I made my way into the drugstore on the nearest corner.

"Give me a cup of black coffee," I said to the clerk.

He looked at me and shook his head. "That accident was nasty," he said. "I guess you saw it all. Is the guy dead?"

"I don't know," I said. "I don't know."

And sat there drinking the bitter, burning coffee, and seeing that girl's face and seeing my own face too as it had been six months ago. Six months ago one night, at a hospital, when I, too, had said with that same anguish, "Don't let him die. *Dear God, don't let him die.*"

That was the night Bob had been taken there in the ambulance, with the terrible pain in the abdomen. And that was the night Dr. Squire had come into the waiting room and said, "We're going to have to operate. Right away."

AND I had known, looking at his face, hearing that special note in his voice, that Bob might never come from the operating room alive. I knew, right then, that I might have seen him for the last time, heard him laughing for the last time. I knew that that night *my* life might be over, too.

I'd bowed my head, without any tears, and said to myself and to the doctor and to God, "Nothing else matters. Nothing in the world will ever matter if only he's *alive.*"

I'd waited there for a long time. It had taken a long time. They took me into an empty room, wanted me to telephone someone to come and stay with me, but I didn't want anyone. I wanted to sit quietly and send my spirit, my will, my being, into Bob there on the operating table, and make it say to him, "You've got to get well, darling. You've got to come back to me."

And finally Dr. Squire had come out and smiled at me. "It's all right, Mrs. Williams. He'll pull through. You're a brave girl."

I'd wept then. And the tears had been all gratitude. And I'd said to myself and to the doctor and to God, "Then nothing else matters. Nothing else in the world will ever matter as long as he's going to get well." I said that, over and over, all that night.

I'd kept on saying it all the time he was in the hospital, lying there so weak. And when he'd first come home. I'd said it when I first went out and got the job with Gary Gray so we'd have money enough to live while he was getting well. But after that—after that, what had happened? To Bob, to me, to us? Especially to me. I was still grateful, but I'd somehow lost sight of the gratitude. The one fact—the *only* fact that had any meaning—the fact that he was still alive, still mine, still right there in my life as the man I loved more than anything else in the world—that truth had gotten obscured.

It had gotten hidden away in a lot of unimportant little facts. Certainly it was true that the convalescence had gone on longer than we'd ever expected, that we owed a lot of money, and that the worry had constantly nagged at us. Certainly it was true that he could sometimes be difficult, as all sick people can be. I'd gotten tired out, and he'd gotten all pent up and impatient. It had been hard and it had been tedious. And in the hard tediousness of it, we'd nagged at each other and misunderstood each other and even hurt each other just a little bit. But we'd lost sight of the main truth. I, more than Bob. I'd said—and meant—that if he lived, nothing else would ever matter. But I'd let something else matter. I'd let the strain and attrition of all the little, unimportant things cover up the irrevocable, tremendous thing: that Bob was alive and he was mine.

I got up and hurried out of the drugstore. When I got out on the street I started to run. Suddenly someone caught my arm and half jerked me around. It was Bob.

"Are you all right?" he cried. He gave me a little shake. *"Are you all right?"* Then his grip loosened, and he shook his head as if to clear it. "I'm sorry. I'm acting like a goof. But I saw the crowd and heard people say there'd been an accident and all I could think of was that it might have been you. I—suddenly I knew I couldn't stand it if anything happened to you."

I flung myself into his arms. "Oh, darling, it wasn't me. But it might have been you. It was just as if it *were* you—I mean, that's the way I must have looked, the way I felt, when I thought maybe you were going to die. Oh, Bob, *darling*—" And then I was sobbing against him, feeling his arms around me, feeling him understand what I could never make any plainer.

We stood there on the street, clinging together, heedless of the passersby and their curious looks. Finally Bob cleared his throat. "It's time," he said and looked at the watch I'd given him, "that we went home."

I looked at the watch he'd given me. "Yes, it is. It's time we went home."

We turned and started walking up the street, hand in hand.

"Bob," I said, "I've decided. I'm not going to keep on working. I'll tell Mr. Gray tomorrow."

He pulled me a little closer. "We'll ask him over to dinner one night with one of his girls, to soften the blow," he said.

And then we both laughed, like silly kids, because we were so happy that if we didn't laugh, we'd cry.

IS YOUR SCRAP BASKET IN THE SCRAP?

Nothing goes to waste today—not even the scraps that go into the waste basket. It's a "save basket" now and the paper from it goes to vital uses in the war effort. Paper is as essential as guns and ammunition—not only scraps, but all discarded newspapers, wrappers, bags, cartons, magazines. Sell or give your paper to a salvage agency —but don't waste a scrap!

Valley Forge 1945

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forming what is known in rivermen's language as a center. If allowed to build up with logs coming downstream, a center can form a solid jam from bank to bank. Something has to be done—something had to be done about this one immediately.

There was only one way to get on to the center, and that was to ride a couple of logs down through the rushing water. I was being paid the extra wages of a whitewater man, so I jumped out on two of the logs we had just pried loose from the face of the jam; and in a second I was on my way down to the center. I had done this many times before, as taking off centers was part of the job of a whitewater man; but this turned out to be one of my unlucky days. When I was about half-way down a huge wave swept me off the two logs I was riding, and I disappeared into the water. I guess all the men who were watching me from the jam above thought they'd never see me again, but I came up to the surface just as I was about to be swept under the big center itself. I grabbed at the end of a log sticking out from the tangle. Waters tugged and tore at me with an almost overwhelming suction. I struggled with every ounce of strength in my body to raise at least my shoulders out of the water. Logs were smashing into the center on both sides of me. I thought to myself: "I've got to get out of here in a hurry or one of those logs will cut me in two." Inch by inch I fought my way up onto the top of the logs, until at last I was beyond the clutch of the stream. I lay there, safe, exhausted, and thanking God. To me and to the men on the jam it looked like a miracle.

Well, you couldn't put all that in. So I wrote: "The day I escaped from being swept to death under a center, on a log-drive in New Brunswick," in answer to the curved-ball question.

IT was easy, really. It didn't sound like much when you read it over, though—just an average life until you came to the war part, but nobody I knew had the war all to himself either. Oh well, I thought, I've had my money's worth. The radio program was a new idea—I had fun with it. You don't find many new ideas lying around an Army hospital when you've been there seventeen months.

At three o'clock on Friday, two days later, the head-nurse called me into her office.

"Lieutenant," she said, "you are to report immediately to the Public Relations office."

I didn't think of the questionnaire just then, but at the Public Relations office I was told that Mr. Grant of the Vox Pop program wished to talk with me. I was to have a seat and await my turn.

Next to me was a tall lieutenant with an eye missing, and wearing one hook—he'd lost an arm. The man next to him was a Ranger. He was young, only about twenty, with the reddest hair in the hospital.

"They'll never pick you, Sonny," I said. "They'll save you up for television."

"I hear they ask you what you want," he said, "and you get it. No kidding."

"A guy I heard of asked for a parrot once," said the man in front of us. "A sailor, he was. In the Brooklyn Navy

Yard. And he got it, too, they tell me."

"There's a law against parrots," the lieutenant said.

"He got it, that's all I know."

"There's a law against what I want, too," the red-haired kid said. "Well, no harm trying."

"There's two hundred and fifty of us, I got the word," someone said. "Don't get your hopes up."

At last my turn came. I walked into the office and met Mr. Grant.

"Anslow is my name," I said.

"Glad to see you, Lieutenant," he said. "Sit down, won't you?"

The interview was short. Mr. Grant asked me a few quite ordinary questions—he already had most of the information he needed on the questionnaire—we exchanged experiences and matched ideas on the weather and the progress of the war. It was easy unimportant stuff, like you might have with a friend on a street corner.

"I'm sorry I've got to cut this short," he said after a few minutes. "I've enjoyed meeting you, Lieutenant. I hope we'll meet again when my schedule's easier."

WE shook hands again and I departed. I was glad I had filled in the questionnaire. If my Gray Lady friend was around somewhere I thought I'd tell her.

The Red Cross auditorium is a big room with windows on two sides and a stage at one end. It didn't look much like a broadcasting studio. I'd seen one, and when I remembered the soundproofed walls and ceiling and the complicated control-room (all set back of a soundproof glass partition), I wondered what they were going to do about the echoes and the shuffling feet in a room where the ping-pong tables and writing-desks had just been shoved off to one side to make room for the show. I'd never thought about it before.

The next day was Saturday. Saturday, as everyone in a hospital knows, is the most lonesome day and night in the week; but this Saturday was different. At three o'clock the Public Relations office telephoned and informed me that I was to report to their office again—at once. This time I did get my hopes up.

"Mr. Grant wants to talk to me again," I figured. "That must mean something." I thought about the other two hundred and fifty people and I thought, five out of two hundred and fifty. It couldn't be me. But I was excited. I hadn't felt that way for a long time.

The same tall lieutenant was back again, too.

"I see you are one of the lucky thirty, too," he said.

"What do you mean, lucky thirty?" I replied.

He said: "We've been screened down. There are only thirty of us applicants left."

I looked at him, and somehow I got thinking about Normandy, and how a lot of fellows like this lieutenant were why we got in. That was a tough spot—where he got his.

"You sure deserve to be one of the lucky ones." I meant it, too.

"Why me?" he said.

Mr. Grant was in the office when I entered. He had several other men with him this time. Parks Johnson and Warren Hull were there. They go on the air regularly on the Vox Pop program.

The usual introductions were made and we all sat down, and again talked about the weather and the progress of the war. I kept waiting for something different to happen, but nothing did.

At last Mr. Grant stood up.

"Well, good-bye, Lieutenant," he said. "It was nice of you to come down. Good luck." Not a word about the broadcast.

The other men said good-bye.

"Well," I told myself, "that's the end of the deal." I never did have a chance, I figured. I was just kidding myself.

Then I thought, look, why am I caring, anyway? This show is nothing to me. That afternoon I left the hospital for several hours. I took a long hike, and as I walked I thought, perhaps George Washington himself walked over this very path. A lot has happened at Valley Forge.

I got back to the hospital just before supper. Beverly, the little WAC who works on my ward, was waiting for me.

"For Heaven's sake," she said, "where've you been?"

"What's the matter? I was out."

"You sure were," she said. "The men from the Vox Pop program have been over here twice looking for you."

Well, that settles it, I thought. What if they were considering using me on their program? They'd probably taken someone else instead by now. I didn't care, really. Yes, I did care. I was as disappointed as a kid. I must have been counting on it, even when I was walking around thinking about other things.

So Sunday was going to be just another Sunday. That's the trouble about hoping for things. When you go back to what you had it doesn't seem so good. I decided I had to change that Sunday. The hospital bus goes into the town of Paoli, nearby, at twelve twenty-nine. I have some friends there; I'd spend Sunday afternoon with them.

I don't know whether the bus left early that particular day or I was late, but it had gone when I arrived at the hospital bus terminal. My friends were waiting for me at Paoli. There was only one thing left to do—get a taxi to come out from Phoenixville, on the other side of the hospital, to take me to Paoli. I went back to the information desk to put in a call for the taxi. Then I sat down to wait.

"YOU'RE having your troubles," the girl back of the desk said after a while. "Want me to ring them up again?"

"I don't mind waiting," I said. "I've got nothing else to do."

At that minute the telephone rang. She answered it, and then looked at me.

"For you, Lieutenant," she said.

It was Mr. Grant, calling from Philadelphia.

"Lieutenant," he said, "you certainly are a hard man to find. We've been looking all over the hospital for you."

"If I hadn't missed my bus just now," I said, "I guess you wouldn't have found me at all."

"Well, I'm sure glad you missed it," he said. "Lieutenant, we've decided to use you on the program tomorrow night. Okay with you?"

"Sure," I said. "Sure it's okay."

"We want you in the Auditorium at six-thirty tomorrow evening to run over the program."

"I'll be there."

"We've got a few presents for you, too—that is, we will have when we find out what you'd like."

For some reason I'd never taken the

talk about the presents seriously. I didn't know what to answer.

"I can't think of anything that I need right now," I said at last. "I can think of things I'd like to have, of course. But I'd have no place to keep them."

"There must be something we can give you." He thought for a few minutes. "How about a nice watch?"

"That's right!" It was a good idea. "I do need a watch."

"You haven't got one?"

"No." Then, as I thought he was waiting for me to go on, I said: "The last watch I had was a wrist-watch. I was wearing it when the land-mine blew off my hands, so—"

"We'll certainly get you a watch," he said. "What else would you like to have? We'd like to give you something else, too."

"Would it be possible to get an electric razor?"

"We'll get one—if we have to steal it!"

I was pretty pleased about that. I figured I could manage an electric razor very nicely with my steel hooks.

At six-thirty on the dot Monday night I was in the Red Cross Auditorium. Mr. Johnson was waiting for me. He shook hands and I made a mental note: "Here is a regular guy." So many people ignore my hook, or hand, when I offer it.

"WE'RE going to interview you last, Lieutenant," he explained. "There will be four ahead of you. You probably know this isn't a script show. We want your answers to be natural. I'll run over the questions I'm going to ask you and you can figure out what you want to say. Then when the time comes just say it. No frills—and no bad language. That's the law."

I felt pretty nervous.

"What if I should—" I began.

"Don't worry," he said. "We dub it out."

The microphone was set up on the stage, with the control box on the left and the microphone cables coming in from the right. The Auditorium was set up for a big crowd.

"You people are the stars of this show," Mr. Hull said, "so you sit on the stage, just back of the mike. I'd like you here at seven-fifteen. We don't go on the air until eight but we put on an informal show first—you know, sort of fun-making. We want to get some of the boys and girls up here to do some stunts. You can't tell me there isn't a lot of hidden talent in this place."

When I was in the Army on the West Coast I used to be a fighter. I was in the welterweight class, on an Army boxing squad. I liked to fight; I was in some pretty big bouts. That night when we took our places on the stage at the appointed time I had the same feeling I used to have when I was waiting in my dressing-room before a fight—sort of an expectant excitement. The others seemed very calm. There was Sergeant Alexander Kosciusko—Kozzy, we called him—of the 28th Infantry Division, blinded at Belfontaine in France last summer, after a bitter-end hand-to-hand fight where ammunition ran out and he was down to the butt of his rifle. Private Walker Huckins was a paratrooper, knocked down in Sicily after a scramble with 88-fire back in the hills. Sergeant Gerald Goss represented the detachment at the hospital. He had charge of the military training and transportation of the wounded—a big job. He refereed the ball-games and boxing,

She—"What has ze Americaine girl got we have not?"
He—"A big bottle of Pepsi-Cola!"

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too. Lieutenant Annette Grincowitz was an Army nurse, married to a military surgeon in the Southwest Pacific.

"If they can be so calm about this," I thought, "why should I get all hepped up?"

"Figure out what you want to say," Mr. Johnson had said. I knew what I wanted to say. Twenty million people would be listening, he said. I wanted to ask them for a break. There's a lot of us men without an arm, or a leg, or eyes. On the outside we may not be so much to look at. The thing people don't remember is, inside, we haven't changed. We have the same feelings and desires and ambitions we had before. All we've really lost is that old easy chance we had. Those days seem a long way back, when anything was possible because you had a whole body.

BUT nobody needs a chance handed to them. You can make your own. Every man I know is trying to shove open the hospital door. I wanted to ask people not to push it shut.

I don't know what I said at first. Mr. Johnson asked me about my injuries and I mentioned my arms and my sight and the powder burns on my face. I said I'd been seventeen months in hospitals, with another eleven to go. Then he set it up for me.

"We civilians want to know how you feel, Lieutenant. Can you tell us?"

"When I find anyone staring at me," I said, wondering if I was putting it right, "it makes me angry. Not for myself—I can stand it okay now. But it's hard at first."

"You haven't changed, have you?"

"I'm the very same as I was," I said. "If people would treat every man as they would have treated him before, I think it would help him to feel like he felt before."

"I see. Have you any plans for the future?"

"Yes." If you've got your brain you've always got plans. "I'm interested in Pan-American relations. I've been studying Spanish, to fit myself for work in that field."

It was all over almost before it started. Suddenly the big auditorium was full of noise and confusion; people crowded up on to the stage to look at our presents—I had the watch and the razor and a very nice wallet—and radio men started taking down the sound equipment. The doors at the back were opened and men began streaming out. I worked my way down, and all the time I was thinking: "There's no way to say it. I tried, but there's no way."

They brought the mail in in a basket the next morning. In a hospital, mail is the other half of a conversation. For me, America was suddenly a place where my friends lived—friends who listened to what I had tried to say and then replied so I'd know they'd heard. The last letter I somehow wanted to answer first.

"It was most inspiring, hearing all of you men tell of your experiences," it said. "It made me feel humble and glad that I am an American with men like all of you on our side. I so agree with your view regarding the returning wounded soldier. The handicapped do not want pity nor do they need it. To lead a natural, everyday life is all they want, for they are just human beings exactly as they were before.

"I know because I too am somewhat handicapped. I met with a street-car accident when a child, losing both limbs close to the hips and my right arm at the shoulder. Forty years ago science had not progressed as it has now, and I did not have the opportunity to learn to work. However, I have led a happy normal life, and do as much and more than many persons more fortunate. I keep house for my Dad, cook, bake, etc., do all kinds of fancy work—well, just everything. I can and do count my blessings.

"I admire your courage, and want to say to you and all the men there that we are mighty proud of you. Good luck, and God bless you all."

God bless you, lady, from Ward Six at Valley Forge.

This article was written by Lieutenant Anslow while a student in the Educational Reconditioning Program at Valley Forge General Hospital. If you, too, would like to add to Lieutenant Anslow's morning mail, won't you address him in care of RADIO ROMANCES, *205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York—we'll be happy to see to it that your letters go on to him.*

I Believe in You

Continued from page 21

work they did every day. And then I looked into the old pier glass where I could see the outline of strength even in my slender waist and flat, tapering thighs; in the firm, high curves under my slip. And my irritation vanished. I'd rather have the tanned skin that Helen so disparaged, than know that my body was as useless as hers.

Movement and a great swirl of dust outside my window caught my attention. Two riders had just reined their horses beside the cast-iron water trough sturdily anchored by the side of the skinned-pole corrals.

"It's Don and Duncan!" Helen said breathlessly, and patted her already-perfect hair in place. She moved quickly to the door. I fumed, knowing I would have to wait for Miss Ward.

BY the time she had adjusted the skirt and I had slipped into the overalls she despised, the twins and Helen were seated in the big, crude, home-made porch swing, busily talking. Or, rather Don was talking. He was on his favorite subject and I paused for a minute in the doorway, listening—

". . . it's breeding that does it, Helen. Pure strains in cattle, just like in human beings. means better stock, every time. Mix a bunch of scrubs, buy a steer when you don't know his pedigree and you'll wind up with a puny, undersized, stringy beef. Jud Parsons was telling me he favored mixing a few mavericks in now and then—but he's crazy."

Helen yawned. I looked at Duncan, sitting next to her in well-worn jodphurs and open shirt. Yes . . . that mocking smile was still there! Now I remembered Don's twin—very well!

"Hi, Stranger!" I called to him. "Welcome home!"

They were both on their feet, these two men who looked so alike and yet were so different. Duncan started forward, but, as usual, it was Don who grasped my hand first, who dominated the scene, and who broke off Duncan's greeting to me to pull me to him.

"Isn't she beautiful, Duncan?" His voice was hearty. "Isn't she a bride to be proud of, the future Mrs. Henry?" And he bent his head and kissed me lightly. I was startled—it was only recently that Don had begun to claim his privilege as a fiance. Our relations, up to then, had been close, friendly, sweetly sure—but not lover-like.

With one exception.

The memory of that one incident flashed into my mind every time Don kissed me. In fact, it had a way of coming into remembrance at the oddest times, laying its tremulous, thrilling fingers on my heart, coming between me and my work, flashing into my dreams, sending a fevered wonder through me when I thought of my wedding day.

It had been at a party the Henry twins had given for Duncan's first going-away to college, five years ago. The hour was late and the room had grown warm and stuffy. I had slipped away from the game the others were playing to walk through the cool night-stirrings of the cottonwoods. The creek bed was dry at that time of year but somehow it still gave the illusion of freshness in the black night.

Even now I remember the sound behind me and how I had turned and found him coming toward me, framed in the light from the windows behind him. I couldn't see his face—but the wide Henry shoulders, the way of walking, the glint of the light on the deep wave of his hair, I would have known anywhere.

I HAD started to speak, to say something casual—but suddenly—oddly—I couldn't. Something different, something I had never felt before in Don, checked the words on my lips. And in the little time it took him to reach me, a new and wondering emotion stirred to life inside me. A fire quickened and flared in my veins. I held my breath—not fully understanding what was happening to me.

He stopped in front of me. It was like a dream in which we both were caught without knowing why or how. I don't know which one of us moved first, but suddenly I was in his arms and he was kissing me with a depth of maturity and passion I had never even glimpsed before in Don. I couldn't think and I didn't want to. Nothing was real but the surge of life that began with his mouth on mine, so hard and yet tender, and flowed through every part of me with a sweet, fierce, pounding rhythm.

When at last he let me go, I still clung to him, shaking.

"I'm sorry, Joanne. I forgot myself—and I forgot how young you are. Let's go back inside." He caught me to him, suddenly, and buried his face in my hair. "At least I've had this much; no one can take it away from me. But I want you to forget it ever happened."

"I don't want to forget," I murmured, though I knew he was right. I *was* young for such experiences.

"Then keep it as a token payment and someday—" his voice was muffled.

He left me then and I followed slowly, into the house.

When I came inside Don only looked up from his conversation with another rancher and smiled, but there was nothing in his smile of a special nature. I felt a sharp disappointment and at the same time a relief that we were back on our old footing. I looked around for Duncan to wish him godspeed on his morning's journey, but someone said he had disappeared. It was just as well—I probably couldn't have talked coherently at that moment.

Duncan's voice, lazy, noncommittal, unrevealing, pulled us apart.

"My congratulations to you, Don, and my best wishes to the lovely bride." The formality of his words reminded me that I could never be sure whether Duncan really approved of us—or was laughing at us. "I am sure she will be a great credit to the other Henry wives of the past and to you."

THEN he smiled—and his smile was a direct, sunny apology for the offensiveness of his last words.

"Don't mind me, Joanne. I think my brother is a very lucky man," he said. Then his tone changed, "How is your mother? I'd like to see her, if I may—if she's well enough."

"I'll run upstairs and find out if she's awake. Dr. Stambaugh says she's strong enough to have visitors. And he's sure she'll be well enough for the wedding." I didn't need to add that if she weren't there would *be* no wedding.

Upstairs I opened Mother's bedroom door quietly and peeped inside.

"Come in, darling. I'm awake." Her soft voice carried in a whisper. "I heard voices—is Duncan there?"

Kneeling down on the hassock by the side of the bed, I had a moment of wonder as to why Mother should ask so promptly for Duncan? "Are you feeling better, dear? Is there anything I can get for you? Duncan is outside and he wants to—"

"Send him up here immediately, please, Joanne." I was shocked at the urgency in her voice. Secrets—between my mother and Duncan Henry?

I was still puzzling over the strangeness of her actions when I had delivered the message and Duncan had hurried up the stairs. Mother and I had always been so close—closer than most families are—that I thought I knew every idea of hers. She hadn't seen Duncan for over a year. Why should it be so imperative that she see him now?

When I asked Don he offered a plausible explanation.

"Probably something about the wedding she doesn't want you to know."

He wasn't much interested. He had just purchased four new steers for the Bar-H and they filled his mind.

"THE very finest money can buy, Joanne, and what's more important they're all prize winning Herefords. Blue ribbon in Albuquerque three years running and the papers I have on them are worth their weight in gold to me. Jud Parsons can say what he wants to about cross-breeding producing better range cattle—I say it's knowing the blood lines that counts." Jud was foreman on our ranch and had been long before Dad died. "Why, you can see it in people, I told Jud. Look at the Attlees. Their great-grandfather was the biggest man in this territory when he died, but since then the family has gone steadily down-hill. They are little better than homesteaders now. Clem Attlee married that Mexican-Irish girl no one ever heard of and now those kids of theirs run wild and never go to school if they can help it and the house is falling to pieces."

Helen was bored with all this talk of people and ranch affairs and presently she sauntered away.

As if he had only been waiting for her departure, Don turned to me in excitement.

"It came this morning, Joanne. I had it sent to the city for re-setting." He pulled a small package out of his pocket and dropped in into my lap. "Open it! A present from the groom to the bride-to-be."

With delight and anticipation I tore off the wrappings and opened the tiny jeweler's box within. "Don!—it's your mother's seed pearl locket! You know how much I've always admired it—how much I love it—"

"I've always meant for you to have it, too, Joanne. Mother would have wanted you to have it . . . it's been handed down from generation to generation. Henry wives always wore it."

I had the absurd feeling that until I had this locket I had been on probation.

Now I was one with all the other Henry women who had received this gift with pleasure and worn it with pride. But it wasn't absurd to know that Henry wives were, by legend, a special lot—noted for their physical beauty and their hardy capabilities. This had been motivated by no foolish whim during the early pioneer days when only the strongest, the healthiest, the most able of women could have weathered the hardships the ambitious Henry clan had burdened them with. Now it was a matter of pride.

Really more than that, in Don's case. As important as love—or almost—to him was the fact that he knew my family; that the Demings were as good a stock as his own. He believed, and I understood and approved his belief, that marriage was a more serious matter than just the attraction of a pretty face or a broad pair of shoulders. There were the future children—our children—to be considered. It was the right that the name we bore and which our children would bear should not be menaced by unknown factors or by dark shadows of weakness or tainted blood.

I LOOKED at him, sitting beside me, his arm linked in mine and he was dearer, more wonderful to me than he had ever been before. I knew him so well— his generosities, his honesty, his goodness and his untroubled nature. I knew that Don might criticize the Attlees, but it was feed, grain and supplies from his ranch that had kept that family alive for two years. I knew the respect in which he was held by others. He had been my playmate, my partner, and now would be lover and husband.

There were quick footsteps from the living room and Duncan stood in the doorway. His face was grave.

"Your mother wants you," he said, simply, but there was an urgency in his voice that made me fly up the stairs and sent my newly-realized happiness scattering.

"Mother—!" I cried, breathlessly.

"Come here, darling." Her face on the pillow showed an exhaustion I had not seen before. It was as if she had been holding her strength for this day and now, all at once, it was gone.

"Come here." she repeated. And when I was close, at her side, she spoke in a voice so low I had to bend to hear. "You've been happy, Joanne? You know how much we loved you, Dad and I? If we have done anything . . . *not* done something . . . would it make any difference to you? . . . if we have kept something from you . . . you will understand? We did what we thought best . . ."

"You've been the best mother in the world." I protested through my tears.

"No." Her head moved on the pillow. "I should have told you. I *must* tell you . . . must . . . you have a right . . ." Her head fell back.

Mother died that night. The shock was so great as to be numbing. For the moment life had stopped for me, too, and I was incapable of thinking.

The wedding was postponed, of course.

Only the memories of the past happiness in our home; of the love and affection which had been our shared and priceless gifts, sustained me now. Mother and I had been friends and comrades; even when Dad had died there had been the two of us to draw closer together. Helen had been included—always—even though she had never cared particularly for the same things we did. Now I had lost a be-

loved mother and Helen an aunt, but the strength and the bulwark of her love were still with us.

The funeral was a simple affair. Afterward Don and Duncan drove me home.

"There will have to be a reading of the will, Joanne. Do you think Friday will be too soon?" Duncan said gently.

The will? I hadn't thought about it—and it seemed strange that Duncan should. Don must have wondered something of the same because he voiced it:

"How do you happen to know about Mrs. Deming's will, Duncan?"

Then Duncan said a surprising thing. "I'm co-executor, along with Mr. Timm, the lawyer. Your mother asked me to function as such two years ago. That was the reason she was so anxious to see me the other day. She wanted to be sure I would carry out all her wishes."

THE surprise of it entered even my benumbed mind. I had not known that Mother placed such trust and confidence in Duncan—why hadn't she chosen Don instead? Don, who lived always on the ranch next to ours, instead of Duncan who might at any time be digging rocks in some far corner of the earth—Don, who was accepted by all the ranchers as capable and dependable, instead of Duncan whose heart and mind were fixed on unknowable secrets of the earth?

For the first time I looked at Duncan and saw him as a personality separate from his brother. And it was a shock to see that, studied carefully, the twins didn't even *look* alike. The bone structure was the same, except that Don's was larger, the color of their hair and eyes matched. But there was about Don's face—his mouth and forehead—the smooth, firm, unlined stability of a man whose course of mind and action had been determined by nature and circumstances; a man whose decisions came quickly and easily from simple convictions. Duncan's face was equally firm, but it was the firmness and it had the lines that came with a questioning nature and from laughter and suffering.

Even their eyes, now that I realized it, were different. Don's met mine with a clear, unsullied, healthy sureness; in Duncan's there were unreadable depths; there were shades and intensities of feeling not in his brother's With a flash of insight I knew that Duncan had looked for and found horizons that were beyond the little world we lived in, Don and I.

The next few days called on every ounce of courage I possessed. And I was grateful, with every hour that passed, for the demands made upon my time and energies. Although it was an effort to open Mother's old roll top desk in her "office", I plunged into the work of going over our accounts with Jud Parsons and the time passed; for a while I could forget. With Manuel, the cook, I took inventory of smoke-house and pantry and store-house. I ordered supplies. From morning to night I went through the routine that Mother had taught me; the routine that was so necessary to keep even our small ranch running smoothly.

How thankful I was that Mother and Dad had taken pains to make me competent and useful! Until such time as Don and I could be married and I would take up my new life with him, it was my job to run the Deming ranch, and I felt a new pride in myself.

I had only pity for Helen. She had loved Mother, too, but now she didn't seem to know what to do with herself or her grief. She cried for hours at a stretch, lying on the big redwood couch, intimating through her tears that I was hard-hearted and unfeeling. But I knew I was doing what Mother would have wanted me to do; in the way she would have approved.

For once in my life the responsibility was entirely my own. Even Jud Parsons, old and experienced in the way of ranch life, talked to me now as he had to Mother, listening silently when I expressed an opinion, nodding his grizzled head now and then, walking stump-legged beside me as we looked over the horses in the corrals, disagreeing with me sometimes but always, in the end, deferring to my judgment.

When Friday evening came and I heard the sound of the Henry car coming up the dirt road, I looked around

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the big livingroom and was proud of its serene order and tranquillity. Prouder yet, that although grief lay like a stone in my heart, there was order and tranquillity and discipline reflected in me, too. I hadn't forgotten anything—Mr. Timm's glass of port shimmered like a ruby drop in the old wine glass that had been grandma's—just as Mother always had it when the lawyer paid us a call. The big fireplace was clean and piled with logs against the evening chill that came here even in early fall; there was no dust on the spreading elks horns above.

It seemed to me I could almost hear Mother's approving voice: "That's my good daughter . . . my Joanne."

It took only a minute for the three of them, Don, Duncan, and Mr. Timm to exchange the usual greetings with us and to settle themselves in the deep rawhide-and-leather armchairs in front of the fireplace. Somehow there was an unspoken consent among all of us that this was not the time for conversation.

Mr. Timm coughed slightly—and then again—took a sip of port, and drew the legal envelope out of his pocket. Nervously, it seemed to me, he crossed his legs and uncrossed them several times while he unfolded the papers, taking much more time for the process than was necessary.

I LOOKED at him with a growing wonder and then glanced at Duncan. He was looking at me intently, something in his eyes that startled me. A demand? A question? Suddenly, there in that peaceful room, among the objects I knew so well and familiarly, among these people whom I had known all my life—one of whom I meant to marry—I felt a menace. A chill of fear. What was Duncan trying to tell me? Was it a warning! Why did Mr. Timm stammer as he started to speak; why was he taking so much time over such a simple thing as Mother's will?

Only Don seemed the same. His eyes met mine frankly, with no overtones or undertones of mystery. I knew, as surely as if I could read his mind, that he was thinking ahead to the day when the Deming acres would be combined with his own. There was nothing mercenary in his thinking; it was natural and right that he should be planning for us and thinking of his ambitions for our future life.

"I, Mary Elizabeth Deming. . . . being of sound mind. . . . . I do bequeath. . . . to my faithful friend Judson Parsons, the sum of one hundred dollars, and. . . . " Mr. Timm had been speaking and I pulled my mind back from its conflict of unexplainable terror and the reassurance that Don had given me, to listen. The lawyer's dry, thin voice went on, stating Mother's behest that Jud stay on here at the ranch as long as he wished. And then to Manuel Rodriguez, our cook, a small sum of money that was all she could afford, and with it the larger, uncounted, sums of gratitude and affection, Mother's regard for him.

To Helen went the little money left in trust for her by her own parents, and Mother's further request that she make her home with me as long as she desired. Her choice of furniture from the house and a small dowry when she married. . . . as if this were a signal, Helen's sobs burst wildly out and Mr. Timm leaned forward to pat her arm in sympathy. Yet all of us, including Helen, felt that this was more than generous of Mother.

There was very little more on the printed page to be read and I knew

that I was next. Momentarily, in hearing the bequests to the others, which were just what I had expected, I had lost my strange premonition.

Now, strangely, it returned in redoubled force. The tension seemed to heighten in that room. I watched Mr. Timm wipe his eye-glasses as intently as if they were a sign which might reveal, or erase, this bewilderment within me. I looked to Duncan. Was I imagining that message in his eyes? No . . . as surely as if he had reached out and touched me I could feel that he was lending me his strength for some unnamed, some fearful trial, that was surely coming to me. I moistened my dry lips with my tongue. I could feel my heart pounding and my hand shaking. Even Don seemed to have caught some of the strain. He leaned forward, slowly, in his chair and his face was troubled.

THEN, suddenly, the words came tumbling out of his mouth as though he were in a hurry to have them said—". . . do devise and bequeath . . ." he was mumbling in his hurry and I can't now be sure of the exact legal terms; the words seemed to be swimming in my head ". . . to my legally adopted daughter, Joanne Deming, who . . ."

"*Stop!*" It was my voice but I wasn't conscious of speaking, or how I got to my feet. The words he had mumbled had come to me with all the force of a shout—my *adopted* daughter, Joanne Deming . . . my *legally adopted* . . . That was—those words were for me. I was not Joanne Deming. I was someone else, or no one else. I was *adopted!*

They were all looking at me and the distress in Mr. Timm's eyes, the sympathy in Duncan's, the shock in Don's, the excitement in Helen's—it was more than I could bear. I heard Don's voice as if it came through a thick fog:

"It's a mistake! It's not true—we've all known Joanne since we were children."

But just as I had sensed that there was a terrible discovery for me when Mr. Timm had started reading, so now I knew that the discovery was real and actual, even before Duncan answered.

"I'm sorry, Joanne," he said, gently, and Mr. Timm nodded his head in agreement. "But it's just as it says. Mrs. Deming adopted you when you were a baby. She loved you as much—more—than if you had been her own and she couldn't bear that you should know before you had to. I wanted her to tell you before; she had promised me she would, two years ago, but she didn't want to spoil your happiness in any way. That was why she wanted to see me so urgently that last day—she was afraid she hadn't done the right thing."

I was so stunned that the sense of what he was saying meant nothing. Only his words were like pile-drivers, each a separate blow, each one splintering to pieces the wall of security and completeness that had surrounded me.

"But—then, who are Joanne's real folks?" Don persisted, in a dazed way.

Duncan shrugged and Mr. Timm shook his head, disclaiming knowledge.

And now I was nobody. I was lost—without a name, without an individuality, without foundation. One minute I had been the rightful heir to all the love and the responsibility and the place for which I had been reared; the next minute that place and position were still mine—but I didn't *belong*. It wasn't natural and right. It was legal—but how could it be? There were two people mentioned in that will: one they called "my legally adopted daughter" and the other "Joanne Deming." The two were not the same. They had no meaning for each other. I could not be one and the other, too.

I felt for Don's hand. It covered mine in instant response but his fingers were as cold as mine.

"I think—I think I'll go outside for a minute." My voice sounded faint in my ears. "Don—you'll come with me?"

We started out the door but Duncan blocked the way.

"I know this has been a shock, Joanne, but remember one thing. Never forget it—hang on to it. Your mother and your dad loved you as dearly as if you had been their own child. You *were* theirs . . . because they wanted you. Nothing is changed, Joanne. *Nothing.*" I looked up at him, at his lean, serious face and his dark eyes commanding mine, and for just a moment the whole world swung safely back into its orbit. *Nothing is changed,* he had said. Something so strong, so compelling, came from him and reached me that, for an instant, I was a person again, wholly and completely myself.

Then Don moved at my side. The papers in Mr. Timm's lap fluttered as he leaned forward, and I knew that it had really happened and the strength that Duncan offered me was a fiction and could not help me.

Outside Don caught me in his arms, burying my face in his shoulder. For a long time we stayed that way.

"Don—" I said, slowly, "—I'm lost. I'm not a person any more. I'm not Joanne Deming and I don't know who I really am. Everything seems different; even people seem strange to me. I don't know what I can believe in now, or if there's anything to believe. I'm lost—" and now I was crying, openly.

Strangely, out here with Don, I felt less a person than I had with the others around me. This was the man I was going to marry. This was the man who loved me—but what did I have to offer him now?

"Don't worry, darling. I know how you feel but you mustn't be hurt." His voice was deep and thoughtful. The shock was still there for Don, too. I could tell that by the measuring of his words. "You know how much I love you—*you*—whether you're Joanne Deming or someone else."

THERE was a moment in which neither of us spoke. Then Don's words came again, this time with decision.

"We'll find out who you are. We'll discover who your real parents are, so that you can feel yourself whole and complete once more. There must be a clue somewhere—perhaps Duncan or Mr. Timm know something. It won't be hard, in a small place like Indian Wells, where everyone knows everyone else's business, to trace down something that happened only twenty years ago."

I felt my heart stop. *My real parents—?* Somehow, I shrank from the very thought.

"We have to find out, Joanne, or else you'll be wondering all your life. You can't be yourself when you have no roots and when part of your life is a secret. I'm not afraid. I know there can't be anything wrong. It isn't *possible.* I've known the Demings—I've known you all your life—"

But the very emphasis in his voice frightened me. Was he wondering—was he picturing an abandoned child—the kind of parents who did not want that child—as I was? I had forgotten for a while Don's firm principles of

family and breeding. But now, although I wouldn't have thought it possible to feel still another shock, I saw in quick horrified realization, that this discovery was as awful to Don as it was to me. That he had his own reasons for wanting to find out who I was and from what kind of family. He loved me, I knew. But what did I have to give him now, in exchange for the Henry pride? A healthy mind and a healthy body—but could I depend on them? What dubious taints might not yet come down to me from my unknown father and mother? What racial strains were mixed in me? What right did I have to be any man's wife, when my heritage was clouded?

"I *must* find out," I said desperately. "I can't marry you until I do, until I know who I am."

"I'll marry you tomorrow, darling," he protested fiercely. "This won't come between us. Even if we don't find out who you are, no one else need know. Mr. Timm will never say anything, not if we ask him. And Duncan and Helen are part of our family. They'll keep it a secret." He was thinking now as he spoke. "Perhaps that would be better, anyway. So—even if we do find out and—and there should be anything wrong—anything upsetting—" *even to me Don could not bring himself to say that word "illegitimate"*—"then no one will know but ourselves. It will be our secret. I won't have anyone talking about you, Joanne, behind your back."

I FELT sick at the thought. "I don't want to be married, Don. Not until I know. Then, if you still want me—"

He caught me to him in a tight, hard gesture. "Want you? I'll always want you. I love you so much—I'd do anything in the world for you. Why did this have to happen?—I never thought there would be anything in our lives that I couldn't solve for you!"

Now it was my turn to comfort him. "There is a real Joanne somewhere. I'll find her and bring her to you. She won't have anything to be ashamed of—" but there was a growing fear inside me that denied my words— "and we'll go on with the life we had planned."

He smiled at me then, a steady smile. "Of course we will, dear. As Duncan said, nothing is changed. I'll ask him to come over here tomorrow and you two can put your heads together—he might know something from talking to your mother and you might remember something that would be a clue. But no matter what happens, we'll be married soon and we'll have our life together and the ranch and we'll rebuild the house the way you planned it—and our children—"

He stopped so abruptly I was startled. What had he said—*our children?* I could tell he was trying to go on; to sound natural . . .

And then I *knew*. He was too kind, too generous, too decent to tell me then what he had suddenly realized. But I *knew*.

"There can't be any children. Not for us." And somehow I kept my voice steady. "We can't have children, Don, not as long as there is any doubt as to who my parents were. *Or who I am!*"

A few words, a scrap of paper, and the whole foundation of Joanne's life has vanished. Can she build it up again —or does she, perhaps, find something to take its place? Read the startling, satisfying solution to her problem in the September issue of RADIO ROMANCES, *on sale August 15.*

The Way Love Finds You

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heart-turning dark blue glance. There was only the wind and the angry crash of the sea. And then, for the first time since the night Jigger Harris had kissed me, I doubted Ronnie's love for me, and my love for him. Suppose that my aunts were right, and that we were too young to know what real love was? Suppose that Ronnie had been only homesick, starved for more affection than Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily could give him? Had knowing me nurtured that hunger, blown it up until it had become so big and so urgent that we'd had to put a name to it . . . and had decided then that it meant we ought to be together forever? And was it possible that Ronnie hadn't said that he loved me simply because he was innately truthful, and, perhaps knowing in his inmost self that he wasn't sure of his feelings, he had instinctively hesitated to use a word that was beyond him in meaning?

I HAD to know. I had to know exactly how Ronnie felt about me. Everything else was suddenly unimportant beside it.

That was the reasoning that drove me that night. Perhaps I knew even then that I couldn't carry out a plan to see him any more than I could fulfill the dream of running away to the city and establishing a career for myself and a home for my child. But I was obsessed by the need to see him, by an equally strong need for action.

I scrambled down from the rocks, ran up the shore to the house. The keys to Aunt Fran's car hung where they always hung, on the hook beside the sink in the kitchen. I took the keys, took a heavy, waterproofed coat from the hall closet, wrapped it around a sweater and a skirt and my toothbrush, making a bundle of it. Then, running as if Aunt Fran were already on the threshold, demanding to know what I was doing, I raced out to the garage. I backed the car out, let it stand for precious seconds while I climbed out to close the garage doors. I drove slowly, cautiously—as if by caution alone I could make the passage of an automobile unobtrusive—until I was out of the village, on the open highway. Then I drew a deep breath of relief and stepped on the accelerator.

My plan—such as it was—was to drive as far south as the gasoline coupons in the dashboard compartment would take me. Then I would take a bus the rest of the way to the Southern port from which Ronnie had sailed, and I'd get some sort of job and some sort of room and wait until Ronnie came back. That was my plan, and I was driving as fast as I dared to accomplish it, when sight of the Coast Guard station around a bend in the highway made me slam on the brakes. It wouldn't hurt, I thought, to see Ronnie's friend, Mickey. Mickey might know more about Ronnie than I did, about when he'd been shipped out and when he would be back. I stopped the car near the gates, where Ronnie and I had sat the first night I'd met him. The putteed, white-belted sentry looked at me curiously as I got out. I went directly over to him. "I'd like to see Michael Morrison," I said. "It's important."

The sentry spoke to the attendant at the duty desk just inside the gate; the attendant put through a call, and a few minutes later Mickey came out. He grinned a little when he saw me, but his wise green eyes were curious and unsmiling. We walked a few steps down the yard, away from the guard.

"How've you been?" Mickey asked. "Heard anything from Ron?"

I nodded dumbly, suddenly tongue-tied by the casualness of his greeting. Then I blurted, "That's what I wanted to ask you. I mean—I know he's been shipped out, but I wanted to know if you knew anything about how soon he's likely to come back?"

"He's on escort duty, isn't he? He could be away as long as the war lasts."

It was too awful to believe. I wouldn't believe it. "You mean—and not come back once in all that time? I thought they took convoys over and then came back—"

"They do that, too. He might be back inside a month."

A month! My heart soared. "Will he come back to the same port, and do you really think it will be soon?"

"I don't *know*," said Mickey impatiently. "Sure, he'll probably come back to the same port, but as to when—your guess is as good as mine." His eyes narrowed. "Why do you want to know? You aren't in trouble, are you?"

I almost said yes. I was caught off guard, and I was so tired of keeping everything to myself, so tired of lies and evasions and concealment, that at this first direct question I nearly told the truth. But something in Mickey's attitude warned me, prevented me. Something suddenly suspicious and unfriendly, something threatening. "Oh, no," I said hastily. "—I'm going South to school this fall, and I thought that if Ronnie would be likely to be in port, I might leave early and stop to see him—" Mickey seemed not to hear it. "Because if you are in trouble," he said as if I hadn't spoken at all, "it can ruin Ron, if you or your relatives go to the Coast Guard."

I stopped talking about a mythical school in the South. "It can?" I said in a small, tight voice. "How? What could they do to him?"

"Court-martial him," said Mickey. "And give him a sentence and a dishonorable discharge."

I LAUGHED. It was a thin, ghastly little laugh, but I managed it out of sheer desperation. "Oh," I said, "I'm certainly glad it isn't anything like that, then. I—well, thanks a lot."

I don't know whether he believed me or not, don't know what he said. I ran away from him, from his wise, searching eyes, back to the car. And by the time I'd started the motor and had turned around, Mickey had gone.

The car jolted into the highway. I turned it South, away from Sandy Cove, without knowing where I was going. Without caring. Without thinking. There was nothing in my mind except this paralyzing new knowledge. I'd lived with fear from the moment I'd known about the child, but it had been a vague and formless fear because I hadn't known exactly what I was afraid of. I knew now, and the knowledge was more terrible than anything my imagination had conceived, more terrible than Aunt Fran's talk of the reformatory. I understood now that our marriage actually was a crime in the eyes of the law, both civil and military, and that Ronnie could be punished for it—punished in such a way that a reformatory sentence seemed nothing by

comparison. *Dishonorable discharge*—why, a dishonorable discharge would mean that Ronnie could never be a citizen again, could never vote, that the flag he was fighting for now would never be his. Those words hadn't meant anything when Aunt Fran had said them, weeks ago. Like the reformatory, they had seemed to be one of those extravagant phrases that grown-ups sometimes use. But they had meaning now that I'd heard them from Mickey, from someone my own age. They meant exactly what they said. Ronnie's whole life would be ruined. He loved his country so much; he'd fought to fight for it, had argued his parents into letting him enlist. If he couldn't be part of his country after the war, he'd have nothing to live for, nothing at all.

I'm going to be sick, I thought. I must stop the car. There's a turn-out around the next curve. But my hands seemed frozen on the wheel, my foot nailed to the gas pedal; they refused to obey the commands of my brain. Like the rest of my body, my face felt paralyzed; my eyes were set and staring. Out of the black fog ahead of me I saw the curve, saw the white posts that marked it, and then highway and posts and the hood of the car disappeared in a crash that exploded and reechoed again and again like thunder, until it died away into utter blackness, utter oblivion.

OFTEN, in the long darkness that followed, I heard echoes of the crash. There would be silence, and then the noise would begin, sometimes faint and far away, sometimes loud and close by. Sometimes it was accompanied by a jolting sensation. Sometimes it went on and on until I tried to scream at it to stop; other times it died away quickly, and then there would be only the silence and the dark nothingness. Once, when the crashing came, the darkness lightened, and the noise resolved itself into the clink of glass and metal; I had a glimpse of a moving white figure, of a tray at my elbow, of a white screen. "I'm in a hospital," I thought, and I slid peacefully off into unconsciousness again.

Then one morning I was fully awake, in a pleasant room with pale green walls, and a nurse in starched white was setting a tray on the table beside my bed. "Good morning, Miss Landon," she said. "How do you feel today?"

"All right." My voice sounded strange and unused, but I did feel all right. A little heavy, and a little numb, as if I were wrapped in a thick cloud of cotton wool, but all right. I looked down at myself. One arm was in a cast, and my legs—could I move them? I could move my toes. "How long have I been here?" I asked.

The nurse smiled. "Ten days. You have a broken arm, but it's mending nicely. You had some bruises, and some internal injuries, but they're clearing up nicely, too."

Internal injuries—and then memory struck like a blow. The baby. This peaceful, protected feeling was an illusion after all, and I was as badly off as before. Worse, because now everyone must know. . . "Your aunts," said the nurse, "have been here every day. You can see them this afternoon."

My heart shot into my throat on a rush of panic. "Oh, no—"

She seemed not to hear me. "Now, Miss Landon, if you'll just let me prop you up, I think you can have a real breakfast for a change—"

Miss Landon. At least, they hadn't found out about the marriage. Ronnie

was safe, for a little while, anyway.

Aunt Emily and Aunt Fran came to see me that afternoon. Aunt Emily's eyes were wet as she kissed me, and there was a tight, trembling look about even Aunt Fran's face. "Well, Grace—" she said. She didn't sound angry at all. She sounded tender.

"Your car," I said. "I'm sorry I wrecked your car, Aunt Fran. I'll try to pay you back."

Aunt Emily made a strangled sound and clasped her hand over her mouth. Aunt Fran reached for her handkerchief. "The car!" Her voice broke. "Thank heaven you didn't wreck your life! Oh, Grace, you foolish, reckless child—"

They knew everything. I knew it then. I waited, not daring to say anything. After a moment Aunt Fran wiped her eyes. "You lost your baby," she said almost briskly. "But you'll be perfectly all right, thanks to Dr. Harvey. And Emily and I have taken steps to have your marriage annulled. The papers are being drawn right now, and it may even be final by the time you go back to school."

I didn't ask how they'd found out I was married. It was simple enough, once they began to suspect, anyone in town could have told them about the notorious Justice of the Peace in Kingston. Or they had found the license, hidden in my purse with the money I earned at the bakery. All I thought of was Ronnie. What had happened to Ronnie? His name was rammed high in my throat, but try as I would I couldn't bring myself to speak it. I managed, finally, in a whisper. "Ronnie—is he all right?"

Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily exchanged glances. "Of course he's all right," said Aunt Emily. I thought she sounded evasive—and they were getting up to go.

I pulled myself up on my one good arm. "What happened to him?" I demanded excitedly. "Does the Coast Guard know?"

"Nothing's happened to him," said Aunt Fran crisply. "And of course the Coast Guard doesn't know. Neither do his parents. Outside of us, no one knows except Dr. Harvey and the law-

yer who is handling the annulment. Neither you nor Ronnie will suffer any more than you already have."

The significance of the last remark escaped me. I could believe Aunt Fran to the letter, and if she said that Ronnie was all right, he was. I fell back on the pillows, weak tears sliding down my cheeks. Aunt Emily bent over me, whispering, "You musn't excite yourself, darling. Everything's all right, and all you have to do is get well. Jigger Harris may be in tomorrow. He's in town for a few days before he goes to camp, and he wants to see you before he goes."

I nodded mutely. I couldn't speak, and I didn't see them leave. I was crying silently, with my eyes closed—crying not for my lost marriage, not for my lost child, but because I was relieved. Ronnie wasn't going to be punished after all—and I didn't have to lie any more, didn't have to worry any more, didn't have to whip myself into attempting a job that was too big for me. I could be myself again, sixteen-year-old Grace Landon, who had nothing more to worry about than getting through my senior year in high school with good marks.

The next afternoon Jigger came to see me. He looked very tall and browner than ever in his white uniform, and the sight of him gave me a quick little thrill—the same kind of thrill I used to get when Ronnie came striding up the walk. And he was handsome. It was funny to think of Jigger's being handsome. And it was funny, too, to think that Jigger, who had known me all my life, didn't know any of the really important things that had happened to me this summer. I was a little uncomfortable for the first minute or two, and then Jigger pulled up a chair and sat down, grinning. "Can't even drive a car," he mocked. "You sure are going to pieces. If I'd told your aunts the way you've been sailing lately, they'd never have let you drive the car at all."

I GRINNED too. "You're just as bad," I reminded him. "I remember the time you ditched your dad's car—right in broad daylight, too. As for sailing, you'll see. You'll be seasick the first time you're on real water."

We had a lovely, laughing half-hour. We joked and teased as we always had, even in the sober moment when Jigger said goodby. "Seriously," he said as he got to his feet and picked up his cap, "I'm glad you're going to be okay. You are, aren't you? I mean—it'd be awful to have you fold up now, just when you can be of some use to me."

"Use to you?"

"Sure. Letters. You promised to write to me, remember? I understand letters help a lot when a fellow's away from home."

I nodded, my throat tightening. Jigger took my hand, held it awkwardly, and then he bent and kissed me quickly on the cheek. "G'by, chum," he said. "I'll see you around."

He'd hardly got out the door before I was crying again—because he had gone, and because it had been so good to be with him, to laugh with him, to talk about the things we'd always talked about without feeling a barrier between us. Without thinking, "I'm married. I'm Ronnie's wife, and I'm not interested in the things you're interested in." The nurse came in, pulled down the shades, rolled down my bed. She pretended not to notice the tears. "Time for your nap," she said. "Your aunts won't be in today, you know.

You can't have too many visitors so soon. Now you get some sleep before dinner."

But I didn't sleep. After the nurse had gone, I lay in the dim, cool quiet, thinking about Jigger. And then, as if a giant sleight-of-hand artist had changed the dark-skinned figure in the white uniform for a fair-skinned one, had changed dark brown hair for lighter, I began thinking about Ronnie. Thinking about him in a way that I hadn't thought of him for a long time, not in the weeks when I'd been so worried over the baby, not in these last few days when it had been enough to know that no terrible punishment was going to be meted out to him. I thought of him longingly now, wanting to hear his voice, wanting him to take my hand, palm up, as he'd used to take it, and lay it against his cheek. I closed my eyes and tried to picture where, on all the oceans of the world, in all the ports of the world, he was. I wanted to tell him, now that it was all over and we had nothing to fear, all that had happened; I wanted to know—really, from his own lips, not just by guessing—how he would have felt about our child.

Our child—and then, for the first time, I thought of the baby not as a circumstance, not as a terrifying threat to Ronnie's future, but as a small and helpless thing that would have been part of Ronnie, part of me. Regret twisted suddenly, sharply, within me; it was followed by an aching sense of loss. I would have liked the baby, I thought, if— If Ronnie and I had been older, and able to take care of it. If our marriage had not been secret. If so many things hadn't been all wrong. . . .

IN the next day or two I thought a lot about the baby. My aunts came to see me for a few minutes in the mornings, but they weren't permitted to stay very long. The doctor came, and seemed cheerful over my progress; the nurses were in and out all day, but they were busy and had no time to talk to me. I was left much to myself, and although my body was still weak, my mind moved steadily out of the cloudy fog of illness into activity and clarity. I began to pay attention to the things around me, to the footsteps and the voices in the hall. I heard a baby cry sometimes, and I saw the nurses going past my door bearing small blurry bundles in their arms. My eyes followed them with an interest I myself didn't fully understand.

One afternoon a nurse carrying one of the small bundles stopped outside my door to talk to a doctor. I had a glimpse then, for just a second, of a tiny forehead, a tiny curled fist, and I knew an instant of revelation. Why, I thought, babies are small people. . . They weren't just something little and dear and helpless, like a puppy, or a kind of precious, animated doll that must be cared for more carefully and more constantly than an ordinary doll; they were little persons; they would grow up, and know happiness and hurt and trouble. There was a difference; there was all the difference in the world.

I knew then what Aunt Fran had meant by the responsibility of marriage. I thought I'd known when the baby was coming, and I'd known that I would have to support it. I'd thought then that responsibility was being able to feed your baby and to buy it clothes and to keep it warm and sheltered. I knew now that it was more than that,

much more. It meant preparing your child for life, teaching him to be the right sort of person, giving him the things that were not material, like balance and judgment and courage and wisdom, passing on to him the things you yourself learned only by experience . . . things that Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily knew, and that I was too young to know. Ronnie and I had taken a chance on more than our own happiness by marrying when we were too young to be sure of anything; we'd gambled with the happiness of a third person, too.

I wanted to tell Ronnie about it. We had talked over so many things, those nights we'd lain close in each other's arms, whispering . . . but now it seemed that we'd talked like children dreaming aloud, like children saying, "When I grow up, I'm going to do this and be that." I felt that I'd touched reality now, and I wanted to tell him about it, wanted to share with him all these strange, new, big thoughts.

The next day Ronnie came. I had no warning of it except that I felt especially well that morning; the doctor looked more pleased than ever when he made his visit; and Aunt Fran, when she stopped in at noon, actually beamed. "You're very much better, Grace," she said. "I think you can have special company this afternoon." And then she smiled secretively, as if she had a delightful surprise in store.

I SAID that I would love to have company, but I didn't ask who it would be. Some of the young crowd from Sandy Cove, I supposed, and if Aunt Fran wanted to make a little game of presenting them, I didn't intend to spoil it for her. I never dreamed that it would be Ronnie.

I didn't recognize him at first. When the nurse popped her head in the door to say I had a visitor, I saw the white uniform behind her, and thought that Jigger must have returned unexpectedly. Then I saw Ronnie's fair hair, Ronnie's pale-golden skin, and it was as if a giant hand had squeezed all the breath from my body.

He came over to me hesitantly, smiling a tight, strained little smile. "Hello, Grace."

I couldn't answer. I just looked at him. It was really Ronnie, but there was something different about him—a sharper, deeper stamp of feature. "What," I whispered, "are you doing here?"

It sounded stupid and rude, but Ronnie seemed not to mind. He was having trouble finding words, too. He pulled a chair to the bedside, laid his cap on the foot of the bed, then reconsidered and placed it carefully on the table. "I've been in town a week," he said. "But they wouldn't let me see you until today."

"I thought you were at sea—"

"I was, but we came right back. We sighted a sub the first day out. We got her, but she got us, too, and we had to put back in for repairs."

"You sank it—the submarine?"

He nodded, his eyes alight. There was something in his face for an instant, something stern and something proud. I couldn't quite define it, but it made me think, "This is how he'll look when he's older,"—and at that moment it seemed that he had already grown a little away from me. Then he was saying, "When I got in there was a letter from Mickey. He said you'd looked him up and had asked a lot of questions, and he had a hunch some-

thing might be wrong. So I got a leave and came up here, and—" His head came down, buried itself in his hands. "Oh, Grace, why didn't you tell me?"

I breathed a sigh that was half a sob. This was Ronnie—no stranger any longer, but my Ronnie, of the warm heart, the quick emotions. I put out my hand, worked it gently between his palm and his cheek. Ronnie turned his face, kissed my fingers. "I was scared," I whispered. "Mickey said you'd get a dishonorable discharge if Aunt Fran told the Coast Guard. And Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily had said so many awful things about young people who got married—Ronnie, they won't do anything to you, will they?"

He made a choked sound, and his head moved in negation. Something warm and wet slid over my imprisoned hand. "I've been staying at the house," he said. "They've been swell—better than I deserved. Grace, if I'd thought this would happen . . . I've been nearly crazy—"

Then his voice broke, and he couldn't say any more. He didn't have to. With the information that he'd been staying with my aunts, my last doubt as to his safety had vanished. They loved him; they would have wanted to forgive him, and when they saw how he was truly suffering on my account, they must have been as unhappy for him as they were for me. And surely, they knew that the blame was as much mine as his, and that the biggest fault of all was in our youth.

I DREW Ronnie nearer, until his head was close beside mine on the pillow. "The baby," I whispered. "I didn't want it, Ronnie. I wanted to want it, but I couldn't."

Ronnie shook his head. "I guess I wouldn't have wanted it, either," he said in a muffled voice. "I guess—we were just too young. It's pretty important, having a—being parents."

"I know." I told him then, all the thoughts that had come to me in the past days. Ronnie listened, just as I'd dreamed he would listen, understanding, knowing what I meant almost before I spoke. Still, I was miserable. A great weight seemed to have settled on my heart, and it grew heavier, more stifling, with every passing second. There was only one reason for it: it hurt to have Ronnie admit that we were too young for serious things like love and marriage. It was the truth, but it hurt. And it showed too clearly how wasted the summer was. The wonderful brief happiness, the longing and the fear and the worry and the pain had all resulted in nothing more than a hard lesson learned.

Then Ronnie's arms were around me; Ronnie's cheek pressed against mine. "I love you, Grace, so much—"

I lay perfectly still, feeling joy flood through me, feeling the weight on my heart lift with the magic words. This was all I wanted—to know that Ronnie cared about me, to know that one good thing had been salvaged from the wreck of the past weeks. It was what I wanted, but I must hold it lightly; we had snatched at love before, had come close to ruin because we had taken it before its time.

I looked at him sidewise, said teasingly, "Aunt Fran says you can't. She says we're too young to know what love is."

Ronnie raised his head, grinned down at me. "Aunt Fran may be right, he said. "But we're getting older, and we're learning—and even Aunt Fran can't stop that."

A Ring For Remembrance

Continued from page 23

said that. I knew he would love them as much as I did. Ted was our kind.

But all the way down on the bus he acted oddly. There was a suppressed excitement about him that I felt had nothing to do with our trip to Rockford. The twins met us and escorted us home like a couple of small steam engines. They had sized Ted up, in the way boys have, the minute we stepped off the bus. And then claimed him. They chugged along beside him, faces glowing, locks of bright red hair straggling down under their caps. Bidge said, "What's a 'trouble shooter?' Connie said she was bringing one home."

Ted didn't laugh. He answered man-to-man fashion, "I guess she meant me. You see, when anything goes wrong along the company's main line, it's my job to fix it."

"Oh," said Bidge. "Do you know anything about airplanes?"

"Not much. But I'll soon know more." Before I could ask Ted what he meant, we had turned in our gate and mother had opened the door to welcome us. She was little and red-cheeked and terribly young-looking to have a twenty-year-old daughter like me. She and Ted liked each other at sight. I could tell. In fact, Ted fitted into my family as if he had been born into it. At supper he and Dad discussed the war. And suddenly I heard Ted say, "I'm getting into it next week. The Air Corps . . ."

THIS was why he had been excited. And he had not told me. I was frightened and proud all at once. He looked across the table and smiled at me. A smile with so much tenderness in it that I felt my heart constrict. He had planned it this way. He wanted to tell me his important news in the midst of my family, knowing it would make everything easier. I looked at him with new vision, at the steady brown eyes, and the clean strong features. And I knew that I loved Ted Bromley.

We became engaged that night. After the family had gone to bed, we sat in the livingroom listening to some recordings, playing them softly. It seemed as if I had been waiting all my life to hear Ted say, "Darling, I love you." There was new magic in that phrase. We clung together, wordlessly. It's wonderful to belong to someone. To find a person who, out of the whole world, is one with you.

"How soon . . . does it happen?" I whispered.

"I leave on Tuesday," Ted said, his lips against my cheek. Tuesday! And this was almost Sunday. Only two days left to be together. In sudden panic, I pressed against him fiercely. "Nothing can happen to you, Ted! *Nothing* . . ."

"Just hold that thought, honey," he said huskily. "And keep this on your finger . . ." It was the most beautiful ring I had ever seen. A magnificent blue-white stone set on a flat cloisonne base, surrounded by small pearls. "It was my mother's," Ted explained gently. "She said I was to save it until I found the right girl. And I've found her, Connie."

"I'll wear it as long as I live. I'll never take it off." Tears fell on my cheek. Ted gathered me up close then, and the rest of the world ceased to exist for us.

Tuesday. Boys waving from the windows of the train. Blurred faces that you see through a mist.

Mary, Dora, and I worked three nights a week at the Canteen and on Saturdays I drove a small truck for the Red Cross. Every day I wrote a letter to Ted. It was always the best time for me. "Tell me even the small things," he'd said in one of his letters. "Tell me about the movies you've seen, and the music you've listened to, and what you're thinking about—me, I hope!"

As the weeks went by I realized with surprise that my feeling for Ted had deepened. I was beginning to understand what a priceless kind of love we had. Not the sudden sort that burns itself out. This had grown out of our friendship, our fun together.

Early in summer Dora's Marine came back on a furlough and on the spur of the moment they decided to be married. "You'll just *have* to arrange everything, Connie. I can't. I'm too nervous to think!" Her blonde curls bobbed with excitement.

"That's no way for a bride to act! You should be dreamy . . ." Mary told her.

"*Pish!*" said Dora. "That's another of your romantic Southern notions. The way I look at marriage, you can always try it once for luck—and if it doesn't work out, see your lawyer!"

"Are you sure you *love* Emery?" I couldn't help asking. If that was the way Dora felt about it, they had two strikes against their happiness right at the start.

Somehow we got her packed and ready. She and Emery were married in the dusty little office of a Justice of the Peace. It did not seem like a real wedding. The words of the ceremony sounded like some mumbo-jumbo, and the ring was too big and fell off Dora's finger. It was hard to imagine her as "Mrs." anybody. I knew that in her own way she must love her Marine. But she didn't act married. Her dates with other men were innocent enough, but I could not understand her wanting to go out with anyone else. I felt dedicated to Ted. There was a delicious secret thrill in holding myself exclusively for him. His ring on my finger was like a seal that set me apart as belonging to Ted Bromley. I could not

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ask for, nor did I want anything more.

It was late fall when his wire came. He had his wings. He would have two days in Chicago before going to camp for assignment. Two days . . .

We sat in a little restaurant that first evening, our hands locked under the table, not saying much. He had not changed except to grow a little older, straighter, more sure of himself. "Darling, isn't there some place we could go where we would be alone? Just the two of us?" he asked finally.

There was only one place. Both Mary and Dora were away for the week-end and our one-room apartment was not too bad. We had covered the day beds with chintz and hung yellow curtains at the windows so that it had an almost homey touch. Ted threw his cap on a chair and took me in his arms. "I've been waiting months to do this, sweetheart. Tonight there is no war on. There is just—*us!*"

We talked in snatches, planning the house we would build some day, complete with radio-phone. It was fun to talk like that. It made the future more certain. Then we talked about the time when we were kids. Little things that happened in the past, memories to share with each other. We talked of everything but the present . . . A cold finger touched my heart every time I thought of it. Less than twenty-four hours remained now for us to be together.

I MADE some coffee on the tiny gas stove and my hands were trembling so I spilled the water. "Ted, if only we *really* belonged to each other. If we had gotten married today . . ." I went to him and a flood of emotion swept over me. There was a look in his eyes I'll never forget. As if he were trying to memorize every detail of this moment against the grim pattern of things to come.

"Darling," I whispered. My hands crept to his shoulders, to his face. Recklessly I threw myself into that wild strong current and let it carry me along— Ted's face was infinitely tender as he lifted it from mine. "I'm a lucky guy, sweetheart. *Lucky.* We're going to have the grandest kind of marriage when this mess is over. But not now. When I take you in my arms as my wife, I want it to be for good. Not just a day—and then know the agony of separation. It's tough enough this way." His voice was raw-edged with feeling.

A new strength seemed to rise in me to match his need. "Ted," I said eagerly. "I'm going to learn everything I can about flying so I'll be able to talk your language. No matter how high you go, or where you go, I'll be right there with you!"

Later, I stood at the window for a long time watching the sky grow lighter until a pale yellow dawn broke through. And I made up my mind to two things. I would be even more loyal to Ted in every way; nothing would ever shake my faith in him. And I would try to grow along with him, instead of letting time and distance draw us apart.

At the Canteen I made a point of searching out the airmen to listen to their "wing talk." They were a race apart, these young fliers. Fliers like Ted, strong and quick and detached, as if they were really men of the air instead of the earth. Gradually I learned what "flush skin joints," and "low drag wind" meant. Ted was flying a Mustang in Italy. A "sweet ship" he called it. I bought a little model Mustang and put it beside his picture on my bureau. I knew all the men in his

squadron from his letters. Ed and Tuffy and Cobbs and Dave. "Great guy, Dave," he wrote. "I wish you knew him. He's the squadron leader. Fighting is his meat." He enclosed snapshots.

"That Dave Richards is certainly handsome," Mary said wistfully.

"Not bad. Not bad *at all!*" was Dora's comment. She looked lovely and terribly young curled up on the bed in her blue negligee. "Well, I'd better be getting dressed. The Captain will be here any minute—we're dining at La Rue tonight!"

"But Dora, what does Emery think of all this dating?"

She shrugged. "Oh, he doesn't care. Why should he? Besides, he is probably doing the same thing in Australia!"

But Emery was not in Australia. Emery was right in Chicago.

Dora had not been gone an hour when he called up. I heard Mary sputtering breathlessly into the phone and then, before she thought, she told him where Dora was. "Oh glory, now I have done it!" she wailed when she had hung up. I was already putting on my hat.

Emery was just getting out of a taxi in front of La Rue when I got there. His left foot was in a cast and he was using a crutch. But he looked well—and blazing mad. His eyes were like chips of steel. He started to brush me aside but I blocked his path. "Emery, tell me one thing first before you go in there," I pleaded. "Are you still in love with Dora? Because if you are, there is no reason why your marriage should crack up now."

"WHAT do you mean?" he cried harshly. "A guy dreams of getting back to his wife. And then when he does and finds her . . ."

I could not stand the torture in his face. I said quickly, "Listen to me, Emery. You've got to understand. You *must.* I've lived with Dora long enough to know. She sounds sophisticated, but she hasn't grown up yet. Not really. She is acting like a girl instead of a married woman. You were married such a short time . . ."

"So that's the way it is," he said grimly. "Are you sure that's all of it?"

"Yes," I said. I followed him into the night club and over to the table where Dora sat with the Captain. If I had ever doubted her love for Emery, that doubt vanished now. Above the surprise in her face there was sudden glory. But Emery was bowing pleasantly to the Captain. "I know you will excuse us. My wife and I have a little business to attend to." The amazed Captain looked more than ready to do so.

The little foyer was empty at the moment and Emery sat down on a bench and carefully laid his crutch on the floor. Very matter-of-factly he drew Dora across his knees. The spanking he gave her was sound and efficient. "That," he assured her, "is just a sample. You're like the young mule I found on Saipan before the Jap sniper found me. You need a firm hand. And, honey, you're going to get it! Now kiss me."

I left them clinging to each other in a taxi on their way to a hotel. Somehow, I felt everything was going to be all right for those two. Emery knew what he was about!

It was the next morning that the telegram came from the War Department. My name, my address. There could be no mistake. The words danced like black spectres in front of me. ". . . regrets to inform you that Lt. Ted Bromley is missing in action . . ."

He's not dead, not dead, thank God, I said over and over again. "Missing in action" could mean anything. He had made a forced landing somewhere. He would be found in a few days. Through the first shock that's what I clung to.

But weeks passed and no word came. Not until the letter arrived from his squadron leader, Dave Richards. It was a beautiful letter. The things he said about Ted made me glow with pride. But there was an undercurrent to it. He wrote as a man does about a pal he has *lost.*

". . . Knowing Ted, you won't be surprised at what he did on that run. I saw that his gasoline lines were hit and things were starting to burn. But he still would have had time to get back over our lines and bail out. He was carrying two 500 pound bombs at about 3000 feet and was almost on his target. Instead of turning, he dived and loosed his bombs on the target . . . I saw him zoom and turn over when he was only about 700 feet above the ground. Flak got my wing then so I don't know what happened after that. . . ."

But still I kept on hoping. Only it was a bleak little hope now.

"You're getting dreadfully thin, Connie," Mary said one morning. "Why don't you go to Rockford for a while? It would do you good to be home."

"Maybe it would," I said dully. "I'll go this Saturday."

I HAD never realized how much my family meant to me until that weekend. They surrounded me with affection. Bud and Bidge gamboled about trying to amuse me. Mother outdid herself cooking my favorite dishes. Nobody mentioned war. Nobody mentioned flying—or Ted. But his presence was everywhere. I had discovered how much I loved him on his first visit here. And now I was discovering something else—you cannot lose what you really love. It belongs to you forever.

I spoke of Ted that night for the first time. Suddenly I could not talk enough about him. It made him seem close, to speak of the good times we had shared. Dad and mother listened quietly, smiling now and then. I read Dave's letter to them, and for once my hands did not tremble. I could almost hear Ted's voice saying, "That's it, Connie! All flags flying! Chin up!"

As I was dropping off to sleep that night I pressed his ring to my lips. The ring that had been his mother's. "I'm all right now, Ted," I whispered in the darkness. "Thank you, darling."

Back in Chicago, a late winter thaw had set in. It was wet and raw but I felt better than I had in weeks. Mary and I were coming home from work one night when I felt her nudge me sharply. "Look. That officer ahead. Isn't he the *image* of Jimmy Stewart?"

"Well, no," I said. "He's much shorter. But he does look familiar. And he's going into our building." He was scanning all the mail boxes when we entered, and he turned to us hopefully. "Do you know if a Miss Constance Rogers lives here?"

Mary gasped. "Th-that's us! I mean, *that* is Connie."

"In a better light I should have recognized you. I've seen your picture often enough," he said. "I'm Dave Richards."

"So that's why you looked familiar. There is a snapshot of you—and Ted—on the bureau this very minute." A week ago I could not have said it. A week ago meeting Dave like this would have been sheer agony. But now the three of us went up the stairs talking easily. He was the kind of person you

like on sight, comfortable and sure. No wonder he and Ted were pals, I thought. It developed that he had come from Chicago originally and had been a draftsman. "Not a good one," he added hastily. "I always had a secret yen to be a cartoonist!" There were rows of ribbons on his chest, the D.F.C. And gold oak leaves on his shoulders. "They're very new," he said, pretending to brush them off. "The shine hasn't worn off yet. But I have twenty more days to get used to them. Then I go back."

His eyes drifted to Ted's picture, then back to me. There was an understanding in them that made my heart constrict for a moment. This man had been with Ted during all these last terrible months. They must have grown close, these two, the way that only men who face death together can. Underneath all the surface ease, there was tenseness in Dave, and a dreadful fatigue. I don't know how I sensed this, but I did. He insisted on taking us out to dinner and afterwards, when Mary left to go to the Canteen, Dave and I went to a movie. There were a million questions I wanted to ask him about Ted, but he was not ready for that tonight.

When he took me home he held out his hand and there was something in it. Something hard and metallic. I looked down. I held the Distinguished Flying Cross in my hand. "Ted's," he said briefly, "He got it for that last little maneuver."

SOMETHING hot stung my eyelids and I had to turn away for a minute. "You know, Connie, you're just the way I imagined Ted's girl would be—tops in every way," Dave was saying gently. "He used to tell us about you getting all the maps to follow him wherever he went, and learning 'wing talk.' He said your letters made him feel you were right there with him. And believe me, that's a great way for a guy to feel!" He put on his cap and gave me a little salute. "May I drop in again, Connie?"

"Of course." I was hungry for every last detail he could give me about Ted. And I knew that in his own time Dave would tell me the story.

But it did not come out all at once. I had to fit the pieces together from little snatches of conversation. Sometimes he called for me after work and we'd drive out along the lakeside in a car he had borrowed. He would be quiet for a long while, eyes intent on the road, a million miles from me. Reliving moments from the past months. Remembering things that finally found expression in slow words and vast understatement. "Funny thing, about clouds," he'd say. "I used to think you walked on 'em when you were happy. But flying in them is something else again. We were tagging through one once, 18,000 feet above Leghorn, when another formation 'sat down' on us. They clipped my tail neat as a knife, and I went out over the side. But it seemed that my chute only opened on Mondays and Thursdays. This was Wednesday. The earth was coming toward me a little too fast, so I reached in and played out the silk by hand. It worked and the chute blossomed out like a May flower. And you know the first thing I saw? *Ted*—wheeling down after me in his ship like an anxious Wahoo bird. When my chute opened fully, he wiggled his fingers at me and slid away . . . They don't make 'em any finer than your Ted, little Connie."

I stored up stories like that, went

over them as I say in bed at night. They were treasure beyond words.

It was not until the evening Dave said he'd be leaving soon that I realized how much his company had come to mean to me. He had given me new strength, somehow. I was grateful for that. He had been reassigned—but not overseas. He was to be an instructor at a Base in the South. "More or less permanently, Connie," he said. We were sitting in a little lounge at an Officers Club, empty except for ourselves at the moment. Dave leaned forward with his elbows resting on his knees. Without looking at me, he continued, "It probably would not be much of a life . . . but if you could go along with me . . ." He turned quickly and there was pleading in his eyes. "I wouldn't ask for anything, Connie. I—know how you feel. But we'd be together. There would not be that loneliness. We could be married here . . ."

WE looked at each other a long moment. He was offering me escape. I knew that and I was sorely tempted. He had known Ted, loved him too. Perhaps we could build up a future together, Dave and I, that might be a bulwark against the world, against hurt. "It might work out," I said. And at the light that leaped into his face I felt almost guilty. If it meant that much happiness to him . . . "Let me think it over, Dave," I begged. His smile was suddenly boyish. "No matter what the answer is," he said, "it will be the right one. For both of us."

The next day when I met him I had made my decision. It had been a struggle and I felt tired and worn out. There was no spirit left in me. But now that it was over, I was more at ease. His glance was quick, questing. "I'll do it, Dave," I said quietly. "If you . . ." I didn't get any farther. He caught my hand and raced me to the car. "Let's drive out to the lake. *Fast!*" he said. "We have a lot to talk about!"

But it seemed that after all we didn't . . . He had brought a ring along. A ring with an emerald center. I looked down at Ted's ring, shining there on my finger, and suddenly I knew I could not take it off. It was a symbol of the perfect thing that had been our love. I could not be satisfied with less. And it would not be fair to Dave. He deserved to have a girl as wholeheartedly in love with him as I had been with Ted Bromley. Not a substitution, not a girl who was looking for a prop!

I tried to put some of that into words. Dave nodded and put his hand over mine. "Don't worry, Connie. I understand. It was just an idea I had . . ." He lifted my chin. "Keep smiling, honey. That's the way I want to remember you."

That day was the last time I saw Dave Richards.

Spring came swiftly, the spring of '45. Events moved rapidly in the world pattern. Mussolini's death. The fall of Hitler. V-E Day . . . Breath-taking events we had been waiting for so long. I went into a church that day and sat quietly in the back. I don't think I prayed but there was prayer in my heart. For all those who had known loss, for those who had grown so intimately aware of suffering. There was new faith rising in me when I left, a hope that had been almost smothered.

It remained with me, grew by the hour. If I closed my eyes I could see Ted's face etched against the lids. Every dear line of it. The gay, firm mouth, the teasing eyes. *"Off we go, into the wild blue yonder"* . . . I could hear his voice, vibrant, strong. It was real, real and close. The door of my room burst open. And he was standing there . . . "Connie, oh my darling!" . . .

Long afterwards, when I could speak coherently, I lifted my face from his. "But how—how did you get here?"

He settled me more comfortably against him in the chair. "By plane, darling. I cabled as soon as I could—but I guess it didn't get through. After the crash some of the Czech underground found me. I spent six weeks in an attic before they shifted me to a mountain cave. It was not until the Nazis had surrendered that they brought me out of that . . ." His kiss was warm, infinitely tender. "Do you know what made me crawl out of that plane wreck and drag myself with a broken leg into the comparative safety of a field? You, darling. I kept hearing your voice calling me . . ."

If ye have faith . . . From the fullness of my heart I kissed him.

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