

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF

Radio Romances

DECEMBER

15¢



HARRIET
HILLIARD

Thanksgiving Day with Bachelor's Children

This *Christmas* give the priceless gift of Romance



Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS
DISTRIBUTOR





The tin can is precious too!

PRECIOUS METAL! That's what tin is today. Postwar demands for tin far exceed the supply. According to Government authorities, it may be months before tin will be shipped to this country from the great mines in the Malay States formerly controlled by the Japanese. This means that the "tin mines" which are now available to America are in the kitchens of America . . . *your kitchen!*

HOW TO BE A TIN MINER IN YOUR OWN KITCHEN.

Every time you empty a can of precious Dole Pineapple, or any other product—save that can. The tin on it is so vitally needed that every can must be turned in for salvage.

Watch your daily papers for the announcement when tin cans will be collected. Then, don't forget to have your cans ready—washed, delabeled, flattened—for your collector.



1. WASH EVERY EMPTY CAN



2. REMOVE THE LABEL



3. BEND IN THE ENDS

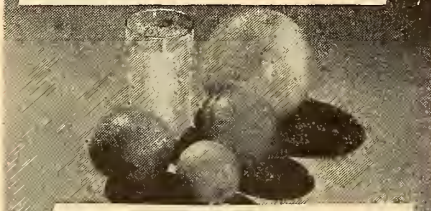


4. FLATTEN THE CAN

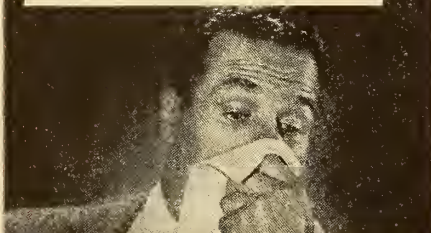
TIPS FOR FIGHTING COLDS



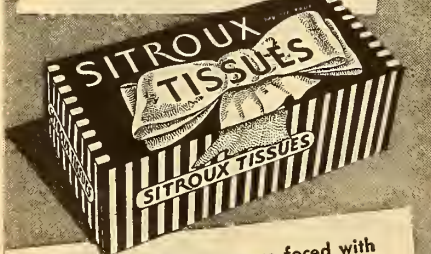
... avoid crowds when you have a cold. Not only do you expose yourself to other germs, you expose other people to yours! If you must be near others, use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for protection.



... eat the right foods! Have plenty of citrus fruit in the house—oranges, grapefruit, lemons. Get plenty of rest, too. Avoid draughts, especially when sleeping.



... use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for "overblown" noses! They're kind to tender skin—more sanitary, because you can so easily dispose of them! Saves laundry bills, too. (Use sparingly, don't waste Sitroux. *)



* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES
SAY SIT-TRUE

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ON THE COVER—Harriet Hilliard, of CBS's *Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*.
Color Portrait by Salvatore Consentino, Valcour Studios.
Miss Hilliard's suit and muff, a "Capri Original", New York.

FRED R. SAMMIS **DORIS McFERRAN** **EVELYN L. FIORE** **JACK ZASORIN**
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Are you in the know?



The lathered lady is —

- Brushing up on beauty
- Bonishing 5 o'clock shadow
- A little shower

Borrow Dad's shaving brush, soap your face, and start brushing up on beauty. It's stimulating . . . and the thorough cleansing helps, if you've a tendency to blackheads. Now is the time to safeguard your complexion. And, to safeguard your *daintiness*. You see, *now Kotex contains a deodorant* to help you stay daisy-fresh on certain days. Mind you, the deodorant can't shake out—because it is processed right into each Kotex pad, not merely dusted on! How carefree you'll feel with this new Kotex "extra"—and not one extra penny to pay!



It's a bright trick to go Christmas dating with —

- Mistletoe on your mind
- Bubbles in your hair
- Your heart on your sleeve

Catch a beau with mistletoe? Or by letting him think you're a smitten kitten? Try a smarter way. Be original. Look charming. It's a bright trick to wear a wee cluster of Christmas tree ornaments in your hair. You can be the belle of Noel—and be poised for *all* occasions (even "those")—when your mind's at ease. Kotex keeps you so. Yes, thanks to the special *safety center* of Kotex you get *plus* protection, for this patented Kotex feature keeps moisture away from the sides of the pad. Helps spare you embarrassing accidents.



Is this nifty giftie —

- A compact
- A bracelet
- Both

Here's a fetching new twist for the wrist—a bracelet-compact (complete with mirror). Dreamed up to give you a free hand, at sports or whenever a purse seems cumbersome. For free action on *calendar* days, remember to choose the napkin designed to give you chafeless comfort: Kotex. There's lasting softness in Kotex—unlike pads that bunch and rope. Kotex does more than just "feel" soft at first touch, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Actually! You'll have nary a care with Kotex sanitary napkins.

Can you define the "Cold Shoulder"?

- Spreading the frosting
- A coll to orms
- A formol dress

Just what its name implies—the little numbah illustrated. A new formal dress with one shoulder bare. (Relax—no barer than a bathing suit!) Very dapper indeed for party evenings, when you're set to defy competition. *Hold* that mood! At "those" times, too. With Kotex as your ally no revealing outlines *dare* compete with the smoothness of your frock, your poise. That's because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show. So, say goodbye to outlines!



A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX[®] NAPKIN
AT NO EXTRA COST . . .



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

Curt Massey works hard to please two audiences. For home consumption, he fiddles; on the radio, he sings.



Rich-voiced Nan Merriman is Serenade to America's soprano soloist on NBC.



Sleek hair, sleek singing, by Patti Clayton of CBS's Arthur Godfrey Show



DINAH SHORE is having some tough luck. Last season her dad died. Now comes word that her father-in-law passed away.

It looks as though dusky Thelma Carpenter, who used to sing with Count Basie, will join Eddie Cantor's air show, succeeding Nora Martin.

Baritone Bob Graham has been signed for the Fanny Brice show.

Ethel Smith, attractive swing organist, has married film actor Ralph Bellamy . . . Gorgeous canary Mary Ashworth and bandleader Ted Steele are continuing the friendship started on the NBC cigarette show.

The Merry Macs are celebrating their tenth year of successful harmonies. Judd and Ted McMichael are still the original co-founders of the team. Younger brother, Joe, gave his life in the service of his country and Lynn Allen has replaced him. The distaff side of the group is represented by titian-haired Virginia Rees.

Those who know are predicting a bright future for blonde singer Kay Vernon. Bedridden for many years, Kay fully recovered and launched herself on a singing career.

Frank Sinatra will get \$11,500 a week when he plays New York's Paramount theater shortly.

Jack Benny's singer, Larry Stevens, married his schoolday sweetheart, Barbara Williams.

RCA-Victor has come up with a new unbreakable record as its post-war contribution to platter fans.

Dick Kollmar, leading man on a dozen soap operas and a Broadway

FACING the MUSIC

By **KEN ALDEN**



The unbeatable verve and style of the Dick Haymes-Helen Forrest singing combination make wonderful music for the weekly Columbia Dick Haymes Show, Saturdays at 8:00 P.M.

When you wash your hair

USE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

as a precaution against

Infectious Dandruff

THE INFECTIOUS TYPE of dandruff is more prevalent than most people suppose . . . it may get a head start on you before you know it.

And, once started, it is nothing to laugh about; those ugly flakes and scales, that bothersome itching, may be symptoms of a troublesome condition that may persist a long time if neglected.

Be Constantly on Guard

As the name implies, infectious dandruff is "catching." For the sake of your scalp and hair the wise thing is to be always on guard against it.

Why not take sensible precautions regularly and often? Why not use this delightful antiseptic every time you wash your hair? Thousands of men and women are doing just that and are simply delighted with results.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

If the infection has already started, Listerine Antiseptic goes after it in a hurry . . . kills millions of the germs on your scalp, including *Pityrosporum ovale*, the stubborn "bottle bacillus" which many authorities recognize as a causative agent in the infectious type of dandruff. Both scalp and hair are given an antiseptic bath—which your common sense tells you is a sensible thing to do when infection is present.

Excess flakes and scales begin to disappear, irritation is quickly relieved, the hair feels delightfully fresh. Your scalp glows and tingles.

If the infection is not present the scalp and hair have had the benefit of an exhilarating and refreshing treatment.

76% Improved in Tests

Remember, the Listerine Antiseptic treatment is a tested method . . . its merit revealed in clinical research. In a series of tests 76% of the patients showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of four weeks of the twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.



The TREATMENT

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

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

LAUGH—with Billie Burke
every Saturday morning over your C. B. S. Station.
See your local paper for time and station



OOH! DOMESTIC CRISIS!

Sue was *furious* at Tom for the way he'd been treating her. But *she* was really to blame! She should have known better, for she was no stranger to feminine hygiene. It was just that she had become *neglectful!* Her doc-

tor straightened her out. "It's foolish to risk your marriage happiness by being careless about feminine hygiene—even once!" he said. Then he advised her to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—always.



AH! DOMESTIC BLISS!

Heavenly is the word for Sue and Tom's home life now! Wise Sue immediately took her doctor's advice. Always, she uses Lysol for douching... knows for herself how *thoroughly* this

proved germ-killer cleanses, yet how gently! Lysol is far more dependable than salt, soda, or other homemade solutions. "What's more," says Sue, "it's *easy* to use—*economical*, too!"

Check these facts with your Doctor



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

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

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

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



For Feminine Hygiene use

Lysol
Disinfectant

always!

theatrical producer, is trying to get tenor Kenny Baker for his new musical show, "Slightly Perfect." I got a preview of the score written by veteran Harry Revel and there are several potential Hit Parade tunes in it.

Evelyn Knight, fresh from a South American triumph, has replaced Marion Hutton on that CBS perfume show.

Swooner, Western Style

The raw-boned rancher was giving his young son some sound advice and it had nothing to do with corrals, dogies, or branding. He had to cup his hand firmly around his mouth, because the noise was like the whining of a thousand cats. All around the pair were serious-faced fiddle-playing mountaineers, mostly grizzled natives, tuning up for the annual fiddlin' contest of Roswell, New Mexico.

"Now listen to me, son," the father said, "I've been teachin' you fiddle playin' since you were knee high and I aim to have one of us win this here contest. Don't do nothin' fancy."

For hours an almost endless array of violinists plucked away. But when the last mountain Menuhin had finished, there was no question about the winner. Twelve-year-old Dott Curt Massey copped the \$50 prize.

Two important things came out of this memorable violin victory. The winner decided on a musical career, and at this writing it is in full flourish. Curt Massey, swooner, western style, is a CBS network and Columbia Recording favorite.

Curt dropped his strange first name of Dott, when it caused him great embarrassment, during his radio debut on a small New Mexico radio station.

With voice change, Curt switched to Kansas City, was soon conducting a dance band in that city's largest ballroom. Since the time he won the fiddle-playing competition, Curt had sharpened up his musical abilities with a course in harmony and voice technique at K.C.'s Horner Conservatory of Music.

It was while leading the band that he met his wife, Edythe. She was danc-



Lovely Jeri Sullivan sings to Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore each Friday on their CBS show.

ing on the floor and he was swinging the baton. Curt eyed the attractive girl, said to himself, "That's for me!"

Curt climbed off the bandstand and cut in. He did some very fast talking. "You are very fresh, Mr. Massey," Edythe snapped.

But Curt knew twenty-four hours later he had made a permanent conquest. Edythe was back in the ballroom; this time alone. Edythe and Curt were married a few months later. That was thirteen years ago. They have one child, four-year-old Stephan Austin.

Shortly after his marriage, Curt suffered a nervous breakdown. The doctor ordered him to give up band work. The couple retreated to Roswell and spent a year on Dad Massey's ranch.

But then came a wire from sister Louise. She and her brother, Allen, husband Milton Mabie and a young singer named Larry Wellington had formed a singing unit. Would Curt join?

The Masseys and their partners clicked immediately on WLS, Chicago. They formed a corporation, rolled up an impressive recording library of western tunes. These discs are still being used on over 50 radio stations. Known as The Westerners, the singers soon went network, and radio veterans should remember their harmonies on the old Showboat, Plantation Party, Magic Key and Al Pearce shows.

Two years ago, when Louise retired, the act broke up and Curt went solo again. A booking agent suggested to Curt that he enter the swoon sweepstakes and tussle with Messers, Crosby, Sinatra, Haymes, and Russell. Curt was signed by a sponsor. A summer replacement for the Andrews Sisters, Curt clicked solidly and stayed on the show when the rhythmic trio returned, as well as singing for his own show.

RADIO MIRROR RECORD REFLECTIONS

WOODY HERMAN (Columbia) Harold Arlen's touching ballad "June Comes Around Every Year" gets good grooving while the Herman herd riffs out "Northwest Passage" on the reverse.

TOMMY DORSEY (Victor) Remember Hoagy Carmichael's strange rhythms of "Hong Kong Blues" in "To Have And Have Not." Well, T.D. spins it out in special style, pairing it with the theme song of another favorite flicker, "You Came Along."

JOAN EDWARDS (Cosmo) The Hit Parade Stylist swings out with "Gotta Be This Or That" and a memorable oldie, "Don't Blame Me."

XAVIER CUGAT (Columbia) The rumba king again demonstrates why he is top man with a maraca with this duo, "You Forgotcha Guitar" and "No Can Do." Lovely Leah Ray, long missing from radio and records, sings both sides and it's good to have her back.

BETTY HUTTON (Capitol) Nail down the carpets and close the windows or La Hutton's exuberance may cause your neighbors to complain. "Do-in' It The Hard Way" is the appropriate title for the "A" side. Toned down on the reverse, Betty turns on the nostalgic "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes For" just as she does it in "Incendiary Blonde."

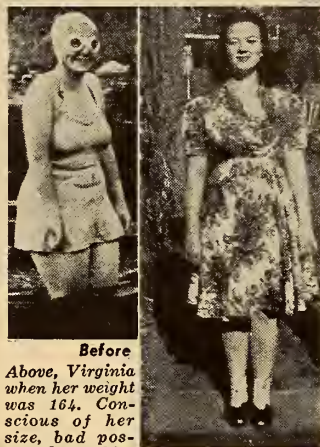
"The Girl Who Stayed Home"

IS A SLIM, TRIM BEAUTY NOW!

Fat and forgotten a few months ago, Virginia Josselyn of Denver, Colo., loses 49 pounds, becomes poised and popular.

"I know what it is to be 14, fat, and forgotten," says Virginia Josselyn. "I was left out of the parties a school girl loves. And no wonder. I weighed 164 and was getting heavier. Then, with Mother's approval, I started the DuBarry Success Course right at home. In three months I lost 30 pounds, in five months, 49! Now, at 115 pounds, my dress size is 9 instead of 20! My skin is smooth and lovely and I've learned the art of subtle make-up.

"What a difference all this has made in my life. I've been to two formals—something for a freshman! My week is filled with dates and doings in the clubs and groups I now belong to. I have so much pep, I whiz through my housework in no time at all, then I'm off to go swimming, hiking, biking. You have made me a very happy girl, with a bright new future."



Before
Above, Virginia when her weight was 164. Conscious of her size, bad posture, heavy hips and legs, she was ashamed to have pictures taken. Center, in three months, down to 143, she kept on, to achieve correct proportions. At right, lovely Virginia today, weight now 115, slender, poised, happy, confident.

A WORD FROM VIRGINIA'S MOTHER

"For years we had been heart-sick because of our daughter's handicap. I consulted our doctor about the Success Course, and he approved. She has completed it with such success, I can scarcely tell you how happy it has made us."

Mrs. L. V. Josselyn.

HOW ABOUT YOU? Haven't you wished that you could be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, wear youthful styles, feel like a new person? The DuBarry Home Success Course can help you.

Just five years ago, the DuBarry Success Course was founded, bringing to women all over America the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. Since then more than 225,000 women and girls of all ages from 12 to 60 have followed this practical plan for achieving beauty and vitality.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
NEW YORK

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association



With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SZ-8, 693 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.



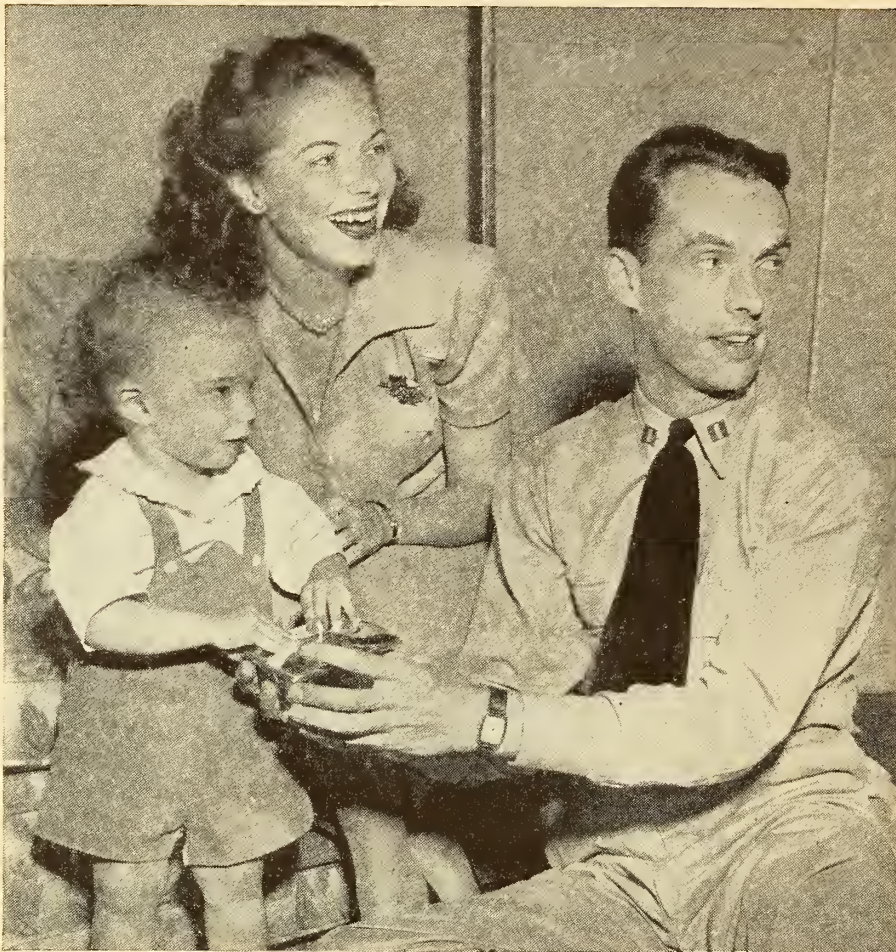
Miss _____
Mrs. _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone No. _____ State _____

VIRGINIA'S MEASUREMENTS

| | Before | After | Change |
|---------|----------|----------|----------|
| WEIGHT | 164 lbs. | 115 lbs. | -49 lbs. |
| HEIGHT | 5'2 3/4" | 5'3" | +1/4" |
| BUST | 41" | 34" | -7" |
| WAIST | 33 1/2" | 24 1/2" | -9" |
| ABDOMEN | 38 1/2" | 29" | -9 1/2" |
| HIPS | 45" | 36 1/2" | -8 1/2" |
| THIGH | 28" | 21" | -7" |

The Course is intensely practical. It fits into your daily life. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You learn how to bring your weight and body proportions to normal, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour—look better, feel better, be at your best.

When the Success Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find out, without the slightest obligation, what it can do for you?



Radio actress Cheer Brentson becomes exclusively Mrs. Robert Smith during the proud moments when the Lieutenant is around to review young Brent's progress.

Everett Mitchell reports on farm events and market conditions for NBC's National Farm and Home Hour.



WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS



All of ABC's One Man's Family is proud of Cadet Nurse Teddy (actress Winifred Wolfe).

IT'S a long cry from these blustery days of December, but we like the story Patrice Munsel tells about her summer vacation in California. She and her mother stayed at a hotel.

Whenever her mother wanted Patrice, she would send a bellboy to find her. One day he came to the swimming pool and announced seriously, "Miss Munsel, your car is waiting."

Patrice was puzzled, because she knew she wasn't supposed to go anywhere. In fact, she'd just gone down for a swim while she waited for her singing teacher to turn up. Thinking of that, Patrice said, "You're sure my mother didn't say that my coach was waiting?"

The bellboy grinned, "Yeah," he said, "that's what she said, but that's too highfalutin' for me."

In case you've ever harbored any notions that people who write mystery stories and, especially, mystery radio shows are working off hidden phobias and sadistic instincts—which you prob-

ably never did stop to think about, as a matter of fact—you're all wrong.

Gene Wang, who writes Mutual's Adventures of the Falcon, says that his profession is not made up of frustrated Draculas who take their blood vicariously.

"In fact," he says, "we're a timid lot. Though we tend to pile body on body, I've known cases where the mere sight of borscht made a writer sick."

Asked why he thinks mystery writers choose that particular form of expression, he says it's because it's a way to make a living, and a pretty good one, at that.

"For some unknown reason," Gene grinned, "boy meets body pays off much better than boy meets girl."

Marion Loveridge is growing up fast these days. She's also finding that there's a lot to learn about life, even after you've done some growing up.

Not long ago, Marion found herself with a couple of free hours and decided

(Continued on page 10)

Now a Salon-Type **COLD WAVE** PRICED WITHIN REACH OF ALL



Look for this head on the COLD WAVE Home Kit you buy. It is your assurance of receiving the best—there's none finer on the market, regardless of price.

A NEW COLD WAVE PERMANENT
In 2 to 3 Hours at Home

Now, give yourself the sensational guaranteed, easy-to-care-for COLD WAVE PERMANENT in the convenience of your own home . . . do it at a cost so low, it's amazing! Thanks to the wonderful discovery that's yours in the NEW CHARM-KURL SUPREME COLD Wave Kit, you can easily COLD WAVE your hair in 2 to 3 hours. Get the NEW Charm-Kurl Cold Wave and know the joy of soft, glamorous, natural looking long-lasting curls and waves . . . by tonight!

Simple, Easy, Convenient...Perfect Results or Money Back

Women everywhere demand permanents the new Cold Wave way and, no wonder. . . . An entirely new, gentle process, you just put your hair up in the curlers provided and let the CHARM-KURL Supreme Cold Waving solution, containing "KURLIUM," do all the work. Perfect comfort, no heat, no heavy clamps, no machinery, no ammonia. Yet, given closer to the scalp, your Charm-Kurl Cold Wave permanent results in longer lasting, safer, lustrous curls and waves

that appear natural, glamorous, ravishing. Why put up with straight hair that is hard to dress in the latest fashion when you can know the joy of a real, honest-to-goodness genuine Cold Wave Permanent, by tonight! Ask for the NEW Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave Permanent, the new, easy-to-use home permanent kit today. Test, compare, you must be pleased beyond words or your money back.

—works "Like a million" on children's soft, fine hair.

Consider this Important Fact

Only Charm-Kurl contains "Kurlium"* the quick working hair beautifier—that's why only Charm-Kurl gives such wonderful results for so much less. No wonder women everywhere say Charm-Kurl SUPREME is the nation's biggest Home COLD WAVE value! Insist always on Charm-Kurl SUPREME with "Kurlium."*

*"Kurlium." is U. S. Registered. No one else can make this statement.

The New
Charm-Kurl SUPREME
COLD WAVE

COMPLETE HOME KIT

Only

98¢
PLUS 14c TAX



Each kit contains a 3-ounce bottle of salon-type COLD WAVE solution, 60 curlers, 60 end tissues, cotton applicator, neutralizer and easy-to-follow instructions.

The new Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5c and 10c Stores. Get one today—thrill to new-found glamorous hair beauty by tonight.

Send Direct to HOLLYWOOD



Heir-Minded DRESS

Mailed To You Promptly



MATERNITY CLOTHES from

An adorable frack for around home or shopping while awaiting the new heir. Fetching shoulder scrawl. Youthful wide shoulders with gathered-in waist effect to give the look of slimness and grace. And ah, so comfortable with clever tie-belt adjustment and button-down-the-front ease. Gracefully concealing lines and that smartly feminine look. Tailored for that Star event in crease-resistant Rayon Faille. Sizes, 10 to 20. Wine, Light Blue, Navy, Gray, Black, Green and Brown. \$7.98 plus handling and mailing costs. Mailed in plain wrapper.

SEND NO MONEY Just mail the coupon and pay postman on arrival. Ten days examination privilege (money refunded if not delighted). Order direct from Janne of Hollywood for guaranteed satisfaction.

JANNE OF HOLLYWOOD
 Dept. 95-M,
 5071 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California

Please send "Heir Minded" Dress

Wine Light Blue Navy Gray
 Black Green Brown (give 1st and 2nd choice). Size 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 (circle size).
 (Order size you would normally wear.)

Name

Address

City State



Lovely Lesley Woods gives talented cooperation to CBS's Ellery Queen series.

to go shopping. It was her first such spree alone. Usually her mother accompanies her.

Marion went into a small, neat little hat shop on Madison Avenue and tried on a number of hats, finally picking one that seemed particularly gay to her. She was especially delighted with her choice when she heard the saleswoman say that it was only one fifty.

The hitch in the works came when Marion started to pay the bill. It was one hundred and fifty dollars. Which called for a weak smile from Marion and a hasty exit.

Did someone say something about prices going down?

* * *

Verna Felton has long been our favorite "unpleasant" woman on the air. She's played so many of the "horrors" that it's hard to recount them all. Our real delight was the way she did Donald Day's mother on the Jack Benny show. Remember?

For one who does such a slick job at being unpleasant, she's a surprise to meet. She's very jolly and even-tempered and generous. And completely untheatrical in any sense. She has a grown son and with him and her husband, Lee Millar, who is also a radio actor, she lives a quiet life, utterly without any of the glamorous fixings usually associated with radio success.

This lack of theatricalism is strange considering that Verna comes from a theatrical family. Her father used to run several stock companies on the West Coast and Verna grew up in those theaters. She was well known on the coast as a stage actress and had appeared on Broadway in several hits, before she finally turned to radio in 1933. Since that time, she's been on all the major network shows originating from the West.

* * *

For the what-next department—although we personally think modernizing education isn't a bad thing. Sammy Kaye got a letter from a teacher in Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, saying, "I am . . . most anxious to make my ninth grade English classes as interesting as possible. Grammar is especially difficult to vitalize for youngsters who aren't particularly interested in it in the first place. But—I've found a way. The dull adverbial phrase can be

SCALP ODOR

can't be "covered up"



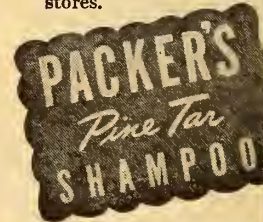
DON'T DEPEND on perfume to mask scalp odor. You've got to *prevent* it.

Even women who take careful precautions against body perspiration sometimes don't realize that the scalp perspires, too. And hair, particularly oily hair, absorbs unpleasant odors. *Scalp Odor* results.

Make sure *your* hair can stand a "nasal close-up." Shampoo it regularly with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This scientific shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. It cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly—leaves the hair fresh—fragrantly clean. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Use Packer's and banish *Scalp Odor* forever.

At all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS

SCALY SKIN TROUBLE

MAKE THE ONE **SPOT TEST** Use **DERMOIL**



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease PSORIASIS. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Waite's Drug Store and other leading druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 7404, Detroit 4, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

taught in terms adolescents can understand and really appreciate. Example: Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye. 'With Sammy Kaye' is the adverbial phrase answering the grammatical question 'how.' Amusing as all this may seem to you, it's a simple device which really works."

* * *

We're offering Art Ford as radio's endurance champion and we'll be perfectly willing to take a back seat if anyone in radio can top it.

To begin, Art is a disc jockey for WNEW's Milkman's Matinee, which keeps him in the studio every night of the week from midnight until 6:30 A.M. On Thursdays, the routine changes slightly. After he's rested up from his Thursday stint at WNEW, he goes to an NBC studio at two in the afternoon on Friday, for rehearsals on the Teen Timers show. These rehearsals last until 10 P.M. Friday night. Two hours later, Art starts his midnight hitch and spins discs until 6:30 A.M. Saturday. At 8 A.M. Saturday, Ford shuffles over to NBC for the Teen Timers dress rehearsal. At 10 A.M. Saturday the Teen Timers show goes on the air. This makes a total of about 23 studio hours out of 36. Which is pretty steady work—if you can last.

* * *

We'd be inclined to say that Max Marcin is in a bit of a rut. He not only clings to the old typewriter on which he has written some 260 of the scripts for his Crime Doctor, but he does all his writing on the same desk, in the same room, of the same apartment he occupied when he was writing Broadway shows five years ago.

* * *

Danny O'Neil likes to know where he's at and that he's going to stay there awhile! It all goes back to the days when Danny was a kid. Danny's father was a hotel auditor and his job took him from place to place constantly. And the family always went along. So—ranging from his kindergarten days to his high school diploma, Danny has report cards from 53 different places. Think of all the friends he must have made!

* * *

Reports have it that Tommy Dorsey is still shaking his head about his Victory Garden. Like all other patriotic



The man behind the throne
—Jack Bailey M.C.'s Queen
For A Day, each weekday, MBS.

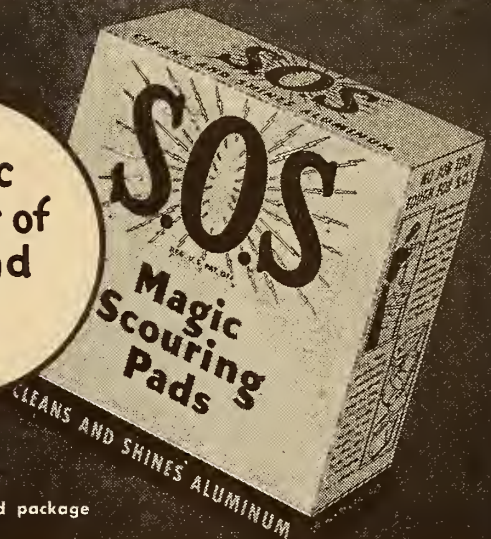
The answer is YES

—there's an easier way to clean
pots and pans

Food burned-on? Then reach for the one cleanser—the right cleanser to whisk burned-on food away. Reach for S.O.S. No other cleanser just like it. Sturdy, long-lasting, easy to use. It works like magic. Yes, dip, rub, rinse—burned-on food goes, shine comes!



Magic
cleanser of
pots and
pans



Look for the Yellow and Red package



Sick and tired of greasy pans? Then here's the cleanser that does a complete job—S.O.S.! The one cleanser you need to cut through greasy and sticky food. No bother with extra soaps, powders, rags or scouring aids. Try S.O.S.—grease goes, shine comes!

What makes it, shine? The answer's S.O.S.—with soap in the pad, it's the best and easiest way to clean, scour and polish dull pans. Try S.O.S.—dullness goes, shine comes!



The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.
S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

ANN RUTHERFORD

glamorous Hollywood star featured in "Bed-side Manner," an Andrew Stone Production



FOR YOUR HAIR

Spring Freshness the year 'round

So Clean...So Quick...So Lovely...
thanks to Blended Vegetable Oils

Now—so effortlessly and with such ease—you can keep your hair lovely and bright—because GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo gives it "the shining beauty of captured sunlight!"

No other shampoo can make your hair more lustrous, more natural-looking with sparkling beauty, more exquisitely soft, than GLO-VER. Contains cleansing agents made from blended vegetable oils that rinse out so effortlessly, without a trace of unsightly film . . . removing loose dandruff . . . leaving your scalp so clean your hair so brilliant! Ask for GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo at any Drug Store or Drug Counter today—or mail the Coupon.

Your Hair will be Lovelier with

GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo

FREE

TRIAL SIZE

includes GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's original Mango Medicine and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—one complete application of each—with simple instructions for the famous Glover's 3-Way Treatment and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of the Hair."

MAIL COUPON NOW



Glover's, 101 W. 31st St. Dept. 5512, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing 3-Way Treatment in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Americans who had a few feet of dirt to dig in, Tommy went in for Victory Gardening during the war, too. But Tommy's a very busy guy, what with rehearsals, camp shows, one night stands and theater and radio engagements. Tommy had to hire a man to plant his Victory Garden—and then had to keep him on hand to cultivate it. Not long ago, Tommy figured the whole thing out on paper and the cold hard numbers revealed that each tomato that came out of his garden cost him about six dollars.

Mrs. Alice Clements, the producer of the Children's Hour program, is a firm believer in starting young, if you want a career. And she ought to know. Look at some of the stars of today, who started out with her as kids—just to name a very few, Carol Bruce, Ann Sheridan, Ezra Stone, Yvette, Joan Roberts, Eileen Barton.

All honor to the women. Joan Davis, star of her own comedy program, has risen from a "second guest" billing in 1941 to the top of the heap in radio. She is now the highest paid woman entertainer and "package deal" executive in the industry. In case you have to have figures to prove that point, Joan gets paid \$17,500 a week for her show as a "package deal," which means that she's the boss lady and pays her own salary as well as those of the orchestra, writers, actors and all the rest on the show.

As assistant director of FBI in Peace and War, Betty Mandeville has turned in a couple of spectacular stunts. For instance: Donald Briggs was in the Army for five years. The day before the show returned to the air in the fall, the staff was in a dither. The show was ready—except for a leading man. On that afternoon, Briggs, who was still a lieutenant in the Army but in the process of being released, telephoned Betty, just to say hello and tell her he'd be around in a little while asking for a job. Betty had known him as an actor before he went into the Army. She recognized his voice at once and it struck her as the exactly right one



Singer Danny O'Neil and co-star Jim Ameche welcome Elissa Landi as first guest on the CBS Powderbox Theater.

for the leading man in the show. In a few minutes she had arranged an audition for Briggs, which he made still in his uniform. And Briggs walked out of the studio with a 45-week contract. Pretty and blonde, Betty may look quiet and gentle, but she has a mind that works like a hair trigger.

Until Bing Crosby straightens out his multiple incomes and tax problems, don't expect the Groaner to tie himself up with any long-term radio series. Because of the huge tax Bing must pay on his income, it has become unprofitable for him to engage in too many activities, and since Crosby has dedicated himself to a free and easy life he isn't going to knock himself out for substantial monetary gain. One prospective sponsor has been trying to woo Bing with a novel idea. He wants Bing to record a flock of programs in advance and then relax. Since NBC and CBS refuse to air recorded programs, this would mean that Der Bingle would wind up on ABC or Mutual.

All hope of getting Judy Garland her own air show evaporated with news that Judy is expecting a blessed event.

Staats Cotsworth used to think he was mighty busy, when he had only a few minutes to get from one broadcast to another. Now, he's working on a second-to-second basis.

Cotsworth is the narrator on the C.M.H. program—that's the show that tells the stories of the men who've received the Congressional Medal of Honor—which is aired on Wednesdays at 11:30 P.M. But Cotsworth is also Lieutenant Weigand on the Mr. and Mrs. North opus, which goes on once at 8 P.M. on Wednesdays, but—and here's the catch—does a repeat performance for the West Coast at midnight. That leaves Staats with just about two seconds to get off the air on



Baby Snooks has thought up a lot of new ways to drive Daddy Hanley Stafford to madness on the CBS Fanny Brice Show.

the C.M.H. show and on the air for the repeat performance. Happily, the two studios are practically next to one another—and, while it takes a bit of sprinting to get into the repeat show



The comic-strip *Nebbs* have become flesh-and-blood Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, on Mutual's new Sunday afternoon program.

just before the ON THE AIR flash goes on, Staats manages and thinks he can go on indefinitely that way.

GOSSIP AND STUFF. . . . The Chicago Theater of the Air is in its sixth season on Mutual now. . . . Guy Lombardo has a speaking part in the movie, "No Leave, No Love." He's been in three pictures before with his band, but never had a talking part until now. . . . We miss Alec Templeton as a regular feature on Star Theater, but his concert schedule keeps him too busy these days. . . . Ralph Edwards, Truth or Consequences zany, is working on his first starring part for RKO in "Bamboo Blonde." . . . The big million dollar production of the film Tom Breneman's Breakfast in Hollywood is under way. Besides Breneman, the stars will be Bonita Granville and Eddie Ryan—for romance—and Beulah Bondi, Raymond Walburn, Billie Burke and Margaret Early. . . . Gagsters "Senator" Ford, Harry Hershfield and Joe Laurie, Jr., have put out a book called "Can You Top This?" made up of the best gags on the show. The best part of the book, however, is the portion given over to what is called "thumbnose" sketches of the comedians, written by their wives—who ought to know. . . . Happy Holidays. . . .

* * *



WALTER THORNTON, originator of the Pin-Up Girl says: "I recommend Flame-Glo Lipstick to all of my pin-up models for extra beauty, extra glamour . . . no blurry edges!"

LIZABETH SCOTT, former Walter Thornton Pin-Up Girl, now the movie rager!



What do Your Lips say about You?



Your lips talk about you to every one you meet! Do they say you're exotic, glamorous . . . magnetic? Strive to be a Pin-Up Girl with Flame-Glo . . . the lipstick that *always* makes you look your best, for its color vibrance keeps you kissable. What's more, Flame-Glo is water-repellent and alluring hours longer . . . no blurry edges ever!

To be sure of quality, insist on Flame-Glo!

Choose your Favorite FLAME-GLO Shade

Royal Wine . . . a deep, regal color that combines blood-red with purple.

Glamour Red . . . A fiery, brilliant, true red, flattering and youthful.

Pink Fire . . . The newest and most exciting Flame-Glo shade . . . a deep pink tone.

Dynamic Red . . . Romantic dynamite, for its pink undertone develops into an exquisite shade on the lips, bespeaking love itself.

Raspberry . . . An exciting, fascinating shade especially for Brunettes.

Orchid . . . A soft, pastel tone that is right in fashion today.

Ruby Red . . . The ever-popular deep, fiery red in its most ravishing glory.

Pinwheel Red . . . A true glowing red tone with all the warmth of red blood.

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LIPSTICK

JUMBO SIZE 25c

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For the lovely...



To Relax . . . make your bath soft as summer rain with Bothosweet Water-Softener. Then loather up with creamy Bothosweet Soap.

To Soothe owoy tenseness . . . spill Bothosweet Pine Oil into your tub and laze till your skin feels silken.

To Tone your body . . . rub your skin to a rosy glow with a fragrant Bothosweet Shower Mitt.

To Exhilarate your spirits . . . try a quick dip in Bothosweet Foam. As refreshing as bathing in sea foam.

Top each with Bothosweet Talc Mitt and be dointy for hours!

3 fragrances: Garden Bouquet, Spring Morning, Forest Pine.



Bathosweet
BATH ACCESSORIES

COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS

IF you want to make Cover Girl Harriet Hilliard laugh heartily, just ask her the timeworn question, "Do you think marriage and careers mix?"

"Of course I do," she would tell you, "because mine are one and the same thing. Without my career I'd never have met my husband—and without my husband I wouldn't have had the career . . . to say nothing about our two sons!"

Neither the career nor the marriage would ever have happened, though, if Mother Nature hadn't arranged a cloud-burst thunderstorm one day back in 1932, while Orchestra Leader Ozzie Nelson was playing the town of Des Moines, Iowa. At the time of the deluge, Ozzie had nothing on his mind but buying his mother a present. He instantly dodged into the nearest doorway for cover—the doorway being that of a movie theater. Once he'd established that, he bought a ticket and went inside to see the movie. It happened to be a Rudy Vallee short subject, and acting in it was the prettiest girl Ozzie had ever seen in his life. She was a luscious five feet five, she weighed 110 pounds, her hair was a soft brown and her eyes gray-green. Her name, of course, was Harriet Hilliard.

"That girl," he announced aloud in the darkness to the surprised theatergoers of Des Moines, "is the girl singer I need for my band!"—and ran right out into the storm again to reach the nearest phone booth and track the girl down. He did, although once tracked down, Harriet needed some convincing before she signed up.

"But I've never sung!" she protested. "That I can teach you—and what I'm really after is a girl to exchange comedy lines with me before the band," Ozzie argued. At the time this had never been done before, and Harriet finally agreed to make the great experiment. Only, however, after Ozzie had solemnly promised her, "Don't worry about working all hours with a band-full of men. I'll make sure that everything is strictly business. *Strictly!*"

We will fade out on this earnest speech and fade in again three years later on October 8th, 1935—where we see Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson standing in the Nelson family living-room in Hackensack, New Jersey, saying "I do." Then we will fade out again and fade in now, which is ten years later. We see a charming white Williamsburg Colonial house set in spacious gardens in Hollywood, California. In-

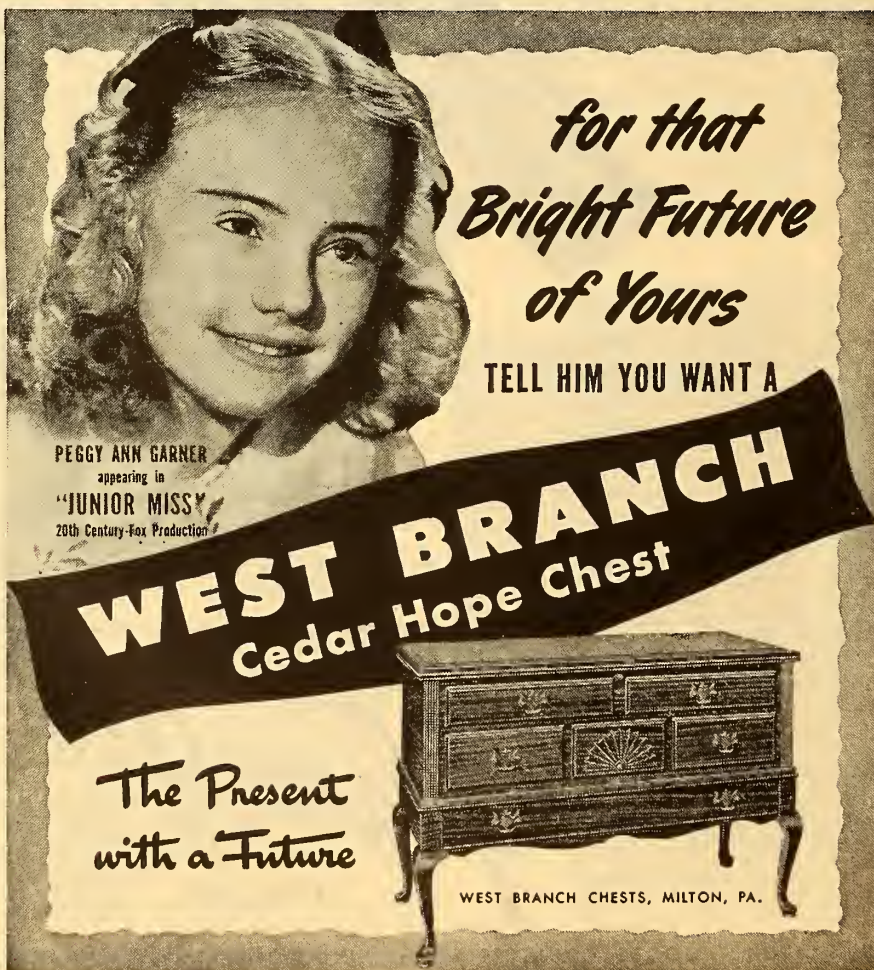
for that
**Bright Future
of Yours**

TELL HIM YOU WANT A

PEGGY ANN GARNER
appearing in
"JUNIOR MISS"
20th Century-Fox Production

WEST BRANCH
Cedar Hope Chest

The Present
with a Future



WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PA.

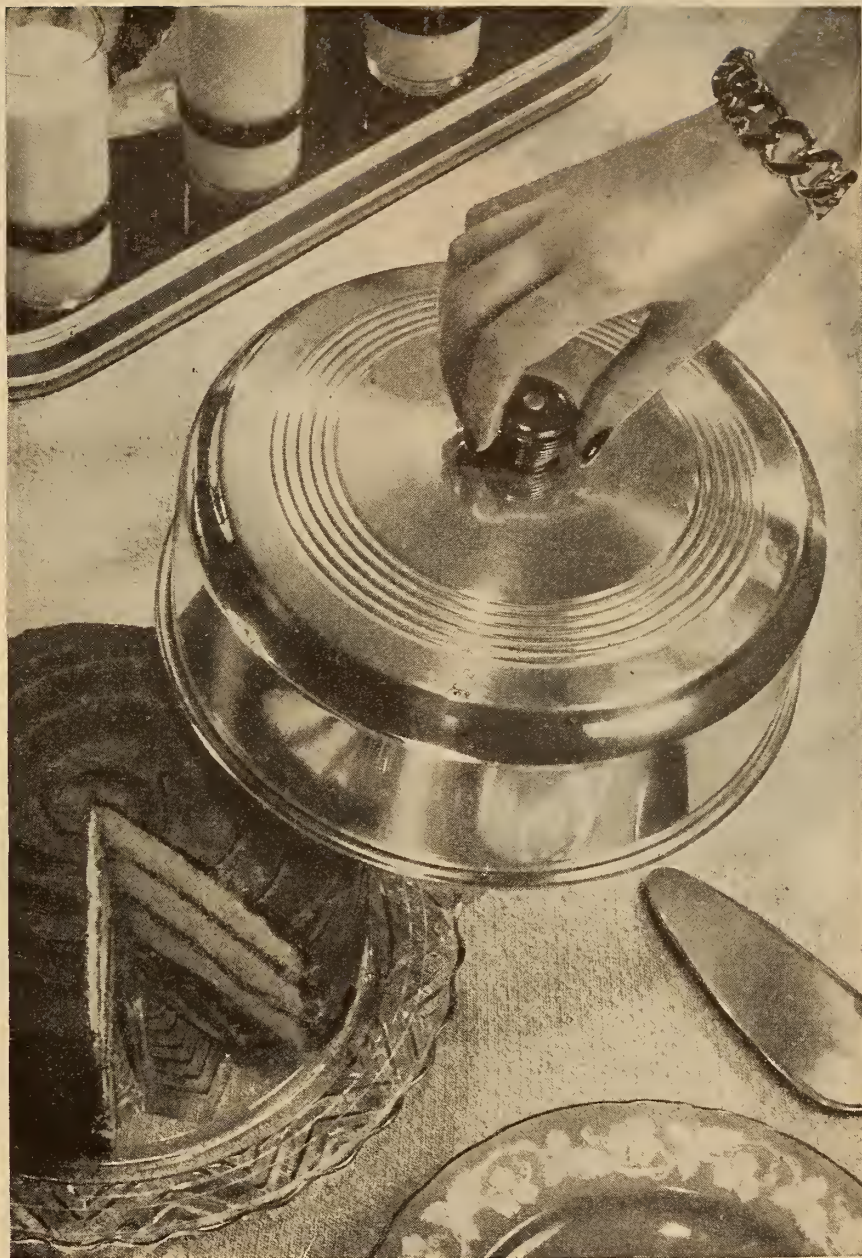


Sunday night company for CBS listeners — Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson's Adventures are written by Ozzie himself.

side the house live Harriet and Ozzie and their two handsome sons, David Ozzie Nelson (aged 8) and Eric Hilliard Nelson (aged 5) . . . and there is no more entrancing home in Hollywood.

Her career and marriage continued to be entangled from the moment she became Mrs. Nelson—for she sang with Ozzie's band the night after their wedding, in New York City; and the next day she left for Hollywood (alone) to make her first movie, Follow the Fleet. She was back with him in three months; and since then she's made many movies—Coconut Grove, Boston Blackie, Honeymoon Lodge, The Falcon, and many more . . . but always when Ozzie was in Hollywood too.

For her main interest still centers around one Ozzie Nelson—both the man and the radio program he fathered. When she's not actually rehearsing or playing in the program with him, she's busy doing things around him—like repainting the porch furniture (which changes color every couple of months, thus completely bewildering the three Nelson men in her life). Or else she's trying to put over her favorite food, chicken a la king, just once more this week as dinner—while the Three Men protest vigorously! Or else she's roasting advice to a football team, sitting in the bleachers with her husband and two sons who are also roaring—because once Ozzie was Rutgers' prize football player, back in the dim days when he thought he was going to be a lawyer instead of a band leader.



Sure as Christmas, she'll love a Kromex Kākover

THE KROMEX KĀKOVER* has a positive genius for keeping cakes deliciously fresh longer! Here's one gift any homemaker on your Christmas list will be delighted to put right to work!

SHE'LL LOVE THE WAY the cover fits into the groove of the plate, because this exclusive KROMEX feature "locks" the moisture in and the air out. Naturally, her cakes will stay oven-fresh longer!

NOT FOR HER the bothersome shift to a serving plate. Smartly patterned glass makes the stunning KROMEX plate. And it's footed for easy handling. Topped off with the handsome, polished aluminum

cover, it's a perfect gift. Be sure to insist on genuine KROMEX.

Wherever housewares and gifts are sold.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Only the KROMEX Kākover has the grooved plate that forms a "lock" with the cover to keep the cake freshness in. It's a KROMEX feature smart homemakers swear by!*

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Just Red
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50¢
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...so right
 it's the
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ALSO FAMOUS ROGER & GALLET PERFUME
 DRY PERFUME • LIP ADE • TOILET SOAP

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 out for the silverplate that's
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SWEET SLEEP

*Sleep won't give you the
 voice of Marion Hutton,
 but try it for hair that
 shines like hers, for her
 clear eyes, for vitality.*



TO A GIRL like gorgeous Marion Hutton, featured singer, heaven is a place where you can spend a half hour getting ready for bed with lights out at 9 P.M. Though she loves her whirlwind life appearing in movies, on the stage, in radio, making records and singing with bands, Marion wishes she had more time to sleep.

Most of us do these busy days! For there's nothing like sleep to give us back our sense of humor, erase worry, sharpen our wits and start a new day right. As for your looks, your skin never seems clearer or your eyes brighter than after a good night's rest.

But there's more to sweet sleep than tucking in with windows open and lights out. There's the getting ready for bed that's so important as prelude to another day.

No matter how tired you are, says Marion, it's beauty heresy to go to bed before you've brushed the day's dust from your hair, removed all make-up and brushed your teeth well. Do at least that much. But do more if you've time. Go through some figure-improving exercises. Or take a wonderful relaxing bath, scented and softened with your favorite bath salts or oil. While you loll in the tub with cream on your face, you might work on the cuticle around finger and toe nails. Afterwards, apply lotion all over your body for, with cooler days ahead, your skin needs this softening follow-up. Pin up your curls tonight if they need it and cover them with a froth of soft colored veiling tied in a pretty bow atop your head. Since sleep consumes almost a third of our lives, looking pretty for the occasion is a fine idea, indeed.

But sometimes sleep eludes you just when you need and want sleep most. You lie and toss and think of things you wish you had or hadn't said today. You write imaginary letters. You review the upsets of the day or worry about things that will probably never happen.

If you really want to sleep, here's a

trick. As you lie there, start writing down on a mental blackboard each demon-sleep-stealing thought that comes to you. But as fast as you write down a word, erase it, so that the sentence is never completed. For some it works better than counting sheep and isn't so monotonous.

The quality of your sleep influences the benefits you get from it, as much as the quantity does. Popping yourself determinedly into bed at nine-thirty of a night doesn't necessarily insure all the rest you need. Even if you do manage to fall asleep instantly, your sleep may be fitful and broken—particularly if you're a city dweller, by street noises, late-home-comers, nocturnal singers (and if you're a city dweller trying to sleep in the country home, you'll be as much disturbed by the gentle rural sounds of frog and cricket and splashing waterfall).

There are all sorts of mechanical devices worked out to give light and fitful sleepers a better chance. Try a black mask over your eyes, that will shut out any fugitive light-rays and close you into a black void in which you can't do anything *but* sleep.

If it's noises you're sensitive to, try a pair of efficient ear-plugs.

Then there is the matter of the pillow. It works both ways, Miss Hutton has decided. That is, suppose you're a with-pillow sleeper. Comes the night, and you can't sleep. All right—just this once, try it without the pillow. And if you're a without-pillow sleeper, vice versa. It works!

A glass of warm milk at bedtime helps too. Or you might sit up in bed, in the dark, and do this exercise: Drop your chin to your chest and rotate your head backwards and around to the front. Done two or three times, it may make you a little dizzy but will probably also make you sleep. Or try consciously to breathe slowly and deeply as you do when you're actually asleep. It's relaxing and gives the come-hither to the Sandman.



Texture? Cling? Fragrance? of course!

but—the real difference
in face powder is color

Dare you to "taste" that new color—*"Fatal Apple"*

It gives you the look of Eve . . . which is the look of the American woman of great chic this season. When waist-lines are cinched small and hip-lines frankly rounded . . . will you go on wearing the same old powder shade Or will you dare to wear this new Revlon fashion first color sensation? At your own risk, mind

One of eleven custom-made
Revlon powder blends

by *Revlon*

No other Shampoo

leaves your hair so lustrous,
yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits!

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



Glamorous Hair-dos for gala occasions

Here's FRANCINE COUNIHAN, lovely fashion model, cover girl and Drene Girl. You see her dining and dancing at New York's smartest clubs. All eyes focus on her at glittering parties. Francine shows you three hair-dos to go with the exciting clothes she'll be wearing this Holiday season.

BUTTERFLY BOW TOPKNOT . . . for a dramatic entrance. Sleek contrast to the quaint puff sleeves. Francine achieves this intriguing style by forming her Drene-lovely hair into high twin upright puffs. Center front hair forms knot of bow and is held with small combs. Francine's sleek shiny hair reveals the wonderful combination of lustre and smoothness found in no shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

THE "TAFFY TWIST" . . . delectable-looking, newer and smarter than braids! Here Francine's trick is to start the twist at right of crown. Small pearl-studded combs, placed upright, finish off sides. No shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioning action could make Francine's hair look so lovely!

CLUSTER OF ROMANTIC CURLS, at nape of her neck, accents the lovely lines of Francine's low-backed evening dress. Her soft, lustrous hair is a shining example of what Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action can do for you. No other shampoo can leave your hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.



Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble

The Glory of it

The envelope looked like all the others Kit had sent Bob. But inside it was a letter that would break his heart

I SAT at my desk writing the most difficult letter of my life. Praying for the strength, the courage, to write it.

I was asking my husband for a divorce. Asking him to become a stranger—the man I loved so deeply that I knew, even then, I was killing part of me with that letter.

But I had to do it. The large picture of him that had stood on my desk during the year he had been overseas blurred in front of me. I brushed away the hot, bitter tears and picked it up. Darling, I'm doing

A LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS STORY

I could not believe it. It was like some miraculous reprieve that I had not dared hope for.



this for you. Please God, some day you will understand. It's only fair to release you now: If you came home knowing the truth you would never leave me. You are too loyal, too wonderful. And you would try to pretend that everything was the same. But oh, my dearest, it would not be. Not after what the doctor told me. So this is goodbye. . . .

Very carefully I put the picture back in its place and finished the letter. Then I went out to mail it, swiftly, before I could follow the thundering urge of my heart and tear it into a million pieces.

It was beginning to grow dark as I took the road away from town that led to the canyon. I could not bear to face mother and dad just then, with their gentle pity and the worried look in their eyes as they watched me. I had lived most of my life in this little California town where dad was postmaster and ran a general store, but now it seemed a strange place to me, unbelievably lonely. I kept remembering that day two years ago when a tall figure in uniform loomed up in the road ahead of me—and changed my world.

It had been a blistering hot afternoon and I was on my way to Lone Oak Canyon for a picnic when I saw him. He was standing there waiting to hitch

This story was inspired by a letter received by Leave It To



a ride to camp. I stopped for him, as I had done for dozens of other boys who were training at the big Army Air Base just a few miles away. But when he got in beside me something queer happened to my breathing that had never happened before. He was tall and sandy-haired, and he had a kind of shy smile that started at his blue eyes and spread infectiously.

"You're Kit Folger," he said. And his grin widened at my surprise. "I saw you at the dance last Saturday out at the Base."

We looked at each other and I felt a warm glow inside me as if a candle had been lit. Even my old rattletrap of a car seemed to enter into the conspiracy to help us know each other quickly. The engine started sputtering and Bob climbed out to fix it. "Don't worry," he reassured me. "I've tinkered with these things all my life." But it seemed to take quite some time.

"But aren't you due back at camp?" I asked teasingly.

"Not for a couple of hours yet." And we grinned at each other, like conspirators.

Afterwards, when he had the motor running smooth as silk, he went over to wash in a little stream beside a plum orchard and I had an idea. We could have the picnic lunch right there under the trees. Soldiers were

always hungry. (And later I could explain to my "gang" why I had not met them up in the canyon. I'd think of something!)

Bob said, "Chocolate cake! You made it? Golly!" But I don't think either of us was very conscious of what we ate. We were too excitingly aware of each other. Bob did not say any of the things boys usually said. He had no "lines." He did not call me Little Brown Bombshell like the bombardier had the night before, or say anything about getting his "sights" on my grey eyes. He made no personal remark whatever. And yet I knew the attraction was there, that he was feeling what I felt.

Four months later we were married, in the Post chapel, standing before an altar banked with the wild flowers I loved so. There was something sacred and beautiful about that moment. I wanted it to last forever.

That night, our wedding night, when Bob took me in his arms, he said huskily, "I guess we both went up in smoke the first time we met, honey. We're two of the lucky ones. We *knew*—right from the start. I'll love you as long as I live." I clung to him frantically. *As long as I live. . . .* I had married a flyer, and he might be torn from me at any (Continued on page 63)



I could not believe it. It was like some miraculous reprieve that I had not dared hope for.



this for you. Please God, some day you will understand. It's only fair to release you now: If you came home knowing the truth you would never leave me. You are too loyal, too wonderful: And you would try to pretend that everything was the same. But oh, my dearest, it would not be. Not after what the doctor told me. So this is goodbye. . . .

Very carefully I put the picture back in its place and finished the letter. Then I went out to mail it, swiftly, before I could follow the thundering urge of my heart and tear it into a million pieces.

It was beginning to grow dark as I took the road away from town that led to the canyon. I could not bear to face mother and dad just then, with their gentle pity and the worried look in their eyes as they watched me. I had lived most of my life in this little California town where dad was postmaster and ran a general store, but now it seemed a strange place to me, unbelievably lonely. I kept remembering that day two years ago when a tall figure in uniform loomed up in the road ahead of me—and changed my world.

It had been a blistering hot afternoon and I was on my way to Lone Oak Canyon for a picnic when I saw him. He was standing there waiting to hitch

a ride to camp. I stopped for him, as I had done for dozens of other boys who were training at the big Army Air Base just a few miles away. But when he got in beside me something queer happened to my breathing that had never happened before. He was tall and sandy-haired, and he had a kind of shy smile that started at his blue eyes and spread infectiously.

"You're Kit Folger," he said. And his grin widened at my surprise. "I saw you at the dance last Saturday out at the Base."

We looked at each other and I felt a warm glow inside me as if a candle had been lit. Even my old rattletrap of a car seemed to enter into the conspiracy to help us know each other quickly. The engine started sputtering and Bob climbed out to fix it. "Don't worry," he reassured me. "I've tinkered with these things all my life." But it seemed to take quite some time.

"But aren't you due back at camp?" I asked teasingly.

"Not for a couple of hours yet." And we grinned at each other, like conspirators.

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Thanksgiving Day with Bachelor's Children

A peacetime prayer that all our hearts will echo

THE warm kitchen smelled gently of Thanksgiving.

It was an enticing odor, nostalgic and indefinable, and Janet Ryder, coming in with Ruth Ann and Ellen, stopped in the middle of the floor and sniffed delightedly.

"What is it?" she said. "What is it about Thanksgiving that makes it smell like itself and not like any other time? It can't be the turkey—we have turkey for Christmas. It can't be just the cranberries. It—it's something special, something—"

Ellen walked over to the table that held the four covered pans. She raised the spotless dish towel and pursed her lips. "I don't know," she said as if she had no time for such philosophizing, "but I do know that if these rolls aren't ready for baking, Thanksgiving dinner's going to be late."

Ruth Ann came and stood beside her. "They look fine. Risen just enough, Ellen." Then she smiled warmly at her sister. "I'll take the cranberries out of the molds, dear, if you'll see about the table."

Janet smiled back. Ruth Ann always understood. She would be willing to bet that Ellen had been worrying about those rolls at intervals all morning, as they had driven into church and back. As if Ellen's rolls weren't always practically perfect!

Janet went on into the diningroom with its long table already set; all that remained was to arrange the autumn leaves in the center. Mentally she counted off the places: Dr. Bob at the head, Ruth Ann his wife at the foot, Ellen, the four children, her husband, Sam, and herself up and down the sides. A big family, she thought happily. Now if she put the biggest



Waiting as eagerly as the children for the feast to begin are Ruth Ann (Marjorie Hannan), Janet (Patricia Dunlap), Dr. Bob (Hugh Studebaker), Ellen (Hellen Van Tuyl), Sam (Olan Soule).





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branches of autumn leaves in the center low enough so they wouldn't get in the way of everybody seeing each other, and then trailed the smaller ones out toward the corners. . . .

It was true what she'd been thinking about Thanksgiving. It had its own unique flavor, centering around the kitchen. It wasn't just the dinner itself—not the pies, apple, lemon and mince, baked yesterday and now reposing on the pantry shelves. It wasn't the lusciousness of the sweet potatoes with marshmallows on top, nor the celery crisping in the ice box, nor the preserves or pickles. It was—well, what?

From the yard outside, she heard the voices of the youngsters, her own Mary Ann, Dr. Bob, and Ruth Ann's Jimmy, Bobby and Barbara. Bobby's was the loudest. "I'll show you. I'll show you how to do it," he was telling the others. As the oldest boy he assumed his male prerogative of knowing the only way to do things. It didn't matter that Barbara was exactly his age, and Mary Ann practically so. Jimmy, two-going-on-three, was too young to count. Janet laughed tenderly.

OVER across the field, she could see Sam and Dr. Bob heading slowly for the orchard. The doctor was undoubtedly showing Sam just what he intended to do to improve the farm. It was in rundown condition, and there was a lot to be done. She could almost hear what they were saying, deciding what was to be done first, what put off till next year.

And suddenly, her fingers busy with the scarlet leaves, Janet knew about Thanksgiving. It was the homey things—her sister and Ellen in the kitchen busy with the familiar ritual of food, it was the sense of being surrounded by one's loved ones, hearing the shrill little voices, watching the men plan—these were what made it special. It was because, in giving thanks on this one day, you grew doubly aware of the preciousness of all these things. All

of them were hers and she belonged to all of them. It was a pattern that went deeply into her life, and made her rich.

And Janet stopped quite still for a moment, alone there in the dining-room, and felt her heart overflow with thanks. . . .

In the kitchen, Ellen bent down to look at the turkey in the oven. "It's a nice bird," she said with satisfaction. "Fourteen pounds, and tender. Those people down the road we bought it from said it would be."

"Yes," Ruth Ann said. "They're nice people. They'll be good neighbors."

Ellen pulled herself up. "You know, I thought we'd be lonely out here but, maybe I was wrong. People can be really friendly, for all they live so far apart. . . . Now those rolls," she said worriedly.

"They're fine, Ellen. Really. Just ready to be put in."

"If they haven't risen too much. And with a strange oven—"

She'd been against moving out here to the farm from the first, she remembered. It would be inconvenient and lonely and the house, being old, harder to take care of. Not that Ellen minded work. But she wasn't as young as she used to be. Just now, stooping over to look in at the turkey, she'd realized she didn't have the agility or the energy of several years ago. But then, one did get older and there was nothing to do about it. And as for the extra work, why should she mind that when they were all so generous and so kind?

They were *her* family—all of them. No matter about the few misunderstandings and the many changes that had come since she first became Dr. Bob's housekeeper. Her family had just grown—that's all. From Dr. Bob alone, it had grown to include first the twins and then Sam Ryder and now the children, bless them. Yes, bless them all, she thought suddenly. Every one of them.

"I'm a lucky, lucky woman," Ellen said to herself as she put the last pan of rolls in the oven. . . .

The back door opened and Barbara came running in, her little face flushed with the cold. "Mummy," she said, "Mummy, we're getting hungry."

"Yes, dear," Ruth Ann said, "I know you are. But you won't have to wait much longer. Dinner will be ready as soon as Ellen's bread is done. You children run down to the swing and play till we call you."

Barbara gazed longingly at the cranberries. "We-e-ll," she said, reluctantly. "But we really are *hungry*."

Janet gave her a little pat. "There will be lots and lots to eat. And look after Jimmy, won't you, dear? Remember he's littler and he can't run as fast as you."

Of course they were hungry. Probably a little tired, too, Ruth Ann reflected as she watched Barbara run out and join the others. A late dinner like this interrupted schedules. But Thanksgiving was important—special, as Janet had said, and they should all be together, no matter what sched-

ules were interrupted. They could nap later.

And then, quite suddenly from nowhere, she was seeing again a newspaper picture. A picture of children like hers, hungry children. Only these had been hungry for a long, long time. They'd been bombed, too, and orphaned—many of them. They'd been made homeless and alone. They were Europe's children and China's, and all the others.

But they could have been her own. Oh, so easily they could have been Barbara and Jimmy and Bobby and Mary Ann. She felt an impulse to run out after them and grab them fiercely to her to reassure herself that they were safe, they were here, they would soon be fed and put warmly to bed. She pushed back the impulse and, instead, she said aloud:

"Thank God."

Then, as Ellen looked inquiringly at her, she went on, "I was just thinking of all the children not like ours and of the parents who have suffered so for those children. Oh, Ellen, don't let's ever forget about those others. Let's not be too smug and safe at not being really hurt by the war. Let's not forget the ones who were—ever."

"Yes," Ellen said soberly, "let's put our gratitude to work."

That was it, Ruth Ann thought. Feeling gratitude was not enough. You had to put the gratitude to work, both here and far away. This had to be a Thanksgiving that really meant something. And her eyes slowly filled with tears. . . .

Sam Ryder walked slowly through the orchard with Dr. Bob. They stopped occasionally, examining a tree, talking over the best spray to be used in the Spring, envisioning the crop they could expect. Then they'd stroll on, in silence. It was peaceful here, with the bright blue sky and the quiet earth. And their silence, Sam thought, was peaceful, too, and ultimately companionable. He and Bob Graham had been friends so long, they no longer had much need for words. They could usually understand each other whether they talked or not.

Sam looked critically at the trees. They all needed pruning. The whole place needed a lot of attention. But it was wonderful for the children. Wonderful for them all.

He looked sidewise at the doctor. "There's a lot to be done around here," he said. "But I'll bet you're rather looking forward to it, hard work or not?"

Dr. Bob, stopping to knock out his pipe, grinned at his friend. "You're right. I'm really anxious to get at it. It's funny—there's something about working on a place that's your own, making it livable and practical and attractive. It makes it more your own somehow. The more you do, the more it belongs to you."

That was what he'd been trying to get at, Sam reflected as they walked on. That was exactly it. For a man to have something that was his, something he could work at with honest enjoyment to make it more his own—that



This story was inspired by current happenings in CBS's weekday serial *Bachelor's Children*, as Dr. Bob and his family establish themselves on their new farm. *Bachelor's Children*, with original radio script by Bess Flynn, is heard mornings at 10:45.



The new hopefulness of a world at peace is shared by the Grahams as, on this very special Thanksgiving Day, they and their children look toward a brightening future.

was what made people happy. It needn't be a farm or a physical place at all. It could be a job or a profession. It could even be a family. The more you loved them, the more you did for them, and then the more you loved them again. It was simple when you thought of it that way. So simple that you wondered a little at yourself for not being more aware of it all the time. And once seen like that, it was something to be thankful for with all your heart.

He didn't try to put it into words.

He just said, "Think we'd better be starting back? They'll be calling us for dinner pretty soon . . . Thanksgiving dinner. . . ." And his face, usually laughing, was very serious as they turned and started back under the bare trees.

It was when they came out of the orchard and started across the field that they heard one of the children scream. It cut across the clear, quiet air like a knife.

"That was Barbara!" Dr. Bob cried. "Something's happened." And he

started to run, Sam right behind him.

They raced up toward the house. They could see Ruth Ann and Ellen, followed by Janet, hurrying out the back door. Down by the swing, the children were clustered in a frightened group. Only one of them was crying now. That was Jimmy, whose lusty yells drowned out everything else.

Ruth Ann had him in her arms when the men rushed up. "He fell out of the swing," she said. "It's his knee, I think. . . . Hush, darling, Daddy's here now." (Continued on page 90)



*I took the combs out,
and we laughed as my
hair cascaded down.*

False dreams

Eagerly, lovingly, Nancy fashioned a home to welcome her husband into warmth and happiness. She made it a beautiful place.

But she forgot to look at it through her husband's eyes

I PLUMPED up the sofa cushions, my fingers cold, my mind spinning. Always before, in this room, to do any little task of house-wifery thrilled me. But not now. I looked around, as though I were in a strange house. The pictures were still there—the pictures I'd chosen myself. The rug was still lovely underfoot, glowing rose and green. The wing chair by the window, the small tables, the brightly-shaded lamps. This room breathed ease and beauty. Just what I'd wanted, everything I'd dreamed of. And worked for, and saved for, and bought piece by piece, after so much planning and shopping and careful, careful thinking.

Every night, coming home from the plant, this beauty warmed the weariness from me. This room was like a symbol, a prophecy. Balm and peace, and a sort of atonement for the loneliness that walked with me, because Kel was overseas. When Kel and I were married, three years ago, who'd ever have dared to dream a home of ours could be like this?

That's what I'd written him, proudly, the day I bought the first chair. "It's wonderful, darling. After the fighting, it'll seem like heaven to you! Oh, I can't wait for the long, peaceful evenings, for the time together here at home!"

You see, when Kel and I were married, we had nothing but our love. We were so young! My mother said uneasily, "Can't you wait, Nancy?"

She knew I loved Kel—she guessed by my starry eyes, the blood coming and going in my face when he was near, how it was with me. And Kel with his dark red curls, his big shoulders, the tiny, teasing smile that could widen, as he touched me, into a steady, worshipping expression—who could doubt that Kel loved me as wonderfully as I loved him?

"But you're only eighteen, Nancy," Mother said worriedly. "And Kel's in the Army—"

We'd known each other all our lives. But somehow, maybe because Kel worked in the radio station after school and didn't take girls to the movies Saturdays, we hadn't been especially friendly. Then, when he came home on his first furlough from the camp in Florida, we ran into each other on Main Street. I was trying to buy needles for Mother, and it was almost six, and the five-and-ten was out, and there was only the art-and-knitting shop left. I was hurrying along—and someone's big hand closed over my elbow.

"Nan!" a voice boomed. "Forgotten me—or don't you recognize soldiers?"

"Why, Kel Dwight!" My voice sounded high. I laughed a little. "Kel, you look—" He looked marvelous! Newly brown, so strong! There was a stronger set to his lean jaw, a new confidence in his eyes. I remembered then that Kel had always been a little shy. As though, because he worked so much harder than other boys, because his father was the railroad watchman at the gate, and didn't make enough money for a too-big family, he didn't feel sure of himself.

That was all changed now! Being with other men, getting out of the narrowness of Cloverdale had done something to Kel. I stared up at him, and even my wrists were pulsing now "Kel, you—golly, it's nice seeing you!"

"Nice enough to forget whatever you were hurrying for and come and have a cup of coffee with me? Come on!"

He steered me inside, and across the table his brown eyes—leafy brown, with red lights—looked at me in this new, different way. "You might have dropped the draftee a card," he said. "I kept thinking about you. Funny."

I hadn't thought about him. I'd hardly even noticed he was gone. I said quickly, "Well, I didn't know—"

And he finished, laughing, but somehow sober underneath, "You didn't know I was going to get some steel in my spine—and start reaching out for what I've always wanted!"

He told me about the camp, and the men he served with. He even told me he'd be sent over, soon. "That's why this furlough," he explained. "And my dad—I guess you heard?"

Ashamed, I admitted I'd heard vaguely that his father had been ill.

Harshly, Kel said, "He died. That's what I was doing on Main Street, at supper time." He finished, "But it was three months ago—he was old, and tired. He was always swell to me, I'll never forget him. But I figure this way he won't be worrying about me when I'm—overseas." His eyes changed. He reached across the table and grabbed my hands so hard they hurt. "Listen, Nancy! I won't get hurt. I'm coming back."

Kel asked me to marry him a week later. Against all the rules, I whispered, "Oh, darling, you didn't have to ask!" It was everything we had ever dreamed about, to be close, like this. To see the moon red in the trees as we stood on the porch, to feel the wind on our faces, Kel's arms around me, the deep, ecstatic silence as I lifted my lips.

(Continued on page 73)

THE STORY:

I MET John Dorn at the USO Center in Corona, my home town—met him, and his best friend Philip Hurst, at the same time. I'd always had a lot of fun with the boys at the Center, but I'd determined never to be serious about any of them—"All soldiers," as I told Philip, "have girls back home." But with John it was different; somehow, I couldn't maintain my gay, aloof attitude with him. He did have a girl back home, he told me—Mary Lou Walters. But he didn't love her, she didn't love him, and there was no sort of understanding between them. And so, I fell in love with John Dorn, and he with me. John and Philip and I had a wonderful time together those weeks. I learned everything—I thought—that there was to know about John; the reason, for instance, that Philip always stayed so close to him: because John still had spells of temporary amnesia as a result of sunstroke he'd had overseas. These were periods in which he "blacked out" on hot days, or when he was out in the strong sun for a long time.

While he was stationed at Corona, John got leave for a few days and went home to see his father and mother and sister Caroline, and Philip went with him. Shortly after they returned to Corona, both boys were sent away—John to another relocation center, Philip overseas to the Pacific. It was while John was away that he called me to tell me that Philip was missing in action. Then V-J Day came, and with it, John's discharge from the Army; he came straight to Corona, saying that he'd had a telegram from his father asking him to get home as quickly as possible. Urgent business, John thought it must be—he and his father were partners. Would I marry him, John asked—marry him that very day, and go home with him?

And so we were married, and went home to meet his family—and were greeted by the family with what seemed to be shock and horror at the news of our marriage. I was shown to the guest room while John talked to his family, and then John came to tell me the tragic news—Mary Lou Walters was going to have a baby. John's baby, she said.

IT COULDN'T be true. Surely John had not just said to me, "They expected me to marry Mary Lou. She's going to have a baby. She says it's mine." It was all a bad dream, and I would awake at any moment to find myself in my own room back in Corona. At any moment this queer blackish mist that covered everything would fade, and the queer swimmy feeling inside me would go away, and everything would be all right again.

There was pressure on my arm, on my shoulder; from a long way off a voice—John's voice—was saying, "Beth! Beth, please sit down. I'll get you some

brandy—" I moved obediently, sat down, felt the stuff of the chair at my back, beneath my hands—the corded upholstery of the Dorns' chair that I hadn't wanted to sit in while I waited for John, because I'd thought the Dorns didn't like me.

". . . brandy," John was saying, and I shook my head, heard my own voice—faint and far-off, too—saying, "I'm all right. Only—I don't understand."

John sat down on the edge of the bed. He was facing me directly, but through the blackish mist I saw him as a shadow, as you see something out of the farthest corner of your eye. "I don't understand, either," he said heavily. "I've been trying to remember, trying to make myself remember, and I can't—"

I swallowed, trying to down the dizzy feeling, trying to clear my head, to see. It was an effort to make my mind follow his words. "Remember?" I repeated. "Remember what?"

"The last day I was here when I came down on furlough. I blacked out that afternoon. I didn't tell you about it because I didn't want you to worry—"

That snapped me to attention. The mist cleared, and the dizzy feeling went away, and I could see the room now, the bed with the tufted cover, the cut-glass jars on the dresser. I could see John, a wretched, dazed-looking John. I turned my eyes past him to the cut-glass jars. It wasn't decent to see him like that, with the look of a tortured, trapped animal. "Blacked out? What happened, John? I mean, from the beginning—"

He drew a deep breath. "I guess that's where I'd better start—from the beginning. I went to see Mary Lou the first night Philip and I got here . . . left Philip to take Caroline to the movies. I told Mary Lou about you that night, told her that I was in love with you and wanted to marry you. I've told you before that I never knew how she felt about me. We'd been good friends, and we'd seen a lot of each other until I went to war, but she'd always had a lot of other fellows, too. And even though everyone took for granted that she was my girl, there'd never been anything sentimental between us. And that night I told her about you—well, if I did mean anything special to her, she didn't let me know it. As I said, if it was an act, it was a good one. She asked the usual questions—what you looked like, and how I'd met you, and when we planned to be married—and she wished me happiness, and that was all there was to it. Mother had planned a party for me the next night, and Mary Lou came and seemed to have a wonderful time. I didn't see much of her because Philip was tagging after her, paying her a lot of attention—you know his way—and she seemed to enjoy that, too. Anyway, she was with him the next few nights when we went out with the crowd, and she seemed perfectly happy. Then, the last day, she changed—"

"Changed? How?"

A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES

This story was adapted from one of the recent problems presented on John J. Anthony's MBS program, heard each weekday at 1:45 EST.

To the end of the Journey

Too numbed for misery, Beth waits for John's words, the words that will mean the end—or the joyous beginning—of their love





THE STORY:

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"The last day I was here when I came down on furlough. I blacked out that afternoon. I didn't tell you about it because I didn't want you to worry—"

That snapped me to attention. The mist cleared, and the dizzy feeling went away, and I could see the room now, the bed with the tufted cover, the cut-glass jars on the dresser. I could see John, a wretched, dazed-looking John. I turned my eyes past him to the cut-glass jars. It wasn't decent to see him like that, with the look of a tortured, trapped animal. "Blacked out? What happened, John? I mean, from the beginning—"

He drew a deep breath. "I guess that's where I'd better start—from the beginning. I went to see Mary Lou the first night Philip and I got here... left Philip to take Caroline to the movies. I told Mary Lou about you that night, told her that I was in love with you and wanted to marry you. I've told you before that I never knew how she felt about me. We'd been good friends, and we'd seen a lot of each other until I went to war, but she'd always had a lot of other fellows, too. And even though everyone took for granted that she was my girl, there'd never been anything sentimental between us. And that night I told her about you—well, if I did mean anything special to her, she didn't let me know it. As I said, if it was an act, it was a good one. She asked the usual questions—what you looked like, and how I'd met you, and when we planned to be married—and she wished me happiness, and that was all there was to it. Mother had planned a party for me the next night, and Mary Lou came and seemed to have a wonderful time. I didn't see much of her because Philip was tagging after her, paying her a lot of attention—you know his way—and she seemed to enjoy that, too. Anyway, she was with him the next few nights when we went out with the crowd, and she seemed perfectly happy. Then, the last day, she changed—"

"Changed? How?"

To the end of the Journey

Too numbed for misery, Beth waits for John's words, the words that will mean the end—or the joyous beginning—of their love



A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES

This story was adapted from one of the recent problems presented on John J. Anthony's MBS program, heard each weekday at 1:45 EST.

John's mouth twisted wryly. "That's part of what I don't remember. I mean—I never did find out, exactly. The whole crowd of us went on a picnic that day, up the river. Mary Lou seemed rather quiet, but I didn't pay any attention until later in the afternoon, after we'd had lunch, when she asked if I'd walk upstream with her a little way, said she wanted to talk to me. We walked up to the Cove above Grumman's Point. I don't remember Mary Lou's saying much along the way, but then it was quite a walk and the weather was warm—hot for that time of year—and I began to get the funny, pressed-in feeling I'd had when I'd had attacks before. I kept wondering if I ought to go back, but I thought perhaps it would pass. But the last thing I remember is sitting on the sand, and Mary Lou's talking, saying something about how long we'd known each other. And that's all I do remember, except—" he reddened and finished doggedly, "—except that she started to cry, and I put my arm around her. The next thing I knew it was morning of the next day, and Philip was getting me up to catch the train."

I FORCED myself to look directly at him. "Then you think—" I couldn't finish.

He buried his face in his hands. "I don't know," he groaned. "I tell you I can't remember. It would have been a crime . . . Mary Lou. . ."

I went cold with fear and resentment. *Mary Lou*, I thought. *Mary Lou*. What about me, John? But John might have been a thousand miles away. Or, rather, it was I who was far away, and John who was here, in his old home, in Maple Falls. It was as if all his past—his family and Mary Lou and everything familiar—had reached out to claim him, had shut me away from him. Perhaps Mary Lou already had claimed him irrevocably. . . . But my mind shied away from that thought; it was too monstrous. I said stubbornly, almost childishly, "I don't believe it."

He raised his head, and the look he gave me washed away all the hard cold feeling, all the resentment. There was so much of gratitude in it, so much appeal. "I don't believe it, either. I can't. It seems impossible. But—I can't disbelieve Mary Lou, either. She was with me."

"But you said that Philip brought you home—"

"Philip told me the next day that he'd found me walking around on the beach, and that he and Mary Lou had taken me home. That's all he said about it, and I didn't ask any questions. I didn't think there was any reason to, and then the doctors had told me that the less I thought about the condition, the less I worried about it, the sooner it was likely to disappear. That's why I didn't tell you, or my family. They weren't here when Philip brought me in, and they didn't know anything at all had happened to me."

"But they know now?"

He tried to smile. "Oh, yes. I told them . . . tonight, downstairs. It made them feel a little better about it, but it doesn't alter my responsibility."

I struggled to think, to get the fantastic facts straight in my mind. "But your visit home—that was months ago, in March. This is almost June." I hesitated, fearing that he might misunderstand the question I was about to ask, think that I was accusing him of a clandestine correspondence. "You haven't heard from Mary Lou since then?"

He didn't misunderstand. "Not a word. But then—she knew how I felt about you, and I suppose after I'd gone back to camp she decided to just—step out of the picture . . . until she found that she couldn't. She went to Doc Evans, and he told her she'd better tell her parents about it . . . and they told Mother and Dad. That's why Dad wired me. Only he didn't want to say why, in a telegram, so I thought it was something about the business. I never dreamed that it was anything like this. . . ."

I was staring at the jars on the dresser again, staring until my eyes hurt. There was another question that I had to ask. I didn't want to ask it, but I had to know. "Is—do you think that Mary Lou's in love with you?"

John spread his hands helplessly. "I don't know. I never did know, and I certainly didn't think so after I left here last time. But she's—well, intense. And she keeps things pretty much to herself, the things that matter. And she's proud. That's one of the ugly things about the whole ugly mess—the whole town knows about it. Her mother was so upset that she called my mother instead of coming to see her and blurted everything out over the party line. But as to her being in love with me—I don't know. I was sure she wasn't until the day of the picnic, and I'm not sure of anything about that day—"

I FLINCHED. I didn't want to be reminded of the day of the picnic. John reached over and caught my hand in both of his. "I'm sorry, Beth, for everything. Sorry, sorry, sorry. That isn't enough, I know. It's so little, that it's—its silly. But it's all I can say."

I was sorry, too, bitterly sorry—for John. I ached to comfort him, to hold him as if he were a child, to smooth the tortured lines from his face. Now that the first shock had passed, all I could think of was that John was in trouble, serious trouble; I didn't fully realize how it affected me. With a quick movement I knelt beside him, put my arm around his shoulder. "It's not your fault," I whispered fiercely. "Whatever happened, it wasn't your fault. And maybe it isn't true, John. Mary Lou could be wrong, and the doctor, too. Doctors have been wrong before. If we just keep hoping and trusting that things will come out all right, maybe they will."

John turned his face away, pressed my hand so hard against his cheek that my fingers hurt. For a long moment he didn't move. Then he drew a deep shaky breath. "Thanks, Beth," he said huskily. "That's what I hoped you'd say. I—there's no one else like you, no one in the world. Thank God for you, darling—"

My eyes stung, and my heart swelled as it had the night that John had called me to tell me that Philip was missing, the night he had said, "I'm so glad of you—" as if just to know that I was there made anything bearable. I forgot Mary Lou then, forgot everything but that John needed me, turned to me in trouble, needed my love, and I felt privileged and humbly grateful that I could help. Then John rose, drew me up with him. "We'd better go downstairs," he said. "Mother has sandwiches and hot tea for us." He grinned crookedly. "That's Mother's remedy for everything—hot tea. She'll be upset if we refuse. I hope you don't mind coming down."

I did mind, a little. I wasn't in the least hungry, and I shrank from the very thought of seeing anyone. But I was willing to do whatever John wanted, and I felt equal to facing his family now. John loved me and needed me; so long as that was true, I could face anything. And somehow, in trying to reassure John, I'd succeeded in reassuring myself. Surely, things could not be as bad as they had seemed at first. The news that had been waiting for us in Maple Falls was like a bomb out of nowhere, thrown by circumstance; I could almost believe now that circumstance would somehow make things right.

We were a strained little foursome, gathered around the diningroom table for sandwiches and tea. Caroline was missing; she had been sent to stay with a school friend. "Her very best friend," Mrs. Dorn explained carefully. "They've gone all through school together, and Caroline's been begging to be allowed to stay with her. I thought that this was as good a time as any—" she caught herself—"I mean, they're both graduating from grammar school this June, and they've so much to talk about. Parties and clothes—"

I SMILED and nodded and said something about my own graduation from junior high. It was obvious that Caroline had been sent to stay with her friend because of my presence in the house, but I didn't mind. I was sorry for the Dorns. Neither of them looked very much like John—both of them small, Mr. Dorn small and plump, Mrs. Dorn small and thin. But Mr. Dorn's mouth, relaxed, had the same humorous quirk at the corners that John's had, and they both looked as if they were used to smiling a great deal, to getting a great deal of enjoyment out of life. I didn't mind the sympathy in Mrs. Dorn's eyes whenever she thought I wasn't noticing, didn't mind that both she and Mr. Dorn, no matter how sympathetic they felt, took care to treat me as a guest and not as a member of the family, took care to talk only about impersonal things, like Caroline's graduation, and the new wing that had been added to the high school, and the post-war highway that was planned to run between Maple Falls and Marshall, a larger town up the river. I didn't mind anything, so long as I could meet John's eyes across the table in a glance that was like a secret signal saying that the two of us were (Continued on page 54)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS

The Right to Happiness



Carolyn Kramer's experience has taught her that happiness cannot be had for the asking. It is possible only to those who, like Carolyn, know that small pleasures must often be sacrificed for lasting emotional peace.



*DICK CAMPBELL, now a Major in the Medical Corps, is the only man Carolyn Kramer ever genuinely loved. Though their courtship ended some time ago, and both married other people, Carolyn has never forgotten Dick, and his strong feeling for her is held in check only out of regard for his wife.
(played by Alex Scourby)*



*SUSAN WAKEFIELD is suffering from the common complaint of the young girl just coming out of adolescence—a violent passion for a man much older than herself. In Susan's case the man is Dwight Kramer. Hurt by Carolyn's divorce from him, Dwight has turned to Susan's belief in him for comfort.
(played by Charita Bauer)*



DWIGHT KRAMER is fundamentally an intelligent and likeable person. Though the collapse of his marriage to Carolyn left him bewildered and hurt, his native strength of character will in time reassert itself, and he will regain his emotional poise. Carolyn, on her part, went through much mental struggle before she could finally bring herself to face the fact that she and Dwight were hopelessly incompatible, and to leave him. His need for her almost held her, but eventually her own inability to find any happiness with him won out. (Dwight Kramer played by David Gothard; Carolyn Kramer by Claudia Morgan)

The Right To Happiness is heard on NBC each weekday at 3:45 P.M. EST.



GINNY, Dick Campbell's young wife, thinks that by seeing more of Carolyn, with Dick, she will discourage his fondness for the girl he almost married. But Carolyn's hard-won peace of mind is threatened by her knowledge that the feeling between herself and Dick is so far from dead that it may soon make them all unhappy. (Ginny played by Anne Sterrett)



TED WAKEFIELD is Constance Wakefield's young son. Bright, healthy, Ted is altogether typical of the American boy of high school age, except for a single important difference. The average high school boy doesn't give much of his time to the arts, but Ted has already shown a talent for music that amounts to genius. (Ted played by Jimmie Dobson)



CONSTANCE WAKEFIELD, a movie actress, still works with her charming but over-ambitious ex-husband, Director ALEX DELAVAN, who is much attracted right now to Carolyn. It is in Constance's home that Carolyn and her two-year-old son Skippy have been making their home since her divorce. (Constance is Violet Heming; Alex, Staats Cotsworth)

All our tomorrows

DOWN, Jigger! Stop it, Gadget! . . . Muffet . . . can't you make your kittens behave?"

I think Muffet understood me—the plaintive tone of my voice—as I stood helplessly trying to balance a coffee tray while the two capering furry kittens played tug-of-war with my slack trousers. At any rate, the old mother cat immediately cuffed her two offspring into obedience.

When I was at last able to move I took a backward glance at the house. So did Muffet.

It was automatic with both of us . . . a foolish gesture of waiting suspense as if we still expected that beloved masculine form to step out of the French windows—stoop to pet Muffet—take the tray out of my hands—bend his tall head to kiss me lightly—the fragrance of his pipe curling around us—

I gave myself a little reproving shake and started off across the lawn, the old cat pattering after me. I *must* stop thinking of Bill—listening for him—waiting for him.

Bill was dead. My husband of a year and a half, really and actually my husband to live with and love with only four months, was dead. Killed in the Pacific.

The great, overwhelming grief was gone. It had spent itself in those first weeks of wildness and stupor and unbelief and, finally, of heartbreaking knowledge. Now there was tranquillity of a kind in me, the kind that comes after you have accepted the awful certainty of death and the added certainty that life must go on for you. I had Bill's cat, Muffet, and her kittens. I had the little white clapboard-and-greystone cottage we had planned together and built before we were married. I had my partnership in the Jan-Jay Hat Shop.

There was always sorrow, of course. And loneliness. But not the emptiness that usually comes with being lonely.

Whenever that threatened I remembered Bill's last words to me as we had said goodbye in this favorite corner of the garden. He had been sitting at this same white-painted barrel that served us as a table; I was on a pillow at his feet, my head in his lap.

"Remember, darling—if anything happens to me, it will be all right because our love is stronger than death.

Many women, like Jan, have found themselves in love with two men at once. But Jan's problem was different, because one of the men was dead



*"I'm awfully sorry," I said.
"I hope they aren't bothering
you. They're a little spoiled."*



I know you'll always be true to me."

I rarely needed to remember those words—consciously—when I was home. Because in the house and in the garden and in every corner of the low hedge there were memories so strong it seemed to me as if the actual presence of Bill walked every step of the way with me. So strong was that feeling, at times, that I would catch myself speaking out loud to him, asking his advice about the perennials, consulting him as to the beloved animals' diet, wondering if he would like the new blue curtains in the breakfast room. It was foolish, perhaps—but it never felt morbid. It felt—*right!*

The coffee in the thermos jug was hot and I poured myself a cup, content to sit for a moment contemplating the play of sunlight and late-afternoon shadow on the lawn, planning my gardening job for the next hour. The chrysanthemums needed tying back. They were getting scraggly. And there were leaves to be raked under the maples.

It was so quiet and so peaceful that when the door banged nearby it caught me by surprise and coffee spilled in a hot stream over my sleeve. The burn was a minor one and I paid no attention. I was staring, fascinated, in the direction from where the sound had come, from the house next door. It had been vacant so long that for a second I was frightened . . . frightened at the sight of a tall, slim man walking out of that back door. Walking as if he had a right to. Strolling across the lawn as if he owned the place.

And something told me he did. Something told me that I had a new neighbor in this hundred-year-old, run-down house next door.

All I could feel, immediately, was resentment. It had been so perfect here with no neighbors on that side and the tree-shaded gully on the other that I hated to think of what this newcomer's presence might mean. He probably had a wife who would want to chat with me over the hedge and run in and out of my house borrowing things. They would be feeling sorry for the "poor little widow" and invite me to parties I didn't like. They would talk to me about the war and pry into details of Bill's death. Something hot and scalding rose in my throat.

He was coming nearer and now I could see he was carrying a trowel and a spade. If he meant to do some gardening he would probably be working right across the hedge from me, in their patch of overgrown flowers and shrubs.

I dived to the ground and frantically busied myself with the chrysanthemums. Now I couldn't see him. I could only hear the "chunk" and the tearing, dirt-pulling sound of his spade. A whiff of his pipe tobacco drifted across, almost making me dizzy—it was so like Bill's. Once he whistled a little tune, aimlessly.

Muffet was acting strangely. She was so entirely a one-man cat, so much Bill's, that ordinarily she was rude and condescending to strangers. But now she sat, listening to that whistle, her



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eyes half-closed, her fur bristling. And slowly she moved towards the hedge.

I made a grab for her but missed. She paid no attention to me. For a moment there was a hushed feeling and I saw the dazed expression in Muffet's eyes—as if she were doing an act she was *compelled to do*. And there was something else. That quietening, loved-for-cared-for feeling that always made me sense the closeness of Bill's presence was suddenly very strong about us.

"Well—hello! Did you come over to welcome me to my new home?" I knew the stranger was speaking to Muffet and his words made me ashamed for my ungracious behavior.

I rose—and he was kneeling just across the hedge from me. He was scratching the cat, gently, just behind the ears. Just where Muffet liked to be scratched. He was knowledgeable about cats, this stranger. The kittens tore through the hedge after their mother and cavorted around them, gleefully.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said. "I hope they aren't bothering you. They're a little spoiled, I'm afraid. I'm not very firm with them." He smiled at me and I saw he was young, but with an odd kind of maturity. I smiled back.

"Bothering me? I like them. I was planning to get one of my own but I think yours might not like an intruder and they can have the run of my place."

I hesitated a moment. "Perhaps your wife might object."

"I'm not married." He rose and dusted off his knees. "My name is Kirk Meryweather. I'm a new assistant professor in the math department at Parker College and I stumbled on this old house by accident yesterday. It's just what I've been looking for, what I used to dream about in the Army. I can't believe my luck."

So he had been in the Army—that would account for the slight limp when he walked, and for the young-old look of his.

"What about this hedge?" he went on. "Is it mine or yours? Do I take care of it?"

He must have seen my confusion, then. I *never* could trim it as smoothly as Bill had and now it was all dips and ridges.

"It's a community sort of hedge. It belongs to both of us," I answered. I found the clippers behind me and started to work. But he took them out of my hands.

"Then I think it's about my turn to do it."

After that it was impossible to be strangers. I told him my name—Jan Thurston. I even found I could talk to him about Parker, the small college where Bill and I had first met when we were both working our way through waiting on tables in the cafeteria. About the designing course I had taken. And how I had dropped out of school my junior year to start the hat shop. About Bill taking the job in the bank when he graduated so we could save money and get married before he went into the service.

It was so easy to talk to Kirk. And after I had invited him over for what was left of the hot coffee in the thermos jug we were just that to each other—Kirk and Jan. I couldn't help liking him. He was companionable in an easy, masculine way I had missed. His laughter was infrequent but his smile was a steady, warming thing that waited at the corner of his lips for any old excuse. The kittens were crazy about him.

But it was Muffet who puzzled me. She *accepted* Kirk so completely. Her head rested in his lap; her eyes seldom left off their wistful gaze into his face; her tail waved in majestic approbation.

Only once in a while did habit claim her again and she would begin her usual, pitiful, futile search for Bill. Once this had torn my heart—now I saw that Kirk could recall her to his side with one quiet word.

When I finally said goodnight and went into the house, I had a moment of chilling caution. Had I enjoyed this past hour *too* much? This gladness I felt in knowing Kirk—was that a sign I had been alone *too* much? I had my memories and up until now they had been enough. They would have to be enough. I must never *need* anyone. This love that was stronger than death between Bill and me would forever keep me from needing anyone—whether in marriage or love—or even in friendship.

But the uneasy feeling vanished with the pleasant remembrance of the conversation we had had and the work we had shared. And also with the strange conviction that there was no reproof against me here in the little world that was my house. Bill would want me to have friends; he wouldn't mind Kirk.

So every evening, when I got through work and my tiny supper and Kirk was through with his classes, we made our way to our neighboring gardens. For an hour or so we would work together across the hedge in a near-silence, speaking only when we felt like it. Sometimes he would bring examination papers with him to be graded and

There was gladness and joy in our kiss. And a strange, unbidden sense came over me that Bill was there, and still it was glad . . .

then he would use my table, sitting in Bill's old chair, while I worked to the accompaniment of the scratching of his pen or the pecking of his typewriter. Other times, I would bring the bookkeeping accounts from the shop home with me and Kirk would go over them, straightening out the confusion that figures always gave me.

It was nice to feel I could help him, too. It was I who could advise him about mulchs and about pruning his trees and about spraying for pests. It was on my suggestion that he searched for safe places for the little triangular bottles of ant poison he put out, to keep them from the inquisitive talons of the cats. Helping Kirk made me feel needed and useful, almost like a wife again.

And afterwards we would have coffee and cake, or, if it was an unusually warm evening, iced tea.

Once Kirk teased me into trying some of his own Italian spaghetti, his bachelor's pride, and we ate until we were torpid.

"That's the way I like to see a girl eat," he said, approvingly, when we

A "MY TRUE STORY"

This story was adapted from a script heard originally on My True Story, an American Broadcasting Company program, Monday through Friday, 10 A.M.



relaxed afterwards. "Most of them just peck at their food. But, then, most of them don't have your figure, Jan."

How could I help being thrilled a little at the admiration I saw in his eyes as they took in the high-breasted slimness revealed by the shorts and shirt I wore? Or help being glad that my hair curled naturally and stayed in place in spite of my being constantly up and down on hands and knees?

Although sometimes I would still question my right to have such a friend in so attractive a man, there was still no feeling that he was intruding. He was not robbing me of my closeness with Bill. Rather, he made a pleasant addition to my life—never stepping into that closed circle that bound me to my dead husband, but only making another circle that was Jan and Kirk.

If there were any danger of my becoming too interested in Kirk, I thought, surely I would have been jealous of his outside interests. I wasn't. I liked to hear the bits of gossip he would bring back after some faculty party. Although Kirk was totally unaware of his own charm I knew that the wives of his fellow-professors were earnestly match-making for him and constantly bringing some pretty girl for him to meet.

I would laugh with him over his description of these parties and teas, feeling a warm glow of pride in the admiration others must feel for him—for his strength and honesty, for the tenderness and good-humor that lay behind his reserve. Even for the handsomeness of his crisp, slightly-curling brown hair and the lean hollows of his tanned cheeks.

"Dean Tilden," he said to me one afternoon, smiling, "can't understand why I won't show up for any of the faculty suppers. It's nice of her to worry about me, but I explained that I had very important things to do between five and eight—every evening." And his eyes caught mine with a look that said we shared a guilty secret between us.

For a moment my heart caught and lifted. It meant a lot to Kirk, then—these hours we spent together! And a strange, giddy happiness made me tremble all over.

The moment was dangerously, thrillingly sweet . . . and then reason whispered that Kirk had meant something different. Of course he liked these hours together. There was peace here and good work shared. He loved gardening and he liked to play with the dogs and he enjoyed planning with me the restoration of his old house. It was nothing more than that for him and it couldn't be more than that for me.

It couldn't, I told myself sternly. And silenced with a firm hand that tiny little wonder in my heart.

This corner of the garden where we talked and worked had seemed lately a growing place of enchantment, so perfect was the brooding late-fall peace that hung over it. And not just the weather and the physical beauty alone. Before I had known Kirk I had felt that her I walked most closely with Bill. This was (Continued on page 91)



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I made a grab for her but missed. She paid no attention to me. For a moment there was a hushed feeling and I saw the dazed expression in Muffet's eyes—as if she were doing an act she was compelled to do. And there was something else. That quietening, loved-for-cared-for feeling that always made me sense the closeness of Bill's presence was suddenly very strong about us.

"Well—hello! Did you come over to welcome me to my new home?" I knew the stranger was speaking to Muffet and his words made me ashamed for my ungracious behavior.

I rose—and he was kneeling just across the hedge from me. He was scratching the cat, gently, just behind the ears. Just where Muffet liked to be scratched. He was knowledgeable about cats, this stranger. The kittens tore through the hedge after their mother and cavorted around them, gleefully.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said. "I hope they aren't bothering you. They're a little spoiled, I'm afraid. I'm not very firm with them." He smiled at me and I saw he was young, but with an odd kind of maturity. I smiled back.

"Bothering me? I like them. I was planning to get one of my own but I think yours might not like an intruder and they can have the run of my place."

I hesitated a moment. "Perhaps your wife might object."

"I'm not married." He rose and dusted off his knees. "My name is Kirk Meryweather. I'm a new assistant professor in the math department at Parker College and I stumbled on this old house by accident yesterday. It's just what I've been looking for, what I used to dream about in the Army. I can't believe my luck."

So he had been in the Army—that would account for the slight limp when he walked, and for the young-old look of his.

"What about this hedge?" he went on. "Is it mine or yours? Do I take care of it?"

He must have seen my confusion, then. I never could trim it as smoothly as Bill had and now it was all dips and ridges.

"It's a community sort of hedge. It belongs to both of us," I answered. I found the clippers behind me and started to work. But he took them out of my hands.

"Then I think it's about my turn to do it."

After that it was impossible to be strangers. I told him my name—Jan Thurston. I even found I could talk to him about Parker, the small college where Bill and I had first met when we were both working our way through waiting on tables in the cafeteria. About the designing course I had taken. And how I had dropped out of school my junior year to start the hat shop. About Bill taking the job in the bank when he graduated so we could save money and get married before he went into the service.

It was so easy to talk to Kirk. And after I had invited him over for what was left of the hot coffee in the thermos jug we were just that to each other—Kirk and Jan. I couldn't help liking him. He was companionable in an easy, masculine way I had missed. His laughter was infrequent but his smile was a steady, warming thing that waited at the corner of his lips for any old excuse. The kittens were crazy about him.

But it was Muffet who puzzled me. She accepted Kirk so completely. Her head rested in his lap; her eyes seldom left off their wistful gaze into his face; her tail waved in majestic approbation.

Only once in a while did habit claim her again and she would begin her usual, pitiful, futile search for Bill. Once this had torn my heart—now I saw that Kirk could recall her to his side with one quiet word.

When I finally said goodnight and went into the house, I had a moment of chilling caution. Had I enjoyed this past hour too much? This gladness I felt in knowing Kirk—was that a sign I had been alone too much? I had my memories and up until now they had been enough. They would have to be enough. I must never need anyone. This love that was stronger than death between Bill and me would forever keep me from needing anyone—whether in marriage or love—or even in friendship.

But the uneasy feeling vanished with the pleasant remembrance of the conversation we had had and the work we had shared. And also with the strange conviction that there was no reproof against me here in the little world that was my house. Bill would want me to have friends; he wouldn't mind Kirk.

So every evening, when I got through work and my tiny supper and Kirk was through with his classes, we made our way to our neighboring gardens. For an hour or so we would work together across the hedge in a near-silence, speaking only when we felt like it. Sometimes he would bring examination papers with him to be graded and

There was gladness and joy in our kiss. And a strange, unbidden sense came over me that Bill was there, and still it was glad...

then he would use my table, sitting in Bill's old chair, while I worked to the accompaniment of the scratching of his pen or the pecking of his typewriter. Other times, I would bring the bookkeeping accounts from the shop home with me and Kirk would go over them, straightening out the confusion that figures always gave me.

It was nice to feel I could help him, too. It was I who could advise him about mulchs and about pruning his trees and about spraying for pests. It was on my suggestion that he searched for safe places for the little triangular bottles of ant poison he put out, to keep them from the inquisitive talons of the cats. Helping Kirk made me feel needed and useful, almost like a wife again.

And afterwards we would have coffee and cake, or, if it was an unusually warm evening, iced tea.

Once Kirk teased me into trying some of his own Italian spaghetti, his bachelor's pride, and we ate until we were torpid.

"That's the way I like to see a girl eat," he said, approvingly, when we

A "MY TRUE STORY"

This story was adapted from a script heard originally on My True Story, an American Broadcasting Company program, Monday through Friday, 10 A.M.

relaxed afterwards. "Most of them just peck at their food. But, then, most of them don't have your figure, Jan."

How could I help being thrilled a little at the admiration I saw in his eyes as they took in the high-breasted slimmness revealed by the shorts and shirt I wore? Or help being glad that my hair curled naturally and stayed in place in spite of my being constantly up and down on hands and knees?

Although sometimes I would still question my right to have such a friend in so attractive a man, there was still no feeling that he was intruding. He was not robbing me of my closeness with Bill. Rather, he made a pleasant addition to my life—never stepping into that closed circle that bound me to my dead husband, but only making another circle that was Jan and Kirk.

If there were any danger of my becoming too interested in Kirk, I thought, surely I would have been jealous of his outside interests. I wasn't. I liked to hear the bits of gossip he would bring back after some faculty party. Although Kirk was totally unaware of his own charm I knew that the wives of his fellow-professors were earnestly match-making for him and constantly bringing some pretty girl for him to meet.

I would laugh with him over his description of these parties and teas, feeling a warm glow of pride in the admiration, others must feel for him—for his strength and honesty, for the tenderness and good-humor that lay behind his reserve. Even for the handsomeness of his crisp, slightly-curling brown hair and the lean hollows of his tanned cheeks.

"Dean Tildon," he said to me one afternoon, smiling, "can't understand why I won't show up for any of the faculty suppers. It's nice of her to worry about me, but I explained that I had very important things to do between five and eight—every evening." And his eyes caught mine with a look that said we shared a guilty secret between us.

For a moment my heart caught and lifted. It meant a lot to Kirk, then—these hours we spent together! And a strange, giddy happiness made me tremble all over.

The moment was dangerously, thrillingly sweet . . . and then reason whispered that Kirk had meant something different. Of course he liked these hours together. There was peace here and good work shared. He loved gardening and he liked to play with the dogs and he enjoyed planning with me the restoration of his old house. It was nothing more than that for him and it couldn't be more than that for me.

It couldn't, I told myself sternly. And silenced with a firm hand that tiny little wonder in my heart.

This corner of the garden where we talked and worked had seemed lately a growing place of enchantment, so perfect was the brooding late-fall peace that hung over it. And not just the weather and the physical beauty alone. Before I had known Kirk I had felt that her . . . I walked most closely with Bill. This was (Continued on page 91)

WHEN you are a doctor who is specializing in a certain branch of medicine, as I am; when you work in a specialized hospital, as I do here at the Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, you sometimes tend to forget to think as much as you should about the troubles and diseases and medical problems outside your own specialization.

I was reminded of that the other day—reminded that rheumatic fever, one of the worst scourges of childhood, and one with far-reaching, long-lasting effects, was something I hadn't particularly thought about, or brought myself up to date on, for a long time. When I remembered that rheumatic fever strikes down more children every year than pneumonia, tuberculosis or infantile paralysis, I decided it was about time for me to do a little checking up, to see what I could do in helping these children. And that's why I'm writing this article.

What reminded me of this killer andcrippler of children was a new patient at the Institute. He was a young man of about twenty-four. I don't want to go into the full history of his case, because it's very complicated. One of his real obsessions is that he's a chronic invalid. He can't do anything, he can't work or play, because he's sick. What's more, he can actually make himself physically ill, and does so frequently. This is common enough behavior in neurotics, and the important thing is to try to find out when it first began.

You can't get very far, of course, in a first interview, but I tried to get him to remember as well as he could when he first got the idea that he wasn't well.

"I remember something," he said. "It happened when I was little. I was sick, once. I had pains in my knees and arms."

"What kind of pains?" I asked.

"Well—" he pondered, "pains like rheumatism, I guess. I don't really remember—but I do remember it was very bad."

We delved a little more. He remembered that after that illness, his parents had begun treating him with great care. He was forced to eat special things. He wasn't allowed to run and play with other children and he often heard his parents mention his "bad heart," when they didn't think he was listening. He didn't go to school regularly and, when he did, he couldn't keep up with the other children. At any rate, this whole manner of treatment by his parents and teachers was a big contributing factor to laying the groundwork for his present mental illness.

As I said, this phase of it, this effect on the minds of some of the people who've had rheumatic fever, is an offshoot of the original illness. And this phase of it, at least, could be avoided. Children who've had rheumatic fever and as a result—an almost inevitable result, especially if the acute attacks recur frequently—have what are known as rheumatic hearts, do need special care. But not fussy care. Their resis-

By **DR. JIM BRENT**

tence to all disease must be built up with balanced diets, their bodies must be kept healthy with fitting exercise. Properly handled and watched, a child can be nursed through rheumatic fever, the recurrences of the disease can be brought down to a minimum and, sometimes, prevented entirely. Such a child can grow into a healthy, normal individual.

If you want good proof of it, there are the 134 ex-patients of the rheumatic fever clinic of one New York hospital—all of them once sufferers from this disease, all of them cured—who were accepted for armed service in the war. They felt so fine and showed no signs of rheumatic fever histories, that they got away with not mentioning they'd ever had it. And not one of them had any recurrences of the disease during their training or service. Those are only the patients from one hospital.

After I'd finished talking to this young man, I went to see Carson—I'm sorry, Dr. McVicker. Not having as much background in psychiatry as she has, I wanted to know whether many cases like this were likely to turn up. Because, if they were, I felt that I wanted to know a great deal more about rheumatic fever than I did at the moment.

In our talk, the sad facts came out.

Rheumatic fever is still a great mystery. Carson—I'll leave it like that, because that's what I call her when we're alone, anyway, and there's no need for hospital formalities here—has as extensive a library on the subject as exists. And a puny one it is, really, when compared with the books on diseases like tuberculosis and infantile paralysis.

Which is rather terrifying when you come to think of it. Because it was then that I remembered that strikes down more children every year than pneumonia, tuberculosis or infantile paralysis. It doesn't always kill, but even so it does kill about 40,000 a year—and that's only an estimate based on recognized cases. There may be many more which pass for some other disease. Rheumatic heart disease was the cause of half of the heart-defect rejections of Selective Service.

We did some digging into those books, Carson and I—and some talking.

The big thing that comes out in all these books is this—no one yet knows what causes rheumatic fever. One of the most extensive—and the most dramatic—studies we found was made by Dr. Alvin Coburn, who devoted his life to fighting this terror of childhood.

He was the first to seriously consider rheumatic fever almost strictly a disease that goes with poverty, poor food, lack of sunlight and overcrowding.

Dr. Coburn studied and noted and analyzed the (Continued on page 99)

Unseen Enemy

This fight — for our children's lives — is like any other battle. We can't win until we know everything about the methods, weapons, power of the enemy

Working together at the Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, Dr. Jim Brent (Matt Crowley) and Dr. Carson McVicker (Charlotte Manson) pool their medical knowledge for the fight against rheumatic fever, on NBC's Road of Life, weekdays at 10:45 A.M. EST.



To be

GRIF'S mother came hurrying through the gate that morning, calling me, waving the telegram.

"I got one too," I cried, running out upon my little square porch to meet her. "Oh, Mother Baird! He's really coming home!"

She stood at the bottom of the porch steps with the sun glinting on her high silvery rolls of hair, and even in the midst of my excitement a part of my mind paused to marvel at her beauty and her untouched look.

Mother Baird laughingly called herself a "farm gal" since they had moved to the remodeled farmhouse on the outskirts of Rosemead; but she looked as little like a farm gal as the neat new Baird subdivision looked like the worthless weed-grown farm which Father Baird had taken in on a mortgage during the depression. With the mushrooming of the plane assembly plant in Rosemead, bringing sudden life to this sleepy little town and in influx of workers clamoring for houses, Father Baird had been quick to subdivide the old dry farm and to build the rows of neat little stucco cottages which sold like hotcakes to the plant employees.

"We'll have a party to welcome Grif home," Mother Baird was saying, "a really gay one, Peggy, with all his old school friends."

All his old school friends! The old familiar sense of loneliness swept over me, making me feel left out, a stranger. I didn't belong to Grif's old school crowd. While he was finishing high school in a whirl of senior class festivities and football triumphs, I had been working in the Y.W. cafeteria and going to night school, taking a secretarial course.

We had met by accident. I was taking the cut-off across the park on my way to school one evening when my dropped handbag skidded across the



A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

This story was adapted from "And The Sparks Flew", an original Stars Over Hollywood story written by Ralph Rose.

really yours

*It's funny how you can meet
the man you're going to love.*



*Waiting for Grif to come
home, loving him completely,
Peggy didn't dream that she
was waiting for a stranger*

path, spilling its awful contents at the very feet of a tall red-headed fellow who turned out to be Grif Baird. It's funny how you can meet the man you are going to love like that, when you least expect anything so wonderful to happen. You laugh with a stranger about the crazy things a girl carries in her handbag, and the next evening, and the next, he is there on a bench in the park, with the sunset shining on his light hair, waiting for you. So you sit on a bench, or walk along together, slowly, not caring whether you ever get to night school, because you have just discovered that his eyes are deep and brown and every time they look at you something happens to your heart.

"Medical discharge," Mother Baird's voice floated into my preoccupation. "That means, of course, that he'll be home for good. He will go right back into the office with his father, and everything will be the same again. We'll forget there ever was a war."

She was looking past me now, engrossed in plans of her own. She had looked exactly like this when she told us that Father Baird was going to build us a Model Home for a wedding present. It was to be located on the most attractive site in the new subdivision, right next to their old farmhouse. The new would stand out in smart contrast to



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THE house seemed to spring up by magic. When we returned from our short honeymoon at the beach, it was finished and furnished, down to the last crisp new curtain and the bright bordered towels on the fancy lucite rods in bedroom and kitchen. It was a doll house, like something out of a little girl's dream; and I was proud to show it to people Father Baird brought to see the new subdivision.

Grif and I had only three weeks in the little house before he went into the Army. Three incredible weeks of waking at night to find myself in his arms, of waking in the morning to find the sun streaming through the gauzy gold curtains at the tiny bedroom windows, of loafing over the funnies and a last cup of coffee in the pint-sized nook off the kitchen.

"Gotta be gittin'." Grif would spring up, dumping me and the funnies out of his lap. "I almost forgot I'm supposed to be a business man now."

But he wasn't very good at selling real estate. He always blurted out the truth about termites and leaky roofs, and shrugged ruefully about the sales he had killed. He had gone into his father's office straight from high school, to learn the business. His desk was still so new that he laughed about not having any important deeds or documents to clear out of it before he left.

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She smiled and went briskly off through the gate which separated our little square yard from the lawn of the bigger house. I would have given my very heart to possess her looks and her poise, her calm acceptance of all the good things of life which seemed to fall so easily into her lap. Since the first day that Grif had brought me home to meet his parents I had felt coltish and clumsy beside her, and I'd tried my best to be like her in every way. I wanted so terribly to be perfect for Grif . . .

The hours slid past while I worked my way happily through the little house, cleaning and polishing in time to my own joyous whistling. At last everything was finished except for a final, last-minute flick of the dustcloth. The refrigerator was crammed to bursting with all the things Grif liked best to eat; every chair and book and ash tray was exactly as he had left it; there was fresh tobacco in the humidor beside his pipe rack. I brushed a last speck of dust from his old football letter, still thumb-tacked to the plaque

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I stood still now, the dust cloth still in my hand, remembering how my heart had turned over inside me when he said it—remembering every single thing about those three precious weeks together, and that last day . . . the blue-and-white print dress I'd been wearing because it was his favorite, the way the sun slanted through the open front door and set his bright hair on fire, the way he cupped my face tight in his hands before he kissed me.

"Hold everything, Peg," he'd said. "I'll be right back."

That was what he said to me each morning as he went to work, and that was what he said then, going off to war. It was our real goodbye, not the chin-up, be-brave one at the depot, with a crowd around and everyone trying to think of cheerful things to day.

Two years ago . . . two years and seven months and exactly four hours and fifteen minutes by the little clock that had been ticking off the slow seconds ever since he left!

I closed my eyes and tried to imagine how it would be to hear his voice again, to feel his arms around me, his kisses sweet on my mouth. A tune we had danced to hummed through my head, and my eyes flew open. I must get out all his old favorite records and pile them up with the ones I'd collected since he left. Why—I mustn't stand here dreaming—I must hurry. Grif was coming home! Grif was coming home, and everything would be just as it had been in those few short, wonderful weeks, only better, because this time we'd have a thousand thousand tomorrows to look forward to . . . together.

AND then, at last, everything was done—and there was still time, time to fill before we could go to the station, infinitely long minutes to fill somehow before train time, before the time for me to begin to live again. I tied a handkerchief over my freshly shampooed hair, and took Penny, Grif's lop-eared cocker spaniel, for a walk. Far up the slope back of the Baird subdivision I unsnapped the leash and let her run while I lay in the sparse shade of an old eucalyptus tree, listening to the scratch of dry branches above my head, half-awake, but dreaming of those thousand, thousand tomorrows when Grif and I would be together. And in spite of all my impatience, I was nearly late. I heard Father Baird, who had come home early from the office to drive us to the station, halloo-ing to me from the bottom of the hill, and Penny and I raced down together.

I felt hot and breathless when I finally climbed into the car, my hair hastily combed, my old blue-and-white dress, saved for Grif's homecoming, quickly pulled into place over my head.



"I didn't mean to listen," I said,



Mother Baird had a fresh silver rinse that made her prematurely grey hair a well-disciplined halo about her head. She looked wonderful in her new dove grey suit and the little wisp of a purple hat tilted smartly over one eye. She out-weighed me by twenty pounds, but I still felt heavy of foot and awkward beside her as we crossed the station platform.

The train was running late. Father Baird fell into conversation with a stranger, talking about a piece of land the man thought of buying, and Mother Baird settled down with a magazine from the newsstand, to wait. When the train finally whistled, far up the tracks, she was as fresh as a daisy, while I felt hot and disheveled in spite of countless trips to the ladies' room to re-comb my hair and powder my nose.

But in that first moment when I saw Grif, I forgot all about myself. There he was—Grif, leaning from the vestibule as the train slowed, scanning the station with . . . with eyes that didn't look like Grif's at all, they were so tired and old and unsmiling, even when he smiled with his lips when he saw us, and waved.

I heard Father Baird say, "My God, he's thin as a rail!"

"He was always thin, David," Mother Baird answered. "Don't you remember?"

The train was crawling to a stop. Grif was swinging down the steps, and my feet automatically carried me toward him; although a paralyzing thing I knew must be joy, but which was as overpowering as terror, held me in its grip. But suddenly I stopped. Grif had turned to offer his hand to the girl who followed him—slim brown suit, halo of blonde hair, luminous blue eyes shadowed by fabulous lashes. This was the girl—I knew her at once—who had come to our wedding, who had talked so much at the little reception in the church parlors afterwards, who had gone away to school somewhere up near San Francisco about the same time Grif went into the Army.

Mother Baird was calling hellos to both of them, running forward to tilt up her lips for Grif's kiss. Father Baird was gripping Grif's hand and saying, "Welcome home, my boy!" For one frenzied second I wanted to run away—from Mother Baird's poise and perfection, from Father Baird's voice, the same one he used to greet people who came to Rosemead to take part in War Bond drives, from this girl whose suit made my blue-and-white print look incredibly frumpish, whose sleek hair made my home-shampooed curls look like a child's. And then I came out of it with a start—why, this was home-coming. This was Grif, my Grif, and he was home!

Grif was looking at me now, and his eyes seemed to be asking a question, setting me apart from the station and the crowd and the family and looking straight into my heart. How could I say anything, how could I even smile, when my heart was squeezed so tight I couldn't breathe? Now was the moment—now I'd feel his arms again, and know his kiss again, (Continued on page 84)

but I'm glad I did. Because now you won't have to say it over again."



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That was what he said to me each morning as he went to work, and that was what he said then, going off to war. It was our real goodbye, not the chin-up, be-brave one at the depot, with a crowd around and everyone trying to think of cheerful things to say.

Two years ago... two years and seven months and exactly four hours and fifteen minutes by the little clock that had been ticking off the slow seconds ever since he left!

I closed my eyes and tried to imagine how it would be to hear his voice again, to feel his arms around me, his kisses sweet on my month. A tune we had danced to hummed through my head, and my eyes flew open. I must get out all his old favorite records and pile them up with the ones I'd collected since he left. Why—I mustn't stand here dreaming—I must hurry. Grif was coming home! Grif was coming home, and everything would be just as it had been in those few short, wonderful weeks, only better, because this time we'd have a thousand thousand tomorrows to look forward to... together.

AND then, at last, everything was done—and there was still time, time to fill before we could go to the station, infinitely long minutes to fill somehow before train time, before the time for me to begin to live again. I tied a handkerchief over my freshly shampooed hair, and took Penny, Grif's lop-eared cocker spaniel, for a walk. Far up the slope back of the Baird subdivision I unsnapped the leash and let her run while I lay in the sparse shade of an old eucalyptus tree, listening to the scratch of dry branches above my head, half-awake, but dreaming of those thousand, thousand tomorrows when Grif and I would be together. And in spite of all my impatience, I was nearly late. I heard Father Baird, who had come home early from the office to drive us to the station, halloo-ing to me from the bottom of the hill, and Penny and I raced down together.

I felt hot and breathless when I finally climbed into the car, my hair hastily combed, my old blue-and-white dress, saved for Grif's homecoming, quickly pulled into place over my head.



"I didn't mean to listen," I said, but I'm glad I did. Because now you won't have to say it over again."

Mother Baird had a fresh silver rinse that made her prematurely grey hair a well-disciplined halo about her head. She looked wonderful in her new dove grey suit and the little wisp of a purple hat tilted smartly over one eye. She out-weighed me by twenty pounds, but I still felt heavy of foot and awkward beside her as we crossed the station platform.

The train was running late. Father Baird fell into conversation with a stranger, talking about a piece of land the man thought of buying, and Mother Baird settled down with a magazine from the newsstand, to wait. When the train finally whistled, far up the tracks, she was as fresh as a daisy, while I felt hot and disheveled in spite of countless trips to the ladies' room to re-comb my hair and powder my nose.

But in that first moment when I saw Grif, I forgot all about myself. There he was—Grif, leaning from the vestibule as the train slowed, scanning the station with... with eyes that didn't look like Grif's at all, they were so tired and old and unsmiling, even when he smiled with his lips when he saw us, and waved.

I heard Father Baird say, "My God, he's thin as a rail!"

"He was always thin, David," Mother Baird answered. "Don't you remember?"

The train was crawling to a stop. Grif was swinging down the steps, and my feet automatically carried me toward him, although a paralyzing thing I knew must be joy, but which was as overpowering as terror, held me in its grip. But suddenly I stopped. Grif had turned to offer his hand to the girl who followed him—slim brown suit, halo of blonde hair, luminous blue eyes shadowed by fabulous lashes. This was the girl—I knew her at once—who had come to our wedding, who had talked so much at the little reception in the church parlors afterwards, who had gone away to school somewhere up near San Francisco about the same time Grif went into the Army.

Mother Baird was calling hellos to both of them, running forward to tilt up her lips for Grif's kiss. Father Baird was gripping Grif's hand and saying, "Welcome home, my boy!" For one frenzied second I wanted to run away—from Mother Baird's poise and perfection, from Father Baird's voice, the same one he used to greet people who came to Rosemead to take part in War Bond drives, from this girl whose suit made my blue-and-white print look incredibly frumpish, whose sleek hair made my home-shampooed curls look like a child's. And then I came out of it with a start—why, this was homecoming. This was Grif, my Grif, and he was home!

Grif was looking at me now, and his eyes seemed to be asking a question, setting me apart from the station and the crowd and the family and looking straight into my heart. How could I say anything, how could I even smile, when my heart was squeezed so tight I couldn't breathe? Now was the moment—now I'd feel his arms again, and know his kiss again, (Continued on page 84)

“Most beautiful of all”

Winding through the love story of Rosemarie and Danny Thomas there's another story, wonderful and strange—the story of a modern miracle

By **DANNY THOMAS**

IN Detroit, in 1933, the Happy Hour on WMBC was the biggest thing in radio.

And Rosemarie Mantell was the biggest thing on the Happy Hour.

She was sixteen, a soprano, the show's brightest star, a distinction which was hers because she got oceans more fan mail than any of the dozen or so other youngsters who were regular performers on the program. Of those dozen "regulars," I was the newest, the most insignificant and the most scared. That Rosemarie would one day be Mrs. Amos Jacobs was unthinkable. (Just as it was unthinkable that Amos Jacobs, the Syrian kid from the wrong side of the

tracks, should become Danny Thomas, a radio star.)

But to my family, who weren't afraid to wish for *anything*—Rosemarie was tabbed for my girl from the start. (And they were just as confident that their Amos would become a big-timer.)

The family started listening to the Happy Hour every afternoon because I was on it, but after a few days you would have thought to hear them go on that no one was on it but Rosemarie Mantell. Leave it to the Syrians to appreciate a sweet song and a sweet

voice. And Rosemarie's voice was sweet.

My fame at home was not for my own songs and my own jokes any more but for my nodding acquaintance with the sweet singer.

"Why don't you bring her home to dinner, Amos," my Aunt Cecelia suggested matter-of-factly one day.

"Oh, I couldn't," I replied, choking at the thought. Why to Rosemarie, who had been a radio trouper since she was twelve, I was just a kid—an amateur.

"Why not," my next to oldest brother prodded me, "you make as much money as she does, don't you?"

That was a big family joke. Everyone on the Happy Hour got exactly the same salary: nothing. We were all amateurs in the exact sense—the biggest radio sensation in the city, maybe, but there was no money in it. My family—Syrians laugh easily—thought that was funny. I couldn't see the humor in it myself. Here I was sixteen years old, going on seventeen, and not supporting myself. It was humiliating.

"Go on, ask her," Aunt Cecelia said again, just when I thought they'd changed the subject. Syrians are persistent, too.

"Gwan, gwan," echoed all my brothers and sisters, all ten of them. "Dare ya. Dare ya."

So I asked her. Naturally. A dare is a dare. But you could have blown me down with a sneeze when she accepted.

She had a good time, too. My mother cooked her a big Syrian dinner, and after we fed her we sang songs for her and danced. And I told some jokes. She laughed and after awhile she sang us some songs, and we all wept a little and had a very fine time. It was as though she had known us all her life.

The fact that Rosemarie was the most famous young lady in Detroit and I was just a punk didn't seem important after that evening. And it wasn't really, when we had so much in common.

We lived in the same section of the city—the polyglot section of Poles and Armenians and Italians and Hungarians and Greeks. And Jews and Catholics and Protestants. America—like in the song.

Rosemarie was one of a big, Catholic Italian family, poor but singing folk. I was one of a big, Catholic Syrian family—even poorer, but full of tunes. We couldn't help (Continued on page 59)



Home-style movies with extra added attraction: Chita and Margo Thomas get their comedian dad's commentary.



When seventeen-year-old Danny Thomas fell in love with sixteen-year-old Rosemarie Mantell, it didn't look as if they could have much of a wedding. But suddenly, out of nowhere, there was a beautiful wedding with all the trimmings. And when Margo was born, the hospital bill looked like more than the Thomases could manage. But overnight there was enough money, and some to spare. How and why these things happened, Danny thinks he knows; and that's why he wants to build a shrine for St. Jude Thaddeus.

Every Wednesday evening from 8:30 to 9:00 P.M. on Mutual; Bert Wheeler involves himself and a group of hapless friends (including singer Ruth Davey) in the Wheeler variety of odd tomfoolery.



LADY LUCK

The Fresh-Up Show's theme song, as played by Dave Terry and his orchestra

Words and Music by
DAVID TERRY

Mis - ter, did you know that LA - DY LUCK likes you, _____ and

you'll like _____ LA - DY LUCK? _____ She's hap - py, — she's pleas - ant,

[A]

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics. The second system covers the next two lines of lyrics and includes a section marked with a boxed 'A' above the staff.

B

and she's oh, so ef - fer - ves - cent. To meet her is to con -

C

cede that LA - DY LUCK is what you need. What time shall choose

to come up and ring the bell is real - ly hard to

D

tell, But stay and just so you can say that you were there.

E

when she struck Get mat - ey with LA - DY LUCK.



FOR CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

ONE of the nicest of our holiday customs is that of preparing homemade sweets to send as gifts to friends near and far and to serve to those who celebrate with us. This year, when Christmas and the New Year have such special significance, I am sure you will want to share with your loved ones gifts of your own making, so here are recipes which will help you to do so. Cookies for the boy or girl in Armed Services, cereal balls for the children, marmalade and jelly for the friend who has no time to make them for herself. Best of all, they have been worked out so that today's sugar supply will go a very long way.

THRIFTY MARMALADE

(Using Orange and Lemon Skins)

3½ cups prepared fruit 1 box powdered fruit pectin
 1¼ cups sugar
 1¼ cups light corn syrup

To prepare fruit, use skins from 6 medium oranges and 2 medium lemons and cut in quarters. Lay quarters flat; shave off and discard about half the white part. Put yellow rinds through food chopper twice. Add 1 cup sugar, 2½ cups water, juice from 1 medium lemon and ¼ teaspoon soda. (This 1 cup sugar is in addition to the 1¼ cups specified above.) Bring to a boil and simmer, covered, 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Measure sugar and syrup in dish and set aside until needed. Measure prepared fruit into a 3 to 4 quart kettle, filling up last cup or fraction of cup with water if necessary; place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar and syrup, stirring constantly. (To reduce foaming, ¼ teaspoon butter may be added.) Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 2 minutes. Skim, pour into containers. Pour melted paraffin over hot marmalade at once.

ORANGE MARMALADE

3½ cups prepared fruit 1¼ cups light corn syrup
 1¼ cups sugar 1 box powdered fruit pectin

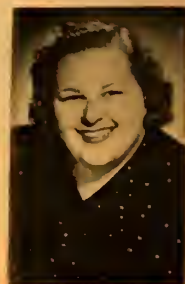
To prepare fruit, remove skins in quarters from 5 medium oranges and 1 medium lemon. Lay quarters flat; shave off and discard about half the white part. With a very sharp knife, cut remaining rind into fine shreds. Add 1½ cups water and ¼ teaspoon soda.

Bring to a boil and simmer, covered, for just 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cut off tight skin of peeled fruit and slip pulp out of each section. Add pulp, juice and 1 cup sugar to cooked rind. Simmer, covered, 20 minutes longer. This cup of sugar is in addition to the 1¼ cups specified above.

Measure sugar and syrup into dish and set aside (Continued on page 83)

By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, 8:30 EST.



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

SUNDAY

| P.S.T. | C.S.T. | Eastern Standard Time |
|--------|--------|---|
| | 8:30 | CBS: The Jubalaires |
| | 8:30 | ABC: Earl Wilde, pianist |
| | 8:45 | CBS: Bennett Sisters |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | MBS: Young People's Church |
| | 9:00 | NBC: World News Roundup |
| | 9:00 | ABC: Correspondents Around the World |
| | 8:15 | CBS: E. Power Biggs |
| 5:00 | 8:15 | ABC: White Rabbit Line |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | NBC: NBC String Quartet |
| | 8:45 | CBS: New Voices in Song |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | CBS: Church of the Air |
| | 9:00 | ABC: Message of Israel |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | NBC: Highlights of the Bible |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | CBS: Wings Over Jordan |
| | 9:30 | ABC: Southernaires |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | NBC: Words and Music |
| 8:30 | 9:30 | MBS: Radio Chapel |
| | 11:00 | MBS: Pauline Alpert |
| 8:05 | 10:05 | CBS: Blue Jacket Choir |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | ABC: Hour of Faith |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | CBS: Invitation to Learning |
| | 11:30 | MBS: Reviewing Stand |
| | 10:45 | NBC: Marion Loveridge |
| | 12:00 | MBS: Pilgrim Hour |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | CBS: Salt Lake Tabernacle |
| | 11:00 | NBC: The Eternal Light |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | ABC: Friendship Ranch |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | ABC: Transatlantic Call |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | CBS: Church of the Air |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | ABC: John B. Kennedy |
| | 1:00 | NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 ABC: Orson Welles |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:30 CBS: Problems of the Peace |
| | 1:45 | NBC: America United |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 ABC: Sammy Kaye's Orch. |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 NBC: Chicago Round Table |
| | 1:30 | MBS: Sweetheart Time |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Edward R. Murrow |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC: Harvest of Stars |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 MBS: Opinions Requested |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Stradivari Orchestra |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 ABC: Dorothy Claire, songs |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: World News Today |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas |
| | 2:30 | ABC: National Vespers |
| | 2:45 | MBS: Dale Carnegie |
| 11:55 | 2:55 | CBS: Olin Dawns |
| 12:00 | 2:05 | 3:00 MBS: 20th Airforce Time |
| | 3:00 | CBS: CBS Symphony |
| | 3:00 | ABC: Melodies to Remember |
| | 3:00 | NBC: World Parade |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC: One Man's Family |
| | 3:30 | MBS: Land of the Lost |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC: NBC Army Hour |
| | 4:00 | ABC: Darts for Dough |
| | 4:00 | MBS: Your America |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 ABC: I, drama |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 CBS: The Electric Hour |
| | 4:30 | NBC: Tommy Dorsey—RCA Show |
| | 4:30 | MBS: The Nebs |
| 2:00 | 5:00 | NBC: NBC Symphony |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: The Family Hour |
| | 5:00 | ABC: Mary Small Revue |
| | 5:00 | MBS: The Shadow |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 MBS: Nick Carter |
| | 5:30 | ABC: Charlotte Greenwood Show |
| | 5:30 | CBS: Gene Autry |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 CBS: Ozzie & Harriet |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 ABC: Radio Hall of Fame |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 MBS: Quick as a Flash |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour |
| 3:00 | 6:30 | NBC: The Great Gildersleeve |
| | 6:30 | ABC: Phil Davis |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 ABC: Drew Pearson |
| | 7:00 | MBS: Opinion Requested |
| 9:00 | 7:00 | NBC: Jack Benny |
| | 7:00 | CBS: The Thin Man |
| 8:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 MBS: California Melodies |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 ABC: Quiz Kids |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | NBC: Fitch Bandwagon |
| | 8:30 | CBS: Blondie |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC: Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen |
| | 8:00 | MBS: Meditation Board |
| | 8:00 | ABC: Milton |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC: Fred Allen |
| 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: Request Performance |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 MBS: Hercule Poirot |
| 7:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 ABC: Walter Winchell |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round |
| 7:45 | 8:15 | 9:15 ABC: Hollywood Mystery Time |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theater, James |
| | 9:30 | MBS: Double or Nothing |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music |
| 8:15 | 8:30 | 9:45 ABC: Jimmie Fidler |
| | 9:45 | MBS: Dorothy Thompson |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: Theatre Guild Series |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm |
| | 10:00 | MBS: Operatic Review |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC: Meet Me at Parky's |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: We the People |
| 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: Bill Costello |
| 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC: Cesar Searchinger |
| 10:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC: Pacific Story |



NO MOSS ON THIS STONE . . .

There's no time for Paula Stone to collect any moss. Look at this for a schedule. Twice a week, she interviews Broadway and Hollywood celebrities on her Mutual show Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1:30 P.M. (EST)—not only handling the interviews on the air, but gathering the stars herself. She also acts as emcee Friday nights on Mutual's Leave It To the Girls. Daily she does a 15-minute Broadway news, gossip and interview show over WNEW, which is directed, produced and written by la Stone. Pretty full, isn't it—and that ain't all.

But Paula comes from a family from which enterprise and success are expected. Her father, Fred Stone, now aged 70, has just finished his autobiography "The Rolling Stones" and just a few months ago had completed a 43-week tour as the lead in "You Can't Take It With You." Another Stone, Dorothy, played in the show, too. Carol Stone, the youngest daughter in this famous family, is winning a big name for herself in the Broadway hit, "Dark of the Moon."

Paula, a gal who refused to trade on her father's well-established name in the theater, made an enviable niche for herself in Hollywood. She gave up her career in pictures, however, when her late husband, the orchestra leader Duke Daly, joined the RAF as a flyer. Paula preferred to be in the East near her husband to continuing on the West Coast without him.

When Paula got off the train in New York a couple of years ago, she had no plans for a career. Radio hadn't entered her mind. But when it was suggested, she couldn't see why she shouldn't try, although she had no experience in the field, at all. She started on WNEW, doing a news-and-views of Broadway and Hollywood show—for nothing. It wasn't long before she had a sizeable audience, but, better still, a contract.

When the station manager approached Paula about doing a show "across the board," the uninitiated Miss Stone accepted immediately, not knowing exactly what the term meant, but assuming it meant a steady job. When she discovered it involved six shows a week and daily guest stars, she just took a deep breath and went to the nearest telephone to start digging up available stars.

Not that radio occupies all of her time by a long shot. She's written a children's novel called "The Rain Prince." She speaks French, Italian and Spanish and is now busy learning to speak Russian. And, as if that weren't enough, she's shown such remarkable talent in the field of popular singing that several name band leaders have been trying to talk her into going to work for them.

MONDAY

| P.S.T. | C.S.T. | Eastern Standard Time |
|--------|--------|--------------------------------------|
| | 8:00 | 9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: Ed East & Polly |
| 6:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey |
| 8:15 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: My True Story |
| 8:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton |
| 2:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 CBS: Light of the World |
| | 10:30 | CBS: Evelyn Winters |
| | 10:30 | ABC: Hymns of All Churches |
| | 10:30 | NBC: Road of Life |
| | 10:30 | MBS: Fun with Music |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 ABC: Lisa Sergio |
| | 10:45 | NBC: Joyce Jordan |
| | 10:10 | 11:00 CBS: Amanda |
| 8:00 | 10:10 | 11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show |
| | 10:45 | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband |
| | 11:15 | MBS: Elsa Maxwell |
| 12:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: A Woman's Life |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn |
| | 11:30 | NBC: Barry Cameron |
| | 11:30 | MBS: Take It Easy Time |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 ABC: Ted Malone |
| | 11:45 | MBS: What's Your Idea? |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC: David Harum |
| | 12:00 | ABC: Glamour Manor |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister |
| | 12:15 | MBS: Morton Downey |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC: From the Pacific |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 ABC: Farm and Home Makers |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett |
| | 1:45 | ABC: Chicago Varieties |
| | 1:45 | MBS: John J. Anthony |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue |
| | 2:00 | ABC: John B. Kennedy |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Ethel & Albert |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC: Today's Children |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Perry Mason |
| | 2:15 | MBS: Jane Cow |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC: Woman in White |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Rosemary |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 ABC: The Fitzgeralds |
| | 2:30 | MBS: Queen for a Day |
| 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 ABC: Best Sellers |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC: Woman of America |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins |
| 12:00 | 2:15 | 3:15 CBS: Michael Scott |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness |
| 12:30 | 2:45 | 3:45 CBS: Sing Along |
| | 4:00 | ABC: Jack Berch |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: House Party |
| | 4:00 | NBC: Backstage Wife |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas |
| | 4:15 | MBS: Johnson Family |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones |
| | 4:45 | ABC: Hop Harrigan |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown |
| | 4:45 | CBS: Danny O'Neil |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: American School of the Air |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries |
| | 5:00 | MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 CBS: Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 NBC: Superman |
| | 5:30 | ABC: House of Mystery |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 MBS: 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 ABC: Tennessee Jed |
| | 4:45 | CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk |
| | 5:45 | MBS: Tom Mix |
| | 6:10 | CBS: Bill Costello |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 NBC: Serenade to America |
| 3:30 | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: Jimmy Carroll, Songs |
| | 6:30 | CBS: Eileen Farrell |
| | 6:45 | ABC: Charlie Chan |
| | 6:45 | NBC: Lowell Thomas |
| 3:55 | 5:55 | 6:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch |
| | 7:00 | ABC: Headline Edition |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club |
| | 7:00 | CBS: Fulton Lewis, Jr. |
| | 7:15 | ABC: Raymond Gram Swing |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 NBC: The Lone Ranger |
| | 7:30 | MBS: Cecil Brown |
| | 8:00 | NBC: Cavalcade of America |
| | 8:00 | CBS: Vox Pop |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 ABC: Bulldog Drummond |
| | 8:15 | ABC: Hedda Hopper |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: Joan Davis |
| 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 |
| | 9:00 | ABC: Washington Story |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: Lux Radio Theater |
| 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:08 NBC: The Telephone Hour |
| | 9:15 | MBS: Real Stories |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC: Information Please |
| | 9:30 | MBS: Spotlight Bands |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller |
| | 10:00 | ABC: Pacific Serenade |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC: Contented Program |
| | 10:00 | NBC: Leave It To Mike |
| | 10:30 | ABC: Stuart Erwin Show |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: Dr. I. Q. |
| | 10:30 | ABC: Win, Place or Show |
| | 10:30 | MBS: The Better Half |

TUESDAY

| P. S. T. | C. S. T. | Eastern Standard Time |
|----------|----------|--|
| | 8:15 | ABC: Your Life Today |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | ABC: Breakfast Club |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: Ed East and Polly |
| 6:15 | 2:30 | 9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey |
| 6:45 | 9:45 | NBC: Daytime Classics |
| 8:15 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady |
| 10:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: My True Story |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John |
| 8:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton |
| | 10:15 | 10:15 CBS: Light of the World |
| | 10:15 | MBS: From Me to You |
| 2:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters |
| | 10:30 | 10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches |
| | 10:30 | NBC: Road of Life |
| | 10:30 | MBS: Fun With Music |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 ABC: The Listening Post |
| | 10:45 | NBC: Joyce Jordan |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Amanda |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show |
| | 11:15 | MBS: Elsa Maxwell |
| | 11:15 | CBS: Second Husband |
| 2:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: A Woman's Life |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn |
| | 11:30 | NBC: Barry Cameron |
| | 11:30 | MBS: Take It Easy Time |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 ABC: Ted Malone |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC: David Harum |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Glamour Manor |
| | 12:00 | CBS: Kate Smith Speaks |
| | 12:15 | MBS: Morton Downey |
| | 12:15 | CBS: Big Sister |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 ABC: Farm and Home Makers |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC: From the Pacific |
| 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 NBC: Sketches in Melody |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: Margaret Macdonald |
| | 1:30 | MBS: Paula Stone & Phil Brito |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone |
| | 12:45 | 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 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue |
| 11:45 | 1:15 | 2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert |
| | 2:15 | MBS: Jane Cowl |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC: Today's Children |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Perry Mason |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC: Woman in White |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Rosemary |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 ABC: The Fitzgeralds |
| | 2:30 | MBS: Queen for a Day |
| 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 |
| | 3:00 | ABC: Best Sellers |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC: A Woman of America |
| 12:00 | 2:15 | 3:15 CBS: Michael Scott |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 ABC: Pepper Young's Family |
| | 3:30 | NBC: Ladies Be Seated |
| | 3:45 | CBS: Sing Alone |
| | 3:30 | MBS: The Smoothies |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 ABC: Jack Berch |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: House Party |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC: Back to Back |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones |
| | 4:45 | ABC: 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 CBS: Terry and the Pirates |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: American School of the Air |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy |
| 2:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 MBS: Superman |
| 2:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong |
| 2:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill |
| | 5:30 | CBS: Cimarron Tavern |
| | 5:30 | MBS: House of Mystery |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell |
| | 5:45 | CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk |
| | 5:45 | MBS: Tom Mix |
| | 6:00 | NBC: Amos & Andy |
| 9:30 | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 NBC: Serenade to America |
| | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: Clem McCarthy, Sports |
| | 6:45 | ABC: Charlie Chan |
| 3:35 | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: The World Today |
| | 6:45 | NBC: Lowell Thomas |
| 3:55 | 6:55 | 7:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 ABC: Headline Editor |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 CBS: Jack Smith |
| | 7:15 | ABC: Raymond Gram Swing |
| | 7:30 | ABC: County Fair |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour |
| 9:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 ABC: Barry Fitzgerald |
| 9:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Big Tony |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 ABC: Lum & Abner |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC: Barry Woods, Roland Young, Cornelia Otis Skinner |
| | 8:30 | ABC: 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 | ABC: Adventures of the Falcon |
| 5:55 | 7:30 | 8:55 CBS: Bill Henry |
| 6:00 | 7:00 | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 ABC: Guy Lombardo |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: Inner Sanctum |
| | 9:00 | NBC: Amos & Andy |
| | 9:15 | MBS: Real Stories |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 CBS: This Is My Best |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 ABC: Doctor Talks It Over |
| 6:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller |
| | 10:00 | ABC: Transatlantic Quiz |
| R 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC: Bob Hope |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: The Ford Show |
| M 10:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Congress Speaks |
| | 10:30 | MBS: Return to Duty |
| | 10:30 | NBC: Hildegarde |
| | 11:15 | CBS: Joan Brooks |
| | 11:30 | CBS: Crime Photographer |



LADY'S LADY . . .

When WABC was looking for just the right person to put over a special series of programs designed to recruit WACs for the General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. Company, the executives, to a man decided Margaret Arlen was the one to do the job. And she did it. In one month's time, due to Miss Arlen's persuasive and logical talks, 1,475 applications were received. And this in spite of the fact that the war news at that time was good and that the girls who applied knew in advance that they weren't offering to sign up for any possible romantic overseas duty.

Miss Arlen is from North Carolina. Her father is the Rev. H. B. Hines of Oriental, North Carolina, and her mother still teaches school there. Margaret is an honor graduate of Meredith College, in Raleigh, N. C. and, since her graduation, much of her varied work was a sort of unconscious preparation for the regular program she now has on CBS at 8:45 A.M. (EST), Mondays through Saturdays.

Long before she ever thought of radio as a career, Margaret was laying the foundation for it. She was a teacher, for awhile, and a social worker. She also did a lot of writing and some editing. She did a lot of public speaking in the South, before women's clubs and civic groups and that led, eventually, to her attracting the attention of local radio executives.

Miss Arlen—then known as Margaret Early—finally got the job of director of women's activities at station WGBR in Goldsboro, N. C., which turned out to be a much larger job than the title indicates. Miss Early was at various times, on that station, a continuity writer, book reviewer, director of fashion shows and commentator. She also filled in as station organist and contralto soloist. All of which was excellent experience if a somewhat full schedule.

Then, Miss Arlen moved over to station WRAL, at Raleigh, N. C., again to do odd jobs, among them being a special events announcer—a job rarely given to women, since it includes announcing and broadcasting descriptions of sports events. Miss Arlen compromised on that part of the job, by describing the crowds at football games, while a sports announcer took over the actual game itself. She was later made program director for this station.

All her experience—as a teacher, a speaker, a writer—and all her accumulated impressions and knowledge, gathered over the years when she was doing all kinds of assignments and meeting all kinds of people, are the things that make her daily morning program the interesting, human show that it is. She knows and understands women and their needs and desires especially well. This understanding, no doubt, was effective in the strenuous campaign she waged to help recruit the needed WACs to take care of our wounded and disabled.

And with it all she remains charming, serene, always calm.

WEDNESDAY

| P. S. T. | C. S. T. | Eastern Standard Time |
|----------|----------|--|
| | 8:00 | 9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: Ed East & Polly |
| 6:15 | 2:30 | 9:10 CBS: Arthur Godfrey |
| 8:15 | 9:30 | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady |
| 6:45 | 9:45 | NBC: Daytime Classics |
| 10:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: My True Story |
| | 10:15 | NBC: Lora Lawton |
| | 10:15 | MBS: From Me to You |
| 8:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 CBS: Light of the World |
| | 10:15 | MBS: From Me to You |
| 2:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters |
| | 10:30 | 10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches |
| | 10:30 | NBC: Road of Life |
| | 10:30 | MBS: Fun with Music |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 ABC: The Listening Post |
| | 10:45 | NBC: Joyce Jordan |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Amanda |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show |
| | 11:15 | MBS: Elsa Maxwell |
| | 11:15 | CBS: Second Husband |
| 2:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: A Woman's Life |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn |
| | 11:30 | NBC: Barry Cameron |
| | 11:30 | MBS: Take It Easy Time |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 ABC: Ted Malone |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC: David Harum |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Glamour Manor |
| | 12:00 | CBS: Kate Smith Speaks |
| | 12:15 | MBS: Morton Downey |
| | 12:15 | CBS: Big Sister |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 ABC: Farm and Home Makers |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC: From the Pacific |
| 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 NBC: Sketches in Melody |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: Margaret Macdonald |
| | 1:30 | MBS: Paula Stone & Phil Brito |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone |
| | 12:45 | 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 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue |
| 11:45 | 1:15 | 2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert |
| | 2:15 | MBS: Jane Cowl |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC: Today's Children |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Perry Mason |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC: Woman in White |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Rosemary |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 ABC: The Fitzgeralds |
| | 2:30 | MBS: Queen for a Day |
| 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 |
| | 3:00 | ABC: Best Sellers |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC: A Woman of America |
| 12:00 | 2:15 | 3:15 CBS: Michael Scott |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 ABC: Pepper Young's Family |
| | 3:30 | NBC: Ladies Be Seated |
| | 3:45 | CBS: Sing Alone |
| | 3:30 | MBS: The Smoothies |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 ABC: Jack Berch |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: House Party |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: House Party |
| | 4:00 | ABC: Jack Berch |
| | 4:15 | ABC: Beautiful Music |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones |
| | 4:45 | ABC: Hop Harrigan |
| 1:30 | 3:35 | 4:45 CBS: Young Widder Brown |
| | 4:45 | NBC: Danny O'Neil, Songs |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: Terry and the Pirates |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: American School of the Air |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy |
| 2:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 MBS: Superman |
| 2:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong |
| 2:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill |
| | 5:30 | CBS: Cimarron Tavern |
| | 5:30 | MBS: House of Mystery |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell |
| | 5:45 | CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk |
| | 5:45 | MBS: Tom Mix |
| | 6:00 | NBC: Amos & Andy |
| 9:30 | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 NBC: Serenade to America |
| | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: Clem McCarthy, Sports |
| | 6:45 | ABC: Charlie Chan |
| 3:35 | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: The World Today |
| | 6:45 | NBC: Lowell Thomas |
| 3:55 | 6:55 | 7:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 ABC: Headline Editor |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 CBS: Jack Smith |
| | 7:15 | ABC: Raymond Gram Swing |
| | 7:30 | ABC: County Fair |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour |
| 9:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 ABC: Barry Fitzgerald |
| 9:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Big Tony |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 ABC: Lum & Abner |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC: Barry Woods, Roland Young, Cornelia Otis Skinner |
| | 8:30 | ABC: 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 | ABC: Adventures of the Falcon |
| 5:55 | 7:30 | 8:55 CBS: Bill Henry |
| 6:00 | 7:00 | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 ABC: Guy Lombardo |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: Inner Sanctum |
| | 9:00 | NBC: Amos & Andy |
| | 9:15 | MBS: Real Stories |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 CBS: This Is My Best |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 ABC: Doctor Talks It Over |
| 6:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller |
| | 10:00 | ABC: Transatlantic Quiz |
| R 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC: Bob Hope |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: The Ford Show |
| M 10:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Congress Speaks |
| | 10:30 | MBS: Return to Duty |
| | 10:30 | NBC: Hildegarde |
| | 11:15 | CBS: Joan Brooks |
| | 11:30 | CBS: Crime Photographer |

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

| P.S.T. | C.S.T. | Eastern Standard Time |
|--------|--------|--------------------------------------|
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly |
| 6:15 | 2:30 | 9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey |
| | | 9:30 MBS: Shady Valley Folks |
| 6:45 | 9:45 | NBC: Daytime Classics |
| 8:15 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady |
| 10:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: My True Story |
| | | 10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John |
| 8:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 CBS: Light of the World |
| | | 10:15 MBS: From Me to You |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC: Road of Life |
| | | 10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters |
| | 10:30 | 10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches |
| | | 10:30 MBS: Fun With Music |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 ABC: The Listening Post |
| | | 10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Amanda |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 CBS: Screen Husband |
| | | 11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell |
| 12:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn |
| | | 11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron |
| | | 11:30 MBS: Wake It Easy Time |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 ABC: Ted Malone |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC: David Harum |
| | | 11:45 MBS: What's Your Idea? |
| | 12:00 | 12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister |
| | | 12:15 MBS: Irene Beasley |
| | | 12:15 MBS: Morton Downey |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 ABC: Farm and Home Makers |
| | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC: Our Gal Sunday |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 ABC: Baukhaug Talking |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 ABC: Young Dr. Malone |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: Margaret Macdonald |
| | | 1:30 MBS: Paula Stone & Phil Brito |
| 10:40 | 12:45 | 1:45 ABC: Chicago Varieties |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone |
| | | 1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue |
| | | 2:15 ABC: Ethel and Albert |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC: Today's Children |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Perry Mason |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 MBS: Jane Cowell |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: The Fitzgeralds |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC: Woman in White |
| | | 2:45 MBS: Tena & Tim |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 CBS: Hymns of All Churches |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 NBC: Milton Bacon |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 CBS: Best Sellers |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC: Appointment with Life |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 MBS: Ma Perkins |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 CBS: Michael Scott |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family |
| | | 3:30 ABC: Ladies, Be Seated |
| | | 3:30 MBS: Right to Happiness |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 CBS: Sing Along |
| | | 4:00 ABC: Jack Berch |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: House Party |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC: Young Widder Brown |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones |
| 1:30 | 3:45 | 4:45 CBS: Danny O'Neil |
| | | 4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: American School of the Air |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries |
| | | 5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 ABC: Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 NBC: Dick Tracy |
| | | 5:15 MBS: Superman |
| 4:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 MBS: House of Mystery |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC: Tennessee Jed |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 ABC: Front Page Farrell |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC: Sparrow and the Hawk |
| | | 5:45 MBS: Tom Mix |
| | | 5:45 CBS: Calling Pan America |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 NBC: Serenade to America |
| | | 6:30 CBS: Clem McCarthy |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: The World Today |
| | | 6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas |
| | | 6:45 ABC: Charlie Chan |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club |
| | 10:00 | 7:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood Show |
| | | 7:00 ABC: Headline Edition |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 CBS: Jack Smith |
| | | 7:15 ABC: Raymond Gram Swing |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 MBS: Mr. Burns |
| 6:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 NBC: Cecil Brown |
| | | 8:00 NBC: Burns and Allen |
| | | 8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Suspense |
| 9:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 ABC: FBI in Peace and War |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting |
| 9:00 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC: Dinah Shore's Open House |
| | | 8:30 MBS: Rogue's Gallery |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 CBS: Bill Henry |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: Chrysler Show |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: Gumbo Heatter |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 MBS: Kraft Music Hall |
| | | 9:15 MBS: Real Stories |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 ABC: Detect and Collect |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC: Hobby Lobby |
| | | 9:30 MBS: Treasure Hour of Song |
| | | 9:30 NBC: Jack Haley |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: The First Line |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: One Foot in Heaven |
| | | 10:00 MBS: Arnold's Plays |
| | | 10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello |
| 7:30 | 9:45 | 10:30 CBS: Romance, Rhythm & Ripley |
| 7:30 | 9:45 | 10:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee |
| | | 10:30 MBS: Swinny's the Thing |



VALIANT IS THE WORD...

Hector Chevigny is one of the most prolific writers in radio. He writes the scripts for the five-a-week Morton Downey show. He contributes to the CBS Radio Theatre, to the Screen Guild Players, the NBC Mystery Theatre, Inner Sanctum and to the Cavalcade of America programs. Besides all this, in the past couple of war years, he's turned out ninety Treasury Parade scripts, which is a good bit more than any other single writer has done.

There is something special about all this productivity. For the last two years, Chevigny has been blind.

Chevigny is of French Canadian descent. He was born in Missoula, Montana, and he grew up in the West. He attended Gonzaga University, which also served as the schooling place of the Crosby brothers.

The itch to write came early to Hector Chevigny. He didn't stay at college long enough to get a degree, because before that happened he got a job as a commercial writer for station KOMO in Seattle. By 1932, he was writing dramatic shows and, in three years, had earned himself such a good reputation that he was made the script director for CBS in Hollywood. That job didn't call for enough writing, so Chevigny branched out a bit and pretty soon was selling to the movies and to leading magazines, as well as to radio.

Then, Chevigny went blind. He had three operations in as many months. Those were three bad months for him, quite aside from the operations. His first thought, of course, was that he was through as a writer.

But, once he learned that medical science couldn't help him to regain his sight, he realized that his first reaction had been wrong. A writer didn't have to see with his eyes. There were other ways to gather impressions from the outside world. He could hear and feel and think. Writing was a thing of ideas. He just had to change his methods of getting his ideas down on paper. Now, he dictates his scripts to a stenographer who takes them down directly on a machine. He also had a condition in hiring his secretary—a condition which rather surprised his friends. She had to be pretty. But his reasoning was sound enough. He feels that attractive girls are better adjusted, because they have fewer frustrations than less well endowed girls, and are therefore easier to work with, whether you can see them or not.

Chevigny is a familiar figure in the radio studios, both in New York and Hollywood. He's a quiet, thoughtful man. His inseparable companion—and his eyes—is a gentle giant of a dog named Wizard.

When Chevigny first went blind, his many friends in radio were deeply concerned about him. But five months after his operations, he was back at work and he goes dancing at least once a week with his wife and spends as much time as he can with his two sons, aged 13 and 10. He's learning to read Braille in his spare time.

| P.S.T. | C.S.T. | Eastern Standard Time |
|--------|--------|--------------------------------------|
| | | 8:15 NBC: Do You Remember? |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly |
| | | 9:30 MBS: Shady Valley Folks |
| 6:45 | 9:45 | NBC: Daytime Classics |
| 8:15 | 9:10 | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: My True Story |
| | | 10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton |
| 8:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 CBS: Light of the World |
| | | 10:15 MBS: From Me to You |
| | 2:00 | 9:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters |
| | | 10:30 ABC: Betty Crocker |
| | | 10:30 NBC: Road of Life |
| | | 10:30 MBS: Fun with Music |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children |
| | | 10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan |
| | | 10:45 ABC: The Listening Post |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband |
| | | 11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell |
| 12:30 | 10:00 | 11:30 CBS: Sing Along |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn |
| | | 11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron |
| | | 11:30 MBS: Take it Easy Time |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 ABC: Ted Malone |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC: David Harum |
| | | 11:45 MBS: What's Your Idea? |
| | 12:00 | 12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister |
| | | 12:15 MBS: Morton Downey |
| | | 12:30 NBC: From the Pacific |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 ABC: Farm and Home Makers |
| | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC: Our Gal Sunday |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 ABC: Baukhaug Talking |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 ABC: Young Dr. Malone |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: Margaret Macdonald |
| | | 1:30 MBS: Paula Stone & Phil Brito |
| 10:40 | 12:45 | 1:45 ABC: Chicago Varieties |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone |
| | | 1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue |
| | | 2:15 NBC: Ethel and Albert |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Perry Mason |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 MBS: Jane Cowell |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: The Fitzgeralds |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC: Woman in White |
| | | 2:45 MBS: Tena & Tim |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 CBS: Hymns of All Churches |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 NBC: Milton Bacon |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 CBS: Best Sellers |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC: Appointment with Life |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 MBS: Ma Perkins |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 CBS: Michael Scott |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family |
| | | 3:30 ABC: Ladies, Be Seated |
| | | 3:30 MBS: Right to Happiness |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 CBS: Sing Along |
| | | 4:00 ABC: Jack Berch |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: House Party |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC: Young Widder Brown |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones |
| 1:30 | 3:45 | 4:45 CBS: Danny O'Neil |
| | | 4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: American School of the Air |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries |
| | | 5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 ABC: Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 NBC: Dick Tracy |
| | | 5:15 MBS: Superman |
| 4:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 MBS: House of Mystery |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC: Tennessee Jed |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 ABC: Front Page Farrell |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC: Sparrow and the Hawk |
| | | 5:45 MBS: Tom Mix |
| | | 5:45 CBS: Calling Pan America |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 NBC: Serenade to America |
| | | 6:30 CBS: Clem McCarthy |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: The World Today |
| | | 6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas |
| | | 6:45 ABC: Charlie Chan |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club |
| | 10:00 | 7:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood Show |
| | | 7:00 ABC: Headline Edition |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 CBS: Jack Smith |
| | | 7:15 ABC: Raymond Gram Swing |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 MBS: Mr. Burns |
| 6:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 NBC: Cecil Brown |
| | | 8:00 NBC: Burns and Allen |
| | | 8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Suspense |
| 9:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 ABC: FBI in Peace and War |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting |
| 9:00 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC: Dinah Shore's Open House |
| | | 8:30 MBS: Rogue's Gallery |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 CBS: Bill Henry |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: Chrysler Show |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: Gumbo Heatter |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 MBS: Kraft Music Hall |
| | | 9:15 MBS: Real Stories |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 ABC: Detect and Collect |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC: Hobby Lobby |
| | | 9:30 MBS: Treasure Hour of Song |
| | | 9:30 NBC: Jack Haley |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: The First Line |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: One Foot in Heaven |
| | | 10:00 MBS: Arnold's Plays |
| | | 10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello |
| 7:30 | 9:45 | 10:30 CBS: Romance, Rhythm & Ripley |
| 7:30 | 9:45 | 10:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee |
| | | 10:30 MBS: Swinny's the Thing |

SATURDAY

Eastern Standard Time

| P.S.T. | C.S.T. | Program | Network |
|--------|--------|--------------------------------------|---------|
| | 8:15 | CBS: Music of Today | |
| | 8:15 | NBC: Richard Leibert, Organist | |
| | 8:30 | CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping | |
| | 8:30 | ABC: United Nation News, Review | |
| | 8:45 | CBS: Margaret Arlen | |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | ABC: Breakfast Club | |
| | 8:00 | NBC: Home Is What You Make It | |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 CBS: The Garden Gate | |
| | 9:30 | CBS: Country Journal | |
| | 9:30 | NBC: Adventures of Archie Andrews | |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 CBS: David Shoop Orchestra | |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Give and Take | |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC: Teentimers Show | |
| | 10:15 | MBS: Rainbow House | |
| 11:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor | |
| | 10:30 | NBC: Doc Duke and the Colonel | |
| | 10:30 | ABC: Johnny Thompson and Ilene Woods | |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 ABC: Harry Kogen's Orchestra | |
| | 11:00 | NBC: First Piano Quartet | |
| 8:05 | 11:05 | CBS: Let's Pretend | |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 ABC: Vagabonds | |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC: Smillin' Ed McConnell | |
| | 11:30 | MBS: Hookey Hall | |
| | 11:45 | ABC: Note From a Dairy | |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Theater of Today | |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 ABC: Piano Playhouse | |
| | 11:00 | 12:00 NBC: News | |
| | 12:00 | MBS: House of Mystery | |
| 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 ABC: Farm Bureau | |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC: Atlantic Spotlight | |
| | 12:45 | MBS: Red Cross Reporter | |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:30 NBC: The Veteran's Aid | |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Grand Central Station | |
| | 1:00 | ABC: Saturday Senior Swing | |
| | 1:00 | MBS: Luncheon with Lopez | |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:00 NBC: Farm & Home Hour | |
| | 1:30 | MBS: Youth on Parade | |
| | 1:30 | ABC: Symphonies for Youth | |
| | 1:30 | ABC: Round-up Time | |
| 1:00 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Football—Ted Husing | |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 NBC: Football | |
| | 2:00 | ABC: Football | |
| | 2:30 | CBS: Carolina Hayride | |
| | 3:00 | MBS: This Is Halloran | |
| | 4:00 | ABC: Saturday Symphony | |
| | 4:30 | MBS: Music for Half an Hour | |
| | 4:30 | NBC: World of Melody | |
| 2:00 | 5:00 | ABC: Duke Ellington | |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: We Deliver the Goods | |
| | 5:00 | NBC: Grand Hotel | |
| | 5:15 | MBS: Sports Parade | |
| 2:30 | 4:40 | 5:30 NBC: John W. Vandercook | |
| 3:30 | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC: Tin Pan Alley of the Air | |
| 3:15 | 6:00 | MBS: Hall of Montezuma | |
| | 6:00 | NBC: Rhapsody of the Rockies | |
| | 6:00 | CBS: Quincy Howe | |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: People's Platform | |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 ABC: Harry Wismer, Sports | |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 ABC: Hank D'Amice Orchestra | |
| | 6:30 | MBS: Hawaii Calls | |
| | 6:45 | ABC: Labor, U. S. A. | |
| 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 CBS: Our Foreign Policy | |
| | 7:00 | MBS: Music for Remembrance | |
| | 7:00 | ABC: Jobs After Victory | |
| | 7:15 | ABC: David Willis | |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 ABC: Dick Tracy | |
| | 7:30 | MBS: Arthur Hale | |
| | 7:30 | NBC: Noah Webster | |
| 7:15 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Viva America | |
| | 8:00 | MBS: Frank Singler | |
| | 8:00 | ABC: Woody Herman | |
| | 8:00 | NBC: Life of Riley | |
| | 8:30 | ABC: Man From G 2 | |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: Mayor of the Town | |
| | 8:30 | MBS: Cosmo Tune Time | |
| | 8:30 | NBC: Truth or Consequences | |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer | |
| | 9:00 | MBS: Leave It to the Girls | |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: Your Hit Parade | |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance | |
| | 9:00 | ABC: Gang Busters | |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC: Can You Top This | |
| | 9:30 | MBS: The Whisper Men | |
| | 9:30 | ABC: Boston Symphony | |
| 6:45 | 8:45 | 9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade | |
| | 9:55 | ABC: Coronet Quiz | |
| | 10:00 | MBS: Theater of the Air | |
| | 10:00 | ABC: Hoosier Hop | |
| | 10:00 | NBC: Judy Canova | |
| | 10:15 | CBS: Report to the Nation | |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC: Grand Ole Opry | |
| | 10:30 | ABC: Hayloft Hoedown | |
| 10:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Talks | |

To the End of the Journey

(Continued from page 30)

together whatever happened, forever. I believed that, that night. I felt close to John, close as never before. I was given the guest room, and John was separated from me by the length of the house, in his old room at the back, but still I didn't feel apart from him. Deep down inside me I was afraid, and I tried to analyze my fear, tried to think what we were going to do, tried even to think about Mary Lou. But she wasn't a real person to me; nothing was real but John's saying brokenly, "Thank God for you, darling—" and I went to sleep with his voice in my ears, feeling as near to him as if I were in his arms.

I THINK that I was the only one in the house who slept at all that night. At the breakfast table Mr. and Mrs. Dorn were red-eyed from lack of sleep, and John's face was haggard and drawn. It was a silent meal, and when it was over, everyone escaped as soon as possible. Mr. Dorn put on his hat and went to the store; John went upstairs; Mrs. Dorn hurried the dishes into the kitchen. I followed her and picked up a towel, intending to help, but she stopped me. "Oh, no," she said nervously. "I'll do these." And then as if she were afraid she'd offended me, she added quickly, "You can help later, with my sewing, if you like. It's much more important—"

I didn't have time to be offended, because John came downstairs then and called me into the livingroom. "I'm going to have a talk with Mary Lou," he said. "You'll be all right, Beth? You'll find something to do—"

I nodded. "I'll be all right. Oh, John—" And then I could only look up at him, unable to finish, unable to say everything that was in my heart. "I know." He held my hand tightly, briefly, and let it go. "I'll see you—" And then he was gone, but there was the feeling of one-ness between us again.

It carried me through the morning. Mrs. Dorn's sewing was salvage mending, old clothes that had been washed and sorted and were being repaired for the church missionary society. There was a great pile of them, and she used each piece as a springboard for general conversation. "Now this," she would say of a heavy woolen skirt, "came from the Endicott's. It was part of a suit Helen Endicott had made just before she broke her arm. She blamed her broken arm on the suit—said she had all sorts of bad luck every time she wore it, but she didn't dare throw it away because she had paid so much for it. You can see that it's a real imported tweed—"

And I would nod, and feel the material, and listen, and try not to watch the window and the clock. John was gone for two hours . . . and three. . . . By the time he returned, Mrs. Dorn had left me with the sewing and had gone out to the kitchen to start lunch. John came directly in to me, shut the door behind him. "Where's Mother?" he asked.

"In the kitchen." And then because something about him—a stillness, a heaviness—frightened me, I added pointedly, "She's getting lunch. It's nearly noon."

"I know," he said almost absently. Then he crossed over and took the

chair his mother had vacated. He picked up one of the pieces of clothing, a child's shirt, turned it around in his hands, examined it as if it would somehow give him a starting point. Finally I could stand it no longer. "John! Please—"

He put the shirt down. "I'm sorry, Beth. I didn't mean to be gone so long. I left Mary Lou hours ago, and I've been walking around, trying to get things straight in my mind. I can't see any way out. Doc Evans told Mary Lou that there isn't a doubt in a hundred about the baby. That's about all there is to say, except that she feels worse than I do about everything. If that's possible. She was almost hysterical—"

My hands went cold in my lap, and the cold spread through my whole body until I felt turned to stone. I moistened my lips, swallowed to clear my throat. "What—then what are we—going to do? What do you want me to do?"

He spoke levelly, without expression. "It's not a question of what I want to do, or what I want you to do. It's what has to be done. It's the way out we've got to find out of this. The baby has to be cared for, and Mary Lou is so helpless—"

"What do you want me to do?" I repeated. They seemed to be the only words I knew.

He raised his eyes to mine, and the sick misery in them made me long to take him in my arms and comfort him, as I would comfort a lost child. When he spoke his voice was so dull, so low, that I could hardly hear the words, hardly make sense of them. But I did hear two words. I heard "divorce" and I heard "annulment."

They set free, those two words, the storm of fear, of anger, of protest, of appeal, that was pent up inside me.

"WHAT does it matter?" I cried. "What does it matter—divorce, annulment? What matters is that you mean that you want to—to tear our lives apart before we've had any life together, to make our marriage end almost before it begins, to—" I choked the words off, because I couldn't bear to hear them myself. Our marriage—everything John and I wanted and had planned together, the whole life we'd laid out for ourselves—couldn't, couldn't be dissolved because of an accident. "It's not fair!" I finished. "It isn't your fault! You aren't responsible, morally. No one in the world could blame you for it. It isn't fair that you and I should have to suffer for the sake of another person . . ."

"Two other people," John said. "That's what I can't get out of my mind, what I'd never get out of my mind. I told you that this business is all over town, but it isn't what the town thinks, or what Mother and Dad think I ought to do. It isn't even a matter of making things right for Mary Lou. It's how I'd feel about having started a life out in this world without giving it half a chance. It's all very well to argue in the abstract about what's right and what's wrong and what's proper and what isn't—if you're talking about other people. But we're talking about us—and us has somehow come to include Mary

(Continued on page 56)



Frances has honey-spun hair, delft-blue eyes—and a “mighty-like-a-rose” complexion.

*She's
Engaged!*

SHE'S LOVELY!

**SHE USES
POND'S!**

Prominent Doctor's Daughter to wed Navy Captain's Son



HER RING is an Annapolis “miniature”

*The engagement of Frances Hutchins
to Ensign Allister Carroll Anderson
has been announced by
Dr. and Mrs. Amos F. Hutchins
Stoakley House, Md.*



ANOTHER POND'S “CANTEEN GIRL”—Frances helped organize the canteen sponsored by Ogontz Junior College near Philadelphia. The girls in her college have made it a big part of their own special war work—serving coffee and “snacks.” Volunteer workers are needed more than ever for recreation centers—can you help?

BEAUTIFUL Stoakley House, where Frances lives, is one of the aristocratic old homes near Annapolis—so it's very natural that she is marrying into the Navy.

She's another engaged girl with that “soft-smooth” Pond's look that just seems to belong to romance.

“I like Pond's Cold Cream better than any I've ever used,” Frances says. “It feels simply *luscious*—and it certainly gives my skin perfectly grand help.”

Here's the way she uses Pond's Cold Cream: She smooths snowy-soft

Pond's all over her face and throat and pats “with good brisk little pats” to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She rinses with *more* Pond's for extra cleansing and softening—creaming her face with little circles of her Pond's covered fingers. “This twice-over cleansing leaves my skin so soft and smooth,” she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Frances' way—every night, every morning, and for daytime clean-ups. It's no accident so many more women prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price. Get a big luxurious jar today!



*A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Lady Edward Montagu
Mrs. A. J. Dixiel, III Viscountess Milton · Miss Anne Morgan*

(Continued from page 54)

Lou, now, and the—the baby. Not someone else—and someone else's baby.

"Beth—please, Beth! Try to understand, to see things my way. I hoped you would, after what you said last night—because I still feel that if we do the right thing now, and have faith enough, somehow things will turn out right—"

I shook my head blindly. I was aware that John was pleading, aware of the heartbreak, the misery, in his voice. And yet it did not reach me. Because it wasn't my John who was pleading with me. He wasn't my John any longer; we weren't one person, with a problem to face together. Oh, I'd been able to talk about faith and hope and trust last night—but that was before I'd realized that we might actually have to be separated. We weren't together now, and the feeling of one-ness I'd clung to was gone. We were two persons, set against each other. . .

I STOOD up, stumbled against the chair, pushed John's hand away as he reached to help me. "I don't know," I said. "I don't know what to say. I want time to think—"

John turned and went swiftly out of the room, and I lay down on the bed and tried to think. But I couldn't think it out—perhaps because I knew, deep in my heart, that there should be no alternative to my going. Perhaps, if I had been able to think, I would have packed my bags then and there, and gone back to Corona by the next train.

But my mind was a blank. There were no coherent thoughts in it, and I couldn't make myself do even so simple a thing as pack my bag. John's mother came up in the middle of the afternoon to ask, rather timidly, if I was all right, and whether I wouldn't like a cup of tea. Behind the worry in her eyes, I saw compassion for me, too. I told her that I had a headache. She dosed me with aspirin, and went away again, and still my mind was dull and empty.

A few minutes later she came up again. "Your mother is on the phone, Beth—calling from Corona. Do you feel—?"

My mother! I'd forgotten about my parents. Or, rather, I'd forgotten that they didn't know anything of what had happened. I couldn't tell them now, over the telephone, couldn't even write it to them. Panic gripped me. "Mrs. Dorn—would you—could you tell her that I have a bad headache, and that I'll call her later?" I must have time to think—only I couldn't think!

"I did mention your headache." She hesitated, pink staining her face. "I believe she wants to talk to you about your wedding gifts, Beth. The girls at the office, she said, are buying you linens and they want to know about monograms, and your father wants to get you silver—" She broke off, then, and the pity I had sensed before was in her face, her voice. "My dear—you need time, I know. Time to decide how to tell them. I'll go tell your Mother that—well, I'll tell her something. You can call her later and reassure her." And she hastened out of the room.

I closed my eyes tightly, to keep the weak tears from sliding out. I'd forgotten that there would be wedding presents, and all the things that went with weddings. Mother's phone call



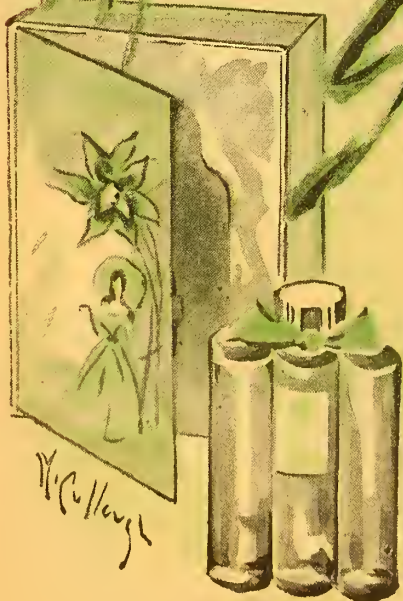
April Showers

The Fragrance of Youth

by **CHERAMY**

Take a generous portion of adventure, spice it with gaiety and laughter, and last...add mystery. Mix well...and you'll understand the lovely secret of April Showers Perfume!

Perfume, \$6.50; 3.50; 1.10 plus tax



started me thinking of all those things—and of what it would be like to go back to Corona, to face everyone, to explain.

I couldn't go back to Corona—I couldn't! Could I go somewhere else—anywhere that John and I weren't known? Where could I go—what could I do? But no answers to the pounding questions would come, and I lay once more in a state of blank, dull uncaring.

Presently Mrs. Dorn came up again. Wouldn't I come down to dinner—or would I like a tray? John, she explained, had had to go to Middleton on some very urgent business for his father, and wouldn't be back until sometime tomorrow. Through my apathy, I felt a warm little feeling of gratitude toward them. They were giving me time—time to think this through, to get my bearings, to make my plans. And I knew, then, that that was all they were giving me—it had never entered Mrs. Dorn's head that there could be any answer to all of this but the one answer of my going away, of the breaking up of our marriage.

It's hard to realize now how I could have regarded another few hours in Maple Falls as another few hours of grace. Mr. and Mrs. Dorn were kindness itself when I came down to dinner, but they treated me as an outsider. It showed in little things, in Mr. Dorn's almost imperceptible, unconscious hesitation before he addressed me by my first name, in Mrs. Dorn's refusal to let me help her with anything but the "nicer" housework—dish drying, the missionary mending which we took up again after dinner.

I CALLED Mother that evening and told her that I'd write very soon, but meanwhile she must discourage gift-giving because John was thinking of going into a business that might take us out of town, and we didn't know where we would be living. It was a lie, but the truth was too much for me to tell over the impersonal telephone. It wasn't even a very plausible lie to anyone who'd heard John talk enthusiastically about Maple Falls, and I told it only to gain time.

I went to bed that night longing for sleep, knowing that sleep would not come until I'd suffered hours of tormenting thought, of turning this way and that in my mind, and finding no solution, no help. And sleep, when it came, was no refuge. I dreamed—dreams in which John was always walking toward me, and then turning away before I could touch him. I dreamed, too, that I was dancing with Philip back at the service center in Corona, explaining to Philip that I never made dates with soldiers, because all soldiers had girls back home. In the dream, Philip agreed with me. "All of them," he said clearly. "Even John has a girl back home—Mary Lou Walters. He's never known whether or not she loved him, but he's loved her all his life—"

I awoke from that dream sick and cold, thinking, "Suppose it's true?" And then I cried, because I wanted so badly to run to John, to huddle close in his arms for reassurance—and could not.

The next day was Sunday, and John had come back from his trip to Middleton—probably late last night, after I'd gone to my room. I awakened late, and heard voices below stairs—John's

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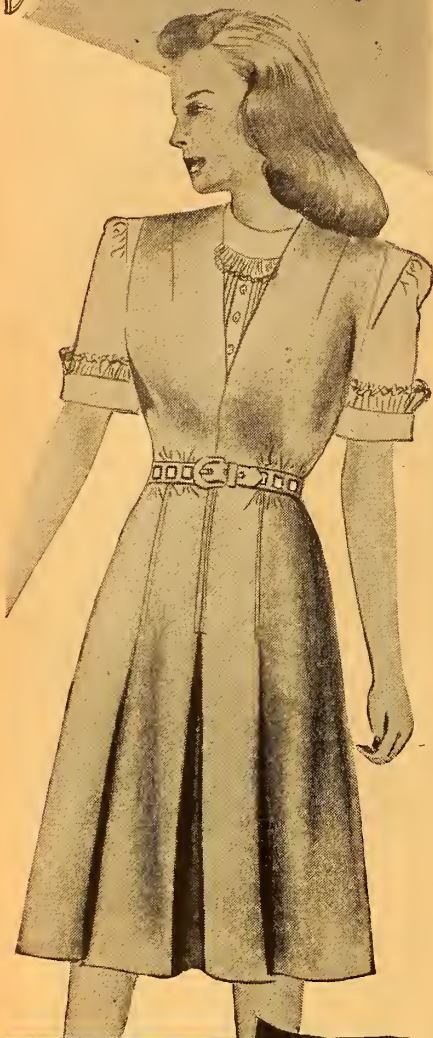


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parents preparing to leave for church. I heard John's voice, too, and thought that he had gone with them. I waited a while, half-doing, and then got up and went downstairs to make myself a cup of coffee—and found that I wasn't alone in the house. John was there, in the kitchen, and evidently he had just finished breakfast; he was standing at the sink, rinsing off a few dishes under a violently rushing stream of water.

The sound must have covered my footsteps. John didn't turn, and for a moment I just stood there looking at him, thinking how broad his shoulders were under the white shirt, how big their muscles for the littleness of their present task, how large and how clumsily gentle his hands were on the fragile dishes. I couldn't help what I did then. I forgot about Mary Lou, forgot about everything except John and how much I loved him. I crossed over to him, put my arms around his waist, rested my head in the sloping place between his shoulder blades.

John stiffened; the tap water was snapped off. "Don't, Beth—"

I didn't let go—couldn't have let go right then if it had meant my life. John turned in the circle of my arms, put his hands on my shoulders, roughly, shoved me away and held me away. "Listen—" he said, and his voice was tight, half-strangled with the effort he made to control it. "I know you're here. I know it every minute of the day, every minute of the night. And if you think I've changed at all—I feel guilty as sin about Mary Lou, and sorry for her—but that hasn't changed how I've felt about you from the night I first met you. Nothing can ever change that. How do you think I feel, seeing you here, sleeping a few doors away from you at night—and knowing I can't be with you? Beth, if you've any mercy, let me alone—" He was shaking me, his fingers digging painfully into my shoulders.

I couldn't speak. Without a word I twisted away from him and walked into the livingroom—strode into the livingroom, my heart pounding with a fierce exultation, every drop of blood in my body stinging, sweetly alive. John was still mine, always would be mine. He had to be no matter what—and in that moment, suddenly, primitively, I hated Mary Lou. She had never before been real to me; she'd been a vague figure built of words, snatches of description, a vaguely pitiable figure, vaguely threatening. But she was real now, and the threat of her was real, and I hated her with a simple, savage hatred.

Everything was settled then. Everything that

happened afterward was an outgrowth of it, an anti-climax. John came into the livingroom, with his suit-coat on, in control of himself once more. "Look," he said, "let's go for a walk. It'll do us both good."

We walked for perhaps half an hour, saying little. And then, as we turned homeward, we met Mary Lou. I knew it was she even before I felt John stiffen beside me, and hesitate, and stop, halting me with him. Something in her wide dark eyes told me, in the small, set face she lifted to his.

Mary Lou hesitated too, and stopped, and for a moment no one spoke. Then John said, "Beth, this is Mary Lou Walters. Mary Lou, this is Beth."

Beth. Just Beth—not "my wife, Beth." I didn't hear anything after that, didn't know how Mary Lou acknowledged the introduction, if she did, didn't know what I said. I was too furious; in that moment I hated John quite as much as I hated Mary Lou.

I told him when we reached home, on the porch steps, just before we went into the house. Somehow I got it out, somehow made my words crisp and steady. "You know, don't you," I said, "that I'm not going to agree to an annulment? I'm alive, too, John, and I've a right to happiness, too. I'll fight for it. I'll fight any action you start against me."

John said nothing, but I'll never forget how he looked at me then—as if he'd never seen me before, as if I were some terrible stranger.

I went straight up to my room, then, and once more began thinking. I still had only the vaguest of plans, but I was no longer sick with fear. I had made up my mind to do something—to fight back, instead of running away. And I kept thinking, through all the long hours—*John is here. John is close by. Even if he can't come to me, he's near me. And he loves me—he loves me!*

But the next morning, John was gone. He did not come down to breakfast, and

when Mrs. Dorn went up to call him, I listened and somehow knew that there would be no answer. John had taken the only way out that he could see—he had gone away. He had left me alone, in the home of his parents who looked on me not as their daughter-in-law but as the unfortunate accident that separated their son from the girl who rightfully should be his wife.

Her marriage over before it has begun—what can Beth do now, in the face of this shocking news? Read the final installment of To the End of the Journey in January RADIO MIRROR, on sale Wednesday, December 12.

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"Most Beautiful of All"

(Continued from page 47)

getting together. For me, she was a Godsent wife.

But how could I talk about marriage? I, who had to walk five and a half miles to the radio station to save carfare if I wanted to buy her a five cent candy bar?

So we didn't talk about marriage, but we kept constant company from the start. We met on the streetcar each day to ride to work together, and after the broadcast we took the same streetcar home. And in my secret heart I worried and wondered about how I was ever going to afford to get married.

And then the first little break came.

The cast of the Happy Hour was organized into a stage attraction, and began playing two and three shows a day—first in the Big Capitol Theatre, then in the neighborhoods all over town. We were an instantaneous hit—and why not, with enough *relatives* of performers in town to pack every theater to the eaves. We were too obviously professional by now to be exploited any longer as amateurs. They began paying us—\$2 a day each.

On the strength of future wealth this implied, and with seven actual dollars in my pocket, I felt secure enough to propose to Rosemarie.

We were riding toward home on the streetcar, late at night.

"What are you doing three weeks from next Wednesday?" I asked, as casually as I could.

"OH, nothing," she said. What was there to do—except work, and eat and sleep and work?

"Then," I said, still keeping a straight face, "how about meeting me in front of our Lady of Sorrows church at nine o'clock in the morning?"

She looked at me hard. She understood. And then she started to bawl like the big baby she is.

It broke my heart that I couldn't arrange a big wedding, with an organ and all that, but she said she understood.

But then, on three weeks from Wednesday morning, it was my turn to be surprised. I was at the church a good twenty minutes early, feeling awkward and embarrassed in my rented morning suit.

But I forgot all that in a moment. Even the church was all dressed up in uncommon finery—with a white strip of cloth from the curbing, clear across the sidewalk, up the steps and down the aisle to the altar railing, a bright red canopy over the entrance arch, and white satin on the kneeling benches. There was Rosemarie more beautiful than you could believe anyone could be in white satin, and with a gauzy white veil so long it took three train bearers to hold it off the ground. And to make the miracle complete, there was the organ blasting "Ave Marias" as though we were the richest pair in the parish.

The good old Bohemian grapevine, I thought, with a great big lump in my throat. And it was a good guess. My family, and Rosemarie's, and all of our friends and the parish priest had conspired together to make this wedding the kind that every young couple dreams of.

It was the most beautiful of all weddings, on the sunniest of all wedding days, January 15, 1936. What did we care if we couldn't afford a honeymoon? What did it matter that the only vine covered cottage we had was a furnished

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ELLA RAINES, Universal's lovely star, in "The Strange Affair of Uncle Harry." WOODBURY WINDSOR ROSE gives fresh-rose color to her pink-tone medium skin. Fluff it on yours—for vivid glow!

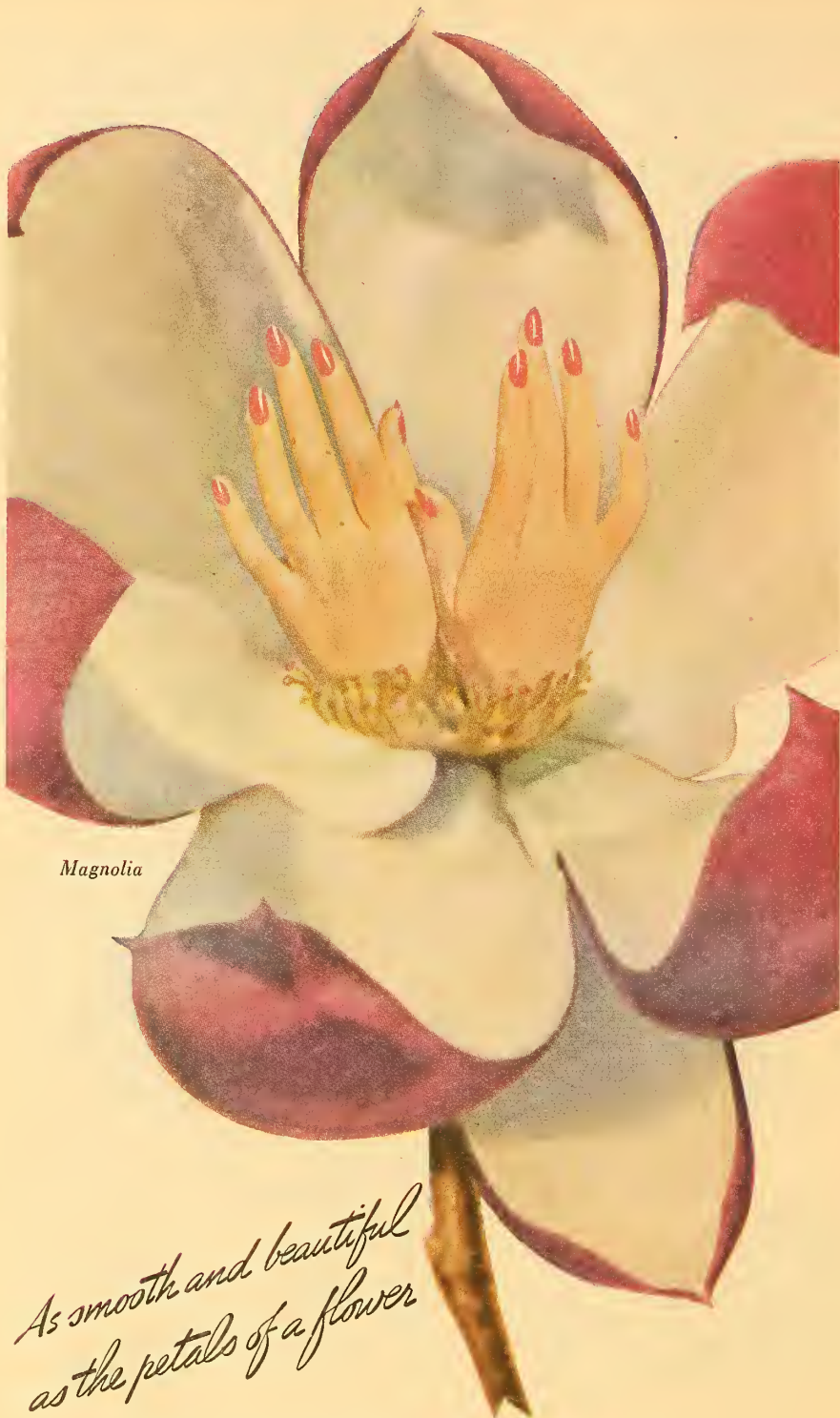
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The DURA-GLOSS



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16 Exciting Shades

Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J., Founded by E. T. Reynolds

room with cooking privileges?

The church was packed. The organ blasted, everybody cried. It was a lovely wedding.

Life was good then, and I was let off worrying for awhile. Our theater dates continued, and our salaries went up. Sometimes now, in the bigger houses, we were paid \$7 a day a piece. And both Rosemarie and I landed night club jobs which—together—padded out the budget some more.

Our \$5 a week room seemed almost like home, for our Syrian landlady—a friend of my Aunt Cecelia's—liked us and let us use the livingroom whenever we had company.

Then, early in 1937, Rosemarie told me we were going to have a baby.

I KISSED her, and we laughed and cried and told the landlady and phoned our families, and then we sat down and faced some facts.

"You have to quit work," I said. I had been wanting her to quit ever since New Year's Eve when her boss at the night club had refused to pay her for overtime after keeping her on the job—a kid, was all she was—until almost dawn. She had cried, when she came home, like her heart would break. I had been angry, angry enough to demand that she quit. But when we were calmer, we both knew that we couldn't afford it. But this did it.

"You're not going back there, not even tonight," I said. "And I will find us a house."

"But how can we pay for it?" Rosemarie wondered.

"I'll make more money. Somehow," I said. I had to.

But how? The truth was I couldn't make more money, and Rosemarie's quitting cut what income we did have in two. I worried my regular worrying schedule, and overtime to boot—but months passed and nothing happened. Suddenly it was close on to Rosemarie's time and we had no money saved for the doctor or hospital bills.

I began to do my worrying out loud, fortunately. For one night a stage hand who heard me moaning about my dilemma pulled me aside.

"I couldn't help overhearing," he said, "and I think I can help."

He told me the story of a miracle, of his wife who lay dying and who was cured—when he prayed one night to a forgotten saint, St. Jude Thaddeus.

"St. Jude is the saint of hopeless cases," this strange man told me. "He will help you too."

What could I lose? I had to try it. So late that night, after the last show, I stopped at the church and lighted a candle for St. Jude. I talked to him,



all alone there in the dark church, man to man.

"Look here, St. Jude," I said, "I am in big trouble. I am famous man in Detroit. Everybody in town knows me, can call me by my name—but I am making no money. I work twenty hours a day, but I make no money. It didn't matter at first, but now—it's getting serious. My Rosemarie is going to the hospital any day now and, frankly, St. Jude, I haven't any money for the bills."

I felt better, just getting it off my chest.

St. Jude had heard me, it was obvious at once. The very next morning, it was a Monday, I had a call from Jam Handy recordings. They needed someone to play a Persian on a transcription. There was a quick \$75 dollars. Not that I think St. Jude worries about dollars and cents—but obviously he thought my Rosemarie deserved to have her first baby in style. The next day I got a call from Charlie Penman at WJR, Detroit's biggest radio station, where they were desperate for someone who could talk and sing like Al Jolson for a spot on the News Comes to Life Show. I did an imitation of Jolson every night at the club—I was a cinch. That was another \$75, and my first break into big time radio. If this kept up our baby could afford to go to college. That was Tuesday. On Wednesday we went to the hospital.

Grace Memorial Hospital. What a big, forbidding place it had seemed every time I had passed it in the preceding months. Now—it was nothing.

"Show Mrs. Jacobs to a private room," I said grandly as we entered.

The night clerk coughed politely.

"There is the small matter," he said, "of a deposit."

"Show the lady to a room, sir," I repeated grimly. "She is in pain." Rosemarie was not feeling good, not good at all.

I guess he gathered I meant it.

"I will not pay a deposit," I added, after she had gone off with a nurse, "I prefer to pay the whole bill."

That, he said, would not be necessary.

"But I'd rather," I said.

IT was not convenient, he said. Records, you know. They're locked up for the night.

"Get 'em out," I thundered.

He got 'em.

And in a few hours there were three of us, Amos and Rosemarie and Margaret Julia. Owing not a cent to anybody—except, of course, to St. Jude.

From that time on, everything good happened—St. Jude sticks by you once he likes you, it seems.

When the baby was still a wee thing, I decided to leave Detroit—a step I never would have dared before.

I took my four hundred dollars savings (from more Jam Handies, and more appearances at WJR) out of the bank, left \$150 of it with my wife and daughter at my mother's house and with the other \$250 I descended on Chicago where I didn't know a soul, on the hunt for a job.

The first week I was in the city I broke into radio there. And I took a night job at a little known spot, the 5100 Club. The 5100 gave me \$50 a week to start. With the job I took a new name, Danny Thomas, compounded of my oldest and youngest brothers' names. I stayed at the 5100 Club for three years—the club prospered, and so did Danny Thomas. Thank you, St. Jude. Pretty soon, my \$50 a week had multiplied twelve times. Long before

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this, of course, my two girls had joined me. And my third—although we didn't know yet it was to be a girl—was on the way.

Between Chicago and La Martinique—New York's big time—I detoured for only one week, to play the Bowery in Detroit. I had played in the Bowery before, for \$65 a week. This time my weekly check was \$1100. That was just for fun, and St. Jude Thaddeus.

In New York, after that, in four weeks at night clubs and theaters I made \$10,000. That cured me of my old disease of worrying, for good. Before that money had been terribly, frighteningly important. Even in the three steady years at the 5100 Club I had been unable to forget that terrible week before our first daughter was born. But now I knew that whatever I needed—even if it was something unlikely like a million dollars—if I really needed it, it would be there.

The new viewpoint came very suddenly. I think my agents were surprised when I turned down a new list of profitable bookings.

"This is no time to make a million dollars," I said. "There is a war on. I would like to go overseas and entertain the troops."

I went, of course, with Marlene Dietrich and her company. We followed the armies to North Africa, Sicily, Sardinia, Italy. We were in Rome eighteen hours after the city fell.

I came back to find that my agents (with the help, I feel, of St. Jude) had signed me for a year on the radio with Fanny Brice.

So now Rosemarie and Amos, who used to sing for nothing on the Happy Hour, are in Hollywood—and so are Margo (she's Margaret) and Chita (she's the baby, Theresa Cecelia, born November 9, 1942).

And we are not afraid of anything. One day—before too many years go by—we will build a Shrine for St. Jude Thaddeus, the forgotten saint.

And over the threshold will be written:

"This is a Shrine dedicated to St. Jude Thaddeus, where Men May Honor God—where the poor, the meek, the humble, the helpless, the sinful and the hopeless may pray for spiritual, and physical and mental aid."

For I was all of these, and he heard.

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We will continue to accept one-year subscriptions for the members of the armed forces.

The Glory of It

(Continued from page 21)

moment. He kissed the tip of my nose and then my lips, a kiss that sent a tremor running through my body so that I forgot to be frightened. I forgot everything in the realization of his love. It was wonderful to share my thoughts and secret dreams with Bob. Sometimes, when he took me on his lap and brushed back my hair the way he liked to do, we'd plan our future, that magical time when the war would be over. Once he said, "You're so young to have so much understanding, darling." I didn't know quite what he meant; I was nineteen, Bob twenty-four. But I had sensed a loneliness in him, a need in him, which I had tried to fill. Love had taught me to do that. Love teaches you many things.

WHEN Bob was ordered to a base in Arizona as an instructor he was worried about taking me along. "We'll have to rough it, Kit. It's pretty rugged country around there."

"We can always use a pup-tent!" I said. "Anyway, I'm going to follow my man as long as I can." He scooped me up and kissed me for that.

But I admit I did not expect anything so rugged as the shack we finally moved into—the only place near camp we could find. There was a fancy guest house we could have rented, more than an hour's drive from the Base. But when a person is working as hard as Bob was, he can't afford to spend two hours driving back and forth every day. So we took the shack, leaky roof, lean-to kitchen and all. We were surrounded mostly by desert and sagebrush, and with Bob gone so much of the time I was desperately lonely. I thought with longing of my cool, comfortable home in California, and of the friends I'd grown up with, of all the fun we'd had. I lost a great deal of weight and Bob wanted to send me back. But I refused to go; there was no comfort for me in any place that didn't hold him. When we were together I could forget the dreadful little shack and the sand sifting in through every crack.

We were only a five-minutes run from the field, and I tried to have a good dinner ready for Bob every night. "You're spoiling me," he teased. Then his face grew serious. "Kit, you know the Johnsons? They've moved into that guest house at the ranch you said was too far away. And you were right, Kit. Bill looks tired as the devil."

Lt. Johnson and his wife, Alison, were a handsome couple. But Alison was very unpopular at the Base. Too "uppish," everyone said. Bob went on, "I'm sorry about Johnson; his wife's more of a drain on him than a comfort. It's Alison first, with her. Poor guy!"

I could see he was really troubled. The next day when I ran into Alison Johnson at the Post Exchange, I thought of trying to talk to her. But as soon as she sensed my purpose, she said sharply, "I'm young and I am not going to be cooped up for any man. I want my fun—and I'm having it." And that was that.

(Subsequently, Bill Johnson went overseas with my Bob and became one of the most decorated men in the 8th Air Force. But as soon as he was discharged, and the thrill of being married to an airman was over, Alison divorced him. I had hated her for it, for the hurt she had given him. . . .



ELEANOR HOLM

Wife of Billy Rose, owner of the famous DIAMOND HORSESHOE, says:

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Eleanor Holm

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But now, I realized with sickening shock, when he received that letter Bob would class me with her. The thought made me ill, so that I had to sit down for a moment at the side of the road. It was terrible, the thing that had happened to our marriage. And there was nothing I could do about it. Nothing. But still the memories persisted, sweet and torturing.)

There was the night of the cloud-burst when two of the training planes were believed lost. Bob was in one of them. For two hours I sat in the control room, rigid. The radio operator tried again and again to make contact. Little beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He said once, "Better drink some coffee, Mrs. Reynolds. You're white as a sheet." I tried, but I could not swallow. The commanding officer paced up and down, smoking endless cigarettes. All the men's faces were gray. And then, when we had almost given up hope, a plane came in. Then the second broke through the low ceiling. With maddening slowness, they came to rest on the flooded field, and we ran toward them, breathlessly. Two minutes later I was in Bob's arms.

I would not let him out of my sight. I wanted to keep touching him, to make sure he was real. When we reached home he sank exhausted into the one comfortable chair and pulled me down to him. He buried his face in my shoulder and held me tight for long moments, not saying anything, until my trembling had stopped. It was as if we gave strength to each other, as if we were one, and I thought, *This is what marriage means—the glory of it.* We kissed each other, gently at first, then with the deep ardent desire of two people who have really found one another.

I knew in an offhand way that Bob was sincerely fond of children. The youngsters who lived around the field were always tagging after him, getting him to umpire their football games and settle their arguments. But it was not until little Butch came to the Base that I realized how much they meant to him. Butch was the five-year-old son of one of Bob's pals—a sturdy, rebellious kid who would obey no one but Bob. And Bob he worshipped. They were always together. One of Butch's favorite pastimes was watching Bob shave. It was funny to see the tall, thin figure of my husband bending over and solemnly putting lather on the chubby little cheeks of the boy. Then he would hand Butch a spoon so that he too could "shave."

Watching this procedure one Sunday morning, I asked Bob teasingly, "I take it you would not mind too much having a son of your own?"

He straightened instantly and the light that leaped into his face was so radiant that I caught my breath. "Kit!"

"Well, it's not too impossible, you know," I said to tantalize him. He caught me by the shoulders and lifted my face. What he saw there made him give a cry of sheer joy. He drew me up to him and kissed my forehead and eyes and nose and mouth. My arms, closed around him, felt his trembling. "My darling," he whispered, "My darling, darling Kit . . ."

That night neither of us could sleep. The air from the desert was sweet and

★
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to bring the boys back home!

clean, and in the soft darkness Bob told me things he had never put into words before. How lonely he himself had been as a youngster, with both parents dead. How, later, fighting for a living and an education, he had dreamed of a family of his own. The things other people take for granted spelled heaven to him. Just coming home and finding someone you love there . . . being able to hold your own child in your arms . . . "We'll have a big family, four or five," I said softly. "A man as fine as you ought to have fine sons to come after him."

"Just stay prejudiced like that, honey. That's all I ask!" he laughed, but there was a little choke in the laughter. We clung to each other wordlessly.

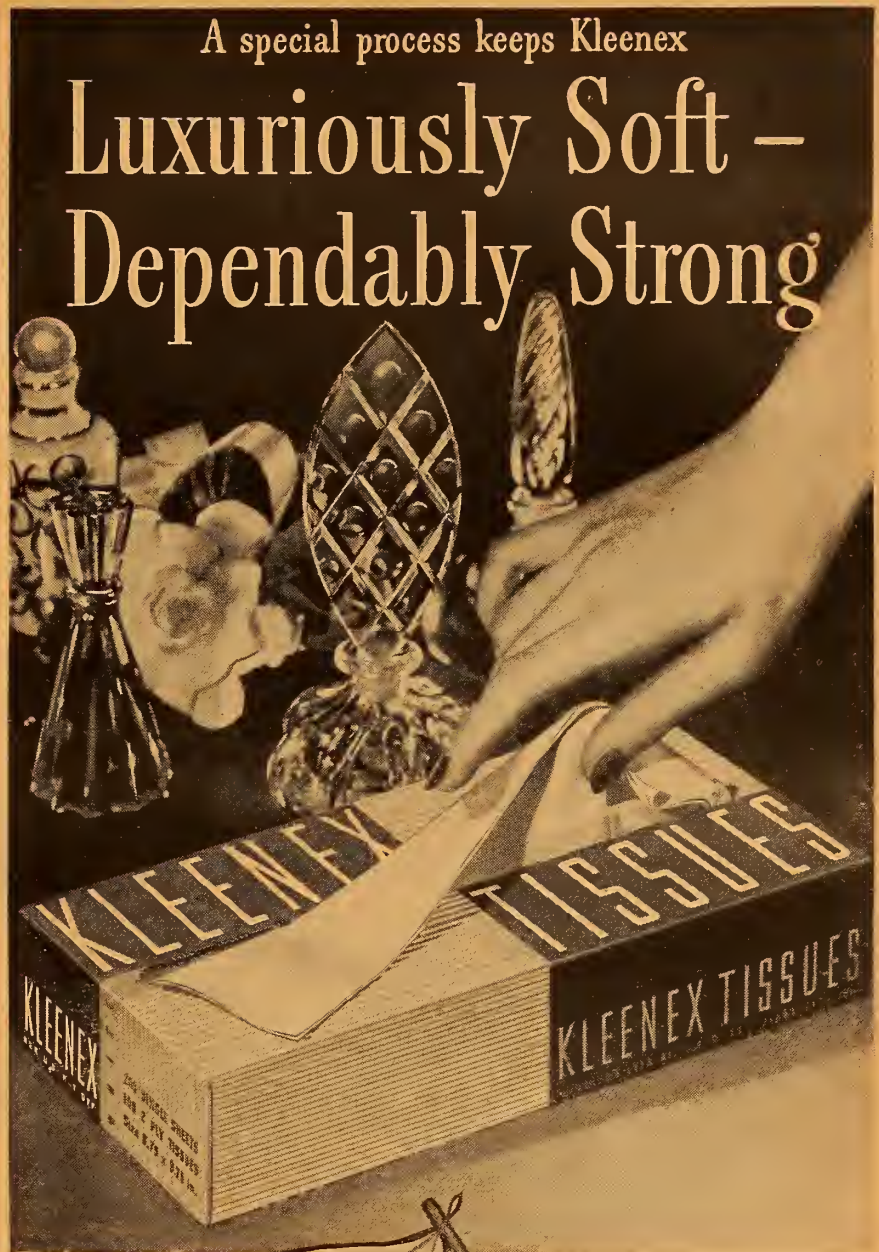
IN the days that followed I felt strangely humble in the face of his happiness. I might have been giving him the whole world tied up in pink ribbon. He started buying toys—toys that no child could possibly use until he was at least two. He asked Butch's dad innumerable questions. He went around in a glowing daze—except when he was flying. The cadets he instructed often dropped by the house, and they would talk "wing talk" for hours. Then he was lost in a man's world. I had no part in it; but that didn't matter. "He's the greatest guy on earth," the cadets told me often. "You could land on a dime when he's through teaching you." And I would try to look properly modest through the soaring elation of my own heart agreeing *he's the greatest guy on earth*.

Then, in the sudden way the Army does things, Bob's orders to go overseas came through. He hated leaving me, but I knew he felt his real job was over there. We made a pact: there would be no "goodbye." We would go on a picnic as we had done the first day we met. . . . My hands shook as I packed the luncheon. But I was determined to make this a gay memory. There was a chocolate cake like the one we'd had the first time, "Dagwood" sandwiches, which were Bob's favorites. We drove to a little arroyo and spread the lunch under a cottonwood. We pretended we were having a terrific flirtation, and teased each other, and laughed a lot. And none of it was any good. You can't keep up a pretense when your heart is so sore.

Bob came over and put his head in my lap and we were quiet for a long while. I cupped my hands behind his head and leaned over to kiss him. "I just want you to know I love you, soldier. I never really lived until you came along. . . ." I whispered the words and there was a hard lump in my throat. Bob turned. He caught me to him fiercely. His kiss burned straight through to my heart. Passionate, hard . . . and exquisitely sweet. . . .

When he had gone, I went back home to California to wait for our child to be born. We wrote daily, pouring our love out across the six thousand miles that separated us. I tried to resume my old life; so many other girls were doing the same thing. But the zest was gone. Days fell into a monotonous pattern. Helping mother with the housework, sewing for the baby, working down at the Red Cross. . . .

And then abruptly something happened. All my life I had been strong and healthy, but now energy suddenly left me. I collapsed one afternoon and old Dr. Watson took me straight to the hospital. There were X-rays, tests, consultations. Through a blur of pain I



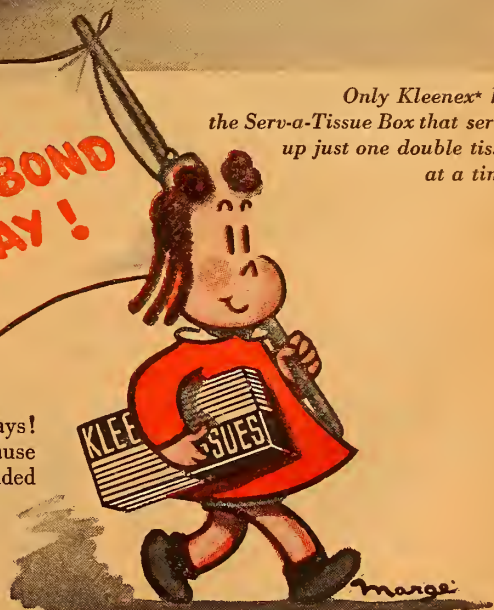
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saw my father's haggard face, heard him say hoarsely, "Keep fighting, Kit. . . . Please God, let her keep fighting." Everything seemed dim and far away. All I wanted was Bob. If only I could hold tight to his hand, know that he was all right. . . . From a great distance I heard a nurse say, "It's too bad. He would have been a beautiful baby. Look how well-shaped his little head is."

Would have been. . . .

My baby was dead. I had lost Bob's son. Perhaps I had lost Bob too. I went down in a great gulf of blackness then from which there seemed little chance of my returning.

Later, when I drifted slowly and painfully back to consciousness, I learned there had been an emergency operation to save my life. Mine had been saved, but I would never, as long as I lived, be able to give life to others. "Why did you do it?" I asked the doctor bitterly. "It would have been so much better to let me go."

Dr. Watson patted my hand. "Kit, I've known you since you were just a little tyke. D'you think I wouldn't do my best to save you for that good-looking flying husband of yours? He'll be coming back soon, too. Things have been happening in Europe since you were taken sick. The war is over in that section."

"Over?" I asked weakly.

"That's right, Kit. And Bob probably will be home before the summer is over. . . . I don't want you to be getting any crazy notions, either. This is *not* going to make any difference between the two of you. Kids mean more to a woman than to a man anyhow. All Bob wants is you."

He was trying to be kind, but he didn't understand. None of them did. I kept hearing Bob's words as I lay in his arms there in the soft darkness of the shack: "A *youngster of our own, darling!* . . . Maybe it's because I was so alone as a kid, but I've dreamed of having a son . . . of taking him fishing, and to the circus . . . of watching his eyes pop at Christmas time. You know—all the little things that add up to a swell family life. . . . Oh sweet-heart, if you knew what this means to me!"

No, I was not going to deny Bob that happiness. He was not going to be bound to an empty shell of a girl who

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UNLESS YOU
WASTE IT!**



could never make his life complete. It was better to make a clean break now, even if it would hurt him terribly, than to wait until he came home. Because I knew in my secret heart that once I saw him again, felt his kiss on my lips, I would never have the courage to let him go.

He knew that we had lost little Timmy. But he did not know about the doctor's verdict. He would never know about that. Some day he would find another girl, a girl who could bear him wonderful children, and they would take up life together. . . . But I had to close the door quickly on that thought because it was such agony.

MY letters to him became stilted, filled with gay, silly chatter about the "fun" I was having with the old crowd. Impersonal letters that I hated. From his replies I knew that he was puzzled and hurt. I told mother and dad that Bob and I were "through," that I would prefer not to mention him again. They were shocked, unbelieving. But because I had been so ill, they did not protest much. "You will feel differently when you are stronger," mother said anxiously.

"I want to forget that I was ever married!" I cried and my voice broke uncontrollably.

Forget the happiest months I had ever known, the love Bob and I had shared? As if I could!

Then one day came his jubilant cable about being shipped back home.

My answer was the letter asking for a divorce.

"It was all such a mistake, Bob," I had written. "Perhaps I was too young. . . . I want to be free now to enjoy everything I missed. . . . Please don't try to contact me. . . ." Horrible little words that I forced myself to write across the pages. Words to sicken a man and kill his love. There would be no turning back now. The letter was mailed.

Ahead of me, dusk had settled in the canyon and the mountains were shrouded. "This is like death," I thought. "Only worse, because part of me has to go on living." Slowly I got to my feet and made my way back to town.

Sooner or later every person carrying around an empty heart finds there is only one relief—helping others. And there were plenty to help, even with the end of the war in sight. The big Army Air Base near town had been converted into a redistribution center, and there was also a General Hospital filled to overflowing with wounded from the Pacific. I worked with the Special Services department of the Red Cross, and there was plenty to do. We did it all—from locating missing families for servicemen to channeling war orphans from foreign countries into good homes there in the San Joachin Valley. I liked the latter work particularly.

I had been afraid, when my mother and dad suggested it, that things I had tried to kill would come alive again—that other people's children would hurt unbearably. But, actually, it seemed to help. There were not so many who came through, but those that did had such shy, hopeful little faces. There were the bright-eyed small Martanis from Italy who were on their way to their uncle's near Santa Rosa. Their home in Naples had been bombed and they had been looked after by a group of American combat engineers until the Red Cross had located this uncle in the States. Then there were the two chil-



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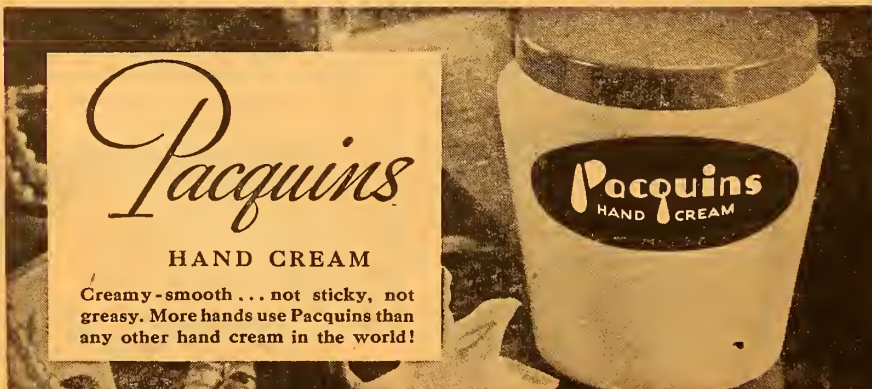


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dren from Holland, wistful, frightened, who wanted nothing more out of life than to own again a duck named "Wigge." (The first "Wigge" had been stolen by the Nazis.)

But the child who went straight to my heart was Hank. Dr. Watson had made him my special charge, "Because he's sandy-haired," the doctor said with a smile that ignored the sudden pain in my face. The name on Hank's card said, "Charles Pierre Henri L'Atour." But that was for France; now, he told me in very halting English, his name was "Hank," for America. Since my French was as bad as his English our conversation lagged. It didn't matter. We understood each other quite well, Hank and I. He was seven, with hair that really was like Bob's and deep-set blue eyes that took in everything. He was scheduled for the Cavell ranch about forty miles out of town. But before we left, I drove him around to Dad's store for some after-dinner ice-cream. He said surprisingly, in pure Americanese, "A soda! Oh boy!"

Dad laughed, and for the first time in weeks I felt warm inside.

From sheer force of habit I went to the other side of the store, which was the post-office, to see if there was any mail for me. There was none, of course. Why should Bob write? I had not heard from him since I had sent that dreadful letter. He had taken me at my word and that was the way I wanted it. . . . The way it *had* to be.

"Good news coming over the radio, Kit," Dad said. "Looks as if the Japs were going to surrender any minute."

I took Hank's hand. A trembling seized me. Bob had had sixty-three missions in Europe. If this news were true he would not have to go to the South Pacific. That, at least, he would be spared.

Going out to the Cavell ranch, Hank sat beside me with his sturdy little legs straight out in front of him. Every once in a while he would say something very fast in French but all I could catch was the word "Pop." He was obviously excited. He tried to tell me something and his cheeks grew redder and redder. Finally he began bouncing up and down on the seat yell-

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Transportation difficulties are still a problem, and we find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO MIRROR goes on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO MIRROR for January will go on sale Wednesday, December 12th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. It's unavoidable—please be patient!

ing "Pop—Pop!" until I thought his little lungs would burst.

I switched on the radio to quiet him. Switched it on just in time to hear those electrifying words, "This is it . . . this is it . . . the war is over!"

The road disappeared; I had to stop the car and shakily wipe my eyes. The war is over! I caught Hank to me and kissed his little button nose. For him the war never would be over. It had taken too much toll: both parents, his home. . . . He was standing up now, pressing his little head into my shoulder. "Look, Hank," I said just as if he understood. "I don't know anything about these Cavells. There must be special arrangements or the Red Cross would not be sending you to them. But just the same I'm going to keep an eye on you too. So don't worry."

For answer he planted a big wet kiss on my cheek and yelled lustily, "Pop!"

THE Cavell ranch, I had to admit, was in a beautiful setting. It was on a rise of land, and a brook babbled along at the foot of it. There were prune and apple orchards, great sweeping acres of wine grapes golden in the sun. The house itself was low-spreading, and painted white. As we came to a stop on the gravel drive, a fat spaniel puppy waddled out to meet us. Hank was entranced. He jumped out and squatted beside the puppy and murmured, "C'est joli. C'est tres joli!"

Hank was going to be happy here. I had that feeling about it even before I saw the woman on the porch. She was older, worn, but there was a look of gentleness about her, a certain peace. Her warm greeting made us really welcome as she led us into the pleasant chintz-draped livingroom. There was a pitcher of cold milk on the table and a plate of enormous homemade cookies—little-boy language all over the world! Hank ate solemnly. And all the while his eyes searched the room, the doors, the windows, as if he expected someone to come in momentarily. Mrs. Cavell spoke to him in French, words I could not understand. After a moment of watchful attention, a wide smile broke over his little face.

"A great many years ago I lived in France," Mrs. Cavell explained to me, "before my husband and I came to California. But this has been my home now for so long that I don't believe I could be happy anywhere else. When I had to sell it recently I was heartbroken. But"—and her face lit up with pleasure—"the new owners insisted that I stay and help run it. I was so glad, particularly glad when I heard about Hank," she added gently. "You must come out often to see him."

I looked at hm, absorbed now with the puppy in the middle of the floor. He seemed at home already. "I'd love to come!" I said with more enthusiasm than I'd known in months.

After that I made every excuse I could think of to go out to the Cavell ranch. There were some new toys that Dad got in the store that I thought would be just the thing for a seven-year-old. Another time I ran across a cute sailor suit that seemed made for Hank. In all, I made three trips that first week to see him. And each time he crept a little deeper into my heart. I thought that I had stopped feeling any emotion, that it was dried up in me. But Hank quickened it again. He was always so glad to see me. He accepted me with such complete trust.

"Why don't you come out to supper on Sunday?" Mrs. Cavell said. And I needed no urging.

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I arrived early and Hank and I went down to the brook to go wading. It was cool and still in the shadows and the water felt wonderfully good. Hank had so much to show me—the colored stones he had found, the darting minnows, the way the puppy could swim. We were watching the little fellow splash about when a shadow, darker than the rest, fell across me. I looked up.

"Pop!" Hank cried joyfully, and hurled himself at the man who stood on the bank above us. A tall, sandy-haired man with a shy smile that started at his blue eyes and spread infectiously.

I could not speak. Bob, my Bob, was there, holding the wet, tousled youngster. Our eyes clung together over the small head buried on his chest. He spoke, but I could only watch his lips, his eyes. It was Bob! His words began to make sense. "I guess you know by now how much Hank needs you. How much I need you. This is home, Kit—for the three of us."

I could not believe it. It was like some miraculous reprieve that I had not dared to hope for. Bob was here. And he still loved me. It was in his face, in his gesture as he held out a hand to help me up the little bank. His touch had the same magic for me, making my pulse leap; his voice held low, unsteady, "You're lovelier than ever, Kit." We were two people in a moment so spellbound that it seemed made of gossamer. No—three people.

Bob took my hand on one side and Hank's one the other and walked us toward the little grove of trees that bordered the brook. A picnic lunch had been spread out beneath them. "This whole thing started at a picnic. . . . Remember? More than two years ago." Bob's voice held a caress.

We stood motionless, facing each other. Then Hank said peremptorily, "The puppy ees ate!"

Bob grinned. "His English gets better every day! You can almost understand him. What he means is that the puppy snitched a sandwich. . . . It's all right, Hank. Supposing we all have one."

"Where—where did you find him?" I managed to say against the hard lump in my throat.

"In a haymow, to be exact. And he was scared to death." And sitting there beside me on the grassy bank, Bob told me the whole story. Hank came from a little town in France near the Belgian border. After his parents were killed he was sent to a nearby chateau which

had been converted into an orphanage. The day Bob's squadron established their quarters in a wing of the chateau, the jerries came over on a surprise raid. Bob found the little fellow in the barn, white-faced and completely terror-stricken. After that, Hank officially "adopted" Bob. He would wait for him at night to come in from the flying field, then they would have supper together. It was always Bob who put him to bed. "I wanted to adopt him legally even then. But I didn't know how you would feel," Bob said. "He somehow reminded me of you, Kit. . . ."

Hank had gone off to wade in the brook again. We watched him silently for a moment. Then I turned to my husband. Again the spell was upon us. "I didn't want you to know about me, Bob. I tried to keep it from you. After Tim was born. . . ."

He took me in his arms then and crushed me to him. All the barriers of restraint and pride were down. "You little fool. What do you think marriage is—a square dance where you change your partner to the tune of a fiddler? Kit, don't you know you're a living, breathing part of me. . . . nothing could make me feel differently towards you. Nothing on God's earth. . . ."

Long moments later he said, his cheek hard against my own, "When I got that last letter I knew something was wrong. Terribly wrong. My Kit could never be as insensitive and shallow as you sounded in that letter. I got an emergency furlough and flew West immediately. And—don't hold it against them, dear—but I had a private session with your folks. Then I saw old Dr. Watson. He told me we would have to work things out pretty carefully because you were in a serious condition. Fortunately I had enough points to get a discharge from the Army quickly. I bought this ranch and arranged to have Hank sent over from France in charge of one of my pals. Part of our plan was to get you interested in war orphans through the Red Cross." We'll make Hank yours because he's sandy-haired. . . .

"You don't mind—not having sons of your own?" I had to say it. I had to know.

For answer, his arms tightened around me.

There was a joyful shouting from the brook. Hank was waving both arms excitedly, "Pop! Ees Mom yet?"

Bob and I stood up and went to him. "That's right, son," Bob said. "She is your Mom now—and always."



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False Dreams.

(Continued from page 27)

My mother didn't like it. Not that we'd ever had much, mother and I. It was just that she fretted because he was in the Army, because nobody knew what might happen. But I wouldn't listen—and we were married before Kel left.

There are some things there simply aren't words for. The way I loved Kel was like that. The happiness we had, in the little cabin on the side of the highway where we spent our three-day honeymoon. No words, either, for the look in Kel's eyes, that morning he bid me goodbye.

"Don't go to the station with me, honey," he said, almost harshly. His big hand caressed the soft fall of bright hair on my shoulder. "Let me remember you like this." His voice was unsteady, low in his throat, and then convulsively his arms were around me. "Wait for me, darling. I'm coming back!"

THREE years. And I worked. At first, because it was somehow like being closer to Kel. And then because with the money—even after buying bonds, even after helping Mother, and seeing worry fade from her eyes—with the money, I fashioned our home, mine and Kel's. The home I hadn't so much as dared to dream about, before.

I wrote Kel, "I was a child when we married, darling. But I'm twenty-one now. Three years, and I've grown up. Except loving you—I haven't grown out of that, it's as magic as the first time! Oh, darling, how I love you. But about our home—I look at other people's homes—like my boss, when I had dinner with her and her husband. He's an executive at the plant, too. They have a lovely livingroom. Chinese carpet. Well, I'm reading all the home and decorating magazines, and right now I'm shopping for drapes. You'll love our home, Kel. It's wonderful how earning money changes things. Oh, darling, we'll have such a good life!"

When did the beauty of my home, the luxury of it, begin to blot out the real purpose of home? When did I stop knowing that a home is only a shelter for the people in it, only a shell around the love it harbors? All I know is that the night Kel came home—the first night, after the long, long waiting—I pulled out of his arms to cry, "Isn't it beautiful, darling?"

He looked at me. My Kel, so weary-looking, none of the triumph of winning a war easing the lean lines of his face, his eyes hungry. "Isn't what beautiful?" he asked, almost puzzled.

"Our home, darling! This living-room!"

"Oh." He scratched his dark red hair. Indulgently, as he might humor a child, he said, "Oh, sure. Well."

A little disappointed stab hit me. I'd worked so hard, planned so absorbedly.

I had dreamed of Kel saying, "Am I in the right house?" Of Kel taking me in his arms. "Nancy, it's marvelous!" I had thought, in my dreams, that Kel would be inspired to promise, "I'll work like a beaver—I'll be the most successful darned radio engineer in the whole world, so we can always have a place like this, or a better one."

Or something like that. . . . Silly! I was so wrapped up in the dreams I didn't see, then, that I'd put material things—the *outsides* of things, the things that shouldn't matter, deeply—

before the spiritual furnishings of marriage.

But that first night, it was only a moment, and then the joy and wonder of having Kel home swamped me; I was back in his arms. No time for chairs and rugs, no time for speaking of the importance and the achievement earning money had taught me. No time to drag out of our minds each other's ideas on how life should be lived. Only Kel's arms mattered, and his lips, and the deep sound of his shaken voice, in my ears.

For a week, I was tremulous and disbelieving still. "And you won't have to go back! Oh, darling, I didn't want you to be hurt . . . but it's nothing, nothing!" A shell splinter, in his thigh. He wouldn't even limp!

Kel touched my hair, that was up-swept now. "You shouldn't have changed it," he said gravely. "It was like silk, the other way. It's too neat now."

Immediately, I took out the grip combs. We laughed as my hair cascaded down. "There!"

The sound of our laughter danced through the open windows. The sound of Kel's feet, running after me whenever I darted into the kitchen. "Eating's not that important. I get lonely when you go away."

And the sound of music was everywhere. Great strains of it, from the radio, as we lay on the wonderful, expensive, beautiful sofa in the wonderful, expensive, beautiful livingroom.

I planned out loud, "Two more months—and we can have a new bedroom set. Oh, I didn't want to buy that until you were home anyway, Kel." Heat mantled my cheeks. I burrowed down against his shoulder. "You'll have to like it. Twin beds, with a double headboard. Satin. Padded. And when we fight—we can push the beds apart."

"Bedroom?" he frowned, above me. "What's the matter with the stuff upstairs?"

"But that—why that's just the old things from your father's house." I sat up. "Why do you think I'm keeping on working? Besides, Kel, life's so—oh, simple and easy, when the money's there. The little things—going out whenever we feel like it, never worrying about trying to make a dollar stretch to do the work of two . . ."

KEL sat up, too. Very straight. He stared at me, and his eyes were dark and unreadable. The little dancing flecks of reddish gold had been snuffed out. I was almost frightened.

"You mean you're going back to work, Nancy? For a bedroom?" Incredulously he repeated, "For a bedroom?"

"Going back? But I never quit, Kel!" I stood up, my knees shaky. Was this going to be a quarrel? It couldn't be—Kel had only been home a week. We mustn't quarrel—but I thought it had all been understood! We hadn't discussed it—it had seemed to me to be so self-evident. What if Kel did have his old job as control engineer at the local radio station? What if he did make enough to keep us? It was just enough. It wasn't enough for new things, and for extra fun. I didn't want to live that way!

"Kel—you know how it is, without enough money," I stammered. "Neither of us had anything before. You didn't

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earn a lot, and the one job I had before I went to the plant payed hardly enough to live on. Now that I've learned —now that—"

I looked around my beautiful living-room, the room I had built with work and sacrifice and careful planning and self-denial, the room where I'd been so sure we'd be happy. Tears stung against my eyelids. "Kel, can't you see? It's a—a way of life. This room, and then the bedroom. Always the best, the loveliest we can possibly manage. It's —it's putting beauty into our lives."

"It's putting a taste for luxury into them," he protested. "I can't give you luxury, Nancy. Never."

"But if I work—" I touched his arm, and Kel shook my fingers off.

"If you have to work, if you feel you'll be lonely and bored all day, why don't you get your old job back in the filing department of the radio station? At least, we could be together all day, and we'd go to work together and come home together at night." His voice showed that he knew he was offering a compromise, and that even the compromise didn't please him.

He didn't understand! "Kel—that job payed sixteen dollars a week! Why should I slave all day for that, when—"

"Why should you slave all day at all?" he interrupted. "You don't have to work, Nancy."

"But it's not slavery when you have something to show for it!" I exploded. "Then it's fun—saving the money until you've enough to buy something, and —" My voice fell away. He didn't understand, and perhaps he never would, but I couldn't give up my job!

Kel's voice was low and toneless, after a little pause. "Didn't you ever stop to think, Nancy, that the plant will be shutting down, laying off workers? You can't work forever."

"I don't intend to work forever. Just until—"

His big shoulders slumped. He slashed his hands into his pockets. "I wish you'd stay home, Nancy." He turned, abruptly. The straightness of his back blurred before me, the little appealing rough shine of the short hairs over the tanned back of his neck. I bit my lips, as he strode outdoors. The front door slammed.

Alone in this room I had labored so hard to make lovely, I had the incredulous sensation of something crashing around me. Through the roar of the ruins, I heard the radio, still droning out music. Stiffly, I crossed the soft rug. I almost stumbled as I snapped it off.

I dashed the tears away, angrily. Kel would see, soon enough, money was important! Even if I didn't buy anything for the bedroom, just having plenty of money—two salaries, instead of one—just never scrimping and saving, never having to budget, took half the struggle out of living! Oh, couldn't Kel remember how it used to be, when he delivered groceries while other boys played football? I thought of the winter days I'd gone to school in year-before-last's too-short coat. My chin came up. I wouldn't quit!

I saw that the pillows of my sofa were dented, where we had been sitting. With cold, steady fingers, I

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plumped the cushions up. But for the first time, there was no sensuous thrill, no delight, in the rich feel of the brocade. The down-filled cushions were not symbols of achievement, any more. The fluffiness of them was somehow thickly foggy, like this wispy fog between Kel and me. . . .

So I didn't give up my job. Oddly, Kel said no more about it. Every morning, he helped me squeeze the oranges, make the coffee, pile the dishes in the sink after our hasty breakfast. We went downtown together, without much conversation.

Coming home, Kel pitched in. I got home earlier than he did, and he usually found me wrestling with supper, my hair slipping out of its moorings, some of the groceries still on the porcelain table in their brown paper bags.

IT WASN'T as easy, keeping house for two, as for one. I had to do my personal laundry and Kel's things on Sunday. Somehow, there was never time for the sweet little lazinesses we had reveled in, that first week. Or was that because the feathery fog had come all the way down—between us? Barriers of silence, never mentioned now, held us apart.

Yet it was triumph to have my pay envelope on Saturday nights. "We could go to a nightclub, Kel," I said once.

"Aren't you too tired?"

"Well, we could have people in." Trying not to admit the sick, lost feeling of being here with him, yet somehow far apart, shut out, I persisted brightly, "I've lots of friends I made while you were away. They were nice to me. And you've made friends at the station, haven't you?"

"Yes," he said. A little smile twitched one corner of his wide, firm mouth. "Ab Brant—you'd like him. He's got four kids, and he's crazy about them." Now the red-gold lights were back in Kel's eyes. "Twins, the older ones. I've stopped in several times on my way home. They're swell, those kids!"

"Have them over, then!"

But I hadn't counted on boisterous children rampaging through my carefully kept livingroom that Sunday. I hadn't counted on fingerprints on my pink wallpaper, and inquisitive little hands taking down china decorations from my bric-a-brac shelves!

Ab Brant was a short, merry man who was chief engineer at the transmitter. His wife was fat, very simple. "I gave up trying to be stylish long ago, honey!" she said, settling down on my sofa with a sigh and sticking her feet out ruefully. "With a family like mine, it's impossible. Why, you know how many potatoes I have to peel, at a crack? And the beds—and the picking-up after those fiends!"

The twins, about nine years old, tow-headed and brimming with mischief, dived behind the sofa then. "Come out of there, brats!" she laughed. "Go out into the back yard, please."

The boys crawled out, unwillingly. There was a slight thud from the kitchen then. "That's Peg," one of the boys said. "She always climbs up on chairs in new kitchens and gets her own drink of water. After that, she says, she feels at home."

"Peg's five," Mary Brant explained.

Bumpsie was three—and it was Bumpsie who precipitated the awful scene. Kel and Ab had been shop-talking, while Mary helped me make sandwiches, in the kitchen.

I was taking cheese out of the refrigerator when the crash of glass

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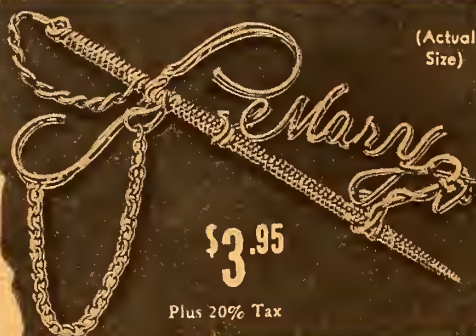
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came. My head jerked up. "What on earth—" I dropped the cheese.

With a cry, Mary ran into the living-room. I followed swiftly. "Oh Kel!" I wailed, my heart diving, "Kel, look what she did!"

My cocktail table, my beautiful cocktail-table lay on its side. Glass all over the rug, one polished handle wrenched from the frame of the tray—"It's ruined!" I choked.

Ab was lifting the child up from the floor.

Nobody paid any attention to me. Mary examined the child's hands. "Sure you aren't cut, Bumpsie?" she whispered tightly. "Ab, look at her legs. Does it hurt anywhere, darling?"

My lips were dry as I realized, suddenly, that I had thought first of the cocktail table—before I thought of the child.

Afterward—thank heaven, they went home at once—Kel said grimly, "I think I finally understand how you feel about your furniture, your *things*, Nancy. They mean an awful lot to you, don't they? More than anything else!"

Ashamed, but angry too, I cried, "Did they have to wreck the whole house, those children? It wasn't just the table—they went through like a tornado. I never saw such wild little Indians—"

Very quietly, his eyes holding mine, Kel asked, "Did you ever have children in this house before, Nancy?" And then he answered himself, "No, I suppose not. It doesn't look as if children—or anyone, very much—had disturbed it."

I stood very still, feeling suddenly sick. It wasn't right! If only he'd put his arms around me, if only he'd say, "Never mind, darling—we'll clean up, and buy another table, and forget the whole thing!" If only he'd say, understandingly, "I realize how you feel, too, Nancy. But he didn't. He just stood there, blaming me. Condemning me, because for a moment I had spoken before I thought. Because I hadn't realized that the child might be hurt.

He looked very grim. I wanted desperately to come close to him, feeling shut out, and furious because I was shut out. Something had been missing

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between us for a long time—ever since I had gone back to work. The light laughter, the little words—they had retreated into silence with Kel, and our lives had been empty.

But this was even worse. As I looked at my husband, as my love and my hurt cried out to him, it flashed through my mind in a swift, vividly painful intuition that our marriage had left the safe harbor where our love had been secure. We were on tossing seas now—the seas of fear and mistrust and—worse—not caring, that I'd heard about, read about. And I knew then that no matter what, we must get back together. I had thought of the laughter, the fun, that had retreated into silence with him. But what of me? I hadn't helped. There had been no spontaneous little kisses dropped on his forehead as he read during the evening, no lingering touch of my hand on his arm when he passed me as we went about the house, none of the funny little endearments he loved so much. Just to work, to get the meals cooked, to keep the house in order, I had raced madly against time. And time had cheated me of the moments that ought to have been left over for the little things . . .

SOMETHING tore apart inside me, and I wanted to fling myself into his arms. I wanted to cry. "Darling, darling—take me back, hold me tight!"

But I had waited a moment too long. For Kel was looking slowly around the livingroom, saying in a wondering, confused voice, "I don't understand! I'll never understand how all—all this—could mean so much to you. How these things of yours ever came to take the first place in your thoughts, the first affection of your heart. It's not just that you didn't think of the child first. It's me, too. You think of all these things before you think of me. You put them first, above everything else." He made a weary, heavy gesture of dismissal. "You put money first, and what it can buy. You're not the same—you're not the girl I married at all!"

He couldn't be saying this to me! And I thought, with a mind that was pain-quickened, that if he showed anguish, or anger, there would be hope for me. If he'd been bitter—but he was dull and bleak, as if it didn't really matter, as if he were talking about some stranger to whom something had happened—something that was too bad, but which didn't much affect him. "We haven't anything left, Nan."

"Kel—" My voice shook on a sob, and I put out my hand to him.

"Don't." He half-turned away, almost in distaste. That shook me to the foundations of my being—Kel, whose hand had always been stretched out to meet mine half way! Kel, in whose arms I had found the meaning of happiness, for whom I'd defied my mother, for whom I'd worked and waited—he didn't care. He didn't care that I was crying. He didn't care about the fear, the pleading, that must be so obvious in my eyes. Somehow, I had killed his love, and all the pleading in the world would not bring it back to life again.

And so the shock of Kel's turning away stiffened me. My fingers curled into cold fists at my side, and I said, "All right, Kel. All right. What were you going to say?"

Something new and strange leaped into his eyes. Decision. Decision as tangible as the chairs I'd bought, as solid and real as the remnants of the coffee table here on the floor. . . .

"It'll be better," he said tonelessly,

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"if I—if I just leave." With a little spark out of the past, pain crossed his lips and was gone. "You don't understand me and I don't understand you any more, Nan. We want different things. Money . . . well, I wanted you. A wife."

Like a rock flung into the still pool of my mind, the word sank. "Wanted." Past tense. Not, "I want you." Kel had said, "I wanted you."

Fierce, raging protest ripped me. He couldn't leave me! I loved him too much! "Everything I did, I did for you!" I whispered. "This home, better than we could have had unless—" I stopped. His eyes! So sad. And so pitying! As though, for the sake of what we once had, Kel pitied me. . . . But there was no real compassion, nothing I could hold on to, that would keep him here.

My lungs were huge and hot in my chest, but my pride forced my eyes up. Up, up, to meet his. To forsake the pleading, the cringing that brought only his pity. I was half-mad with sick realization that somehow all I had lived for had slipped away. Yet I could still say, almost steadily, "All right, Kel. If that's what you want . . ."

Is love ever over so simply? Two people who cared the way Kel and I cared—can they say goodbye and take up life as though the thing that made it worth living had not been cut away?

THE bitter, raging loss began in that moment. Holding myself in, keeping down fear and panic with an iron will, while Kel went upstairs. To pack. To live somewhere else.

"You'll be glad," he said inadequately. "It's hard at first, Nan. But it's best for both of us." His hand touched mine. "I can't take it any more, not this way."

I had to hurt him. "That's just a lame excuse! No man walks out on his wife because she wants to keep on working!"

"I'm not walking out on you." Kel's lips tightened. "You walked out, Nan. That day you said you wouldn't quit. I—I've lived with a ghost, ever since."

The deep-down defeat, the sick knowledge that nothing was left for me, didn't come until morning. I sat up all night. Where had Kel gone? Could there be someone else? Impatiently I brushed that aside. Not Kel. Kel with his glowing eyes, the lips so firm and thrilling on mine . . . Kel had never looked at another girl.

But I had lost him. Other things swamped me, as I wandered through the useless, forsaken house, whose beauty was a mockery now. What would I tell Mother? And the people in the plant . . . they all knew my husband was back. Humiliation seared me. "Kel left me!" No! I thought of Mary Brant, and Ab. He'd never leave her, though she was fat and plain. . . . I thought of their children. Wild, undisciplined. Or must children grow up gay and careless and full of spirit? If we had had children, Kel and I—

The pang ripping through me was more than I could bear.

I couldn't go to work that day. I stayed inside my empty, my foolish house. Time limped by. I couldn't even phone, to say I was ill.

What would I do? I beat the sofa cushions, uselessly. "I can't live without you, Kel! How could you leave me? Why didn't you take me into your arms—why didn't you order me to quit work?"

The money. How he'd harped on money! The money that made his own earnings not important. A man's earnings must be the mainstay. . . . As



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though a veil had been struck from my eyes, I saw suddenly that while Kel was away I had learned independence, a competence that, because I flaunted it, shamed him. . . . Were there many wives, like me, clinging to their pay envelopes, losing their husbands, now that the need for their labor was gone?

In my livingroom I looked at what I'd bought. Things; things. Chairs and rugs I had put before our love. What if at night Kel came home to a livingroom without luxury? What if the lamps weren't silk-shaded? I caught my breath. I'd been such a fool! Buying my own dresses, saying proudly, "Look, Kel, isn't it pretty?" I should have asked him, "Kel, I need a new housedress!" In gingham he had paid for himself, wouldn't Kel have found me lovelier than in crepe I selected, paid for, wore ostentatiously—because I gave it to myself?

No gift he could ever give me, I saw clearly, had any value—while I had my own pay envelope, while our marriage was crammed into the fringes of my days. . . .

Kel hadn't had a home at all.

In the shrieking silence of this house he'd left, I remembered one other thing.

The night that Kel had talked to me about his job, about his chances for advancement . . . "I learned radio engineering in the Army," he'd said. "I just worked around the control room before, you know, repairing, moving equipment, setting up remote jobs, and things like that. But I've got my license now. And Ab Brant says that if I study nights, there's a chance that—"

And I hadn't even really listened. I'd been thinking about my own work, of something I'd left undone, trying to track down in my mind where a mistake had been made. And I'd been making so much bigger a mistake right then! I should have gone across the room, I should have sat on the floor beside him, my head against his knee, the way he used to like so much. I should have praised him, should have let him think he was the smartest, most wonderful man in the world. No, not "let him think"—let him know that I thought he was, to me!

Words from me, real faith, real pride, from me would have meant the world to him then. Those were the things

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that would have counted. And I flung myself on my beautiful sofa, and wept again.

I couldn't go to work the second day, either. But I knew that soon I'd have to. I'd need the money, now...

In the afternoon I got dressed and went downtown. I didn't have any plan, but my feet led me somehow to the radio station. I thought vaguely of seeing Kel, of talking to him.

But once I was there, I knew it was no good, and I sank down in a chair in the lobby to rest a moment, to still the trembling of my knees at being so near to Kel, and so far away. It wouldn't do any good to talk to him, I knew. It was too late for words. They wouldn't mean anything. It was too late, even, for actions. It was too late for anything, for us...

IDLY, I listened to the loudspeaker in the lobby. The network was on—one of the daytime serials was playing. I thought for a moment how much fun they must be to listen to all day as you went about your work. If you had time to listen. If you were a—housewife, and not a working girl...

It was a man's voice, coming out of the speaker. "It won't do you any good," he was saying. "It's too late for crying, too late to say that you're sorry. What's done is done, and words from you don't mean anything, anyway. I've seen too often how lightly you use them. It's too late even to do anything—nothing that you'd do would have your heart behind it—"

That, I knew, was what would be wrong with talking to Kel now. He had heard too much of my talk, all the wrong kind. And even if I said the right words, he wouldn't believe that my heart was behind them...

Wearily, I rose to go. And as I stood by the elevator, I heard one of the girls who worked in the station talking to the switchboard operator. "It's too bad," she was saying. "Ab can't stay away—he hasn't enough men as it is, and most of them are green hands like Kel Dwight."

"What's the matter with Mary?" The switchboard girl asked.

And I found myself walking across to the desk, saying, "Are you talking about Ab Brant and his wife? They—they're friends of ours. Is something wrong?"

The girl smiled. "Why yes. His wife's sick—quite sick, I guess. And they can't find a nurse, and there's no room at the hospital, so there's no one to take care of Mary, let alone the children. They—"

But I wasn't listening any more. Something quite outside myself was propelling me to the elevator, and then out into the street. My hands were idle, my heart was empty. I could do something—heaven knows I had nothing else to do. I didn't stop to analyze the impulse: If I had, I probably wouldn't have found the answer. This pity, this warm desire to help, was too new for me to put a name to it. I wouldn't have known that in suffering myself, I wanted to alleviate someone else's suffering.

The Brant house was a shabby place, comfortable looking, with a red wagon on the front porch and a scooter bike leaning against a wicker chair that needed a coat of paint.

Before I could ring, a tow-headed boy opened the door. He stared at me. "My mom's sick," he said.

He had a big apron tied around him, and his hands were wet. "I know," I said. "I came to help." I smiled at him. "Don't you remember me?"



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"You're the lady who—who got so mad when Bumpsie broke your table," he said.

I walked into the house. If anything could reproach the sterile, severe orderliness of my own livingroom, it was this littered room speaking so eloquently of love and living! Books out of place, and a teddybear on the sofa, and two airplanes hanging from a bridge lamp, as though in flight. A boy's jacket was on the back of a chair, and someone's forgotten bedroom slipper on the floor. But it didn't look messy, somehow—it looked warm and sweet, and inviting.

Bumpsie peered down the railing from upstairs, then. "Oh!" Her small, elfin face flushed. She remembered me too.

"I've come to take you to my house, Bumpsie," I said, smiling. "It'll make it quiet here for your mother, and she won't worry about you."

The other twin came in from the kitchen. Frowning, he said, "Those eggs won't scramble. I dropped one on the floor, Hal."

HAL looked at me, and I was flinging down my hat. "I'll fix it, kids!" Happiness blossomed inside me. I was needed!

The four children trailed upstairs with me, a few minutes later, as I brought the tray with the food up to Ab Brant's wife, Mary.

Mary lay in bed, pale, circles under her eyes, worry a gaunt specter around her. "Oh, children—" she began. Then she saw me. For a moment, she could not speak.

Gently, I set the tray across her lap. I punched the pillow up, and said gaily, "The kids really did most of this. They're wonderful!"

"But they can't do it all—" Tears burned her eyes. She bit her lip. "If I'd only get better. But I'm so weak . . ." In a whisper, she added, "The doctor wants me to go to the hospital, but there isn't any room."

"Listen," I said swiftly, "I came to take the children to my house. Oh, Mary, don't worry about them! I'll take good care of them." I tried to smile. "I—I won't be severe with them. If they—if they bang the whole place up, make firewood of the furniture, it'll be all right. . . ." It trembled on my lips, that Kel had left me. But Mary had troubles enough of her own. I mustn't distress her now with my woes.

"And my mother will come over here and look after you," I finished comfortingly. "She's a good practical nurse, and what's more, she enjoys it!"

I broke off a bit of toast and buttered it. "Here, dear. Eat."

The children were all agog at coming home with me. Bumpsie was a bit uncertain, shuffling her little foot back and forth across the rug and looking up at me covertly. "But I might—do something b-bad again," she whispered.

I stooped to hug her. "Don't worry, darling! I won't care, even if there are ten accidents!"

They packed the clothes they'd need then. Hal stuffed in overalls and shirts; Tommy made a big to-do about a boat he wanted to take which wouldn't fit. It was very noisy. But I didn't mind, somehow. This was absorbing as decorating my livingroom had never been. We all piled into a cab at last, after the stark moment when Mary kissed each child goodbye and held her hand out to me tremulously. "I don't know how to thank you," she whispered.

"Don't then," I smiled at her. "My



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—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

mother's coming in a few minutes."

And that night, in the midst of the hubbub, as I raced back and forth from the kitchen, making supper for the children, Kel walked in.

I didn't see him at first, because I was bending over, my back to the door. Hal and Tommy were apologetically sweeping up the remains of a vase they had just shattered. I was saying, calmly, pointing to a piece of porcelain under the sofa, "Every single bit of it, now. Whatever you mess up, boys, you'll have to clean!"

Kel whispered, "Nancy!" I straightened. My heart shook. Kel! His eyes were weary. "I couldn't stay away. No matter what—" And then he made a puzzled gesture. "What are they doing here?"

I saw then that Bumpsie was jumping up and down on the wing chair. Playing horsey. I'd learned by now that playing horsey was her favorite game, that's why they called her Bumpsie. On the floor, turning the pages of a comic book, was Ab Junior, oblivious to the noise and the bits of shattered vase. Hal was sweeping around him.

Kel stared at me. I went to him quickly. "Mary's sick. She may have to go to the hospital. Oh, Kel, I—I'm so glad you came back!" All the things that had lain between us, sharp pointed swords, were gone. "These kids are a handful. I need help."

He stared at the shambles of what had been my precious, sacred living-room. "You're keeping the children here, until she gets well?"

"Oh, darling," I said, softly. "The children are more important than—than the silly things I—" Shame touched me, and a new humbleness. "Will you stay, Kel? Honestly, I'm afraid I can't m-manage without you."

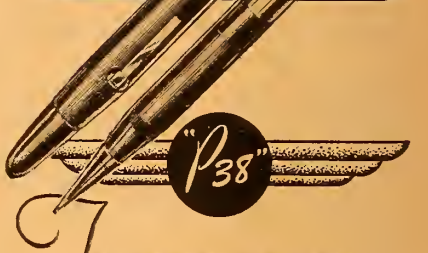
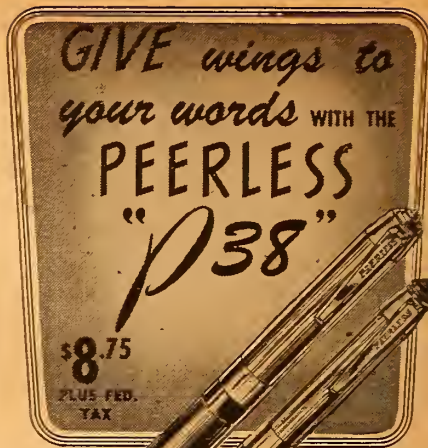
"Will I stay, Nancy? Oh, darling!" We didn't say a word about my job, about the things that had separated us. We didn't have to. Because later, after Kel had bathed the boys and I'd gotten Bumpsie into her pajamas, as we faced each other across the kitchen table, I said ruefully, "Imagine, keeping an interior-decorator livingroom in a house full of children! It just can't be done."

Kel said nothing, he only looked at me. I smiled secretly. "I'm so glad I have this chance to—to care for four children," I finished. "Remember when you asked me if I'd ever had any children in this house? Well, you were right—I hadn't. And this—well having these here sort of prepares me for what it will be like when—"

Kel grinned down at me. "When what, Nan?"

"When we produce some little wild Indians of our own," I finished. "And Kel—that would keep me busy. Do you think I couldn't be a—a good mother?"

His arm closed tightly about my shoulders. "The girl I married," he said firmly, "would make the very best mother in the whole world. And the girl I married—" He paused, and tilted my chin up—"the girl I married has come back to stay, it seems." And then he kissed me—and it was like a first kiss—full of promise of things to come, of things to share.



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(Continued from page 50)

until needed. Measure prepared fruit into a 3 to 4 quart kettle, filling up last cup or fraction of cup with water if necessary; place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well, and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar and syrup, stirring constantly. (To reduce foaming, 1/4 teaspoon butter may be added.) Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 2 minutes. Remove from fire, skim off froth and pour quickly into containers. Pour melted paraffin over hot marmalade at once.

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3 cups sugar 1/2 bottle fruit pectin
2 cups bottled grape juice

Bring sugar and grape juice to a boil over hottest fire and at once add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1/2 minute.

Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once.

GRAPEFRUIT JELLY

3 1/2 cups juice 1 bottle fruit pectin
5 cups sugar
2 cups light corn syrup

To prepare juice, grate rind from 4 medium grapefruit, and squeeze out juice. Add juice to grated rind and let stand for 10 minutes. Press juice through small cloth.

Measure sugar, syrup and juice into large saucepan and mix.

Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1/2 minute.

Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes about 11 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

CRUNCHIES

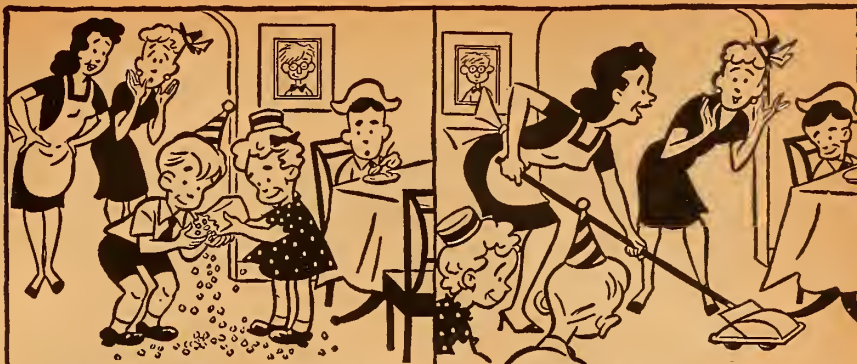
1/2 cup honey 1/2 tablespoon
1/4 cup sugar butter or
1/2 teaspoon salt margarine
6 cups corn flakes

Combine honey, sugar, and salt and cook until a small amount of syrup forms a firm ball in cold water (246° F.), about 10 minutes. Add butter. Combine cereal and honey mixture, stirring lightly to coat flakes. Shape into small balls and serve as cookies or candy. Note: Add 1/3 cup chopped nut meats, if desired.

STONE JAR MOLASSES COOKIES

3 cups sifted cake flour 1 teaspoon ginger
1 cup molasses
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder 1/2 cup butter or other shortening
1/2 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and ginger, and sift again. Heat molasses, remove from fire; add shortening and soda. Add flour gradually, mixing well. Chill until firm enough to shape. Shape into small balls about 3/4 inch in diameter. Place about 2 inches apart on greased baking sheet. Press flat with bottom of glass covered with damp cloth. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes, or until done. Remove from pan carefully. Cool.



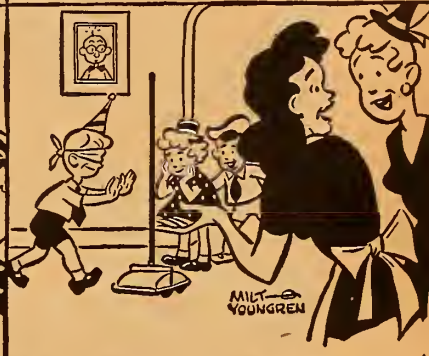
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To Be Really Yours

(Continued from page 45)

and the whole world would go back into focus. But he said, before he kissed me—before he even kissed me!—"You remember Belinda Corey, don't you Peg?"

It didn't matter that I couldn't answer, for Grif kissed me then. But I could still hear the voices, everyone talking at once. I could still hear them, still see everyone around me, because that kiss was just a kiss. Tender, and sweet—but not the magic I'd waited for, not the heaven on earth I'd dreamed of.

"So nice to see you again, Belinda. . . . Are you home for the summer? . . . Oh, yes, home to stay—didn't you know? Doesn't Grif look marvelous? . . . Well, I should say so, especially when you recall that he's been fighting a war and winning buckets of medals. Medals! But where are they, darling? . . . Probably in his pocket. You know how modest Grif's been all his life. . . ."

All his life. All the time they'd been growing up together, Grif and this girl. Belinda was the girl who had worn his class pin, whose autograph was right in the middle of that old ping-pong paddle on the wall. Oh, what was wrong . . . what was wrong?

AND then Grif's arm, ever so gently, fell about my shoulders, and much of what was wrong disappeared. No, not disappeared, but went back into the limbo of forgotten things for the moment, banished by his nearness.

"Pure luck we came home on the same train," Belinda was saying, her eyes on Grif's face. "We never dreamed it would take a war . . ."

Father Baird's voice drowned the rest of it.

"Want to drive, son?"

Grif shook his head. "No thanks—I'm afraid of these contraptions!"

More laughter because Grif, who had driven a tank through flaming war, was afraid of traffic on a suburban highway. We were all in the car now, Grif last after stowing the baggage and tipping the porter. Belinda, it seemed, had left school a week early. She was surprising her folks, so we were driving her home.

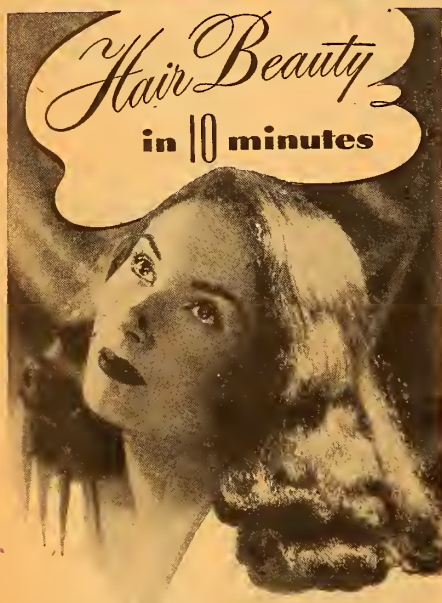
We pulled up to the curb a few moments later. Dogs barked. A small brother came running down the drive from the Corey place. The whole scene jiggled like a maddening dream before my eyes—people running across a porch, laughter and kisses and a scramble after bags. A smooth roll of blonde hair, blue eyes smiling up into Grif's.

"It's been fun, Grif darling. Thanks so much—"

"Don't you remember—you were never going to thank me for anything."

Things between them, things shared before he knew that I was alive . . . Belinda and Grif! That's what his mother had meant when she had said one day that everyone in town had taken it for granted that they would marry someday. . . . And I had laughed about it! Laughed, secure in Grif's love those three brief weeks—well, two months and a half, if I counted the whole time since we'd met—and Belinda had had all their lives!

We were in the back seat alone now, Grif and I. And quickly, impulsively, his hand came out to cover mine, to squeeze it. My heart lurched—perhaps it was all right. Perhaps I was just imagining things. Why couldn't I re-



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member and put into practice all the things I'd read about how to treat returning soldiers, what to expect from them? After all, Grif had been away the best part of three years. For each of those years we'd had only a week of living together as husband and wife. What did I expect? It would take time, the readjustment. It would be like getting acquainted all over again.

Only—only I didn't have to get acquainted all over again. I knew Grif, I knew him as well as I knew my own mind, my own heart. And it hurt, it hurt unbearably, to know that I had not been as close to him in all these months of separation as he had been to me.

THEN we were home. The Bairds waved us gaily up the walk and drove on to their own house, calling back a reminder that we were to come over for dinner in a little while.

We went silently into the house. When I turned from hanging my coat in the hall closet, Grif was standing there, his bags still in his hands, looking into the livingroom with its little alcove that we laughingly called his den. I watched his eyes swing across the whole thing and focus upon the plaque board on the wall—the football letter, the crazy, autographed ping-pong paddle. Suddenly, passionately, I found myself praying that somehow the sight of these small things in the little house we shared might bring him back to me from whatever those reserves were into which he had retreated so frighteningly.

I said, shakily, "Well, here it is—just as you left it."

He looked a moment longer before he answered, his eyes traveling around the room. "Yes," he said, and there was

only bitter impatience in his voice, in his tired eyes. "Exactly as I left it, Peggy." And, after a moment, "I guess I'll shower and change clothes. The folks are expecting us."

Halfway down the hall he paused suddenly and pushed a hand against his ribs. Instinctively frightened, I covered the distance between us, crying, "Grif, what is it? Is anything wrong?"

He shook his head slowly and smiled at me, and it seemed to me as if the smile was reluctant, not something belonging to us now, but something left over from the past—from the past when we never looked at each other without smiling. Then his eyes swung away, as if he couldn't bear to look at me.

"Just a stitch. No, Peggy, nothing's wrong. Everthing's wonderful—perfect," he ended bitterly. And then, from halfway up the stairs, he turned again, and this time his voice was gentle. "Sorry, baby—I guess it isn't your fault."

What isn't my fault? I cried silently after him. What isn't my fault? It wasn't my fault that he had met Belinda Corey again, if that was what was wrong. It wasn't my fault that he had discovered that he had made a mistake in marrying me, that he should have married her—if that was what was wrong. But how could it be? How could it be that? You can't mistake love—and Grif had loved me. He'd loved me so. . . .

I heard the thud of his bags as he dropped them upstairs. The sound of his shoes, as he put them down. The whisper of his feet crossing the hall to the bathroom. The squeak of the shower faucet as he turned it on. Grif had come home. Once again I'd find his discarded shirts in untidy heaps be-

hind the closet door. Once again there would be socks to mend. His feet would leave long, wet tracks on the bathroom floor, avoiding, for some reason known only to himself, the bathmat carefully laid out for him. Grif was home, and he was farther away from me than he had been when we were separated by half a world of oceans and islands and continents.

Blindly I changed my dress, combed, and took out my lipstick. I smeared it and wiped it off, and tried again. I was still there, staring dully at my reflection in the glass, when Grif came into the bedroom in fresh clothes, his red hair damp and smooth.

"Ready?" he asked briefly. "Let's go." And we went out and down the steps up which Grif had carried me, laughing, a thousand years ago.

Quickly, almost not of my own volition, I put a hand on his arm to stay him. "Grif, wait. What's wrong, Grif? What's wrong between us? What have I done? You have to tell me—I can't stand this."

HE smiled down at me very gently. "Yes," he admitted. "Something's wrong. It's nothing you've done, Peggy. It's what you haven't done, you, and Mother and—look, I want to get it settled with the folks first. Let me talk to them, and then, tonight, I'll tell you. But let me get settled with them first, please, Peggy!"

Then he hurried me across the lawn, and I had to be content with that.

Grif sat across the table from me in the Baird diningroom, listening while Mother Baird described gaily her battle with the butcher over the steak, the trouble she'd had borrowing red ration points. Grif ate slowly, carefully, as if



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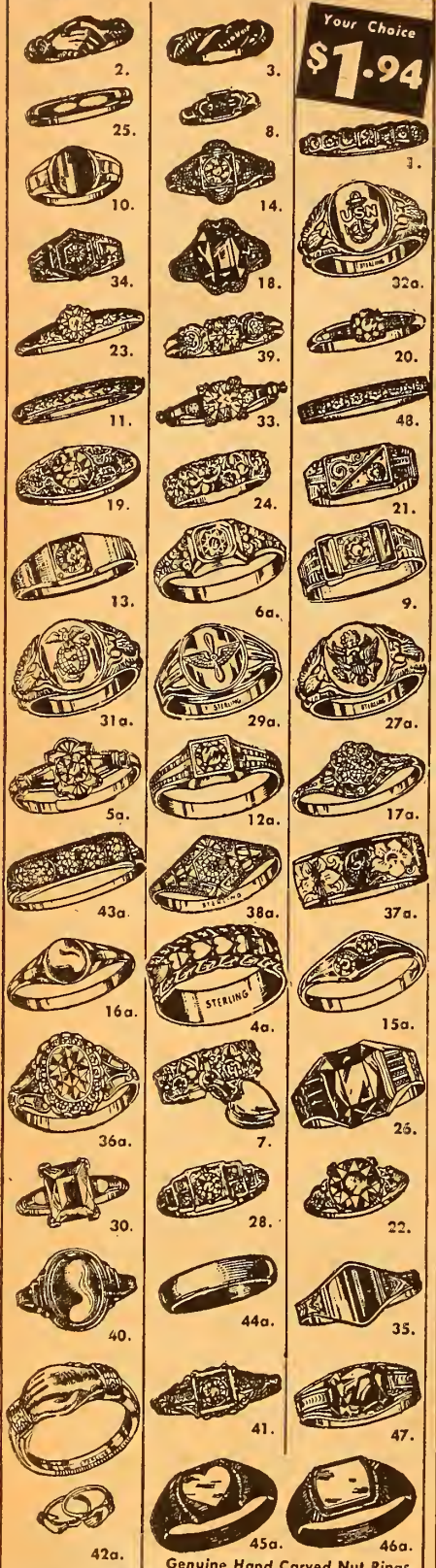
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every bite were an enormous effort.

There was a lot of laughter, old family jokes repeated. But Grif wasn't laughing. A taut irritation grew in his haggard eyes and the sharp line of his jaws as he listened to Father Baird recounting the details of the new subdivision.

"These people are flocking to the coast to work," Father Baird was saying, "making more money than they've ever seen in their lives, and they haven't the faintest idea of the value of property. They'll pay the asking price for a house, and finish the painting themselves."

"So you take them for a ride, sir," Grif said evenly. "It seems to be an old Baird custom to pick up a sucker wherever you find him."

Father Baird's fork stopped with a bite of steak half way to his mouth, and an angry flush ran up into the thin hair on his forehead. Into the sudden silence Mother Baird said, "Griffith! You sound almost impertinent."

It was as if she were speaking to a small child, not to a man who carried nearly three years of war behind his tired eyes.

I said quickly, "I . . . I guess we are all sort of mixed up and tired. Grif and I have a few things to talk over, if you will excuse us now . . ."

I got to my feet and forced myself to walk, not run, from the room. The threat of a quarrel always filled me with this sense of panic. I had lived through so many of them in my childhood.

Grif got to his feet, also, but he didn't follow me out of the room. He just said, "See you later, Peg. I want to talk to the folks."

I was dismissed. I walked down the hall, leaned against the front door for a moment. And Grif's voice caught and held me there. The words were wrong.

He was saying, "I thought for a while that maybe I was wrong about all this. I thought perhaps the war would have shaken you out of your complacency. But it didn't. To you it was nothing but another big deal, another lucky break for the Bairds. And now that it's over, and the plane plant will close down pretty soon, the guys you have swindled on these little jerry-built houses will find themselves stuck with blown-up payments they can't possibly meet. So you'll re-possess these cute little boxes you've frosted over with stucco, take them back on the mortgages, the way you got the old farm in the first place, and after a while you'll re-sell them to the next batch of suckers."

"Griffith, darling," Mother Baird's voice was soft as velvet, as if she were persuading a madman, "you are unstrung by your terrible experiences. You must rest, dear . . ."

"I've done nothing but rest since they carted me into the hospital at Kweilin," Grif broke in. "All I could do was lie there and rest and watch other people sweating their hearts out trying to make two hands do the work of six. I'm so tired of resting and doing nothing about the whole thing that I could push these damned smug walls down."

"Griffith, you have never used such language in your whole life!"

"Sorry," Grif apologized briefly. "But it all adds up to this: I'm going back

to China. Got a job lined up in rehabilitation work."

"You're . . . going back?" Mother Baird sounded faint.

"Yes. A long way back . . . maybe two thousand years or so, and work my way forward with them. I don't suppose it ever occurred to you that there are people in the world who still grind their meal on a rock, who are born hungry and stay hungry as long as they live."

"But you have a medical discharge," Mother Baird reminded him. "You can't go back."

"Not in the Army. Not with my old crew . . ." Grif's voice sank down into his throat and rose again. "Maybe I can't handle a tank any more, but I can walk. Those people over there have been walking for centuries, carrying their lives tied up in a dirty sack on their backs."

"Mother," Father Baird's voice broke in sarcastically, "I think the boy has got religion. He's going to be a missionary among the sore-eyed heathen."

"Oh, Griffith, is that it, dear?" Mother Baird wailed.

"I wouldn't know," Grif told them, his voice held low. "I'm not even sure I know just what you mean by religion. Aside from driving to church every other Sunday in a nice washed and polished car, I haven't had much contact with it."

For a moment there was dead silence in the diningroom. Into that silence Mother Baird said briskly, "Come, darling. Let's just forget the whole thing until tomorrow."

"Yes," Grif said bitterly. "Let's forget the whole thing until tomorrow. Let's not think about anything unpleasant now. We're the Bairds, and we can't be bothered with the agonies of people who are not as lucky as ourselves, or maybe just not as sharp."

"Look here, young man," Father Baird blustered, "You're being cocky and insolent. I won't have you talking like this to your mother."

"I'm not talking to my mother," Grif told him quietly. "My mother died in a waterfront shack after they pulled her out of San Pedro harbor. She had given me away because Dad died and she hadn't had anything to eat for quite a while. After she got over the shock of it she realized what she had done; but it was too late. She had signed the adoption papers, and you wouldn't give me back to her. So she walked off the dock. . . ."

The silence was like something tangible. It was wind and cold rain, and waves washing against a harbor dock. Grif's words echoed through it, repeating themselves in my mind until I grasped the full meaning of what he had said. Not their son at all. . . .

Father Baird was saying haltingly, "Who told you all this?"

"Guy I met in the Army. Used to know my folks when they were teaching in a mission school, before Dad got sick and everything went wrong for them."

"But Griffith," Mother Baird broke in, "We did what we thought was best for you. It seemed wiser not to tell you."

"I think I sort of knew it all the time," Grif's voice was so low I could hardly make out the words. "I can't

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remember when I didn't feel it. Maybe it was just because I was always so lonesome around here."

"Of all the ungrateful pups!" Father Baird roared, "We take a homeless waif into our home, even give him my name . . ."

"I'm not ungrateful. I appreciate all you've done for me, but I would be pretty stupid not to realize why you have done it. You need a son to carry on the name, to manage the business for you when you decide to retire. I'm sorry, sir, but I'm afraid I won't be able to make your investment pay off."

HE added, "I'm leaving for Frisco tomorrow morning to iron out last details before taking over this new job in China. That's what I came home for—to tell you all this. I'd like to have Peg keep the house, if you don't mind. It means a lot to her, and I'll arrange about the payments. Just let her go on thinking that it was an outright gift, with no strings attached, will you?"

I didn't wait to hear any more. I was out of the house and across the garden, running as fast as I could, not caring where I went, wishing that I might never come back. Grif was going away tomorrow . . . tomorrow . . . tomorrow.

The word became a sick chant in my mind as I climbed the hill path, winding up and up until I came out on the summit where an old warped wagon wheel had been set upright in a slab of cement as a memorial to the pioneers who died there in an Indian ambush. I stood there gripping the spokes of the old wheel in both my hands, staring blindly at the wedge of sky beyond, with its impersonal half-moon floating serenely across it.

Grif was going away tomorrow, and

this time he would not be coming back. Everything else—the revelations of that overheard conversation, the shock of seeing Mother and Father Baird in their true character for the first time—was pushed into the background of my thoughts. Tomorrow Grif would be gone, and I'd never see him again.

I was still standing there when Grif walked out of the night. He came up over the summit of the hill and stood for a moment silhouetted against the sky, blotting out the moon, a tall lank figure, pausing to push a hand into his ribs, sending a shaft into my heart.

"Peggy?" he called uncertainly.

I must have answered, for he came toward me and said, "I thought I saw you on the slope a while ago. I've been talking to the folks"

"I know." The words stuck in my throat. "I was in the hall. I didn't mean to listen, but I'm glad I did. Because . . . now you won't have to say it all over again."

After a pause, he said, "Well, that's it. I've arranged everything with the folks. You're to keep the house."

"I don't want it!" I cried, "I don't want it!"

"You . . . don't?" he was really astonished.

Funny he didn't know that all I wanted. . . . I jerked my mind away from the thought and said, "You're not their son at all."

"No." He was looking at me strangely. "Sorry. I didn't know about that, of course, when I asked you to marry me."

"How could that make any difference?" I cried, winking back the tears that kept stinging my eyes. "Except that now it may make a difference to Belinda. The Coreys are the sort of

people who care about such things."

There! It was out—the wild jealousy which had been tearing me to pieces. This was the core of the whole thing, the cause for Grif's change toward me. What else could it be but another girl? What else could have made him want to leave me?

"I'm a little slow on the uptake," Grif was saying, "I didn't get what you were saying about Belinda Corey."

"It's so darned obvious!" I was trying hard to keep my voice from shaking. "And so right. I can see it all now. You and Belinda growing up together in the same crowd, and you going away, and her letters, and everything. I guess women are pretty blind about such things. I didn't even guess, until I saw you getting off the train together. But now I can see how it is. You're just right for each other, that's all. You have so many things in common."

GRIF was still looking at me through the stiff spokes of the old wheel. I was glad it stood between us, to keep me from being crazy and flinging myself into his arms.

"Yes," he drawled, and there was the old familiar edge of laughter in his voice. "So many things in common, such as the battle of the dining car on a crowded train, and sharing the same seat in a chair car after I finally convinced her that it was a war that caused the cancellation of her pullman reservations."

I guess I didn't breathe for a while. Finally I said, "You mean . . . that's all?"

"That's all."

I felt the earth shaking under me, or maybe it was just my own body. "Grif . . . would you mind saying that

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all over again?" And I waited, tensely. He was coming around the wheel, catching my taut hands off the spokes and holding them in fingers that were like a vise.

"Hey!" he said in a funny voice, "I didn't know you cared like this."

"You didn't know!"

"No, I didn't."

His voice was still funny and far away, as if he were talking to himself more than to me. "I thought it was just something I dreamed—feather stuff, soft music, rosy lights. Your letters, for example—nothing but casual, and shiny as a new paint job. You had a new hat. The stores were fresh out of your size in really good hose. Stuff like that. From where I was standing, the whole thing began to sound pretty thin and phony."

"But that's what they kept telling me to write!"

"Who told you?"

"Everyone. The magazine articles. People. Mother Baird."

"SOUNDS like Mother Baird," he said. "Fact is, if your handwriting hadn't been different, I wouldn't have been able to tell which one of you was talking."

"You mean," I was staring up at him in amazement and unbelief, "you didn't want me to be like Mother Baird . . . not ever?"

"Does a man . . . any man . . . want a beautiful spoiled brat for a wife?"

"That's funny!" The tears were suddenly flooding down my face and I didn't even try to check them. "That's so very funny I could laugh myself to death." Anger washed over me, taking the place of hurt and misery. "And all the time I was dying to tell you about the bugs that ate up my victory garden and the furniture I built for the day nursery. It would have been so much fun to tell you what a time I was having trying to take care of twenty-seven little wigglers while their mothers worked in the plane plant, and how the paint curled up and came off the porch floor and had to be scraped with a knife and steel wool before I could paint it again. But of course I mustn't worry you with such things. Everything must be perfect for dear little Grif. He mustn't be bothered with the blisters on my hands."

Grif stood there for a long time, just looking down at me, then turned my hands over and pushed his face down into my cupped palms.

After a while he said, "How could I be married to a girl and know so little about her?"

"Because it was never really our marriage. It was theirs! They planned it down to the last crumb of wedding cake. They cut out our homesite and pasted a paper house on it, and I was too dumb to realize that they were merely using me for bait—a model house and starry-eyed bride to show the prospective buyers."

I jerked my hands away and rubbed the tears off my cheeks savagely. Words were crowding my throat now, jerking up from my heart.

"So you never had a chance to know me, really, because I was always trying to be like Mother Baird. I . . . oh, can't you understand? I never had anything when I was growing up. My mother and I built the only home we ever had out of scrap lumber and tar paper we salvaged from an abandoned warehouse. Our furniture was empty cheese crates and nail kegs picked up beside the tracks in Kansas City. Mom died of an infection because she was too

proud to call a doctor she couldn't pay. My father got drunk all the time and slapped us around. One night he killed a man in a drunken fight and died in jail before his trial was finished.

"Those people in China," I hurried on, "I know just how they feel. I never had enough to eat, either, until I got big enough to work out on a farm in Kansas, helping to cook for harvest hands. The first time the woman I worked for told me to sit down at the big table and eat anything I wanted, I thought she was crazy."

Grif stood there, not moving, as the words spilled out. "You wouldn't know, of course, that I hitch-hiked west in clothes from a rummage sale, with three dollars I had saved from a summer's work. They were swell to me at the Y . . ."

I hunted for a handkerchief and Grif pushed his into my hand.

"I didn't want you to know," I was mopping angrily at my tears, "I thought you would be ashamed. But that's only the beginning of it. There are plenty of other things we never really knew."

"Yes," Grif caught my hands and folded them tight between his own. "Things like how much I love you, Peg."

"Then why don't you take me with you? I just don't understand how a man can love his wife, and want to go off and leave her."

"He can't," Grif's arms were around me, now, his face pressed down tight against mine.

"Forgive me, Peg," he said gently, "for being so blind. All the time I was in the hospital over there I was threshing it out. No nylons, no electric cake mixers, maybe only a mud hut to live in. A girl like Peg had to be where things are smooth and easy. She wouldn't understand why I had to go back and work in a mess like that. Yes, believe it or not, that's what I kept telling myself."

We both laughed, then, and just stood there, looking at each other. The old wagon wheel waited quietly.

I PUT out a hand and touched it gently and said, "The pioneers must have had a great life, really, pushing off into new country, never knowing what lay ahead."

"That's what we'll be doing in China, Peg. It's a new country, but it's so pitifully old and tired. Does that make sense? Remind me to tell you what I mean sometime."

"Tell me now," I laughed.

Grif was looking down at me in the moonlight. I could feel his heart pounding hard against mine as he pulled me close.

"No," he said slowly. "Not now. . . ."

The moon was a pale gray ghost and the sunrise was rosy when we started down the mountain, our hands locked together and swinging between us.

"Funny, isn't it," I said, "yesterday at this time everything was all mixed up between us."

"But that was yesterday." A lock of rusty hair blew down across his forehead and he lifted my hand, inside his own, to brush it back. "Who was the fellow who said 'this yesterday is not an ancient bone to gnaw upon in futile numb regret. It is a cloud that floats beyond the hill, dissolved in distance, something to forget' . . . ?"

If I had known the poet's name, I wouldn't have been able to remember it now. For Grif had stopped again on the hill path to catch me up close in his arms.

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Thanksgiving Day with Bachelor's Children

(Continued from page 25)

She gave the child to Dr. Bob, and all her confidence in him was in her gesture as she looked at him.

"We didn't mean to let him fall," Mary Ann was explaining in a frightened voice. "We were holding him—"

"We just gave the swing a little push—a real little one," Bobby chimed in. "And then he—he—"

"He just fell out!" Barbara looked ready to start crying again at any moment.

"It's all right, darlings," Janet said. They herded the children to the house.

Ellen was following after the Grahams making little soothing noises at every step. "There, there," she kept saying. "There, there."

"I think it's okay," Dr. Bob called over his shoulder. "Just a skinned knee."

But was it only that, Ellen thought. Could Dr. Bob only be trying to calm them? She hovered outside the study door, after it shut behind him and Ruth Ann and Jimmy.

THEN the door opened and the doctor came out. "Just as I thought," he said cheerfully. "A little skin rubbed off—that's all." Over his shoulder Ellen could see Jimmy, his tears dried, sitting on his mother's lap and regarding the bandage on his knee proudly.

Ellen gave a sigh of relief, and then a little shriek. "The rolls!" she cried. And she flew back to the kitchen.

Janet found her there a moment later, looking ruefully at one blackened pan. "Burned to a crisp!" she declared. "They're uneatable. The dinner's ruined!"

"Of course it isn't," Janet comforted her. "Look, the other three pans are all right, and they'll be plenty for us."

To Dr. Bob, alone in his study, the house, after its small flurry of excitement, was very still. It hummed softly with only the small, ordinary sounds—distant sounds from the kitchen, distant voices from the livingroom where the children played more quietly with Sam, the faint crackle of the fire in the fireplace. There are moments when for no reason, the most everyday things take on a new and clear significance, and this was such a moment for him.

There was peace. Peace here in this house, in his heart, and in the world. The guns had been stilled only a short time ago and everywhere, weary people were trying to find what he had, right now, in this quiet room of an old farmhouse. What was it? For himself, he had his skill, his home, his wife, his children and his friends. And in all of them, he found a surpassing love and contentment. That should be enough. But it wasn't quite. There was more to it than that. Somehow, before you could know it fully in yourself, you had to make sure that other people had it too. That was it. Somehow. . .

Ruth Ann knocked at the door. "Dinner, dear," she called. "Dinner's ready."

Dr. Bob walked slowly into the diningroom. They were all there, waiting for him. Somehow he had to tell them what he felt. There was, really, only one way.

His voice was deep with emotion as he bowed his head and said aloud: "Dear Lord, make us truly thankful. . ."



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All Our Tomorrows

(Continued from page 39)

his favorite spot. But sometimes his presence, real or fancied, had seemed restless. As though Bill wanted to communicate with me and could not.

Now, since Kirk was beside me, the restlessness had vanished. The loneliness had disappeared. There were three of us here—it seemed to me—and we were friends.

Proof that Kirk wanted no more of me than these easy hours we spent together—I had thought—was that he never questioned my not inviting him into my house. I couldn't do it. Inside those walls were all the real and intangible things that bound me to Bill.

Others—strangers—could come in that door, and leave no imprint of their being there. But Kirk... no!... I was afraid. Afraid that his coming would shatter that mystic exclusiveness of a union that was stronger than death.

No, I believed, Kirk understood. He had no wish to intrude... to come closer to me.

But I was wrong.

IT was an evening when we were sitting, tired and relaxed, after two hours of steady digging to uncover the last tender bulbs and pack them away in warm, dirt-covered boxes for protection against the coming frost. Now it was dusk. Kirk had donned a thick sweater and I had thrown a heavy scarf around my shoulders for protection against the chill of the evening.

"Jan, it looks as if this might be one of the last evenings we can spend like this out-of-doors. I hate to see the fall go, but it's been so long since I've seen snow—real snow—we can have four-foot logs inside winter evenings and roast those chestnuts we gathered."

Without thinking I let myself be drawn into this delightful planning.

"And there's Basby's Hill. It's perfect for sledding. I haven't been on a sleigh since I was a kid but I saw a big one and still good in your barn the other day when we were cleaning it out." Crisp, moonlit night. The freezing wind that whipped the blood in your cheeks to a ruddy glow. The feel of strong arms holding you on the swooping, perilous slide. I could feel myself getting more and more excited.

"Thanksgiving dinner!" he was matching my mood. "Last Thanksgiving I ate in a mess hall with a hundred other guys and it was pouring rain and the enemy guns were too darn close for comfort. But this year—I'll help you cook it, Jan. We'll light those candles I've seen in your bay window and stuff ourselves and then take ourselves for a walk and come back and eat cold turkey—"

He stopped suddenly. He must, even in the dusk, have seen the fearful awareness in my face; felt the stiffening in my body.

Kirk in my house! Kirk lighting the candles that Bill had placed there in the window against his own home-coming! I couldn't—it couldn't be!

And yet I knew that this was a crossroads. I had been stupid to think that Kirk would be content to disappear from my life except for a casual sleigh ride or two.

I had been stupid not to see that Kirk was falling in love with me.

And what about me? Could I give him up? Could I wrench out of my life this wonderful, precious closeness with him? Turn my back and return

Before and after



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to loneliness? Give up everything I suddenly saw he had come to mean to me? Kirk! . . . darling! . . .

I was in his arms. They were strong and sure around me, holding me as if we rightfully, naturally, belonged together. His mouth was on mine. It had been so long since a man had kissed me—but Kirk was not just anyone. He loved me and my lips were not stiff and cold and unyielding but shaped in the forever answer to his seeking. The tight, closed shell of my heart opened and the sweeping, yielding tide of passion rushed over me.

This was not my first kiss. And I was not a girl. I was a woman who knew the meaning of a man's desire and now my body moved irresistibly close to his in near-surrender. All of the deep physical needs in me that had been denied so long were on the surface now, heightened by the hard firmness of his arms around me, by the maddening closeness of his strength.

There was gladness and joy in our kiss. It was right. It was good. And a strange, unbidden sense came over me that Bill was there and still it was glad and joyful.

BUT only for a second. The thought of Bill came and came back—and lingered—and changed. Even as I drew away from that embrace, even as I felt Kirk's eyes tenderly lingering on mine—memories were thrusting themselves upon me. Memories of Bill.

But this was Kirk! My heart swung in agony. I fought to forget—but the words came back to me, those words of over a year ago, insistently reminding:

"Remember, darling—if anything happens to me, it will be all right because our love is stronger than death. I know you'll always be true to me." Bill's last words to me.

Kirk was looking at me, startled and puzzled, and I realized that I had repeated those words aloud.

"What is it, Jan? What are you saying?" he asked, and there was a waiting dread in his low voice.

"My husband said that to me before—before he was killed." I had drawn away from Kirk and there was a little space between us. Only, to me, in my imagination, that space was filled—with the ghost of a tall, beloved, uniformed figure.

"I'm sorry, Kirk. I had no right to let you kiss me." Now the words came hurrying from me. "Although that's not quite honest. I wanted you to. But it was a momentary weakness. There can never be anyone else for me because, you see, it's true. Bill is alive to me even now."

There was understanding in Kirk's eyes, and pain. He did not attempt to touch me.

"Are you sure you know what he meant, darling? I know that you love Bill and your feeling for him will never die. I couldn't resent it. It could only make you a richer person. But he is dead." Now his voice was gentle. "You can't give him all there is of passion and love in you for the living—for me."

I shook my head and the shining drops fell on my cheeks. "Can't you understand? It's a pledge, Kirk. Bill knows I will always be true to him."

"To thine own self be true—it follows as the night the day—thou can't not then be false to any man" he quoted. "Shakespeare knew what he was talking about. Surely you can see that, Jan—that that is what Bill meant. Surely you can see that denial of this thing between us is wrong?"

For a moment I wavered. His words had struck a deep core of *knowing*—but then my betrayal of Bill rose up and confronted me. My promise to him had been a dedication and I must not falter again from that trust. I could not stand that the ghost of Bill should leave me or linger, accusingly, outside the circle that would be Jan and Kirk.

I turned and stumbled up the path. Behind me, Muffet crouched on the flagstones at Kirk's feet, bewildered. I had to call, in tear-choked voice, over and over again before the old cat rose and unwillingly followed me into the house.

I must not see Kirk again. That resolve was firm and stubborn in me, though it meant tearing out of my heart this new, this budding, love by its very roots. Somehow I would have to forget him. Somehow I would have to regain that old tranquillity, that choking-off of emotions, which had meant peace to me before I met Kirk.

That it wouldn't be easy I knew. Lying on my bed that night I could feel the remembered rapture of his kiss stealing over me. Every word he had said to me; the way he would turn his head, slowly, to look at me over those examination papers; the hours we had spent together; the fun we had had in prowling through his old house and barn, exclaiming over some new-found treasure buried under the debris of years; the beautiful panelling we had uncovered together by stripping away the layers of cheap wallpaper in his diningroom—

Unable to sleep I wandered downstairs. In my first days of grief over Bill's death I had often done this and each time, with every step through the house, I had felt his presence more strongly, more closely—until my grief had been overpowered by the comfort of his reality to me.

IT was a ritual I knew and my feet carried me slowly through every familiar path of the way. Here, by the old clock—here I would find him—or, perhaps, here in the kitchen doorway where he used to lounge and watch me working—

But Bill was not there! I couldn't find him!

The coldness and the emptiness I encountered became a terrifying thing. And when I reached the bay window seat and the candles he had placed for me I was shaking with fear. What had I done that Bill had gone away from me! Frantically I whispered to him there in the dark:

"I'm yours, darling—I always will be. Forgive me for that one moment of forgetting. It won't happen again. There will always be just the two of us. Tell me again that our love is stronger than death. Tell me, darling!"

I waited, listening. Before, whether I pretended it had been an actual whisper from the dark around me, or whether I knew it was only the fullness of my heart speaking, there had always been an answer to my yearnings. But now there was nothing.

Nothing but the wind sighing outside in the trees. Nothing but the little settling creakings of a house at nighttime. Not even the purrings of Muffet who was usually at my heels on these nocturnal pilgrimages.

I had never been so alone in my life—alone—and deserted.

The days that followed were no better. Like a candle that has been snuffed, the glow had gone from my house. There was no one, no presence, there beside me. (Continued on page 94)

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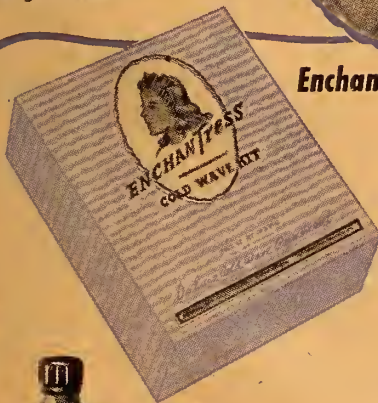


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(Continued from page 92)

Even Muffet refused to come in except to eat and sleep. She haunted that corner of the garden that Bill had called his favorite and where Kirk and I had discovered our love. At night I could hear her keening mournfully, as cats do when they sense trouble or when they lose someone they love. Her kittens were my only company and at times I could hardly bear their unthinking, uncaring absorption in their own play.

I made a point of never meeting Kirk on the street or venturing out to the tool shed if I knew he was home. Our hours of work were different so the problem was slight.

And only once did he send me a message, a folded piece of paper wadded into Muffet's collar. My heart ached as I read it, but it was a numb ache, stunned by the discipline I had imposed upon it:

"Jan, darling—I could fight the living for you, but not the dead. I can't reason against your obstinate loyalty except to say that it is wrong. Please say, over and over again to yourself—

Kirk loves me. Kirk loves me. There aren't any other words."

AFTER that first night I had never again tried to find Bill's guidance. It was my heart that would have to be changed, the new treacherous love torn out—I was convinced—before I could find him again. Those hours I had spent with Kirk had meant a slow, sure, steady growth of feeling that was more powerful than anything I could imagine. I wanted Kirk in a thousand different ways: to talk to, to work with, to laugh with, to hold me in his arms and kiss me over and over again.

Only time could destroy those yearnings. Only time could give me back my former sense of completeness and tranquil satisfaction.

Perhaps it wasn't love I felt for Kirk. Couldn't it have been just that he was there and attractive and I was lonely? Couldn't it have been that the desires awakened in me by my marriage, frustrated so long, had spilled over and called themselves "love"? That it had only been a sex-attraction, trying to justify itself?

I couldn't be in love with two men at one time.

The evenings I dreaded most of all, especially those hours I had been accustomed to spending with Kirk. Then unhappiness would settle on me like a weight, the slow hours and unbearable oppression. That particular day two weeks later was one of those special ones—crisp, miraculous—that October sometimes gives us in her caprice. What leaves still remained on the trees were wine-stained against the clear blue of the skies. The air set your blood tingling—even mine, even in spite of the terrible lassitude that had crept over me those past weeks. Coming home from work my feet scuffed the dried leaves on the pavement and the breeze played madly in my hair.

I had to pass Kirk's house. Usually I turned my head the other way, in spite of the fact that I knew he wouldn't be home at this hour.

But today something caught my eyes. It was a stooping, elderly overalled figure and I knew him too well to pass by without saying hello.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Parker. When are you coming over to put up my storm windows for me?" Mr. Parker was odd-jobs man for our small town and we had been acquaintances for years.

"In a day or two, Miz Thurston. Just

as soon as I get through with this job here and then one more—”

“This job here?” I echoed him. Then he moved aside and I saw what he had been accidentally obstructing from my view.

A sign. A For Sale sign, on Kirk's lawn. And now I realized other things—that furniture was piled up on the front porch, some of it crated, all of it ready for moving. Already the house had a deserted look, forlorn and untenanted.

I could hardly speak over the painful lump in my throat. Fear and panic were making my heart race.

“Is—is Mr. Meryweather leaving?”

“Aye—moving clear across town.” Mr. Parker answered, cheerfully. “This is nearly the last of it. I'll have just one more small load tomorrow—beds and stuff. Guess Mr. Meryweather's planning to sleep here tonight but after that you'll be losing a neighbor.”

I moved on with dragging feet. It was a shock I couldn't quite grasp—Kirk's leaving. He'd be way across town from me; his work at the college and mine in the hat shop would never again bring us, even accidentally, in touch.

I knew what it meant. Kirk had finally accepted my decision and was doing what he could to help me. He was moving away so that we would not be so painfully conscious of each other's nearness. This was the end.

IT had been a lie I had been living. I had persuaded myself I was trying to put Kirk out of my heart, yet I had never once forgotten that he was there next door, that at any time I could have run across to him and his waiting arms. It had been something held in reserve, a well-if-it-doesn't-work-out-I-can-always—sort of feeling. And it had been self-deceit.

Now I was having my wish and it was Kirk who was giving it to me. I would really be left alone with my memories and my past. He would not be there to intrude, except in my dreams. The pain inside me swelled until I could hardly stand it. Kirk gone! Not even that light in his window to remind me that he was there—

But he was right. If I were ever to get over caring for him, it would be much easier if he were gone. After tomorrow I wouldn't see him again. This was our last night as neighbors.

Suddenly a gust of wind blew through the house. The French window leading out into the garden banged violently open. I sat—astounded and afraid. I was sure I had latched that door!

I got up slowly to close it. For some reason my heart was beginning to beat violently. I neared the door, moving like someone in a dream, feeling a strange sense of compulsion, a confused sense of being led against my will.

And when I reached the door the cold wind that had been making me shiver, stopped. Stopped suddenly and completely. Around me there was a stillness and an unnatural, a wonderful, feeling of warmth—protective and comforting. How long I stood there with

CORRECTION

Drigo's Serenade, Song of the Month in the October issue of Rodio Romances, was printed by permission of Goloxy Music Corporation, New York, on behalf of J. & W. Chester, Ltd., London. In error this information was omitted from Page 48 of the October issue.

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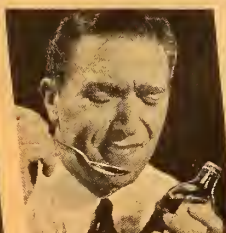
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my hand on the door I do not know. I know that it was long enough for the fear in my heart to soften, quietly. Long enough for a strength that wasn't my own and a calm that didn't come from within me to settle itself around me like a cloak thrown around my shoulders by a loving hand.

I didn't close the door. I didn't want to. I walked, unthinking, unasking, unquestioning, along the path I knew so well, the path that led to that one corner of the garden. To Bill's corner. And the sheltering warmth went with me. I felt nothing—not the cold that made the stars so clear overhead, nor the wind I saw ruffling through the trees. I went as in a daze. My heart seemed suspended in my body and that strange, unreal calm never left me.

Was it real?—did love so transcend the barriers of time and space and death—that it led me and guided me that night? Or was it only my own heart and desire? *Those are the questions I ask myself today in the cold light of reason, now that it is all over. But that night I didn't question. I didn't want to know.*

THAT one corner of the garden was my destination. *Hurry, Hurry!* something seemed to whisper urgently in my ear.

And then I heard it—the insistent, mournful wailing of a cat.

It was Muffet, lying there under the shelter of the hedge where she had crawled in an effort to get through, to Kirk's side. Her head was turned—not towards me—but to the house next door and I realized that her howls had been going on for some time, rising in crescendo when the wind failed, barely audible when the wind rose again in fury. And even as I reached her I saw lights flash on in Kirk's kitchen and I knew he had heard the wailing, too.

I knelt down beside her—and all the calm and peace deserted me! It was as if a giant hand had squeezed my hand in terror. For Muffet was dying. Even as I knelt and tried to lift her, the old cat gave one last shudder and stiffened in death.

For the little space that I held my breath I couldn't believe it. Why had I been brought out here in so strange a way—why had I been led there, to this tragedy? Why had the impulse—if that was what it was—come too late? When Muffet was already beyond hope? Muffet . . . whom Bill had loved most dearly next to me? There was no sense or reason in what had happened, in remembering the untroubled peace that had descended upon me when I walked out through those French windows a few minutes ago.

Tears blinded my eyes as I stroked Muffet's head for the last time. I stood up, my body shaking with grief.

The banging of Kirk's kitchen door was like a pistol shot, startling me so that I stumbled and my foot kicked against a hard object that rang like glass. It rolled under my foot and, absent-mindedly, I picked it up. I turned it over and over in my hand, not really seeing it. Across the wide expanse of wintry lawn that stretched between our two houses I recognized Kirk's silhouette against the light of his kitchen door. Then it was gone and I knew he was walking toward me, slowly, hesitantly.

The little object in my hand was beginning to make an impression on my brain. I couldn't see it—but I knew it was familiar to me. My mind groped for recognition. Then, suddenly I knew!

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The ant poison! The little bottle half-filled with poisonous liquid that Kirk had put in what he thought was a "safe place"! It had been that that had killed Muffet! Somehow the old cat had ferreted it out. Somehow she had managed to get the top off and drink the sweet-tasting liquid! Horror held me motionless.

But if, outside, I was rigid and turned to stone, inside I was seething with chaotic emotions. Unbelief—and self-reproach—and pity—

But it was hate that emerged the strongest. Hate for the man who had done this to Muffet! Hate for Kirk who had been—even though unwittingly—the instrument of Muffet's death.

Had this been why I had been guided here? So that I would see that this man was evil to me and mine? So that I would realize he had come into the Garden of Eden Bill and I had made, to kill and betray? First it had been my loyalty and my heart he had taken away from my dead husband—now it was Muffet whom Bill had given me for a protection and a reminder.

Kirk was coming—still too far away for me to see his face distinctly. But he would be beside me in a minute. I fanned the anger inside of me to a white-hot glow, to give me the courage to say the cruel things I knew were necessary if I were to drive this man away from me and out of my life. The words trembled on my lips. I took a step forward.

Go back! I wanted to scream. Leave us alone—you have no place here in my garden! Leave me alone with my dead and my memories. The dead that you have killed and the memories you have tried to spoil!

THE wind tore around me, chilling me to the bone, forcing me to stop, to bend against its will. Everything around me seemed unfamiliar, the trees and shrubs distorted in the wind's fury. I was glad of that—glad that nothing was the same to remind me of the hours I had spent there with Kirk and the sweetness that had grown between us.

I could keep faith with Bill now. I could say the things that would hurt and drive Kirk away.

And then, suddenly—that sheltering, protecting warmth was back again, enveloping me!

"To thine own self be true—"

The words came loudly, spoken clearly. I looked across at Kirk but he was still too far away. It couldn't have been he who had spoken. The words had come from behind me. Slowly I turned, knowing even as I did so, that I wouldn't find anyone there.

But I had heard those words! "To thine own self be true—" the words that Kirk had used, but the voice was not Kirk's. Had it really been Bill, reaching across to me from that last barrier, coming to me because I needed him so greatly?

It seemed unbelievable—beyond human understanding. But I knew that the words had been real. I knew, too, that, with one clean stroke, they had wiped away the whole of the anger that had been pouring white-hot through my body. Like a caress they had healed me. Like a veil torn away they had opened my eyes.

Had it really been Bill who had guided me here—but for another purpose than the one I had first supposed? Thoughts tumbled through my mind in the swift second that Kirk reached the hedge. It seemed to me that in that same second I was being re-born—all my ideas and values turned upside

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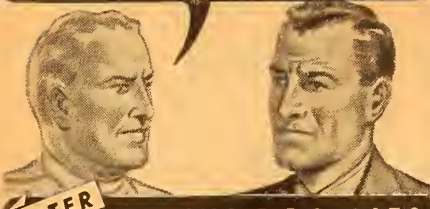
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Could it have been that Bill knew I loved Kirk? Knew and approved? Knew that there was only this one night left to bring us together? Had he seen that the half-mystic, half-fleshly bonds that held me to the dead were wrong? Bill knew my stubborn pride and my more stubborn loyalty. Had he seen that I would never go to Kirk of my own accord or give up the falsity and the emptiness that held me to the past?

I remembered other things—that it had been Muffet who had first brought me to Kirk. It had been the cat who had made possible the beginnings of our friendship. If Muffet's death were a sacrifice, was that a cause for grief and hatred? The cat was old and she had never been really happy since Bill had gone away. Maybe she was happier now. Perhaps Bill had known that she was my last living tie with him and that in a new life she would be a constant reminder of the old. A new life that Muffet might never have adjusted to.

BILL wanted me to marry Kirk! I was suddenly, completely, sure of that. The enchantment that had surrounded our afternoons in the garden had been almost unearthly at times. The peace that had enfolded and nurtured our growing love was like a gift from someone who wished us well.

Perhaps Bill had never come back to me, really. Those things I couldn't pretend to understand. Perhaps it had only been my own heart refusing to contain that awful, unnatural hatred I had forced into it. But I believed in what Bill had said to me: "... love is stronger than death." More than that I didn't need to know.

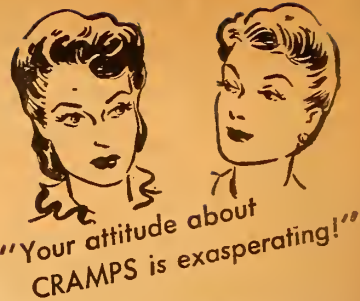
And now Kirk was beside me. "Jan—oh, my poor darling!" he had seen Muffet. "I thought I heard her wailing. I couldn't sleep, knowing that this was my last night near you." He crouched down to touch her and then straightened.

His arms reached out for me. Behind my back I threw away the little glass jar. Kirk must never know what had caused Muffet's death.

I walked gratefully into his embrace. "Hold me tight, Kirk. Never let me go. I want to cry a little bit because she was so sweet."

"She never liked to see you cry, Jan." His voice was gentle and his lips on my cheek were tender. "It was her time to go. She was an old, old cat." But I knew he cared, too. "I'll never let you go again, Jan. I don't know what the miracle is that has changed you and brought us together but, whatever it is, it will be the two of us, for always."

The two of us. Bill would live with me now only in memories that were beautiful and good. If he had come back to me in that moment when I needed him so much, then he must know now that his mission was complete. His work was passed on to us, the living. It would be just Kirk and I, now, to fulfill the things for which Bill had died—freedom and a house to live in, love that was decent and honorable, the children to grow up after us and believe in the ideals for which Bill had fought and died.



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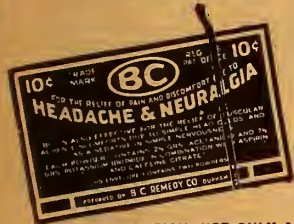
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Unseen Enemy

(Continued from page 41)

symptoms of some three thousand sufferers from rheumatic fever. He checked his findings against the symptoms of thousands of patients who had every other disease but rheumatic fever. Then he selected a group of one hundred and sixty-two rheumatic patients for a long study. He writes that he selected these particulars cases, because they were the sickest, but at the same time the cleverest and brightest. He said it was remarkable how intelligent these painfully sick children were, especially about their own illness. He calls them his co-workers.

These cases showed some amazing things. But in all his long studies, one thing stood out most prominently. He checked and rechecked until he was certain. Rheumatism, rheumatic heart failure, not only the recurrences, but new cases, too, generally came ten days or two weeks after the patient had had a cold, or a sore throat—especially a sore throat.

THERE'S the case of one fourteen-year-old boy, a tough, hardy, fighting New York boy. After a sore throat, from which he recovered all right, this boy had had an attack of sore joints and shortness of breath—a symptom that generally goes with some form of heart disease. It took months in the hospital, but he got well and returned to his normal life. Dr. Coburn knew the boy's heart had been affected by the rheumatic fever, but it didn't seem to bother the boy much, or keep him from his usual and strenuous activities.

Then the boy got pneumonia. They only saved his life by keeping him in an oxygen tent for a week. But the peculiar thing was that, while pneumonia microbes were teeming in his body and almost killed him, his heart never showed the least sign of weakening. He got better and was sent home. In a few weeks, he had a violent case of boils—and boils are also caused by very destructive microbes. But, still, his heart never fluttered.

Then, this boy got an ordinary sore throat again. A couple of weeks after his throat was better, he was rushed to the hospital. He had pains in his back and such terrific pains over his heart that he could hardly stand it. His heart was now galloping and pumping furiously. In sixteen days, he was dead. He died not of a sore throat, mind you, but of rheumatism.

Not every sore throat leads to this. Remember that. A great deal of diligent research has led to the discovery that it takes a special kind of sore throat, caused by a special kind of microbe—and that the sore throat has to attack a victim who is especially susceptible to rheumatic fever.

At the moment, there isn't even any specific treatment for rheumatic fever. The best that can be done is to give sedatives and narcotics to ease the pain. Some doctors hold out the hope that by using sulfa drugs—in advance, before the sore throats are realities—the disease can be prevented altogether. But that's just an idea, at the moment, and there are many arguments against it—one of the big ones being that patients so treated may find they're growing a special type of sulfa-resistant microbe. All doctors agree that it's important to guard against sore throats and colds as much as possible and by every means—keeping in good condi-

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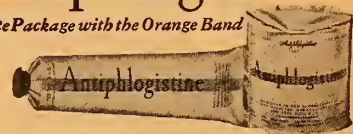
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tion, eating properly, avoiding overexertion and preventing chills in bad weather.

Dr. Coburn, in the course of his studies, also discovered that rheumatic fever is practically unknown in warm and very sunny climates. A tropical country like Puerto Rico has almost no cases among its residents. And this made Dr. Coburn think. Because Puerto Rico is riddled with poverty—one of the contributing factors, Dr. Coburn felt, to the prevalence of the disease in northern places. Dr. Coburn set out to find out why this was so. He took ten of the sickest children in his ward—one of them close to death—to Puerto Rico for six months. In six months, every one of those children was completely cured. Dr. Coburn proved that climate had something to do with it. He couldn't prove how.

He was able to take those ten children to Puerto Rico, because a generous couple gave him the money. He had to bring them back after six months, because the money gave out. The next spring, three of those cured and healthy children suffered recurrent attacks of rheumatic fever—and died. The months between February and May are the most dangerous for susceptible people.

The point is that most people can't afford to send their children to Puerto Rico, or Florida, or California for several months out of every year to guard them against death. The thing that needs to be done is to concentrate as much attention on this killer andcrippler of children as has been given to tuberculosis and infantile paralysis.

There have been huge campaigns to raise money to fight the other two diseases. So far, there have been none to raise money to fight this one.

More and more doctors and health authorities are coming round to the view that rheumatic fever must be taken as seriously as tuberculosis and infantile paralysis. In some places this has already started.

In Syracuse, for instance, there is a city-wide program to fight this disease. The Syracuse University College of Medicine, the Syracuse Memorial Hospital, public schools and parochial schools and numerous other agencies are tackling rheumatic fever in a concentrated fashion. The funds come from American Legion Post No. 41 and from various service clubs and private individuals. They are doing a heroic job. But even they are falling far short of what would be an adequate program to fight this menace on a realistic basis.

Such a program would require:

That all doctors, nurses and teachers in the country's school system be specially trained to recognize rheumatic fever in school children;

That every community in these United States have specially trained medical and nursing staffs at public clinics—open to all—to check every child suspected of having rheumatic fever. And, since there's a suspicion that the tendency to this disease is hereditary, adequate staffs to check each child's family;

That every community should have enough visiting nurses' and social

workers to make sure that rheumatic children—once they are released from hospitals—get the proper care at home. Since this proper care can often be beyond the means of the majority of families in which rheumatic fever turns up, every community should have sufficient funds to provide each child with the proper care. By proper care is meant, children should sleep alone in well ventilated rooms, lots of warmth, a balanced diet rich in resistance building foods, and parents who learn that overexertion and getting chilled are bad for the rheumatic child, but outdoor exercise with other children is not;

That there should be plenty of sanatoriums so that every child in the acute stages of first attack or recurrences may have a bed and expert care. And that each such institution should have teachers and occupational therapists in sufficient number to keep the children up in their school work and to develop new interests;

That there should be lots of convalescent homes, where children can be built up after their long stay at hospitals;

And that there should be large sums of money for research, so that the real cause of rheumatic fever can be found and then a cure and then a real preventive. Funds are also needed to educate doctors on what is so far known about this disease and, almost as important, to teach the public as much about rheumatic fever as it has been taught about tuberculosis.

This is a big program. But so was the program against tuberculosis. So was the

program against infantile paralysis. But remember, this disease attacks more children than either one of these two. Then, remember this—that millions of dollars are spent on infantile paralysis research, to every hundred thousand spent on rheumatic fever. The Federal Children's Bureau estimates that the only way a real fight can be carried on against this disease would be to spend about fifteen million dollars a year on it, for at least five years.

A lot of interest has to be aroused in a program, before that much money can be raised. That kind of interest was aroused over tuberculosis and infantile paralysis. Now it's rheumatic fever's turn.

There is interest in it. Doctors are interested. Parents and teachers are interested. And children—most of all.

The story of rheumatic fever carries its own moral. I hope that people will heed it. Having seen many cases of rheumatic fever, when I was working in a general hospital, having watched the suffering it causes and knowing what desperate inroads it makes into the hearts of its victims for all their lives, I hope very much that people will heed that moral.

If we are really going to make our children's world a better one, we'll have to make their bodies as free from disease as science can. But science needs our help; we must understand and spread its discoveries.

If you want your children to have a chance to grow up healthy and strong—you may have to fight for it.





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