

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF

Radio Romances

AUGUST

15¢



JERI SULLAVAN

EXCITING COLOR PICTURES YOU ASKED TO SEE

LORA LAWTON • RIGHT TO HAPPINESS • GINNY SIMMS

Janet Blair IN "TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT"
A COLUMBIA PICTURE



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Give your lips the dramatic appeal of the Color Harmony Shade for your type... glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds, all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood*. One dollar.

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REDHEAD



Complete your make-up
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FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

Max Factor - Hollywood

Dates depend on Daintiness—

guard that bath-freshness
with Mum

Well!! That man you've had your eye on finally up and asked for a date! You've got to *look* irresistible—and you've got to *feel* it! So time out for action—for a refreshing bath. But be sure to follow it up—fast—with Mum! A bath's fine for removing *past* perspiration—but to guard your *future*—to avoid risk of *underarm odor*—rely on Mum!



Mum's a wonder for speed! Smooths on in half a minute yet keeps your charm safe all day or evening long. Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents odor from forming. You'll find gentle Mum won't irritate your skin—won't harm fine fabrics. You can trust Mum!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

Lucky girl—to have beauty *and* talent! But even that combination won't guarantee romance if the tiniest trace of underarm odor whispers about you! Don't be the girl men never date twice. Use Mum—every day—after baths, before dates. Then you're sure of charm . . . sure of daintiness . . . through an evening dance or a day-long date. Ask your druggist for Mum today!

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF

Radio Romances

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editorial Director

DORIS McFERRAN
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN
Associate Editor

JACK ZASORIN
Art Editor

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RADIO MIRROR, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Dunellen, N. J. ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO General Business, Advertising and Editorial Offices, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice President; Harold A. Wise, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago office: 221 North La Salle St., E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast Offices; San Francisco, 420 Market Street, Hollywood, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Lee Andrews, Manager. Reentered as second-class matter September 17, 1942, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price per copy in United States and Canada 15c. Subscription price \$1.80 per year in United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland. \$2.50 per year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. All other countries \$3.50 per year. While Manuscripts, Photographs, and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage, and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. The contents of this magazine may not be printed, either wholly or in part, without permission. (Member of Macfadden Women's Group) Copyright, 1944, by the Macfadden Publications, Inc. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Copyright also in Canada, registered at Stationer's Hall, Great Britain. Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Be IRRESISTIBLE

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For that clear, flower-fresh complexion, you need the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPT Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist, Irresistible Face Powder is non-drying, color-true... clings longer, giving your skin that satin-smooth, wonderfully clear complexion. Try Skintone, the new AIR-WHIPT Powder shade!

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IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
STAYS ON LONGER...
S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!



That "Irresistible something"
is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



Did you know?

THIS is the policy of the Army concerning the blind and deaf, plastic surgery, medical discharges and physical standards: *no discharge of servicemen is permitted without all needed medical appliances.* That means that private collections of money to supply artificial limbs, hearing devices and so on, for soldiers, are unnecessary, and often may be carried on with fraudulent intent—so be sure to investigate if an appeal for help comes to your attention.

You are needed—to help harvest and process food! The War Food Administration and the War Manpower Commission has sent out a hurry-up call to mobilize housewives, teachers, older students and professional men who can work on short shifts, for farms need four million extra workers at the peak of harvest season, and several hundred thousand workers are required for food processing—canning, packing, dehydrating and freezing.

High school enrollment has dropped fourteen percent during the period of the war, figures of the Children's Bureau show. In order to help keep youth in school, and at the same time to allow these youngsters to feel that they are doing their part toward victory, a part-time employment policy has been set up, establishing safeguards for the more than two million sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds.

Buy as much of the coal that you'll need during the winter months right now—you'll be helping both yourself and your dealer. Although it may not be rationed, coal for the winter will be very carefully doled out, and everyone will have to take a little less than last year. Some varieties of coal are in better supply than others—you are more likely to get the kind you want if you buy early!

Remember—V-Mail follows American combat troops to beachheads *everywhere*. Your soldier looks forward to your letters—they are the nearest thing to a visit with the home folks to him. So be sure that your letters reach him, and as rapidly as possible, by using V-Mail. You know, if a batch of V-Mail letters is lost, duplicates are promptly sent out to replace them—a V-Mail letter *always gets there*. And when you use V-Mail, you're helping to save precious cargo space in ships, space badly needed for the carrying of vital war supplies and materials.



TRUSHAY* ... THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Helps prevent soap-and-water damage to soft hands! Use it before daily household tasks!

Trushay's *different* from other lotions. Specially made to help *guard against* the roughening, drying effects of hot, soapy water. Smooth it on *before* you wash dishes—*before* you tub undies. It's lush, creamy. Helps *prevent* damage to your lovely hands—instead of trying to correct it after it's done. Economical. At your drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A slightly different spelling—but the same wonderful "beforehand" lotion.



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS



What's New from Coast to Coast

Radio's Ann Malone becomes a doctor's wife in reality. Here they are as they dashed away on their honeymoon—Elizabeth Reller and Lt. Francis Warrick of the Navy.



Norma Jean plays Betty in NBC's *The Guiding Light*. Her pet, Baby, poses too.



Out of World War II comes a new hobby for Frances Langford—collecting war films.



Jimmy McClain, better known as Dr. I.Q., smiles like this when he pays out shiny silver dollars.

By
DALE BANKS

FRANCES LANGFORD'S found a new hobby and one that will be very valuable some day. She's collecting war films.

It all began when the Army presented her with a film record of an air raid over Bizerte, which took place while she was there on one of her frequent and far flung jaunts to sing to our servicemen. Then, she received other films from both the Army and Navy in appreciation for her morale boosting work. With these reels as a starter, she and her husband, Jon Hall, have begun a collection which they hope will include pictures of almost every major battle in World War II.

Their children should have no trouble learning history—the easy way.

Jay Jostyn, best known to listeners as Mr. District Attorney, is carrying on a one-man campaign to get the works of the Immortal Bard a regular hearing on the air. He contends that every Broadway season finds some work of Shakespeare's making a tremendous hit, while, ever since the two major networks vied with each other for the presentation of Shakespeare's plays about six years ago, there hasn't been any planned series of the great poet's work on the air.

He hasn't said so, of course—but we wonder whether he might not be nursing a secret yen to play Hamlet.

Milton Berle may sound like a scatterbrained screwball, but he's not scatterbrained enough to put all his eggs in one basket. In addition to his radio program, he's starring in the "Ziegfeld Follies," is the producer of the Broadway comedy, "Same Time Next Week," and the composer of several song hits, among them "Sunkissed Days and Moonkissed Nights" and "You're Not Fooling Anyone But Yourself." To complete his varied interests, he's also backing the young lightweight boxer, Mike Delia.

With all this, Milton still finds time to take a unit of entertainers to service

bases and hospitals in and near New York, every week.

By their pets you shall know them—Practically everyone on the Vic and Sade show has pets—and some of them rather surprising ones. Ed Roberts, a six-foot-two one hundred and ninety-five pounder prefers, of all things, a Pekinese. Announcer Ed Allen dotes on an oversized St. Bernard, who at six months eats more at one meal than Ed does in a whole day. Clarence Hartzell, Uncle Fletcher on the program, really does it in a big way on his farm. When he takes a stroll about his acres, he's invariably followed, single file, by one miniature sheep dog, one horse and four cats.

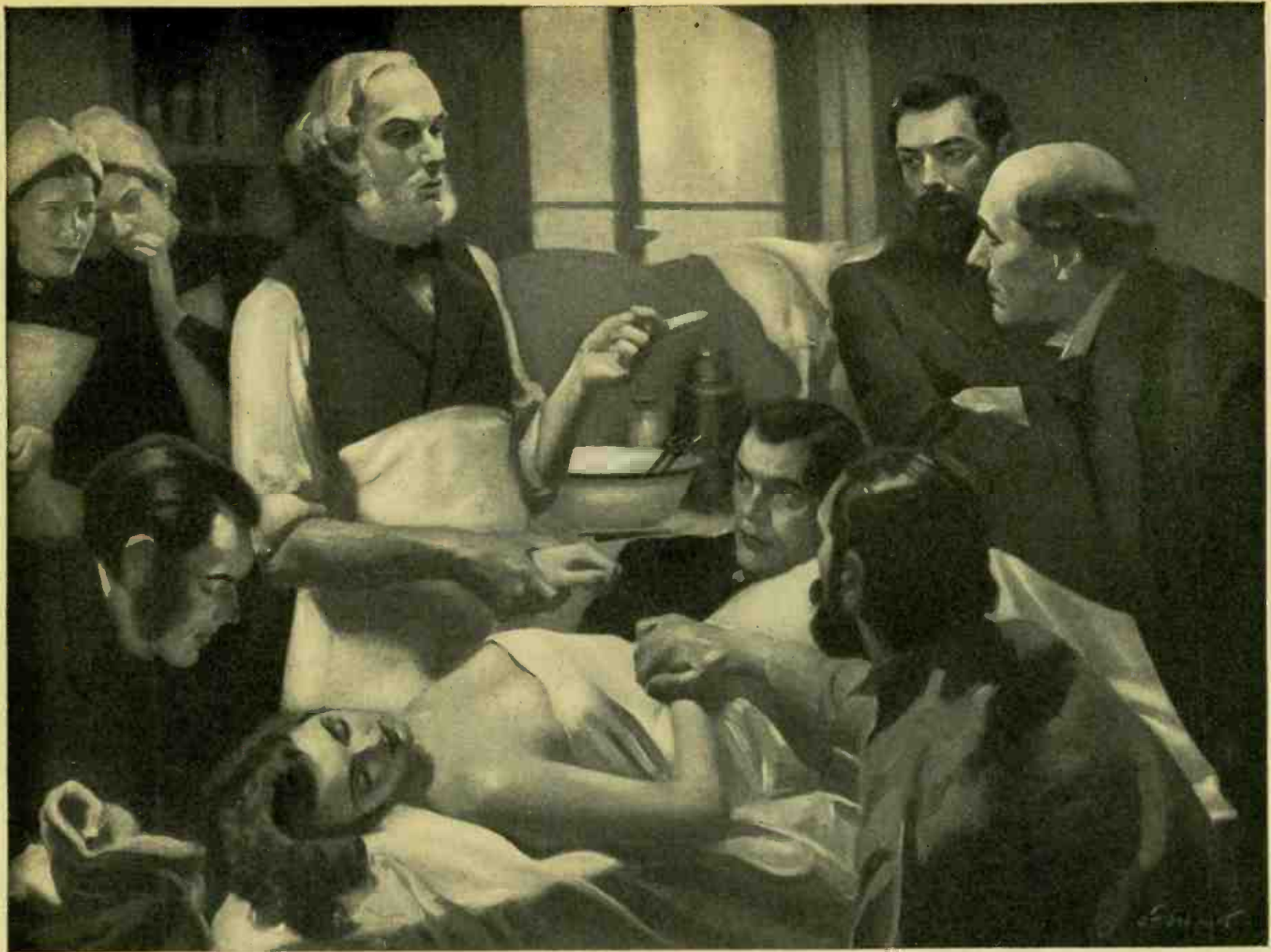
The National Broadcasting System and the ten leading Youth Agencies who are cooperating with it are to be congratulated for extending the Here's To Youth series. If you have missed the program, listen next Saturday at 1 P.M.

The statement issued by NBC and the Agencies responsible for the extension of the program is a clear presentation of the aims and purposes of the program "Here's To Youth, a program designed to enlist your aid in helping youth to contribute its full share to the solution of modern problems. Youth needs your help to keep young minds and hands busy. Youth presents today one of the greatest challenges to adults. They will not destroy what they have helped to build. You can help them build by assuming the increased responsibilities for their welfare, in the homes, in the schools, in the churches, in your communities and in voluntary youth agencies."

The programs are excitingly dramatized stories of the way young people have learned to face all today's problems and find their own solutions for them. It's a fine series and should go on indefinitely.

Awards may be wonderful things and very gratifying, when you get them. But there's one man who's been wishing for a long time that the American Academy of Arts and Letters had passed him by way back in 1932. Since then, David Ross, who got the diction award that year, has lived in mortal terror of making the slightest slip in pronunciation of speech. It's been a pretty tense twelve years before the microphone for him, but he's breathing easier, now. Recently, the gold medal was stolen from his home and somehow he doesn't feel he has to live up to it quite so much.

Continued on page 6



“Scoff, if you will, Gentlemen, but this woman will live!”

SLOWLY, and with the fierce conviction and undying faith that had marked him from the beginning, Lister, his scalpel laid aside, the last dressing completed, addressed his critical audience.

In the eyes of one or two he saw hope and faith to buttress his own, but on the faces of others—some of them the leaders of the profession—he read only doubt and disbelief.

He could almost hear the sneers of the attending nurses whispering in the background while they viewed the pale and lovely woman on the table. Lister knew that they regarded his fanatical insistence on cleanliness, the repeated dressings, his evil antiseptics, as the vagaries of a madman . . . that they were awaiting the “dead-cart” to carry the woman away, just as it had carried away countless others, when blood poisoning followed compound fracture.

But Lister knew, also, that his radical methods, his antiseptics aimed to keep germs out of wounds, before, during and after every operation, must, with God’s will, triumph.

And triumph they did . . . the woman lived!

So, patient by patient, case by case, day by day, Lister piled up evidence in support of his antiseptic theory which was to rid the world of untold suffering, and reduce the

hideous fatalities that time and time again followed even the simplest surgical operations.

Quick Germ-Killing Action — Safely

It was for the great Lister that Listerine Antiseptic was named, meeting the requirements of a fine antiseptic . . . a solution with a rapid germ-killing power, non-poisonous in character, and absolutely safe to use.

Today, in literally millions of homes, Listerine Antiseptic is the trustworthy first-aid in countless little emergencies “until the doctor comes.” Make it a “must” for your medicine cabinet. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

GOOD NEWS! Most stores have received recent shipments of Listerine Antiseptic for civilian use. You should now be able to obtain it in some size at your favorite drug counter.

For countless little emergencies

**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**



Tampax may be worn in lake, pool or ocean!

Should you ever feel lonely or out-of-place at lakeside or seashore during "those days of the month" inquire about **Tampax**. For the Tampax method of sanitary protection provides *internal absorption*, without any outside pad or supporting belt . . . Just give a little thought to the foregoing facts and you will realize how suitable Tampax is for use in the water!



Tampax is made of long-fiber cotton highly compressed for quick and dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax and the wearer does not feel it when in place. In fact Tampax does not hamper you in any way . . . Odor can't form with Tampax. Chafing is impossible. Changing and disposal are easy.

Millions of women are now using Tampax. It is sold at drug stores, notion counters. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Three absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Linda on Pepper Young's Family—Eunice Howard—works for the A.W.V.S.



Sixteen-year-old ventriloquist Shirley Dinsdale and her dummy, Judy Splinters, visit Bob Burns.

Sometimes, script writers do things very realistically, by chance or otherwise. Back in June, the writers of Road of Life had John Brent attending Northwestern University and about to graduate in June. The funny thing is that David Ellis, who plays the part, was attending Northwestern University and did get his diploma in June.

Although they can't quite flatter themselves that the two RAF flyers came to New York just to meet them, Anne Seymour and James Monks found it especially gratifying that the two visitors spent part of their precious four hours leave at the Woman of America show, recently. The flyers had seen pictures of the stars in a magazine, while still in England, and asked to be presented because they felt as though they knew the actors already.

A silvery cascade of harmonicas is still pouring in for men overseas as a result of the plea for them made by Larry Adler when he appeared on the Quiz Kids. The long list of servicemen who have asked for the instruments, which are no longer manufactured, is by no means used up. So, if you have an idle harmonica at home, send it to some soldier, sailor or marine—or call your local station and find out the best way to forward it. It helps men to pass the dreary, quiet watches on far away bases to be able to play songs from home and cheer up one another. It also helps for them to know that people back home think of these things.

Anyone who thinks that a war correspondent's life must be thrilling and exciting and dangerous—is right. All sorts of things can happen. Henry J. Taylor, the commentator, tells this one about himself.

He was broadcasting from Vichy, until the last possible moment. He had to broadcast in the middle of the night so that his program reached United States listeners early in the evening. It was cold and he wore a heavy trench coat all the time, even before the microphone. Like all trench coats, this one had capacious pockets and Taylor used them to store all sorts of things. One night, in the middle of his broadcast, a couple of Marshal Petain's guards stalked into the studio and started frisking Taylor expertly. Taylor went on talking into the microphone, while they tugged and pulled at him, making him take off his coat and jacket, turning out all his pockets, looking for something that might sabotage the studio.

And, in the middle of everything, one of the guards slapped his hand down over Taylor's script, so that he had to finish his broadcast ad libbing. Taylor says it was the tensest moment of his life. He was sure they'd found something to displease them and he'd be sent to a concentration camp. Happily, they were just bullies and nothing came of the whole thing.

If Georgia Burke hadn't had an emotional hangover from a scene in When a Girl Marries, she might never have got the part of "Virgie," in the Broadway play, "Decision."

Just before her audition for the part, the Negro actress, who was recommended to the producers of "Decision" by Paul Robeson, played a tragic scene with little Sammy in the radio play. Later, when she read her audition material, she still hadn't shaken off the mood created by her microphone appearance and she held her listeners spellbound with her capacity for tragedy.

It was interesting, watching a recent performance of Words At War. Usually, actors stand before microphones and any illusions of movement are created by industrious and ingenious sound effects men. Production director Anton Leader, however, is a stickler for realism. On this particular show, he insisted on the actors moving about,

just as though they were on a stage, or better yet, actually on the scene where the play was supposed to take place. The Nazi in the script was supposed to be a pianist, so the actor portraying him had to sit at a piano, close to the man who actually played the instrument. Another character sat at some distance, at a table. Most unusual of all, the actors made their own sound effects. As they walked toward a door, they stepped on wooden planks so that their steps could be heard. Ordinarily, the sound men do the walking on cue. Of course, all opening doors and closing doors, were also the work of the actors. It was good, because it made for much more natural timing.

For actors who weren't used to moving about when working on the radio, Peter Cappell, who played the Nazi, and Rod Hendrickson, who played his unwilling host, did very well.

Our Allies—*There's a thirteen-year-old boy with the Chinese Expeditionary Forces who could rightfully claim the title, "Quiz Kid of the Chinese Army." For Ka Kuo Kwan—or Marvin, as he has been renamed by the GI Americans who have more or less adopted him—speaks English, Mandarin, Burmese, Hindustani, Kachin and Naga.

Marvin was in Burma when the Japanese came. When the raids at Lashio were over, Marvin had lost his father. For days, he searched through the debris and ruins for his father among the dead. Not finding him, he sat for days at the side of the road, examining the faces of all passersby without success. When the Chinese Army marched through the village, Marvin appealed to the Commander to be allowed to join his men so he could avenge the murder of his father and mother. He was taken along and, later, the Americans took him under their wing.

The GIs report that he's like any American boy, when he has a chance to be. Although he can talk to a mule in six languages and really make it move, his greatest joy is to drive a jeep through the jungle like a New York



Bob Becker of Pet Parade, Saturdays, NBC, shows his new literary effort to his Sealyham.



I'm Lucky in Love!...

**Truly, Evening in Paris
is Made for Romance!**

STARS in your eyes, Romance in his heart, when your make-up is Evening in Paris. The delicate bloom of Evening in Paris face powder, the fresh, singing colors of Evening in Paris rouge and lipstick help to give you fragile, feminine loveliness. Wear these gloriously flattering colors in make-up... let admiring glances tell you

why it is said, "to make a lovely lady even lovelier, Evening in Paris."

Face Powder \$1.00
Lipstick 50c
Rouge 50c
Perfume \$1.25 to \$10.00
(Plus tax)

Tune in "Here's to Romance," with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra, featuring Harry Cool with guest stars — Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.

Evening in Paris

DISTRIBUTED BY



BOURJOIS

NEW YORK

Betty Co-Ed of Hollywood Presents

"Tyrolean Skirt"



Rates for dates! You'll never notice the man shortage in this nifty little number! Darling suspenders, trimmed with gay, colorful braid! Slim girdle-fit waist... flaring, flattering skirt! Lovely rayon fabric that's truly crush-resistant! Sizes 10 to 16. \$4.98, plus postage.

Blouse—"Frankly feminine" and as appealing as a shy glance! French-smocked neck; drawstring throat and sleeves! Lush new rayon fabric! White only. Sizes 32 to 38. \$3.98, plus postage.

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6253 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, HOLLYWOOD (28), CALIFORNIA
Send no money. We mail C. O. D.

Buy with confidence from Hollywood's pioneer mail order fashion house!
IF YOU ARE NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED,
WE WILL GLADLY REFUND YOUR MONEY!

PROMPT DELIVERY!

ORDER BY MAIL FROM HOLLYWOOD

BETTY CO-ED of HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 792
6253 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, HOLLYWOOD (28), CALIFORNIA

Please send "Tyrolean Skirt", at \$4.98, plus postage,
NAVY RED GOLD BROWN GREEN

Size: 10 12 14 16 (Circle size wanted)

Please send Blouse, at \$3.98, plus postage.

Size: 32 34 36 38 (Circle size wanted)

(Please print name, etc. plainly.)

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____
STATE _____



Stop Watch is CBS' new Thursday night show, with Ted Husing giving the week's sport summary.

taxi driver.

When Upton Close, the commentator, returned to Hollywood from the East, he had a surprise for his friends. He was wearing a hat and looking very unfamiliar to most of his cronies. He had never worn one before, much to Mrs. Close's constant irritation. A little unwisely, he thinks now, he once promised his wife he'd put on a hat when he'd passed the fifty year mark.

He had long since forgotten that promise, but Mrs. Close hadn't. They were in Milwaukee when she kissed him happy birthday for his fiftieth anniversary—and then marched him right into the first hat store she could find.

It's an old story, but a good one. John B. Kennedy told it. He was reminiscing about the time he interviewed swaggering Al Capone for Collier's Magazine.

To reach the underworld king, Kennedy had to go through the hands of half a dozen of Capone's henchmen. When he finally gained an audience with Capone at his Chicago headquarters, Al refused to speak for publication unless the magazine agreed to pay him.

"And what's more," Capone announced, "the price'll be half a million for a series of articles. Take it or leave it."

Kennedy left it.

Radio has a way of uncovering queer quirks in human nature. For instance, this one. Hi Brown, producer of Nero Wolfe, has discovered that mystery fans like nothing better than two or three gory murders per program—but—let one canary, or dog, or cat be killed and the hue and cry raised by listeners all over the country is terrific. Brown has no explanation for it—he just reports it as a fact.

Hurrying along the fifth floor corridors at NBC, recently, to make a station announcement, Mike Roy found himself tangling with a pretty large crowd of tourists. He did his best, but it took a little polite pushing and elbowing and some gentlemanly muttering about time and station announcements waiting for no man, to work his way past the crowd. Just as he thought he was in the clear and ready for the last sprint to the studio door, a uniformed young lady—the guide of the tour—stopped him short. "Sir," she said with pursed lips, "you are interrupting my lecture!" Mike just about recovered his breath in time to make his announcement.

In the air, on the sea, or on dry land, Vic and Sade fans still hear their favorite program, wherever they may be. The cast had first hand reports recently from three men in the armed forces.

Two of them visited the program in person. One, Lt. Col. C. C. Doherty of the U. S. Air Forces, says he's listened to the program cruising along in a plane. The fact that he's Bernardine Flynn's husband and she plays Sade, may have something to do with that. The other, Quartermaster 1/c Kenneth Burton, a former NBC producer, has managed to pick up Vic and Sade on ship and shore, wherever his duties took him.

The third fan to report—by mail—was E. W. Smith, former Emporia, Kansas, publisher. Smith, who became a favorite fan of the cast's through his lively correspondence, was signally honored by the author by being put into the script as one of Vic's lodge



Roslyn Silber, Rosalie of the Goldbergs, helps a lad of New York's East Side Peniel Club with the Victory Garden which she started.



Janet Waldo plays the 'teen-age sub debutante, Corliss Archer, on Sundays at 7:00 P.M. EWT, CBS.

brothers and a reformed horse thief. He's got a good reason for listening, too.

Elizabeth Reller, who plays Nurse Ann Malone in the CBS daytime serial *Young Doctor Malone*, heard every Monday through Friday, at 2:30 p.m. EWT., was recently married to Lieut. Francis Bewley Warrick of the Medical Corps, U.S.N.R. now stationed at St. Albans Naval Hospital, Long Island, N. Y. Elizabeth wore a gown of candle-light satin trimmed with old family lace; a plain Juliet cap with fingertip veil, and she carried a bouquet of three Duchess roses which were made by combining the petals of several Snow White bridal roses to form one giant flower. They were married at the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York, and after the ceremony there was a reception at The Cottage at Hampshire House. The rose theme was carried out throughout, with Sweet-heart roses on each table at Hampshire House. Huge bouquets of rich red Better Times roses (which, by the way, were carried by the maid of honor, Elizabeth's sister Gretchen who wore a gown of mimosa marquisette) were sent to Elizabeth by Joseph H. Hill, well-known rosarian of Richmond, Indiana, Elizabeth's home town. After the reception, these 500 roses were sent to the Brooklyn Naval Hospital.

GOSSIP . . . HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE. . . Did you know Patsy Kelly's real name was Bridget Blank? . . . Bob Hope's off again, the South Pacific this time. . . Silliest something or other—Not long ago, Grace Moore wasn't allowed to sing an aria from "Madame Butterfly," because of the Japanese locale of the opera. The nixers never did think that it was written by an Italian named Puccini. That would probably have made it worse! . . . Dunninger's published a book called "What's On Your Mind?"—gives lessons in telepathy, answers to many questions raised by his listeners, in addition to biographical material on the great mind reader himself. . . . Annette Sorell, who plays Anna, a Polish refugee in Pepper Young's Family, is the daughter of the Polish Consul General in New York. . . . Comes Television, lucky set owners will probably be able to see those fa-



To the Mother whose daughter will soon be 12

"I wish my mother had told me about it" . . . Is that what *your* little girl will say, when she first faces "problem days"? Sooner than you realize, that certain time will come. And you, as her mother, should and *must* spare her the shock of being unprepared!

"How shall I begin — what shall I say?"

Perhaps you're not quite sure, yourself, of all the facts she needs to know. Let us help you! For 25 years we have studied the problem. Let us prepare your daughter *for* you—through the bright booklet, "As One Girl To Another"!

Disarming as a heart-to-heart talk, this *free* booklet explains menstruation in everyday language. It will bring your daughter closer to you, encourage her to bring you her confidences.

"As One Girl To Another" gives do's and don'ts for "difficult days." Tells about bathing—swimming—sports—grooming—social contacts. Helps develop poise. And provides a personal calendar for keeping track of those days.

Today, send for your copy of "As One Girl To Another." It's a *free* gift from Kotex* Sanitary Napkins.



All Her Days, She'll Thank You

. . . for making her first "days" more comfortable with Kotex, the napkin that stays soft while wearing—doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. Give her Junior Kotex (in the green box), choice of so many young girls. Slightly narrower than Regular Kotex, the Junior size has every Kotex feature that makes such a difference in napkins. The same enduring softness. Flat pressed ends that don't show because they're not stubby—(a patented "plus", to banish telltale lines). And the special Kotex safety-center for extra protection.

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



smooth as a love song
modern as hi-de-ho...



corinthia

CORINTHIA... skillfully blended to assure creamy smoothness and lasting color... keeps your lips truly enchanting. There's no finer lipstick made... yet Corinthia is priced only 59¢ (plus tax).

In plastic case with "captive" cap... At drug & dept. stores.



Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN



Frankie Carle's family couldn't afford a piano when he was four, but despite this handicap, his piano-playing and band are making dance-music history.



Will Osborne has a new Hollywood orchestra and a new vocalist—she's lovely Frances White, above,



Eleanor Steber, Metropolitan soprano, is singing on the summer series of *The Pause That Refreshes*.

THE temporary deferment of all men over twenty-six will possibly save the life span of many a top radio dance band. Fellows like Freddy Martin and Woody Herman who have been placed in 1-A now have a good chance of staying in civvies.

All those bobby sock devotees of Frank Sinatra certainly missed the boat when the swooner was broadcasting from New York. Catching him at the stage door was too much like a traffic jam. But just a block down at Lindy's restaurant Frankie ate his supper each night without interruption and the kids didn't even bother to peek through the bistro's revolving doors.

Kay Kyser should be on a battlefield now, but the time you read this with Phil

in the divorce courts with the band-leader's wife winning custody of the six-months-old daughter.

Lois Lane has joined Hal McIntyre's band on the West Coast. Dick Morgan formerly with Alvino Rey has gone corny with Spike Jones. Incidentally, Rey was inducted into the Navy last month and is getting his boot training at Great Lakes.

Sonny Skylar, MBS swooner and composer of the smash hit "Besame Mucho," is getting an MGM screen test.

Sam Donahue, saxophone-playing star, and his all-Navy swing band have again departed for the battle fronts, this time to play for our boys based in the British Isles. Last year Sam and

old Detroitier who used to play with Harry James and Benny Goodman.

Denver-born Nita Rosa has replaced Lina Romay in the Xavier Cugat crew. Nita used to sing with Xavier's sturdiest rival, Enric Madriguera.

Jack Fina who has been tinkling the ivories in Freddy Martin's band ever since Freddy hit the jackpot with Tchaikowsky's "Piano Concerto," has been drafted.

Biggest bandstand blessed event of the month was the baby daughter born to Phil Harris and Alice Faye. This is their second child.

Alfred Wallenstein, who used to conduct the NBC Voice of Firestone show, has been contracted for two more years as director of the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra.

Deems Taylor, familiar radio voice, has been reelected prexy of ASCAP.

Remember the Smoothies? They're the delightful rhythm trio that used to sing with the late Hal Kemp's band. Well, they're back on the air over Mutual originating from KWK, St. Louis. Babs, Charlie, and Little have decided to make that town their permanent residence.

George Murphy's great work on the Bing Crosby program will soon win him his own regular air show.

One of the autograph seekers at a recent Basin Street program got the shock of her life, when she glanced gratefully at Paul Lavalle's signature. It read, "Best wishes . . . and please come in on time tomorrow morning." The young lady, it developed, was a new employee at the war plant which Paul has been operating for some time now. She had been late on her first day on the job and had been too busy catching up with her work, after that, to get a good look at her boss.

Those Moylan Sisters, heard Sunday mornings on the Blue, are fairly bursting with pride these days. They're the first civilians in the New York area who are officially entitled to wear wings.

The coveted pins were presented to them by the First Fighter Command



Here's Johnny Morgan of Broadway Showtime, Monday nights on CBS, playing that one famous note.



I Know 3 Secrets...



How to keep cool, fresh and fragrantly dainty with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum

1 HOW TO KEEP COOL—After your shower or bath treat your whole body to the soothing caress of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! Feel how quickly it banishes moisture . . . leaves you gloriously cooled and refreshed!

2 HOW TO LOOK FRESH—Next, before you dress, smooth a little extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum across your shoulders and 'round your waist. Now, slip into your clothes—no chafing or binding and Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection really lasts!

3 HOW TO STAY FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—Delightful secret! For now you *are* dainty—delicately perfumed from top-to-toe with Cashmere Bouquet's alluring "fragrance men love"! Yes, Cashmere Bouquet Talcum imparts a subtle clinging scent.

These secrets have made Cashmere Bouquet the largest selling talcum in America! Let them be *your* secrets of daintiness! You'll find Cashmere Bouquet Talcum in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.



Cashmere Bouquet Talc

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

**It's a woman's
privilege to
change her mind**



**... so I changed to
FIBS* the tampon that's
easier to use!**

I never dreamed there could be such a difference in tampons . . . that a tampon could be so easy to use—til I tried Fibs, the Kotex* Tampon for internal sanitary protection!



Compare Fibs with any leading brand and you'll see that Fibs alone have rounded ends . . . smooth, gently tapered ends to make insertion easy. Compare the just-right size of Fibs: not too big, not too tiny.

And only Fibs, of all tampons, are quilted for greater comfort and safety in internal protection!

Yes, if you're tampon-minded—try Fibs. See for yourself why so many women are changing to the tampon that's extra safe . . . more comfortable . . . easier to use!

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



Right, the Nelson family reads bedtime stories on any night but Tuesday, when Mama Harriet Hilliard and Papa Ozzie Nelson are on the air. Below, Sammy Kaye looks over a new contract as Constance Luft Huhn signs on the line.



of New York, at a special meeting of the Ground Observers Corps, of which the girls are members. The presentation was made in recognition of a perfect "watch" of one hundred hours, during which they correctly identified and reported every plane that passed their post at Sag Harbor, L. I.

Harry Babbitt, star tenor with Kay Kyser's NBC College of Musical Knowledge for the past eight years, will make all future appearances by grace of the United States Navy into which he was recently inducted. Harry is thirty, married and the father of two children.

BABY-GRAND SLAM

IF Frankie Carle, of all people, is the least excited about the sudden success of his newly formed orchestra, chalk up this stoic calm to two decades of waiting for the rhythm rainbow and doctor's orders.

Since the first of 1944, the nimble-fingered piano-playing, song-writing veteran has been the talk of the music world, plucking off the lucrative musical tree, ripe plums like the Old Gold show on CBS, \$250,000 worth of insured theater bookings, and the sale of more than 5,000,000 phonograph recordings.

"It's all kind of amusing to me," Frankie told me between shows at New York's Capitol theater, where he received \$6,500 a week, "when I think back to that scrawny kid who got a dollar a week to play in the local band and then walked the mile back home in order to save the nickel trolley fare."

Frankie knew poetry then. He was barely fourteen when he had to quit school and help his father support the Carlone family of twelve, by working days in a cotton mill and nights in a Providence, Rhode Island, ragtime band.

Don't get the idea that Frankie had to wait all this time to make the grade. As co-star of Horace Heidt's big band, and piano soloist for Columbia disks, in addition to turning out such smash hits as "Sunrise Serenade," "Lover's Lullaby" and "Falling Leaves," Frankie's income has been consistently high. But twice before he had tried conducting

his own orchestra and the results were both dismal.

"Let's be logical about it," Frankie explained candidly, "the draft helped this time. After all, this band is not much different than the two I had before. As a matter of fact, six of the boys are still with me."

Close friends of the slightly built pianist have hinted that Frankie was too retiring a chap to strike out on his own. He needed a strong push. Veteran band manager Tommy Rockwell supplied it. Rockwell, who launched the careers of The Mills Brothers, Connie Boswell and Jimmy Dorsey, finally persuaded Frankie to try a third time even after Eddy Duchin failed.

"I was with Horace Heidt when Duchin called me long distance. Duchin was Navy-bound and wanted me to take over his outfit. I had just spent several months in Mayo Clinic recovering from a nervous breakdown and I didn't think I was in a position to absorb the many responsibilities a dance band leader faces today."

Frankie told Heidt about the Duchin offer and Heidt urged Carle to stay with him and rewarded him with equal billing.

However, when Rockwell guaranteed Frankie a baker's dozen of offers, including an engagement at New York's Hotel Pennsylvania, Frankie finally decided to try again as a baton-waver.

Frankie was born about forty years ago in Providence, the son of a hard-working but far from prosperous iron worker, who found it difficult to feed the ten hungry mouths of his children.

Frankie was encouraged to learn a musical instrument by his Uncle Nick, a small-town ballroom operator. Frankie was only four years old at the time.

Unfortunately, Uncle Nick was an impractical man.

"He selected the piano for me and then we could never afford one. My father always used to argue with my uncle over this. Papa said I should learn the piccolo. Piccolos don't cost so much."

Despite this handicap, little Frankie learned his scales on borrowed pianos and in nearby taverns when business was at a standstill.

When Frankie was nine he made his first public appearance. It started out promisingly enough but right in the middle, Frankie got belated stage fright

and ran from the hall, his eyes filled with tears. Before the year was out, Frankie overcame his timidity and got a job with a local jazz band at one dollar a week.

"Although I was short, I must have had an old looking face," Frankie recalled, "and anyway, in those days the school authorities weren't too fussy."

The youngster quit school for good before he was fourteen, worked in the cotton mill and at night continued his playing. Frankie's skill increased, and on a trip to New York with his mother, won an audition for a booking agent and was promptly hustled to Boston to play in vaudeville with May Yohe, original owner of the famous bauble, the Hope Diamond.

AFTER a lengthy tour of variety houses from coast to coast, Frankie joined the then-famous Edward MacInelli Victor Recording Band. On the side he taught piano. After eleven years of this, Frankie switched to Mal Hallett's band and toured with that orchestra throughout the country.

Pursuing a straightforward but easily recognizable style, ever stressing the melody, Frankie's piano thumping soon gained attention in music circles. His fame grew. He was a relief from the grandstand playing, chord-banging stylists. His solo phonograph records made good listening and this simplicity was further stressed in Frankie's own compositions. But the two unsuccessful tries at band conducting discouraged him and he contented himself with playing for other people.

At present the Carle band is on a theater tour and mopping up. In September the band returns to the Hotel Pennsylvania for airings over CBS and Mutual.

Frankie is married to a former professional ballroom dancer. They've been married twenty years. In New York they live at the Hotel Pennsylvania but they have a lovely permanent residence in California's beautiful San Fernando Valley, in the mountains above Hollywood.

The Carles' seventeen-year-old daughter, Marjorie, is freshly launched on a singing career and MGM has screen-tested her. Frankie refuses to have his own talented offspring sing with his band and his explanation is a sound one.

"One of the reasons the boys with me have stayed through thick and thin, has been that I've never played favorites. With my own daughter in the outfit I'd have a tough time not breaking that rule."



If sounds like music to many a mother's ears when "cry-baby" Madeleine Pierce gets going.

"Guess My Age!"



New Kind of Face Powder Makes Her Look Years Younger!

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

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

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

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

Why Lady Esther Face Powder Is So Flattering

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

and more flattering on your skin!

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

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

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

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



Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

Spend your vacation at home,
says Julie Stevens, star of
Abie's Irish Rose, and be
beautiful—and patriotic.



RIGHT IN
Your own
BACKYARD.

By PAULINE SWANSON

to it. There isn't one of us who won't profit by time spent outdoors, and we can spend more time there if we feel that we aren't just wasting it, if we feel we're actually doing our faces and our figures and our beauty in general some good by being lazy in a constructive sort of way. You may not have as much time to devote to a "backyard beauty" routine as Julie has, but it's method, not time that matters—just try it and see how those precious minutes when you get home from work, or while little Johnnie is napping, can be made to count!

Julie began by deciding that the hot New York summer would not get her down. "Abie" was staying on the air all summer, and she had to stay in town whether she wanted to or not.

"I rehearse Thursdays and Fridays, and we're on the air Saturdays," she explains.

"But I have four free days every week. Of course I could fritter them away, shopping, sitting under dryers in beauty shops, chasing around to restaurants and theaters.

"But that routine—on top of the New York heat—can be lethal. I decided the new clothes I could buy, and the new permanent and new hair-dos would be wasted if I dragged around New York all summer looking more like a limp, wet rag than a girl who had spent time

and money on her appearance.

"So I went home, locked the door, took off all the clothes I dared (in case someone in a higher-up apartment had a telescope) and went out onto the terrace.

"On Sundays, I just rest. I sleep as late as I like—oh, delicious feeling—then take my breakfast onto the terrace to enjoy it in the sun. Then I go back to sleep again—stretched out on a mattress—getting beautifying, restoring rest, and a lovely tan in the bargain.

"Mondays I devote to my hair. I wash it myself, and am amazed to find that I can do it as well as my favorite beauty operator. I let the lemon rinse stay on for awhile, while the sun gets in its work, and am repaid with bright, bronze glints in my dark hair when it dries. With hazel eyes, that's worth trying for.

"I brush my hair dry—brush it hard. Did you know that brushing is an excellent exercise for beautifying shoulders and bust? And your hair will be twice as beautiful, brushed dry, as it is soaked in solution and baked under a dryer."

Julie doesn't forget that summer sun can be treacherous for all who—as she does—have fair, sensitive skin. She coats her face and throat generously with facial oil before she goes out into the sun, and doesn't worry, thus armed, about wrinkles. Her cold creams and a mild astringent are in the ice box, meanwhile, for the vitality-restoring effect of a cool pick-up facial which later will accompany her bath.

"I do my own manicures and pedicures, too," Julie says proudly. "And so can you. I roll up my own hair at night. The current simple hair styles are a godsend to vacationers-at-home. Any woman can achieve a professional looking hair-do nowadays."

It is all fun, Julie insists. Even the exercise.

"I hate organized exercise," she confessed. "But I knew since I wasn't hiking in the hills, or swimming in the sound, I had to keep my muscles interested in life somehow.

"So I'm painting the terrace, slowly. Reaching for the highest bricks, bending for the lowest. It needs two coats. I think I'll give it three. Maybe that's cheating. but I'm not developing any bulges."

It's going to be a lovely summer, Julie thinks. She's reading more good books than in years, books she'd been promising herself to read some day—when she really had a vacation. She's keeping up on the war news, on her portable radio, and hearing good concerts—without ever leaving her terrace. And yes, Mr. Morgenthau, she's buying those "extra" war bonds.

You, too, can work out a beauty routine like Julie's for yourself, modifying it to suit your own needs and the time you allow yourself. And you'll be rewarded by a rested, healthy, lovelier you by the time cold weather sets in.

SPEND your vacation at home, says the United States Treasury, and put your money into War Bonds.

Spend your vacation at home, says the Office of Defense Transportation: Give your space in a train or a bus to a fighting man home on furlough.

Spend your vacation at home, says Julie Stevens, star of radio's Abie's Irish Rose—and be beautiful! And Julie adds that if she can do it, you can, too, if you'll follow her simple plan.

Julie, patriotically following the advice of Mr. Morgenthau and the O.D.T., decided to spend all of her leisure time this summer "in her own backyard"—the terrace of her New York apartment.

And, "Am I surprised? I find it is paying miraculous dividends. I'm more rested than I've ever been after a vacation in the mountains or at the seashore. My skin and hair have improved so much already that my friends are remarking about it, and my figure! Well, bring on those new fit-me-quick fall suits."

To get the same results, like Julie, you must work out a routine and stick

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

Hair so smart and shining too



Puts him in the mood to woo!

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

Only Drene
with Hair Conditioner reveals
upto33% more lustre than soap
. . . yet leaves hair so easy to
arrange, so alluringly smooth!

“Who Is She?” men ask . . . They
want to meet the girl with glamorous,
shining hair! So don't let soap or soap
shampoos dull the lustrous beauty men
adore.

Be beauty wise! Change to Drene
Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. See the
dramatic difference after your very first
shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals
all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the
natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how this new, improved Drene
containing hair conditioner now leaves
hair far silkier, smoother, easier to man-
age . . . right after shampooing! Easier
to comb into smooth, shining neatness!

So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair
Conditioner . . . or ask your beauty shop
to use it.

*And remember! Drene gets rid of all
flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!*



COME-HITHER in your piquant
hair-do . . . shining-smooth
and smart. Come-hither in
your cotton frock with its
winging cap sleeves and be-
gunningly draped blouse. And
remember, only Drene with
Hair Conditioner reveals the
brilliant lustre and silken
smoothness essential to any
smart hair-do.

Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

*Soap film dulls lustre—robs
hair of glamour!*

All cake soaps and liquid soap sham-
poos leave a dulling film on hair.
Drene never leaves any dulling film.

That's why Drene reveals up to
33% more lustre!



"WE GIRLS WHO ARE
All-Out
 CAN'T BE
 PERIODICALLY
All-In!"



Getting a war job is easy . . . doing it is what really counts. And that once-a-month, all-in feeling does not mix with every-day, all-out effort. So call on Midol.

Remember to take it at the first sign of menstrual pain, and see how swiftly it relieves your functional suffering. Eases cramps, soothes menstrual headache, brightens you when you're "blue"!

Try Midol, and trust it. It contains no opiates. Get a package at any drugstore.

Free ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

"What Women Want to Know" sent on request. Just write General Drug Co., Dept. J-84, 170 Varick St., New York 13, N. Y.



★ **MIDOL**

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

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

★ A product of General Drug Company



Famous movie stars take part every week in CBS' thrillers. Left, producer William Spier with Katina Paxinou. Below, Agnes Moorehead and Ida Lupino, going over their script.



Suspense!

If it's chills and thrills you want, here is the show for you—Thursday nights, CBS

TO get the very best out of an actor, give him a part that he will feel at home in," says William Spier, producer of the CBS "Suspense" thriller dramas.

Spier, whose breathtaking chiller airshows are heard Thursday nights at 8:00 P.M., EWT, on CBS, uses an unorthodox approach in casting his "Suspense" broadcasts—he first obtains a star and then seeks a story to fit the personality, habits and hobbies of the player.

For example: When Spier wanted to present Orson Welles in a recent broadcast he considered a score of stories before deciding on "The Marvelous Barastro," by Ben Hecht.

"I wanted a drama that would appeal to Welles' personal taste as well as being in keeping with his special talents," said Producer Spier. "Knowing that Orson is a magic enthusiast, I decided that a part in which he could play at this hobby would be ideal for him. The Barastro show was one of the most successful we ever broadcast."

Lucille Ball, whose dancing feet carried her to fame and fortune, needed a role in which dancing was the theme in order to make her feel at home, so Spier cast her in "Dime a Dance." When Lucille looked over the script for "Dime a Dance," she thought of several changes to make the story more exciting. Bill Spier agreed with her suggestions and became so engrossed in rewriting the climax that he failed to hear the first half of the broadcast when it was put on the air. He rushed into the studio and thrust the last three pages of the script into Lucille's hands exactly a minute and a half before she read them into the mike!

Cary Grant and his co-workers on "Suspense," disagreed on Grant's performance in "The Black Curtain." Immediately upon conclusion of the program, fellow actors rushed up to the movie star and wrung his hand, offering congratulations for what they termed a brilliant performance. Grant, wringing wet from his efforts, drew

a handkerchief, mopped his brow, half-collapsed into a studio chair and remarked: "Whew! When the writer of that script meets me he'll want to slit my throat for ruining a good story!"

When Ed Gardner, radio's "Archie" of Duffy's Tavern fame, appeared in "The Palmer Method" he renewed an old friendship with Bill Spier.

Some years ago, Spier, then an actor, was on the airshow which was produced by Gardner. Spier had a flair for directing and Gardner said: "Why don't you try radio producing?"

"Sure," kidded Bill, "and you ought to be a radio comedian!"

Strangely enough, the two are now close to the top in their respective professions—the ones they jokingly suggested to each other!

Incidentally, his appearance on Suspense was Gardner's first serious role on the air.

The cast of "The Sisters," "Suspense" chiller-thriller, gave a surprise birthday party backstage to Ida Lupino who co-starred with Agnes Moorehead in the piece. There was considerable indecision regarding the date for the party, as Miss Lupino's birth date fell between the two episodes of the show. Some wanted it after the broadcast on the 3rd. Others held out for the 7th. A coin was tossed and the 3rd won, but everyone helped eat the cake!

Agnes Moorehead, Bill Spier and others attached to the "Suspense" program took up a collection recently and paid a \$20 automobile repair bill for a listener to the show.

Driving along Sunset boulevard with his car radio dialed to Miss Moorehead's third request performance of "Sorry, Wrong Number," the motorist became so excited he crashed into a telephone pole. When cast members learned of the mishap they footed the bill.

It's incidents like these that go to make Suspense the exciting show it is—because a happy, cooperative cast makes for a better show every time.

The cover girl



JERI SULLAVAN

JERI SULLAVAN, our cover girl this month, is something new in the way of pin-ups. The GIs, far and wide, call her the girl with the pin-up voice. And, listening to her sweet, yet definitely sultry tones, we can see what they mean.

Blonde, blue-eyed Jeri was born in Jersey City, New Jersey, twenty-five years ago. When she was in her teens, the family moved west and Jeri finished her schooling in Bremerton. From the very beginning, she was intent on making a career as an entertainer, but it wasn't singing she had in mind, at first. She studied dancing in all forms, tap, toe and ballet. She was also very practical and studied shorthand and typing—just in case.

Maybe it was getting her first job singing in a Bremerton ballroom, that switched Jeri's interest from dancing to vocalizing. She was only paid \$1.50 an evening, but she was paid. Of course, she studied music, too, and oddly enough preferred the classics—which she still does. Then, one night in a San Francisco night club some friends asked her to sing with Bernie Cummins' band. She sang "I'll Never Smile Again" and found herself hired to fill a long-felt need in the Cummins outfit. After a stint with him, Jeri sang with Orrin Tucker, Pinky Tomlin, Art Jarrett and Claude Thornhill.

Naturally, any girl who sings like Jeri must eventually find her way to radio. Jeri did. She got her start at station WSM in Nashville, Tennessee, which, incidentally, was where Dinah Shore got her start, too. Now, only a year later, Jeri's a regular feature on the CBS network and one of that company's coming stars.

Listeners may not be as familiar with her name as they are with some others, yet, but considering how many things she's asked to do—and how many of those she manages to do—chances are she'll be up among the top few in a very short time. She's one of the busiest entertainers at Army and Navy Camps and Canteens. In fact, not long ago, at the Maritime Naval Training Station at Sheepshead Bay, the officers and men presented her with a scroll in appreciation of her numerous appearances there. And, because she'd entertained there more often than any other performer, they even gave her a rest that night. They entertained her.

Jeri is one radio performer who doesn't want to get away from it all when she's through working. She lives in an apartment just two blocks from the studio. So far, she lives alone—if you can call living with four pet dogs living alone.

Why Gene Tierney wears Woodbury Sun Peach



GENE TIERNEY, STARRING IN "LAURA", A FORTHCOMING
20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

✓ It gives a vivid summer glow . . .
stays color-true, color-fresh . . . lends
long-lasting velvet smoothness

Girls! Wear exciting *Sun Peach* for rose-gold glamour.
Or try exotic *Tropic Tan* for darker, bronzy beauty.
Hollywood helped create all 8 Woodbury wonder shades.
Color Control blending gives them smoothest,
clinging texture to veil tiny blemishes . . . creates
true tones that never turn yellow or muddy.
Get your exquisite Woodbury shade *today*.

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! . . . Now with your big \$1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost! . . . All 3 for \$1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢



"You'll find this
luxurious Beauty Bath
makes you feel
like *New!*"

*Dorothy
Lamour*

Starring in Paramount's
"AND THE ANGELS SING"

Dorothy Lamour gives you a beauty tip you'll want to follow! "Without daintiness no other charm counts," she tells you, "and a daily Lux Soap bath makes you *sure*. The rich, velvety lather caresses skin so gently, leaves it fresh, really *sweet*. You'll find this ACTIVE-LATHER bath a wonderful pick-up. You step out feeling like a million!" Just try it and see!



SCREEN STARS ARE
RIGHT! A LUX SOAP
BEAUTY BATH IS
SO REFRESHING,
LEAVES SKIN **SWEET**—
DELICATELY PERFUMED!

FIGHT WASTE

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

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

SO PROUDLY WE LOVE



Michael



Roger

She was the girl who had given Michael the right word, a kiss and laughter when he needed them most—now, must she be ashamed to tell her husband?



IT isn't easy to be young today. When you have lived to your middle 'teens in a peaceful, sunlit world, where the things that counted were the job you'd get when you finished high school, and sodas with the crowd at the sweet shop, and a date with your best girl, it's a shock to realize that a battle call sounded across the seas has changed your whole life.

It isn't easy for the girls who touch their engagement rings as if they touched a talisman, who add volunteer work to their full-time jobs, who anxiously watch the mails for a sign.

It isn't easy for boys to exchange the familiar and dear for the strange and dangerous, to take on responsibility for their own lives and the lives of their fellows, to cross the gap that lies between a high school boy and a fighting man.

Some of them, like Michael Ames, stop short of crossing.

I met Michael at the Grovehurst Hospital. It was a beautiful summer day, windless, with a kind of peculiar clarity in the sunlight that made everything—the red brick blocks of buildings, the trees and the spreading lawns dotted with khaki figures—seem unreal, like a picture postcard. A fitting day, as I think back now, on which to have met Michael.

Miss Johnson, the head nurse, stopped me as I entered the dim, cool



Hope

vault that was the building's front hall. "I'm glad you came, Hope," she said. "We have a new arrival, a rather special case, and we'd like you to see him."

"A special case?" I repeated uncertainly, knowing beforehand what sort of case it would be. I'd been all over the hospital except to one wing—the psychiatric division on the second floor. There were no broken bodies on the

second floor, no bandaged arms and legs. The men there were whole men, except that something was gone from their spirits, something that was necessary to a soldier. They were put to bed as part of the treatment, to rest and to be watched and to await the decision that would mean their going on with the rest of the boys or their being returned to civilian life.

"Yes." Miss Johnson smiled cheerfully. "A young lieutenant named Ames. He's just finished his cadet training at Billings Field, and he's had a kind of mental-physical crack-up. In short, he's lost his nerve—when the time came for his test flight he couldn't take it. We're trying to fix him up so he can."

I tried to down a flutter of panic. I liked my work at the hospital, and I'd got over somewhat the feeling that it was presumptuous of me to try to talk to these men who'd seen things that I would never see, who'd known suffering that I would never know. But it was one thing to talk to a man whose body was hurt, and another to approach one whose hurts were of the mind and of the soul.

"You'll be good for him, I know, Hope. We've come to count on you a lot. Do you mind if I don't take you up? I've got some calls to make. . . . It's Room C, second floor."

Automatically my feet turned toward

the stairs. There was no contradicting Miss Johnson's calm assumption that I would see Lieutenant Ames. I had the uneasy feeling that if I'd made an excuse, she would have put me to bed and had my temperature taken.

I touched the place on my left hand where my wedding ring should have been. Roger had been gone fourteen months—I knew the time to the day, almost to the hour—but still it seemed that when I touched the ring he'd given me and appealed to him, that he could hear me, and that he answered. Not in words, of course, but he would seem closer to me, and that alone was a help when I was tired or lonely or frightened. Now my thumb moved against smooth bare flesh—my ring was at the jeweler's, where one of the tiny stones was being reset—but the magic still worked. Roger came so close that I could almost see him, see his dark eyes with their humor and steadiness, the way his hair curved back from his forehead, the compact, sure strength of him. "Darling," I whispered, "help me to help this man. Don't let me say anything that might make him worse; help me to find the right words. You're a flyer, too, and you would know—"

Then I was standing before a door marked C. I knocked, and after a moment a voice called, "Come in."

He didn't even look around as I entered, and I saw his profile first—bright, upstanding thatch of hair, smooth, tanned jaw, a short, straight nose over sharply-cut, sensitive lips. I felt enormously relieved. "Why, he's only a boy!" I thought. He couldn't have been more than nineteen, and the fact that I was four or five years older than he somehow gave me confidence. "Lieutenant Ames?" I inquired.

His head moved in answer, and as he looked at me, it seemed that the cloudy gray of his eyes lightened somewhat. "You're not a—nurse," he stated tentatively.

"No—I'm Hope Graham, a member of an organization called the Gray Ladies. Do you mind if I sit down for a minute?"

A flush stole up under the smooth tan of his skin, and I knew that he didn't resent my coming, that he wasn't turned-in on himself and bitter, but only too absorbed in his struggle with what was on his mind to rise to small amenities. "I'm sorry. I guess I forgot—There's an arm chair by the window—"

As I bent to turn the chair toward him, a bright gleam caught my eye. Metal—a pair of wings on the table, shining in the sunlight. I hesitated just a second, but Michael saw it. His eyes, opaque again, followed mine.

"Your wings—" I felt that I had to say something. "You—you must be very proud of them—"

"They're—untried wings," he said tightly.

I searched frantically for a way out, and remembered that Miss Johnson had said he'd graduated from Billings.

Roger, too, had trained at that field, two years before. "You've just come from Billings Field," I said. "I know many of the pilots who—"

He grimaced as if in pain, and his eyes moved to the window. "Please—I'd rather not talk about that just now."

"Well. . . ." I half-rose. "Is there anything I can get for you? Magazines—"

He looked at me then—for the first time, I felt—and I understood why Miss Johnson had sent me to him. With my hair curling on my shoulders, my round chin and short, pleated skirt, I looked almost as young as he—at least, young enough not to alienate him. "I didn't mean for you to go," he said quickly.

"I know. It isn't that I want to go. But there are other boys I've promised to see this afternoon."

He nodded. "Yes—the really sick ones. The ones who belong here."

"You shouldn't feel that way—" And then I was afraid I'd say the wrong thing again. "I—you know, I don't even know your first name."

"It's Michael."

"That's a good name—Michael Ames." I had his attention now, and I felt on firmer ground. "You know, everyone in this ward has a rank, and I almost feel that I ought to salute when I enter. Like this—" I made a mock salute—"Private Graham reporting sir!"

He smiled at that, and it was like light breaking in a dark sky. "I guess maybe Michael would be better."

"Very good—Michael. And I don't think it would disturb Army discipline if you were to call me Hope."

"Hope," he repeated softly. The smile still lingered around his mouth. "Hope—yes."

I rose, unaccountably flustered. "Goodbye, Michael. I'll see you again."

"Soon," he said. "Please come back soon, Hope."

His voice was low, urgent; I laughed to cover the unexpected thrill of triumph it gave me. I hadn't failed, then. He wanted to see me again. "Of course," I answered. "I'll see you tomorrow at the same time." And as I went out, it seemed that his eyes, with

the new light in them, followed me.

When I reached home that night it was with the feeling that I'd had an especially good day. All of my days were judged, now, according to how things had gone at the hospital. It was my means of creating an interest in life, an immediate goal to work for. Roger had been gone for so long that I'd worn thin my memories of him with constant recollection, and I dared not live for his letters. At best they came two weeks apart, and had I let myself anticipate them, look for one in every mail, the tension and the disappointment when they did not appear would have been unbearable.

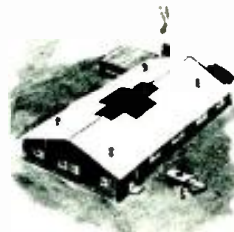
I was living in a state of emotional suspension—not daring to think too much about my husband for fear that the longing for him would become unendurable—until the day he would come back and life would begin again. I kept our cottage spotless, and Roger's things hung just as he'd left them; his pipe was in the ash tray where he'd last tapped it out.

My work at the hospital was a substitute life, and in a measure, satisfying. If I felt that I'd pleased a boy, if I'd delivered a book he liked or told a story that made him laugh, I felt a little less useless, a little less lost, and I could eat my solitary dinner in peace, with the comforting thought that I'd accomplished some little good.

But seeing Michael meant more. I knew that, even that first day. Brief as our meeting had been, it had been enough to establish a bond between us, the bond of our youth that set us apart from the people around us. "You're of my time," Michael's eyes had said. "You're the girl I might be dancing with if I weren't shut up here, the girl whose algebra I worked and who skated with me after school. You are understanding—" Yes, I even dared think that much. Actually I knew

that I'd been married and settled with Roger while Michael was still a sophomore in high school, but under the circumstances I was glad that it hadn't seemed so to Michael. If I meant something special to him, surely I could help him. . . .

That night I worked on reports and wrapped a gift a soldier wanted sent to his girl, and ordered cigarettes for another. I read for a while before I went to sleep, pillows propped under me, the tilted circle of light from the reading lamp cutting me off from the rest of the room where Roger's things were—the highboy that held his shirts, the cabinet with his sweaters and heavy outdoor clothes, the empty twin bed on the other side of the night table from mine. I was careful not to look at that bed—it was too easy to remember Roger lying there of a Sunday morning, newspapers spilling over him, making hazy, lazy plans for what we'd do with the wonderful day before us. We'd been married only a year before he enlisted, but it had been a year of such



A Stars Over Hollywood Story

Adapted from the original story, "Proudly We Love," by Jack Holmes, first heard on Stars Over Hollywood on CBS.

companionship, of such perfect sharing, that it had set the pattern for my whole life. Nothing, I knew, would ever be completely right again until I could wake to see Roger there, smiling, reaching out his arms to me while he was yet half-asleep. My thoughts of him were always reserved for the last minutes before I went to sleep, when I was so tired that the sharp longing, and the loneliness and the lurking fears for him could not quite catch up with me before I slept.

The telephone rang the next morning, early, before nine o'clock. It was Miss Johnson at the hospital, and she sounded shaken out of her usual professional cheerfulness. "Hope, could you come out this morning—fairly soon? It's about Lieutenant Ames. He's spent such a bad night that we've had to give him a sedative, and we thought that if you'd see him again—"

I didn't have to ask her if Michael had asked to see me. I had a vivid mind-picture as I'd last seen him, smiling a little, repeating my name. "I'll be right out," I told Miss Johnson.

My hands were shaking when I replaced the 'phone, and I sat still for a moment, realizing that under a shaking anxiety for Michael was another emotion, one that made my heart beat fast and my breath come evenly. "Why," I thought, "I'm excited—" Excited—I hadn't been excited about anything for months. Then I laughed at myself. All I felt was—important. Because a boy wanted to see me, because he thought he needed me. But then—I hadn't been important to anyone for a long time, either, not to anyone who was so close that I could see and hear him.

MICHAEL was sitting up in bed when I reached the hospital, and this time he turned his head when I came in. His eyes were guileless; he even managed to look a little surprised. I guessed that he was ashamed of the turbulence of the night that had made him call me, and was trying to cover up. "Oh, it's you," he said. "You're kind of—early today, aren't you?"

I took my cue from him. "I am," I agreed casually. "I had a few calls to make, and—"

His mouth twisted. "Don't, Hope. It's nice of you to try to pretend, but you're here especially because I asked to see you."

I dropped my gloves on the table and sat down, relieved. It was much easier if he was going to be frank. "Yes, I am. Didn't you think I'd keep my promise to come in this afternoon?"

"I'm sorry," he muttered. Then his head came up, and he said bleakly, "No, I didn't. I—don't know what to think about anything any more—"

I held my breath. It was coming now, the thing that was bothering him, that had made the darkness a terror and had sent him here when he should have been out with the rest of the Billings graduates putting in flying time.

"It's hard to explain," he went on tensely, "but—can you understand that a person might want to be a part of things, and do (Continued on page 61)



Michael was in high spirits at the prospect of being out-of-doors again. "You're lovely, Private Graham—" he said.



I wished I could be like Mother, so sure of myself, so serenely mistress of every situation. Then why was it wrong to lean on her so?

CERTAINLY not," Mother said decisively. "It won't do for you at all, Barbara. It's too sophisticated, and the color is too strong. You'd look silly in it."

I ran my hands tenderly over the soft silk of the dancing frock, hating to let the saleswoman take it away. It was such a lovely, brilliant red, the kind you see in the heart of a burning coal. I would have liked to wear it, just once, here in the shop, even if I never wore it anywhere else.

"Show us something else," Mother commanded briskly. "Something much younger." Ten minutes later she nodded in approval. "Much better," she said. "Much, much better."

Standing in front of the mirror, I knew she was right. The blue frock I was wearing now was more becoming than the flame-red one would have been. If I'd been a more striking type—but I wasn't, and there was an end to it. My hair was pale, almost silver, and it was parted in the center and combed down on both sides of a face that was pale too, with blue eyes and a small, straight nose, lips that somehow weren't quite full enough, a pointed chin. I didn't like my looks very well. It seemed to me that I just missed

being pretty, and I didn't know why.

But I knew better than to voice this vague dissatisfaction. I knew what would happen if I did. Mother would draw herself up, and a frown would scar her forehead, and she'd say coldly, "Don't be silly, Barbara. The dress is very nice and you look all right in it. But if you don't want it, say so, and we won't waste any more time. Goodness knows, I can't really afford to buy it for you anyway."

And that would have been true. The insurance Daddy had left when he died, years before, was barely enough for us to live on; it wouldn't have been enough at all if Mother weren't such a good manager. This dress I was to wear when Rusty Jennings took me to the Century Club dance represented months of scrimping and saving—bits of left-over meat ground up and served in shepherd's pie, tea balls used a second and third time, vegetables served without butter. Or, looked at in another way, it was a warm coat to replace Mother's old, threadbare one, or the new set of bedroom furniture she'd always wanted and never had.

Yet there was no hint of all this in the proud pose of Mother's head or the quiet self-confidence of her voice

Be

In that brief, violent struggle

as she gave instructions to the clerk. I wished I could be like her—so sure of myself, so unafraid, so serenely mistress of every situation. She was wonderful, I said to myself—simply wonderful with her courage and good sense, qualities which had sustained us both for such a long time. Even her rages were wonderful, for they were rare enough to be frightening when they came. It was ungrateful of me to wish, even for an instant, that I might be allowed to wear a dress that I'd chosen all by myself—because if I had, I probably would have taken the flame-colored one, and it would have been all wrong, and we couldn't afford mistakes.

She helped me put the dress on, that Saturday night, and before that she stood behind me and combed my hair and arranged it in soft, smooth curves. When the doorbell rang, she said, "Now, you're all ready so there'll be no need to keep Russell waiting. Men hate that," before she went to let him in. I heard the murmur of their voices through the crack of the door, and Rusty's sudden, delighted laugh; and I took one last look at myself in the mirror, trying to still the thick beating of my heart. Oh, if tonight he asked me to marry him. . . !

I took a deep breath and went into the spotlessly clean, shabby living room. Rusty had been sitting down, talking to Mother, but when he saw me he jumped to his feet and I saw that precious, glad look come into his eyes—the look I'd never seen anywhere else. It was made up of tenderness and gaiety and—yes, of admiration, too, and it always warmed me like the sun. That I could bring that look into Rusty's eyes—Rusty, with his muscular, controlled grace, his dark good looks, his air of masculine knowledge—it was a miracle, a gift from Heaven!

"Here you are!" he said, and then he turned to Mother. "You know, Mrs. Wilton, I think one reason I love your daughter is that she never keeps me waiting."

Mother only smiled. "Go along with you, children," she said easily. "Have a good time." Not a word about being home early—and not a sign, either, that she took his mention of the word "love" seriously. Yet when I returned, I knew, she would be waiting for me, filled with eager questions—her quick mind leaping ahead of mine, finding meanings in every incident I narrated.

My Wife

Barbara had won, but had she also lost—lost forever the love that lighted her husband's eyes?

She had wanted Rusty to fall in love with me from the very first. Perhaps even before either of us saw him—on the moment when she opened the letter from her old friend Mildred Kane, now Mildred Jennings, which said that her son Russell was coming to South Falls to live and work in the radio factory. "Mildred Kane's son!" she'd said excitedly. "Can you imagine! The last time I saw Millie he was only a little boy, about five I think. He must

be twenty-five years old now. Well, of course we'll ask him to dinner."

To dinner he had come—warm, friendly, grateful for our hospitality but not too grateful, very much at ease, able to talk entertainingly about his family, himself, his job. I'd never met anyone like him; and I was perfectly happy with Rusty.

That had been six months ago, and since then he had taken me to movies and picnics and football games, to

dances and church and the small, inexpensive parties the people of South Falls give among themselves. Once, laughing, he had kissed me good night—a moment of feeling his arm strong around my waist, of smelling the faint odor of tobacco and shaving-lotion and clear, healthy skin, of his lips lightly firm on mine. . . . "Some-day," he'd said as he let me go, "I'll see if one of my kisses can break the spell. But I guess not tonight."

"Come over here and sit on my lap, darling," Rusty ordered.



I had half-understood what he meant. A princess, sleeping in a castle, and only one prince in all the world could waken her with a kiss— But I was hardly a princess, or our little brown-shingled house a castle.

I didn't tell Mother about the kiss, or what he'd said. It would have hurt me to tell, and see her face light up with pleasure. Yet I hardly knew why it would have hurt. There was nothing wrong—was there?—in Mother's wanting me to marry someone as fine and honest as Rusty. She wanted the best for me, she always had; and Rusty was the best. He wasn't rich, but money isn't everything. He had a good job, and a chance for a better one eventually, and that was what mattered. As for love—I wasn't quite sure I knew what love meant. Was it admiration, or the excitement when Rusty touched me, or the happy, comfortable feeling I had whenever we were together? If love was any of these things, or all of them, then I loved Rusty.

OR perhaps love was the pride which carried me along, as if on a wave's crest, that night at the Century Club dance. It was the first big dance we'd gone to, and I hadn't realized how many friends Rusty had made in the six months he'd lived in South Falls. He seemed to know most of the men and some of the girls; people stopped to say hello or nodded when they passed. He could have brought any girl he liked, I thought—but he'd chosen to bring me!

The dance—music drumming upon our senses, perfumed sound lifting us and carrying us—and then the darkness of the country road where Rusty drove slowly toward a setting moon. The car drifted to a stop, and he turned and took me gently in his arms.

"Sweet—dear little Barbie," he whispered. Slowly his lips came to mine, lingered there with a long, firm pressure. Wonderingly, I felt a pulse beating in my throat. "Sweet," he said again, and it was—so very sweet, this thing people called love. Sweet, and new, and strange.

"Will you marry me, Barbie?" he asked, and when I could catch my breath I answered:

"Yes, Rusty—yes!"

The house was dark when he brought me home. I slipped inside, not turning on any lights, but Mother heard me. "Barbara?" her voice came, not sleepily, from her room.

"Yes, Mother." In the darkness I found my way swiftly to her bedside. "Oh, Mother," I said shakily, "we're going to be married!"

I couldn't see her face, of course, but I knew how it must look—proud, and satisfied—as it had been whenever I brought home a good report card from school. "Dear," she said, "I'm so glad. You will be very happy."

Busy days of preparation followed; I'd never realized there were so many things to be attended to before you could be married. And Rusty smilingly refused to be bothered with most of them. "Picking out the furniture is your job, Barbie," he said. "Paying for it is mine."

He did find an apartment for us, but that was an accident. An acquaintance at the factory was being transferred to another city, and Rusty said his place might suit us. "I've been in it," he told me, "and it looks good to me. You better drop around and see what you think."

I worked myself closer into the curve of his arm. "If it looks good to you," I said, "it'll look good to me."

Rusty laughed. "What a co-operative wife I'm going to have! Don't you know that no woman is ever satisfied with an apartment or a house picked out by a man?"

But I'd meant what I said. Mother and I went over to see the place the next day, and she worked hard counting closet-space and asking questions about heat and ventilation, but I knew we'd take it. Rusty had said he liked it.

"Later on," Mother said, "of course you'll have a real home, a house. All young people should have houses of their own. But for a beginning, this is very nice."

Mother helped me with all the shopping, too—making lists of things we'd



Adapted from an original radio play, "For Better For Worse," by Jean Scott Anderson, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, on Saturdays at 12:30 P.M., EWT, on the Columbia network.

need, comparing prices, spending hours tramping from store to store before she finally made a selection. I would have been completely lost without her, and everything would have cost half again as much. In all honesty, I had to explain this to Rusty when, two days before the wedding, everything had been delivered and set in order in the new apartment.

"It looks swell!" he said, glowing. "Here I've gone and got myself an efficient wife as well as a beautiful one. And you picked out all these things yourself?"

"We-ell—no," I admitted. "Mother did most of it. I'm not really efficient, Rusty."

"Oh," he said. "Well, it doesn't matter. I guess Mother has enough efficiency for both of you." Quite naturally, almost imperceptibly, he'd fallen into the habit of calling her Mother, as I did. He led me to the door, stopping to take one last look at everything, neat and new as a store-window after all the work Mother and

I had done there that day. "We're going to be happy here," he said.

I was to remember, many months later, the deep, vibrant tones of his voice as he spoke—the certainty and sureness they expressed. And I was to wonder, in sick dismay, where that certainty had gone, knowing only that somehow, bit by bit, time had stolen it away.

Each year has three hundred and sixty-five days, and each day twenty-four hours. They slip by, these days and hours, and often the ones that live brightest in our memories are the least significant, while the casual moments, the ones we scarcely notice as they pass, are those that change our lives.

So I can hardly tell when I first saw the smile freeze on Rusty's lips and a shutter of blankness close in back of his eyes as he opened the apartment door at the end of a day and saw Mother setting the table for dinner; or when I first heard him say with a cordiality that had no body in it, "Hello, Mother. Come to cook us one of your famous meals?" I think it was when we had been married less than a year, but I am not sure.

I couldn't believe it at first. He liked Mother—or at least he'd always said he did—and as far as the meals went, they were certainly much better when she prepared them. I could do simple things—broil a steak, bake potatoes, boil vegetables—but I was never able to turn out the masterpieces of delicacy and flavor that she did. And Rusty loved good food. I had thought it was always a special treat for him to eat one of Mother's dinners, and so it was all the greater shock, all the more incredible, when I began to realize that it wasn't.

Did he feel that she was invading our privacy? But no—not possibly, because that was the last thing Mother wished to do. She came to dinner only when I invited her, and often reluctantly then. "Russell will be tired," she would say, "and want to be alone with you. I'll come over this afternoon for a little while, that's all." Once in the apartment, she would sometimes stay, but more often she would help me with the dinner and leave a few minutes before Rusty was due.

YET he resented her. Without reason, without sense, he resented her.

"Didn't you ever have a thought, Barbie," he asked me once, "that wasn't put into your head by your mother? Just one thought that was all your own?" He was smiling when he spoke, but there was a rough edge of irritation in his voice.

"Why—of course," I said confusedly. "Lots of them."

"I suppose you don't even realize," he said slowly, "how often I hear you say something that I know came straight from her, either because I've heard her say it, or just because it sounds like her."

I fidgeted under his direct, steady gaze. "Well, maybe," I said. "But I don't see that it makes much difference. After all, she brought me up. And she's usually right." (Continued on page 56)



Safe in your arms

Hers had always been so solitary and lonely an existence that she mistook this new, exciting life for the happiness she had dreamed of

THOUGH barely noon, the warm summer breeze drifting in through the windows of radio station KLIC had already loosened soft, damp tendrils of hair to wisp maddeningly over my forehead as I finished typing the twelve-thirty weather broadcast. Hastily I smoothed the wrinkles out of my skirt and hurried down the hall to the announcers' room. If Brent wasn't there I could slip the report onto his desk.

But Brent was there, with excitement burning behind the usual nonchalance in his eyes. And before I could protest

he was whisking me down to Studio A's sound booth.

"We'll have to hurry," he urged, as we ran. "If I'm late—if I'm late for my first sponsored broadcast, it'll be your fault, Betsy! Because I couldn't go on without you there to watch my big moment. Haven't you heard—?" rightly interpreting my look of surprise—"The Oregon Association of Berry Growers is sponsoring a program of speeches and naturally they had to have the silver-tongued Brenton Dawes to announce them—the same Brenton Dawes whose knees are shak-

ing like castanets at this very moment."

I was proud that he wanted me, just one of KLIC's stenographers, to watch his broadcast, even though it meant cutting my lunch hour short. In spite of his nonsense I knew how important it was to him, the gay, fast-talking, insouciant Brenton Dawes, after nearly a year of just routine staff announcing.

But I had no premonition of how important that broadcast was to be to me, as I squeezed myself through the cramped space of the sound booth and into the small red leather-and-chromium chair. Through the thick glass I

could look down into the studio with its tables and microphones. This was nothing new. I had seen it plenty of times before. I watched Brent, casually, as he stepped up to shake hands with the man at the speakers' table.

But the very first glimpse of the other man, as he half-way rose to meet Brent, made my breath catch in my throat. It wasn't just that he seemed out of place in this room or that his suit fitted oddly on his body, as if he were used to another kind of clothes. It was something else. You could see a hint of power under the restraint of his face, a tenseness behind the intelligent way he listened to Brent's instructions and in the way his fingers riffled the edges of his notes. I found myself wondering what his eyes looked like.

As if he felt my thoughts upon him the man looked up.

FOR a long, unsmiling moment our eyes held and clung. It was a shock, that current that passed between us, the flash of recognition in those dark eyes. I saw something else there, too—a dream that brooded just below the surface, that came alive when he looked at me. A signal leaped between us, flesh-tingling and heart-awakening.

Then the moment passed. He turned away to the microphone.

I tried desperately to come down to earth. But all I could see was that dream I had surprised in the depths of his eyes. Maybe it wasn't there. Maybe I had just imagined it because of the old, half-forgotten dream of my own that someday, somewhere, I would see the one person my heart would know instantly for its own.

I couldn't tear my eyes away from his big hands, awkwardly clenching the script sheets. I listened hungrily to his voice as he read his speech on how, as a farmer himself, he felt the importance of farming to the war effort. The words meant nothing to me. I was straining to catch that undertone which was slowly unlocking the door which held my hidden dreams.

They'd been all I had—those fanciful magic-carpet—as I grew up. Some had come true, like the one of having

money of my own, and security. But this one, of finding someone who could give me the romance I yearned for, had become almost buried as time had gone by and logic had told me that things just didn't happen that way.

Dreams. A make-believe world. A reality that was so unpleasant I turned my back on it. Because Aunt Mary, who had taken care of me when my parents died, was a righteous woman but harsh and cold and unloving. I wasn't allowed to play with the other children—"fritterin' away your good time" was the way she put it. Duty was the important thing and for the good of my soul she made it as unpleasant as possible. And at best it couldn't have been too pleasant, anyway, for Aunt Mary's income was precarious and our living was equally so. There was never quite enough money to buy all the things that we really needed, let alone the little luxuries that make life pleasant. Security—although I couldn't really put a name to it in those days—and people to have fun with became my double dream in my childhood. And as a consequence of Aunt Mary's feelings about duty, and the knowledge that the things I wanted couldn't be had, I retreated into my dreams, myself, unsure of myself and tongue-tied and shy in front of others.

It had been such a solitary and lonely life—living unwelcomed and unwanted with Aunt Mary in her cold, forbidding house.

That was why, when I was old enough to be on my own and I got this job at KLIC, it was like coming out of darkness into light. I had security at last—a job that paid me a salary—a salary that I could spend as I chose. And people liked me. They went out of their way to be nice to me. And I found, to my great surprise, that a man as popular as Brent could think me desirable. My friendship with Brent and my work at the station had made a pattern that, if it wasn't complete happiness, was at least the kind of life I'd always wanted.

Even as his name crossed my mind, I saw Brent glance carefully at his watch. That meant they were nearly

through. Now that I had at last looked away, a strange embarrassment kept me from looking again at the tall stranger. And reluctantly I realized that if I wanted any lunch I would have to hurry out of there.

But as I passed the door of the studio in the hall, it opened and he stepped out.

"You aren't supposed to open the door before the announcer is through!" I exclaimed, horrified, all other emotions scattered before this unheard-of breach of studio rules.

"I'm sorry. I saw you leave and I had to catch you." The tone of his voice implied that we both knew this meeting had to be.

"Are you always so impulsive when you want anything?" I demanded crossly, to cover the excited pounding of my heart.

"Always." He smiled for the first time and the hawk-like resemblance vanished. It was a gentle smile and held tender amusement.

Before that tenderness and the determination that lay behind it I was hopeless. We walked out of the building and up to the Sandwich Bar before I could remember that I had a date with Brent for lunch. My conscience pricked me then, knowing how much Brent would want to hear my congratulations and talk over the broadcast with me. But I was in the grip of something stronger than conscience. Only one man existed for me—this stranger by my side.

While we ate he told me about himself; that his name was Stephen French; that his farm lay twenty miles from town. To hear him tell it, that farm was a combination of Shangri-La and heaven on earth, and even I, who knew little about farms, couldn't help but respond to his enthusiasm. I could

*We stopped by the rail fence.
"I wouldn't change my mind—
ever, Stephen," I told him.*



hardly believe that anything so ordinary as raspberries and loganberries were grown there.

But there was more to what he said than just the pride of a man for the land he owned. It was as if his words were a secret language for the two of us, saying: *This is our home I'm talking about Betsy. Yours and mine.* No, I hadn't been mistaken about that first message in his eyes.

"I always thought farmers were strong, silent people." I teased, in a sudden desire to turn the conversation into safer channels, to give me a chance to catch my breath.

"It depends on the person we're talking to, Betsy. And I think you have a right to know what it's like—my life." That warm personal magnetism reached out again between us, to make it seem we were the only two people in the world, instead of being perched on stools in the crowded, noisy bustle of the Sandwich Bar. It didn't seem strange feeling that way about a man I'd only known for fifteen minutes. It seemed—right.

When I complimented him on his speech he grinned in a slow, intimate way.

"I was scared to death. I'm afraid I

talk better when I'm on the business end of a plow, yelling at old Beau to walk straight or I'll wrap a pitchfork around her mane. But it's the best way the association has of uniting the farmers—by radio. I wonder if you realize how valuable this radio station is to us, Betsy?"

I did know. It was part of the reason why I liked working at KLIC. Ours was an unusual radio station because we existed almost solely for the farmers and ranchers in this Oregon valley. We were the thin, vital thread of communication between isolated homes and the outside world. The farmers, themselves, had come to depend upon their radios for everything from when to plant their crops to where to buy the cheapest overall. No program was so important that it couldn't be broken into abruptly with news that a change in the weather was brewing. We were on the air twenty-four hours a day, working with the farmers.

Sometimes their radios were the only warnings they had of approaching storms; sometimes the only way they could get news of their families or get a doctor when they were sick. On occasions our broadcasts meant the difference between life and death.

"That's my job," I told him proudly. "Typing up weather reports and special bulletins. Remember the terrible storm we had last winter? I had to work all night because a sheepherder had fallen in a coulee and broken his leg and KLIC was sending out requests to get together a searching party for him. I almost collapsed when they finally found him," (Continued on page 70)



Have faith in me

THE STORY

MY life hadn't been a particularly happy one—I had lived with my Aunt and Uncle, after my parents died, on their small poverty-stricken farm. They were strict people, but the presence of my brother, John, and later of his friend, Larry, made life more than bearable. Now, both John and Larry were gone. John's plane had gone down in flames over Berlin, and Larry was "somewhere in England." It was our plan that I would finish my course in business school and then go to England to join Larry—to marry him and do secretarial work for the government. But now these plans, too, seemed to have vanished, for in answer to my letter to Larry, asking him to let me join him now, there had come only the cold cable: "Cancel all plans explanation follows." I remembered then Enid, the English girl to whom John had been engaged and of whom Larry had spoken so warmly in his recent letters. I thought that I understood now—Enid was close to Larry and had found in her a warm companionship that replaced me in his affections. To be needed, to be loved—those were the things I wanted most in the world. And it seemed to me in my despair that Jay Ransom, who had long wanted me to come to Boston as his secretary, could give them to me. At last I made my decision. I would forget Larry. I would go to Boston to work for Jay, who needed me and loved me.

HAVE you ever looked for a room in a strange city, all by yourself? Maybe you know, if you have, how I felt during those first awful days in Boston. I had thought a big city would be gay and bright and exciting, the way it was the first night I was there when Jay took me to dinner and to the theater and to a supper club afterward. But now, the part of town where I could afford to live I saw was bleak and dirty, and the hot stifling wind blew dust and grit into my eyes until the tears came.

Perhaps the tears would have come anyway. For the unfriendliness was such a shock to me. Where I had always lived, most people on the street knew me and gave me a smile in greeting. But here, looking into faces,

expecting a friendly glance, I met blank indifferent eyes that didn't recognize me, didn't even see me, though they stared right at me. Somehow that chilled me to the bone, even though the air around me was so heavy with heat that I could hardly summon strength to walk from one address to the next.

At last I took a room without even looking at it, just to be through with the ordeal. I knew I wouldn't take it if I even stepped into the musty stale smell of the hall. I just put my five dollars into the woman's listless hand without looking into another weary uncaring face, and I almost ran to the nearest subway station.

And then I got lost!

It seems absurd, telling it now, that I should have let myself be so upset over a little thing like just missing my way in the pushing crowded transfer station and taking a car going in the wrong direction. But I think if you are lonely enough you can be a little crazy. Otherwise why should I have been so scared and panicky trying to cross the traffic of Tremont Street when at last I had climbed up out of the subway and found it nearly dark? Why was I so terrified when strolling sailors whistled at me as I hurried along the Common? I didn't even stop to eat, but rushed to my room in the hotel as to a refuge from unknown dangers, and turning the key in the lock stood taking long, gasping, sobbing breaths, the tears running down my face.

And what happened then was very strange. The thoughts I had were more real than my surroundings. They were more like visions, really.

It was strange, but I didn't think of Jay Ransom. I didn't blame him for hiring me to come here as his secretary and then leaving me to shift for myself. No, what I was thinking about—what I was seeing as if it were happening again—was another evening that should have been full of fear and forlorn dread, but somehow was not at all. It was the night that Larry had said goodbye to me before he sailed overseas.

I knew, that night, that I was losing the last person who meant anything to me—perhaps forever. John had gone over two months earlier, but Larry had been delayed by illness. Still, even now, when he was still a bit too pale, his bones a little too rugged in his



square-cut face, there was something so merry about his wide grin, the light in his blue eyes so gay, that I could not look up at him without feeling an irrepressible sense of happiness. Oh, things would come out all right! That was the effect Larry had on me.

It was Christmas vacation and I had gone home to visit my uncle and aunt on the farm. And it was there he had come to say goodbye. I wouldn't have planned it that way. I didn't want him to see the bleak old farmhouse yet, and the presence of my grim old aunt and uncle would hardly add joy to the occasion. If he'd given me a chance, I'd



So much to remember—so much to forget! Linda's memories of Larry, who was lost to her, came between her and everything she tried to do. No wonder that she turned to Jay for the love and tenderness she needed

Suddenly, he was beside me, his arms drawing me gently to him, his frown gone, his mouth curved in a sweet smile.

have told him to meet me at Marshalltown where I was attending business college. But he didn't give me a chance. He simply descended on us, without any notice at all. Just arrived, his musette bag in his hand, at our back door, a great big wonderful grin on his face. And it didn't turn out the way I would have expected it at all.

"Hi!" he said cheerfully. "Are you my aunt-to-be?" And he reached right out and took Aunt Emma's spare rigid old body in his arms and kissed her! And she liked it! I never saw her look so soft and rosy—yes, and *human*—as when he let her go and turned to give me my kiss.

It was the same with my uncle. With every friendly, respectful word Larry spoke to him, with every deferential question he asked about the farm. I could see Uncle Fred's stern reserve relax and warm into cheer.

Larry and Uncle Fred flooded the little meadow back of our barn, and all that were left of the kids John and I had gone to school with came to skate with us. Aunt Emma baked her special coffee cake, full of citron and raisins and dripping with sugary frost-

ing, which she hadn't bothered to make for years. She served gallons of hot cocoa to noisy, rosy youngsters who brushed their snow off on her clean linoleum, and she never had a cross look for anyone. It was simply magic, Larry's magic.

The last night he and I walked to the station together through the starry dusk. And even then I didn't feel depressed. We stepped briskly through the cold, our feet keeping rhythm and making crunching, squeaking sounds on the dry snow, the wonderful fresh clean smell of snow in our lungs, my hand snug in the crook of his strong arm.

"There's the High School," I told him as we passed the big rectangular brick building. "John and I both graduated there."

He stopped and looked up at it. "It's a fine job," he said.

His appreciation touched a warm spot in me. "We loved it," I told him. "I guess we always will. It was built just at the time most of us around here were getting an idea what it was to be afraid of starving. And then suddenly men got jobs building this school. It actually saved their lives—and their children's.

Then when it was all finished, so big and solid and permanent, and we kids had it and knew it was ours for good—clean and light, with all its sunny windows—well, it was like some kind of symbol—" I broke off, breathless, afraid he'd laugh at the solemn thoughts I'd never dared try to express before to anyone but my brother John.

Larry said softly, "A symbol of democracy. That's what it is."

"Larry! That's it!" It was wonderful, deeply exciting, that he should understand what I had hardly realized myself.

"I understand now," Larry said, his voice low. "I see what John is fighting for. What we're all fighting for, whether we know it as well as John does, or not. . . . This school and what it means. . . ."

It was a tremendous moment, somehow, just simply standing there with Larry, close but not even holding hands, just looking at the dark school building silhouetted against the frosty starry sky. I felt as if all the faith that John had taught me was being multiplied by the millions of boys who were fighting for it, and as if I shared, somehow, in all that enormous strength of purpose. In that moment I was strong too. And that was why I could say goodbye to Larry in a steady, unwavering voice, could give my lips to his, fully and sweetly, and then look into his clear blue eyes and not show him any tears in mine. It was the best evening of my life; there is nothing so fine as to feel yourself strong and sure.

But where was that strength now? That sureness?

It was gone, because John was dead. It was gone because Larry no longer loved me.

But even as I thought the words, I was ashamed. What kind of strength had I had, that I could lose so soon? After all, I had no proof that Larry had broken faith with me. Perhaps I had misinterpreted his cable. He had promised, "Explanation follows." Soon I would receive the letter explaining everything. Surely it would show me that my fears about Enid were just a groundless nightmare. Surely it would! Till then, I would keep faith with Larry.

And so I fell into a deep, exhausted sleep.

(Continued on page 87)



IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Lora Lawton

Here are the people you meet each day in this enthralling love story which takes place in the busy and exciting war-time city of Washington, D. C.

PETER CARVER is one of America's greatest shipbuilders—a man of vision and uncompromising personal integrity. He has found in Lora's simplicity and love of home all the grace and warmth that his life had lacked before she came to work for him. But Peter knows nothing of Lora's past, and he cannot understand her reasons for not marrying him. His great task of sending ships down the ways for America gives him little time to realize that he is one of the country's most eligible sought-after bachelors, and he is blind to the scheming of the many women who seek his attention and who are jealous of Lora. Peter doesn't know of the plans of Russel Gilman, multi-millionaire from the West, and Corinne Nesbit, Washington socialite, to destroy his confidence in Lora. (Played by James Meighan)



LORA LAWTON came to Washington, D. C., to be Peter Carver's housekeeper and companion to his sister Gail. Lora's husband, Harley, lost his life in a plane crash a few hours after demanding that she give him a divorce, and Lora, crushed and hopeless, felt that the job Peter Carver offered her opened the doors of a new life. Knowing that Peter loves her, and loving him deeply in return, the unhappiness of Lora's past prevents her marrying him. At present she has become the center of a strange mystifying intrigue which threatens Peter's love for her.
(Played by Joan Tompkins)

Lora Lawton was conceived and is written and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert
This daytime serial is heard daily at 10:00 A.M., EWT, over NBC



*GAIL CARVER is Peter's beautiful eighteen-year-old sister. She is a gay, high-spirited girl, very charming and attractive, and popular in Washington social life. It was mainly as a companion and a steady influence for his young sister that Peter hired Lora as his housekeeper, and Gail is Lora's chief reason for remaining in Washington. Gail has yet to learn that Harley Lawton, the man with whom she was once desperately in love, was Lora Lawton's husband.
(Played by Charita Bauer)*



*REX LAWTON is a distinguished young Virginian, who was the half brother of Lora's dead husband, Harley Lawton. Bitterly aware of the tragedy of Lora's marriage to Harley, Rex disapproves of Lora's love for Peter. He constantly urges Lora to make her home at Rexford Court, his magnificent family estate on which he is now engaged in extensive farming and dairying for the Department of Agriculture.
(Played by Lawson Zerbe)*

HELENE HUDSON, a beautiful wealthy socially prominent woman, has one determined aim in life—to become the wife of Peter Carver. In Peter, she sees a man who can help her to gratify her over-weening ambition for power. Helene, realizing that Peter was falling in love with Lora, guilefully tricked him into appearing to be engaged to her. Now she threatens to sue him for breach of promise if he marries Lora. She has convinced Peter that she loves him and is slowly winning his sympathy.

(Played by Fran Carlon)



MAY CASE is Peter's confidential secretary, completely loyal to her employer in everything. May's is one of the prized jobs in Washington. She is wise to the intrigues and plots of the social cliques of the Nation's capital. Completely devoted to Peter, she feels very kindly toward Lora whom she knows Peter loves and has taken Lora under her wing. Her kind advice has smoothed many a rough spot for Lora.

(Played by Ethel Wilson)

Mistaken Heart



Pride didn't count now. Nothing mattered—except knowing, finally and surely, what she

I HAD known all along that John Gardner would ask me to marry him. Loving Sam as I did, waiting every moment of the day for *him* to propose to me, I hoped with all my heart that John wouldn't.

For as long as I could remember, my family and John's and everybody else in Clarksburg had taken it for granted that one day Beth Sommers would marry John Gardner. My mother, in her last illness three years before, had been comforted when Dad said, "Don't worry about Beth. I'll look after her. And afterward . . . there will be John."

I had taken John for granted too—but that was before I met Sam Owens. Gay irresponsible Sam—who was no more good-looking than John and much less ambitious—but who set my blood tingling in a way that John, dear and familiar as he was, never had.

I suppose I was dear and familiar—and unexciting—to John, too. And yet I knew he would propose. It was as inevitable as the arrival of the National Limited, which even now was whistling for Canaanville bend, three miles down the valley, and in three minutes more would come steaming and shrieking into the Clarksburg station. To take John away.

I wished the train would hurry. I wanted him to be on it and away—away to the state capitol and his new job as junior partner in his uncle's law firm. Perhaps to meet someone new, as I had.

"If John would only go now, without asking me," I thought, "neither of us will be hurt. And John and I can still be friends."

I needed John's friendship. I didn't fool myself about that. He had known me since I was in rompers and he had always been there when I needed him.

When I was eight, and fell on roller skates, John was there to pick me up, and to help mother bathe my broken arm with cold compresses until the doctor came. When I was sixteen and came down with measles on the day of the High School Prom I would have had a broken heart except that John came down with measles too and sent me a corsage of roses and a note saying that naturally it was more fun having measles than going to the Prom—if I weren't going to be there.

In the *real* crises I depended on John, too. Like the time last year when Dad had had a heart attack and John had been there even before the doctor came.

Yes, I needed John. Perhaps I would always need him. At that moment, when two shrill blasts of its whistle signalled that the National Limited was coming into the yards, I truly wished that I loved him instead of Sam.



meant to Sam. Slowly Beth raised her eyes to his. "Do you want to marry me now?" she asked

There was time only for the briefest farewell. Clarksburg was just a signal-stop for the streamliner, but while the porter snatched up John's bags, and the conductor shouted "all aboard" John kissed me quickly and said "I'll be back for you, Beth. I know you're not ready to talk about marriage now—you've been too worried about your father. But Beth, I can't imagine life without you. I only hope you feel the same way about me."

The words were coming with a rush, and I couldn't stop them. "John I . . ."

He could see the quick tears in my eyes.

"Don't answer now, Beth," he begged me, "unless you can say yes. Don't ever say anything but yes. I'll ask you and keep asking you until you can."

The conductor was shouting "all aboard" with finality now, and the porter tugged at John's sleeve. I tried to

find words to explain, to explain about Sam—but John was gone.

I promised myself that I would write him as soon as I got home. It was not fair to John to keep him waiting and hoping when there was no hope. Yes, I'd sit down and write to him the moment I got into the house. . . .

BUT I didn't write when I got home, for Dr. Pemberton met me at the door. My father! Fear wiped away all thought of anything else. Frantically I shook the doctor's arm. "Something has happened to Dad," I said flatly. It wasn't a question—I knew."

"Easy now, Beth," he said. "Your father is resting upstairs. He . . . fainted . . . again today."

"You mean he had another heart attack," I said, and when he looked startled I added, "John told me. He thought I ought to know . . . since he

was going away." Even Dr. Pemberton considered John one of our family, and had told him months ago—while keeping the truth from me—that Dad's condition was serious. John had told me what the doctor had said! "He is as well as he can be, until it happens again. After that . . . there is nothing I can do."

And now it had happened again. "How long—how long has he?" I whispered the words.

"If he has rest, and complete quiet," Dr. Pemberton said gently, "maybe six months."

"I understand." But I didn't understand, I couldn't believe. Dad was all the family I had.

"He wants to talk to you," the doctor went on. "But you mustn't let him get excited—or worried—about anything."

Slowly I went upstairs and into the darkened room. He lay quietly on the

bed, and it seemed to me in that moment that already all the life had been drained from him.

"Oh, Dad," I said, my voice breaking.

"It's all right, daughter. I'll be all right."

But I couldn't stop crying, once I'd started.

"So you know," said Dad. "I'm glad you know, Beth. For there's a lot we must talk about, and there is very little time. I would like to feel—when I leave you—" he went on, "that you are not alone. You've never told me—when you and John plan to be married."

I HAD to tell him in spite of what the doctor had said. I'd always told Dad the truth, and I had to tell it now.

"I can't marry John, father." I hadn't meant the words to sound as flat and abrupt as they did. Dad's eyes clouded, and the little worry-lines between them deepened.

"But John has been . . ." he began, "your mother and I always thought . . ."

"I know, Dad," I said. "So did I. But things didn't work out that way. I'm in love—with someone else, Dad."

Father didn't answer for a minute, and when he did it was in a tired voice. "It isn't Sam Owens, that new advertising man on the *Times*, is it?"

He knew, of course. Even my eyes, when I looked at Sam, must have told him. "Yes. He hasn't asked me to marry him. But I love him, I want to marry him, Dad."

"I thought so," he said quietly. "I've seen him here at the house a lot lately. But daughter—you hardly know him—"

"I know," I answered, "and I know all the things people here in town are saying about him . . . that he came here to marry Tom Brown's widow because he thought Tom had left her some money, and that when he found out she had nothing he dropped her." I hated this—hated saying all this to Dad, but I knew it was best this way. Best to get it out in the open.

And that wasn't why Sam dropped her, anyway, I told myself for the hundredth time, my thoughts flying from Dad to Sam. He dropped her after he met me, and fell in love with me. I remembered the first time I'd seen him, at the country club dance. He had been standing in the stag line, and when John and I danced by he tapped him on the shoulder.

"So you're Beth Sommers," he said, smiling down at me as he whirled me away. "They told me that, but they didn't tell me you were so beautiful."

I fell in love with him that night, irrevocably in love. I danced again with John, but it wasn't the same. When Sam asked me for a waltz I swayed with him to the seductive slow music with my heart in my eyes. He must have known that I loved him—just as I was sure that he loved me.

So all the gossip of Clarksburg couldn't dull Sam Owens' fascination for me. I knew, in my own heart, why he sought me out, instead of Molly Brown. And I left warmer, more alive, just thinking about him.

Dad broke into my thoughts, and there was a strange note in his voice when he asked me "When did you meet this man, Bethie?"

"Why, last year," I said, "right after you were sick."

"Do you know anything about him, about his family or his background?" Dad asked me kindly, after a moment. "Can he take care of you? Jim Fulton, his boss down at the *Times*, tells me that the young man isn't worth his salt on the paper, and that he would have fired him long before this if he could have found anyone to replace him."

"Dad, that isn't fair!" I could feel the blood rushing to my face. People in this town were so cruel. Strangers were always suspected—only the people who had lived their lives in Clarksburg were to be trusted—that was their attitude. They weren't giving Sam a chance. But I knew I mustn't quarrel with Dad—the doctor had warned me. So all I said was, "If you knew Sam as well as I do, Dad, you'd love him too."

"Perhaps," he said. "But I'd always hoped that you and John . . ."

And then, with that strange note in his voice again, he changed the subject. "You'll have this house, of course," he said, "and there is a \$10,000 insurance policy. You'll have that at least."

"Don't, Dad!" I implored him, and once again the tears wouldn't be held back. "Oh, don't you know I don't care about those things, Daddy? I don't care about the money, or about the house—I care about you. I can take care of myself, and—" Tears choked away the rest, and I cried until I heard my father say, through the sound of the crying, "Honey, I want you to make me a promise." I had never heard his voice sound quite like that before—so solemn, so very serious. I knew that whatever he asked, whatever the promise he extracted would mean to me, I couldn't refuse.

"Yes, Daddy," I told him, "I'll promise. I'll promise you anything you want me to."

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There was time only for the briefest of farewells. "I'll be back for you Beth," John said.

He nodded slowly. "This will seem hard to you, Beth—hard and senseless, maybe. But—well, maybe someday you'll look back on it, and be glad. And it won't make any difference to you, really. If you love Sam, and Sam loves you, you'll wait for each other. So—promise me this, honey. Promise you won't marry Sam until he's made good on the paper, or until he's got himself a better job and stuck to it for a year. Will you Beth?"

A year. It sounded like a lifetime. And then I remembered what the doctor had said a little while ago, about Dad. *If he has rest and complete quiet, perhaps six months.* A year that seemed a lifetime, and six months that seemed as if they might pass in a fleeting minute. How could I even want to balance one against the other. And it would not be a hard promise to keep, perhaps—for Sam hadn't even asked me to marry him. And so I promised.

Not a hard promise to keep? Oh, never in the world was there one so difficult!

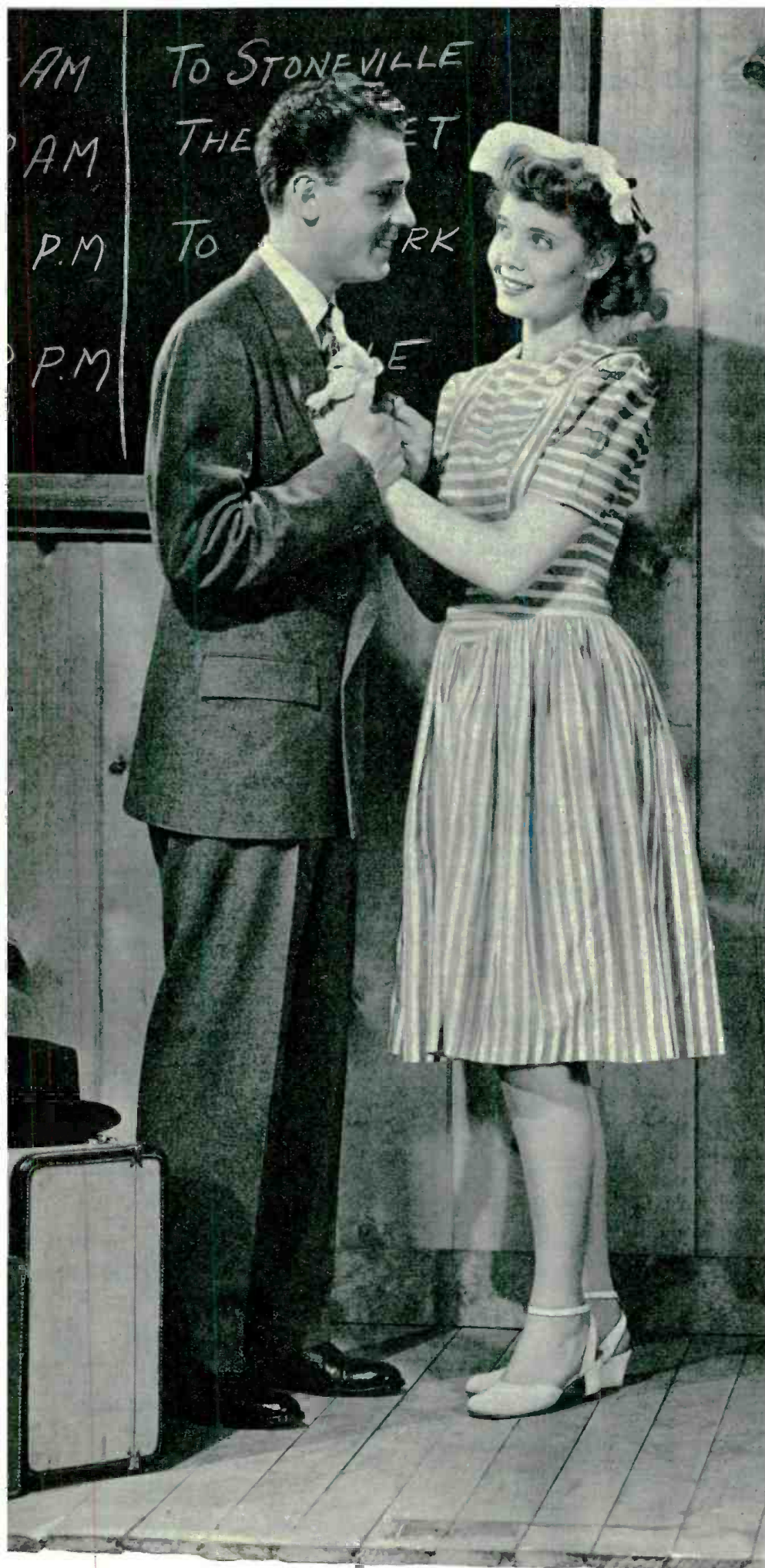
Sam dropped by the house that evening, without phoning—he often did. We didn't live by formal rules in Clarksburg. He found me crumpled on the davenport, a wad of wet handkerchief in my hand. Dr. Pemberton's nurse had come at six o'clock to relieve me at Dad's bedside, and I had fallen into an exhausted sleep.

I don't think any man was ever quite so welcome in a woman's heart as Sam was then in mine. My world was full of darkness and fear and death, he came to me, bringing life and kindness and gentleness—and promise. I looked at his dear face, at his warm brown eyes with laughter ever ready behind them,



A Just Five Lines Drama

From an original radio play, "Sam Owen's Job," by Amzie Strickland and Robert Arthur, first heard on Just Five Lines, over Mutual.



at his strangely thin, sensitive hands, at his mouth that could be both hard and gentle, and was always the right one of those two at the right time—and I felt as a person lost must feel when at last he sees a lighted window ahead.

"Sam—!" I cried, and that one word released all the rest. I sobbed out the story of the whole dreadful day, and Sam kissed my burning eyes and rubbed my aching forehead and held me safe in the circle of his arm while I talked.

"What hurts most," I told him, "is that Dad is worrying about me, when it's he who is so terribly ill. He shouldn't have to worry about anything at all." And I told Sam what Dad had said about the insurance policy and the house. "As if the money mattered," I sobbed. "Why, I'd burn the house and the insurance policy, if that would make Dad well. And besides," I added, "I can take care of myself."

Sam smiled down at me. "I suppose you could, Beth. But you'll never have to, you know. You'll never have to take care of yourself—because I'm here. That's going to be my job."

He didn't say he loved me. He didn't ask me, in so many words, to marry him. But it was the sweetest proposal a girl ever had, I thought. And I loved him so! I felt safer, happier, than I had this afternoon ever thought I could feel, as I moved closer into his arms.

After that night, Sam was always with me. He telephoned me from the office three or four times a day to ask about father, to inquire if there were any errands he could run. Since I was tied almost without respite to my father's sickroom there were many things he could do, and I was grateful. "It's almost," I thought half-guiltily, "as if John were here."

When Sam walked in one noonday with the news that he had quit his job on the paper, I was glad. Even if father's eyebrows did question the "quitting" I was glad because I needed Sam with me, not just to run errands, but to give me hope for a future which seemed black and hopeless when, except for my desperately sick father, I was alone in the house.

After that, Sam was at our house all day, every day, and until very late at night. He kept his room at Mrs. Rafferty's boarding house, but just for a place to sleep. He had his meals with me, helped me cook them, as a matter of fact—I begged him to, for Dad had his meals on a tray, and I hated eating alone.

If I hadn't needed him so, I might not have been so foolish. For it is foolish indeed for a woman to share her intimate daily life with a man unless she is prepared to make the bargain complete. So in a way it was my fault when the thing happened that drove Sam away—for good.

It all came about because of more of Sam's kindness, his thinking always of me. Of course, I spent nearly all my waking hours at Dad's bedside, for he was growing visibly weaker, and it seemed to make him happy just to have me there where he could see me, where he could talk a little to me between his longer and (Continued on page 79)



CAROLYN KRAMER, of The Right to Happiness, has an active interest in the welfare of our returning soldiers. Her husband, Dwight, recently came back to this country with an Army medical discharge; her good friend, Richard Campbell, a brilliant young doctor, is a captain in the Army medical corps, and she has recently made a new friend—Billy Harris, whom she met one day in the park when he found a teddy bear belonging to Skippy, Carolyn's son. Billy lost an arm in the service of his country and has had to give up his dream of being a surgeon. Carolyn and Dr. Campbell are working together to give Billy a new start in life. (Carolyn played by Claudia Morgan—The Right to Happiness is heard daily at 4:45 P.M., EWT, on NBC)

WHEN THEY

Come Marching Home

By Carolyn Kramer

EVER since I met Billy Harris, one day in the park, when he returned my small boy's teddy bear, and became interested in the problems of his return to civilian life—minus his right arm!—I've tried to find out everything there is to know that can be helpful to boys and girls who are being honorably discharged from the armed services.

I've written to several government and private agencies, and talked to others, and I must say, it's a heartening thing to know how very many organizations are determined to help a service man, when he comes marching home, to work out his many problems.

As I say, Billy lost his arm, and it wasn't easy for him to get used to the idea, to give up his dreams of becoming a surgeon. But there was the Veterans Administration to help him, since his condition was caused in line of duty.

Now, the Veterans Administration arranges to give men like Billy artificial limbs—arms and legs—and incidentally, bridgework, medicine and appliances of any sort.

But more important than that, Billy has a pension for life. His Army medical board made a report on his disability but the final decision rested with the Veterans Administration. Pensions depend on the degree of disability and on what the veteran's former job was. Pensions range from \$10 to over \$200 per month.

Any man with a service-connected injury will be given whatever treatment he needs, as long as the injury troubles him. Also, his fare will be paid to and from the appropriate hospital, regardless of his ability to pay.

But I think that the case I learned about of a man I'll call Johnny is especially revealing of the benefits that this country is offering returning service men. Johnny came marching home because he was in his forties and the illness he'd contracted in the South Pacific had laid him low for several months. When he came out of the Army they handed him a pamphlet called "Information for Soldiers Going Back to Civilian Life" which gave him the main facts about his rights and privileges. The booklet didn't offer all the

answers but it did tell him *where* he could find them; besides, it suggested steps he could take to avoid complications later on.

For one thing it told him that he had to report to his local draft board, in person or by mail, within five days after he was discharged. Also, it suggested that he have his discharge papers recorded at the county courthouse.

He was reminded that since the premium for his National Service Life Insurance would no longer be subtracted from his service pay he would have to send premiums direct to the Veterans Administration to prevent the insurance from lapsing. He was told how to convert to an Ordinary Life policy.

There were lots of other things that the booklet told him—about his mustering-out pay (\$100-\$300) which was to help tide him over the period after his discharge—about his records, such as serial, service or file numbers, proof of relationship of dependents, marriage and birth certificates, a will, discharge papers, etc., and the importance of keeping them in order—about apprentice and vocational training, education, hospital and medical care, legal protection and many other matters that were very important indeed to Johnny.

It encouraged him about getting a job, or returning to the position he'd held before he went into the Army. It

told him he had to apply for it 40 days after his discharge. "Your former employer is required to give you your old job back (or its equivalent) if he possibly can," it said, "at the same rate of pay and with the same seniority and privileges you previously had."

As for claims for pensions, it told him that it's not necessary to hire a lawyer to secure benefits and he's advised not to. "Nevertheless, it is your right to employ legal assistance if you want to."

As a matter of fact, a lot of information is being put out for men like Johnny or Billy. The Retraining and Reemployment Administration of the Office of War Mobilization is publishing a booklet which tells about benefits for veterans as well as for dependents. The U. S. Employment Service puts out every two months a list of job opportunities called Labor Market Information for Veterans.

But none of that is really the answer to how you and I can fulfill our obligations to Johnny and Billy and Sally—when they come marching home.

We must realize, first of all, that while the problem of mobilization has been huge, the job of returning men and women of the armed services to civilian life is—and will increasingly become—a tremendous and difficult assignment.

Already there are test "separation centers" where (Continued on page 69)

I was excited as I prepared the sandwiches and filled the thermos bottle with coffee.

Forever

"I can't share you—not even with your her. Now she was going home to face

THE BUS rumbled over the bridge, and, I, startled out of my unhappy reverie, looked out the window at the familiar landscape. I was coming home; in another hour I would be there. I was coming home after three years of rapture, bewilderment, pain—to make a decision; to find out, as Jeff had said:

"Whether you love me or not, Betty. We can't go on like this. I can't share you with even your memory of another man. It's time isn't it, you knew your own heart?"

He had been very quiet, my husband, when he had said this to me, but there had been pain in his dark eyes, and his lips had been set in a tight, thin line. He had been right, too; I had known it then, I knew it now, as I stared at the spring meadows, sloping down to the river. I had muddled everything; the fault had been mine.

For there's a boy, now in a soldier's uniform, you couldn't forget; a boy who carried your books home from school, with whom you skated in winter on the pond. His hair was brown, the color of a hazelnut, and his eyes were steady. A small town boy with whom you quarreled, for Jeff had the glamour of big cities about him, and charm and ease.

The bus stopped; some passengers got off, others got on. I didn't turn my head as people passed my seat, until a voice exclaimed:

"Why, Betty—what are you doing here?"

I started, glancing around. There was the boy in uniform, with hair brown as a hazelnut; older, thinner. I held out my hand.

"Ted," I exclaimed, "and what are you doing here?"

He took my hand; how firm his fingers were! Jeff hadn't guessed, or I, that I would see Ted; he had asked me to face a dream of my girlhood and see if it were real; and here, here, was the hero of that dream! As he slipped into the seat beside me, I noticed his limp, and with a quick uprush of fear, I said:

"You've been wounded."

He nodded, smiling at me. "Ankle smashed by machine gun fire. Been home a month, and maybe for the rest of the summer—but it's nothing serious. How does it happen you're on this bus? It's nice to see you."

Nice—what a cold, little word. But, you don't know how the memory of you was like a ghost in the apartment, and Jeff knew; you don't know how we quarreled about you, after his patience and his sweetness had worn thin.

"I'm on a—visit—to my aunts."

"They'll be glad to see you."

"I suppose so." I frowned. "I hope they won't start quarreling over me, again."

"Why should they? It was just about your upbringing they differed." A smile touched his lips. "Remember the time Aunt Jane forbade you to go to the dance at the Mill Inn, said you were too young, and locked you in your room, and you climbed out over the roof of the shed—"

"And you waited below to catch me—" My voice was quick, eager.

"And we walked through the meadows, and sat on the stone wall in the orchard—"

"You were wonderful to give up the dance for my sake—"

A Problem From

John J. Anthony's Good Will Hour

and Forever

memory of another man," Betty's husband told the dream of her girlhood, to see if it were real

The apple trees were in blossom, sweet, sweet on the warm air. My red gold curls were tied back like a little girl's, those curls set in the latest hair-do, now. My blue eyes just loved to watch you; in every book I read, in every movie I saw, you were the hero—and you're in khaki now, and there's a world of pain and mistakes between us.

Ted stared out the window, then turned a quiet face toward me. "Is your husband away? I mean in the Service?"

The spell of a sweet and romantic past was broken. "No, he was turned down by the draft board; he has a heart murmur."

"Rotten luck," Ted said, "I bet he's wild."

"Yes." That had been another blow for Jeff. My heart had ached for him; I had wanted to help, but he hadn't let me. He had said, sharply, in an unusual burst of anger: "Don't pity me; I don't want pity. I haven't measured up to your standards, but that's nothing new— Let's drop it."

The bus rumbled on, and we sat in silence until Ted said: "The next's my corner, but you'll let me come and see you?"

"Yes, do." I watched him limp down the aisle, and swing to the ground, going down his street, his cap at a cocky angle, shoulders straight. And I threw back my own shoulders, bracing myself for what my Aunt Jane would have to say. I hadn't forgotten certain lines in her last letter. "Of course you'll be welcome, though I do not approve of a wife leaving her husband for any reason—marriage is marriage—for life—" Oh, so different from Aunt Ruth's; "Betty, dear, this is your home—I'll be glad to have you."

That difference was in their faces, as they came to meet me, as I walked up the path to the white, shingled cottage, the golden light of afternoon sun bright on the tidy lawn and the first snowdrops and crocuses; it was in their manner during supper, and it flared into words as we three sat on the porch after the table was cleared and the dishes done.

"How long are you staying?" That was Aunt Jane.

"Just as long as you wish, Betty." That was Aunt Ruth.

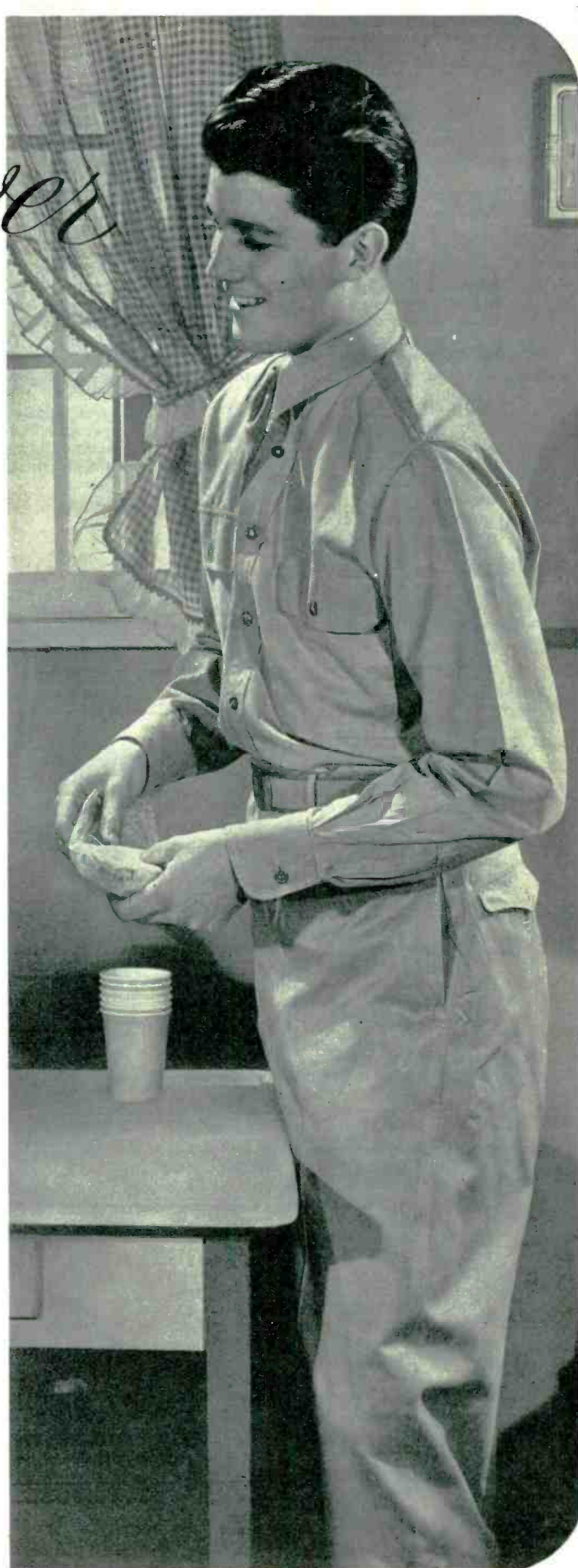
"Remember she's married, Ruth—"

"But it hasn't been a success; she needs time to think—to decide—"

They had argued like this ever since I could remember, these two who had brought me up, and whom I loved; and, here they were at it, when I was so tired, so bewildered—and lost. I got to my feet.

"I'm not going back to Jeff for a long, long time—if ever. He thought it best, as I did, that I get away—and—oh, find myself. He doesn't want me if I don't love him—" My voice rose. "Please leave me alone, stop quarreling about me—I can't stand it, I can't."

I ran from the porch and up the stairs to my old room; I shut the door behind me, and walked to the window, staring out at the slender new moon in the western sky. They didn't understand, as I hadn't for a long time, why my marriage had been the miserable affair it was. Jeff on a visit to some friends in town had found me a dreaming girl; Jeff's kisses had awakened a strange tumult in



my blood. There had been glamour in all he did and said. But if Ted hadn't been jealous, hadn't stormed off, saying he would never inflict his presence on me again until I sent for him, I might never have gone to Jeff. I leaned further from the window, watching the slender moon sink behind the trees. I had almost forgotten how wonderful my honeymoon had been; I wondered at this minute how it could have been, and, yet, there had been rapture and excitement. Jeff holding me close, looking down at me with dark, laughing eyes; Jeff saying:

"Little, golden girl—I've captured an elf from country fields. I love you, love you, Betty—how I love you—"

AND, then, I'd hurt him; I'd driven the laughter from his eyes, and I'd seen him turn older, quieter. For the boy with whom I had played, about whom I had woven dreams, wouldn't stay forgotten. I had tried to hide it, and couldn't, for always I was making comparison; always I felt that whatever Jeff might do, Ted would have done it better. He, the boy, with hair brown as a hazelnut, came between our lips, turning mine cold, and I was ashamed and helpless because it was so. Jeff had said, once:

"You haven't forgotten Ted. You're making a dream hero out of him."

He had said, another time, and his hands had been hard on my arms: "Perhaps you did marry me on the rebound. Maybe I've got to face it. But, there's something in me—down, deep down, that says it isn't so."

But, harder than all else had been to watch the change in Jeff. First there had been tender wooing, as if that might banish the shadow in our life; then sudden bursts of impatience, changing to long, terrible silences—and, now, he had stopped struggling; he had sent me home, to find the truth in myself. I turned back into the dark room, my hands pressed to my head. Oh, the weariness, the pain, the uselessness—

If there were only someone to whom I could talk, I whispered to myself that night, and many times, as the days went by, but I was still a storm center between my aunts, and that kept me silent, and when Ted came down the street almost a week later, and sat beside me on the porch, pride forced me to talk of unimportant matters. I was hurt, too, because he had been so long in coming, knowing it was foolish to be hurt. And, he didn't stay long, but as he was leaving, he turned back toward me, and said, in a puzzled voice:

"You're not like yourself, Betty. Anything the matter; anything you'd like to tell me?"

The old phrase he had always used, since we were boy and girl together, opening the way for me to confide in him, and for him to comfort me. But I shook my head, and laughed.

"No, Ted. What made you ask?"

"Well, I sort of thought—that day on the bus, and this evening—that you'd changed more than you should. I know you're grown up, a woman, now—but somehow you looked like a peaked lit-

tle fairy, who had strayed out of fairyland—"

"Oh, Ted," I laughed, again, "you and your fancies."

"Always had them, always will." I could see the flash of his white teeth in the dim, star lighted night. "Yes, peaked, that's the word; your big eyes too big, and your cheeks too thin."

"Imagination, Ted; you always had too much."

But, I'd like to tell you; I'd like to have you take my hands and hold them very tightly, while I put into words the pent-up pain in me, the hidden hurt. But I shan't, Ted, for you loved me once, and you don't love me, any more. I can tell it, feel it; you're being kind and friendly because of old times.

I was lonely, miserable; the days were empty and long, and life seemed to have neither direction nor meaning. I worked in the garden, planting flowers

and vegetables; I took long walks, burdened by the realization of the love I had lost, the memories of my unhappy marriage, and the knowledge that I had brought strain and tension into my former home. My aunts said little to me, or to each other, and what was driving them apart was my return: Aunt Jane stubbornly convinced I should return to Jeff, Aunt Ruth as stubbornly certain I should not. I thought, through the long sleepless nights: "I only bring unhappiness; to Ted once, to Jeff, and now, to the two who took the place of my dead parents." I knew I should do something, make some definite plans, but I was so weary in body, mind and heart, that I could not force myself to a decision. It was more difficult when Ted came to see me; but I wanted to see him, I wanted him near. So, when he said, one lovely May morning, appearing unexpectedly at the back door:



Ted came often to work in the garden, while I would sometimes sit and read aloud to Jeff.

"The weather's like heaven. How about making up a lunch, Betty, and spending the day up at the pond," I couldn't refuse.

Maybe, up at the pond, I thought, where the pines run down to the shore, I'll find peace, I'll be happy for a few hours, happy as I once was. I was excited as I made sandwiches, filled the thermos bottle with coffee, boiled and cooled eggs. Aunt Jane, coming in, raised disapproving eyebrows, and walked away, but Aunt Ruth, smiling, packed a box full of the cookies she had baked the afternoon before. Ted had waited on the porch, and as I came running out, he rose to his feet.

"I've borrowed a car," he said, "but you'll have to drive—I can't trust my ankle."

"Gladly," I cried; "it was wonderful of you to think of this, Ted."

Yes, wonderful. The past had slipped away, forgotten, as we sat in the warm May sunshine, and ate our lunch, and talked of many things, easily, happily, or were silent without a sense of strain. And it wasn't until the sun turned westward and the shadows began to

lengthen, that a different quality crept into our words. It started when Ted said:

"You know, Betty, I'm glad you've changed the way you had your hair. I like your curls tied back with a ribbon, the way they used to be."

I put out a hand as if to stop him. His words had made me remember the gulf between the past and the present, and of all that divided them. And I had been so happy, so carefree for the first time in years. I stared out across the still water.

"What's the matter?" His voice was quiet.

"I hate to go home. I'd like to stay here always—always—" I stopped.

"Why?" he asked, still quietly.

I didn't answer; the quiet deepened around us, full of ghosts, and unspoken, bewildered thoughts.

"Tell me all about it," Ted said, at last. "You never used to shut me out."

"Why do you think there is anything to tell?" I didn't look at Ted, my eyes on the pond, which suddenly blurred as I fought back tears.

"I know you too well; you can't

pretend with me. You're unhappy—and—" he left his sentence unfinished.

"And—what?"

"You never speak of Jeff—of your home—your life with him. I'm neither blind nor stupid, Betty."

Another silence; my throat was tight, too tight for words.

"Oh, well—" I heard Ted move as if to get up, "if you don't want to, that's all right by me. I thought I might help—"

Suddenly, the tears I had fought were running down my face, and sobs, struggling in my throat, rose to my lips; I buried my head on my drawn up knees, crying: "I've made a mess of everything—I didn't know one could be so unhappy—"

His hand touched my shoulder, very gently. "Cry it out, Betty—talk it out—it will do you good."

"My marriage—I guess it was a mistake. One can make mistakes. I may never go back to Jeff."

Silence. "Say that again." There was a queer, strained note in Ted's voice when he spoke. "Does that mean you don't love Jeff?"

"Maybe I never did—maybe I only thought I did. I was only a girl, and we quarreled, Ted—" My voice broke.

Ted's hand went under my bowed head and lifted it, his other hand touched my hair. "Yes, we quarreled. I was jealous." His face was white under its tan. "Is there a chance—Betty, do you love me?"

I stared up at him, my lips parted. "Do you love me?" I whispered.

"I haven't stopped for a day," he said.

His arms went around me, and his lips found mine; there was hunger and pain and tenderness in that kiss. I clung to him; to the boy I had worshipped as a girl, to the boy who had been my hero, and whom I hadn't been able to forget. We sat, Ted's arm around me, and my hands in his, as the light left the pond, lingering on the highest tree tops, and a chill little breeze sprang up. Ted leaned closer, kissing my hair; then stood up, pulling me to my feet.

"I can't believe it's true," he said, and smiled into my eyes; "you'll get a divorce, and, then, you'll be mine."

I shrank a little, longing to push away facts, to linger in dreamland, the dreamland we had had before I had met Jeff. And, then, he whispered, bending close, his cheek against mine. "So that when I come back, you'll be free—" And the world of reality crashed through. There was war all over the world, and Ted would be in danger. I cried, clutching at his hands:

"Ted, dear—oh, Ted, dear—"

"Hush," he said, and kissed me, "don't worry. Just let's be happy together while I'm home this time. Don't look back."

That's wise, not to look back; it's wise, too, to be happy with Ted and plan for the future. Write Jeff and tell him I want a divorce; that I've seen Ted; that the old magic is real.

But, I kept putting off that letter. Perhaps, because like Aunt Jane, I felt, deep down in me, that marriage is a life-long bond; perhaps, because subtle



ties are formed when two have been man and wife, and they are not as simple to break as one believes. But, above all, when it came to the point, I shrank from hurting Jeff who still hoped, who still believed, and who would hope and believe until that letter was received. I had thought, after that day with Ted under the pine trees, by the clear waters of the pond that I had found peace. And I had not. He'd ask:

"Have you written?"

I'd shake my head.

"Why not?"

And the only answer I could give was: "It's so hard to do—to hurt him. He's fine, Ted, very fine."

Ted's eyes would grow strange, studying my face. "I know that. But you're being morbid. Betty, you've got to cut things clean, you know. Don't be a coward."

And in his arms, or with his lips on mine, I told myself I was a coward, a morbid coward. So, on a bright spring morning, watching from my bedroom window, the eastern sky turn rose, and light sweep across green grass and trees, I resolved that this day the letter would be written; I couldn't linger forever; my boyhood sweetheart was waiting for me, and Jeff must be told. But, oh, I still longed for the old, carefree days, before there had been problems to face, or pain.

Queer, I thought, watching the sun set that evening, how a few hours can change the world. The bus rumbled under me, and the familiar landscape lay outside its windows, and I was going back to Springfield; I was going back to Jeff. So much had happened in so short a time, and yet the day just over had seemed endless. Pictures danced in my tired brain; my opening the letter from the wife of one of Jeff's friends, my reading it, standing very still by the mailbox by the gate.

"I don't know that it's any of my business, and you may not thank me; you've been away a long time, and Jeff has never spoken of you—" There were those lines, and, then, others: "He's been ill for several weeks; it's his heart. Now he's in the hospital—" And in the

bright sunshine a shadow stretched toward me, the shadow of duty. I had run from it, only to find myself at the telephone, talking to Mabel Rollins, the girl who had written me. I could still hear the sound of my tight, breathless voice, as if it were part of the clicking wheels of the bus, as I had said:

"Has he asked for me?"

I could still remember the relief at her answer: "No."

But the relief hadn't lasted, for she had added: "But he's very, very ill, Betty; he shouldn't be alone." And the shadow of duty had crept close once more, giving me strength to face Ted and tell him. He had looked at me, with that strange expression in his eyes which I had seen before, as he had said:

"But you don't love him, Betty."

And I had cried: "But he may need me. I am still his wife—that's something, Ted." I had seen him flinch before he walked over to the porch rail, and stood, back to me. I had sought for words and found them. "There is such a thing as duty, dear. The uniform you're wearing proves you know it. If Jeff needs my help, I must give it, until he's better. I'd never—we'd never—be happy if I didn't."

HE HAD swung around and taken my hands; he had told me I must do what I believed right; he had put me on the bus, and waved to me and tears had stung my eyes. It was as if I were really saying goodbye to my girlhood, and the sweet and wonderful companionship which it had held. But I told myself, or tried to, that I was foolish; I would be coming back to Ted, and that sweet and wonderful companionship.

And, then, I had little time or strength for thought for I had a very ill man to nurse. A few days after my arrival the doctors told me I could take Jeff back to the apartment; he needed care, constant care, and careful watching, but there were no tasks a wife could not do. He must be guarded against any excitement or strain; he had been forbidden to talk, except to me. And to me, he said very little; he had not asked me why I had returned; it was as if he were afraid to ask. Or, perhaps—and this I tried to tell myself—he didn't care. And, yet, I felt his eyes following me, as he lay hour after hour, day after day, propped high on the pillows of his bed. Once he did say:

"It was decent of you, Betty—to come."

And looking into his dark eyes, sunken deep in his haggard face, so full of physical and mental pain, I answered, quickly:

"I wanted to, Jeff. As long as you need me, I'll stay."

A little smile touched his lips, a mocking, little smile. "Be careful of your promises, Betty." And closed his eyes, turning his head away.

Oh, it was hard for us to be alone, in these rooms which had been our home, with so much never spoken, with so much unexpressed. I dared not face what he must be thinking; I dared not let myself think. And there were hours

when longing swept over me to be with Ted, out in the sunshine with Ted, away from doubts and fears and problems—just being happy. Then, I would set my shoulders, telling myself this could not last forever. And, when, as the heat of July lay oppressive over the city, and the doctor suggested that Jeff be taken to the country, I could have cried with relief. I would take him to my aunts; there he could lie in the sunlight, and we would not be all alone in these quiet, quiet rooms and the strain of our tense relationship would be made easier by the presence of others. Jeff's patience and silence would not every minute be a reproach to my heart. And—and I would see Ted!

So, once again, within a few months I made the trip to my home. I hired a car, and Jeff, now able to sit up, was beside me as I drove. Both my aunts had written eagerly, saying: come; saying: we want to help you, it's too much for you to nurse your husband all alone; this time they would both welcome me. I had dropped a note to Ted, just a few lines.

"I am bringing Jeff home until he is well. I must do it, Ted; I must. You understand. Someday, the future will be ours; but the present is his; he needs me."

Jeff liked the little house, the sunny garden; he liked my aunts, especially Aunt Jane, and I would see her sitting beside the long garden chair in which he lay, reading to him, talking to him by the hour. It was as if he were relieved when I left them alone, to go and work among the vegetables and flowers. And, I, glancing at them under the great maple in the far corner of the lawn, would think, "He knows, he must know. Some day, he'll ask me—some day, I'll tell him. But not yet, not yet; when he's better, when he's stronger—"

Yes, I felt I could be patient, though ever in my memory was the first evening of my return, and Ted catching me to him, as I had run to meet him on the dark path, and his quick, eager kiss on my lips. Just, for a minute, that was all; but it had seemed so natural—how often, in the past, before my marriage had I so run to him, and had he so kissed me.

But, Ted came often, working in the garden, for though he could not stand for long because of his ankle, he could kneel on the borders, pulling up weeds and even transplanting. Sometimes I worked with him; sometimes I sat and read aloud to Jeff, while Ted worked on alone. I could talk and laugh with Ted, forgetful for the time being of everything; the sun warm and life-giving on me, and the rich, dark soil under my hands. And, it wasn't until turning quickly, one afternoon, to find Jeff's dark eyes on me, that I realized I was trying to forget, that I didn't want to remember or think; do anything but drift. I straightened up, dropping back on my heels, looking away from the tall, thin figure in the long chair, my world of make believe falling, with a crash around me. Everything was wrong; nothing was straight and clear and true.

I'm in a (Continued on page 54)



Suggested by a true problem presented on John J. Anthony's Good Will Hour, Sundays at 10:15 P.M., EWT, on Mutual.

I'LL LOVE HIM

Always

By BEA WAIN

AFTER six and a third years of being Mrs. Andre Baruch I still hesitate to tell the story of how I met the first and only man in my life, how we fell in love and were married, and "lived happily ever after."

It has a story-book quality even to me sometimes, and I know it is all true.

I suppose I should stop being so starry-eyed. After six years you're supposed to be an old married woman. But it's six years in name only for Andre and me. Two of those years Andre has been in uniform—far away and in danger, first in North Africa, then in Sicily and Salerno. And at least another year has been chopped out of our precious time together in bits and pieces—when I was on the road with Larry Clinton and his band, or off somewhere for a personal appearance.

When I first saw Andre, in 1936, I had no intention of marrying him—nor anyone else. I was just out of high school. I guess I was pretty naive and unsophisticated for a born and bred New Yorker. I had only one desire then—to have a career as a singer.

I had wanted to sing for as long as I could remember. Even with hard work and persistence, I knew it would take everything I had to make the grade, to Be Somebody. Marriage and love—even dates, the normal fun most girls of seventeen take for granted—could wait.

But then I began to notice Andre Baruch. He didn't see me. He was the announcer on Fred Waring's program. He was busy and important; I was just one of the "kids" in the choir.

We worked on the same show for a year, and I doubt if we said more than three words to one another. But I was sorry when the show went off the air, sorry—despite all my vows to keep my mind on my work—that I hadn't made him notice me. My friends in the choir teased me. "Bea has a crush on Andre Baruch," they'd say.

I denied it. I said I had no time for men. But I *did* have a crush on him.

The choir's next job was on Kate Smith's program. And Andre was the announcer! The first touch of Cinderella's magic slipper in the whole series of coincidences which brought us together.

When we arrived at the studio for the premier performance of the show,



"Andre was handsome in white tie and tails, and I felt beautiful and beaming in my satin gown and long veil. That was more than six years ago," says Bea Wain, "when I married Andre Baruch, and I still feel like Cinderella"

the first person I saw was Andre. He was there, but he looked ill.

I didn't know it then, but he had been knocked unconscious on the golf course the day before when a golf ball struck him on the head, and his doctor had given him strict orders not to get out of bed until all signs of concussion disappeared. But the first-of-the-season performance of a radio broadcast is crucial, and the tradition

of "the show must go on" is hallowed. Andre, concussion and all, showed up for work.

I watched him anxiously throughout the day of rehearsals and during the broadcast. I noticed that he left the stage after announcing each number, and sat in a chair with his head in his hands. He was white and shaking.

After the sign-off, Andre walked off the stage again. The audience was

still applauding. Kate was taking bow after bow. No one but me, I guess, noticed when Andre staggered against the curtain and fell—in a dead faint. I ran for water. He regained consciousness with his head in my arms. When he felt well enough to stand I telephoned his apartment mates—Mel Allen and Ralph Edwards—and told them what had happened.

"Come over here and get him," I ordered, with a queer feeling of possessiveness, "and put him right to bed."

AT rehearsal the next week, he thanked me charmingly.

"You really saved my life," he said. "If you hadn't been there I don't know what I'd have done."

"The least I can do," he went on, "is to deck you with orchids and buy you champagne. Come out with me for supper tonight."

I wanted to go out with him; I wanted very much to talk with him—away from the curious eyes and ears in the studio. But I reminded myself sternly that I had no time for men, even nice ones. So I declined.

I declined again, when he invited me to go out the next week. And the next—when the whole gang from the show went to Benny Goodman's opening at the Pennsylvania roof.

But I told my mother that I *wanted* to go. "If you really want to go out with him, and still refuse," she told me, "you're a silly girl."

I ran into Andre the next day in the corridor at CBS.

"You should have come with us last night," he said, "we had fun."

"I'll go out with you," I blurted out, though he hadn't asked me *yet*, "I'll go out with you tonight!"

It was my first real date, unless you count dates with high school boys for dances or football games. I was surprised to find that I was so at ease with Andre—who was one of the town's most eligible bachelors—and pleased that he seemed so at ease with me.

We went out together several times after that, usually on Thursday nights after the broadcast.

I opened my secret heart to him, told him about my burning desire to be a singer—not just another voice in the choir—but a famous singer. He didn't laugh at me; he said I would make it. He told me his own ambitions.

We discovered that we had the same tastes in music, in books and pictures. When Andre talked excitedly about golf and tennis, I vowed to become an athlete—right away—myself.

One wonderful autumn Sunday, when the trees along the Hudson River Parkway were brilliantly red and yellow and the first cold tang was in the air, we drove back slowly from a long, blissful drive into the country, and Andre kissed me.

"A man's Sunday girl," he told me, "is his best girl."

I knew that I loved him. It was a pity, when I should be spending all of my Sunday afternoons practicing and studying, but I loved him.

Then, Cinderella's slipper turned up again—and I got my big break. Larry

Clinton, who was organizing a new band, and was about to make his first recording, telephoned and asked me to do the vocal.

He was taking an insane chance, I thought, because he had never even heard me sing, but it was no time for argument.

The record was a smash hit, and the band—and I—were rewarded with a recording contract with R.C.A. Then Clinton landed a radio show. Of course it had to be on Thursday night. And my one job of the week was on Kate Smith's show—on Thursday night! I had to choose.

With the band, I was risking what every new singer risks with a new band, and a new show—a flop. But I would be a soloist, have a chance, at least, to Be Somebody.

But I had to risk it.

The band clicked, I clicked, and Andre called me up. Not just on Thursdays, but all days.

Andre asked me to spend Thanksgiving day with him. "We'll have turkey with the family," he said, "and then go somewhere—just you and me."

We were so looking forward to the day, that when Pathe Newsreel asked Andre to cover a performance at the American Music Hall, we felt cheated.

"Come with me, anyway," Andre urged, "we can talk between set-ups."

The performance was an old-time music fest. Tables with red and white checkered cloths were ranged around the floor. Andre found a table for me, and joined me when he could.

There, in the middle of a "rendition" of "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad," he asked me to marry him.

I was lecturing myself firmly while he spoke. "You can't marry anyone—not even Andre, now," I told myself. "You haven't time for love, or marriage, for another ten years. You have to

work, and study hard, and . . ."

But all I said aloud, was "yes."

Perhaps it was the setting of the old-fashioned music hall which persuaded us, perhaps it was our own innate conservatism, but we decided to do everything the old-fashioned way. No elopements; no hurried ceremony before a justice of the peace.

We were formally engaged on New Year's Eve, in '37, at the stroke of midnight, after a mad taxi dash from the Hotel Commodore where Andre was on the air until 11:45.

At twelve, we snapped off the lights, Andre put the engagement ring—which I hadn't seen—on my finger.

Then we *tried* to get married.

The Clinton band began a series of out-of-town engagements, and every time we had a date nicely set, the banquet rooms at the St. Moritz engaged, and reservations on the Bermuda boat for our honeymoon, I found I was going to be in Providence, R. I., or Buffalo, N. Y., on the night in question. The date was changed eight times, so often that my father finally refused to face the Maitre d'Hotel any longer, and turned arrangements over to mother.

THE wedding—for we did finally get married—was worth waiting for.

Two hundred people were there. Andre was handsome in white tie and tails, and I felt beautiful and beaming in my bridal gown and veil.

Of course the most perfect weddings have *some* hitch. Ours was the organist, who turned up late and not sober and played "Lohengrin" and "Oh, Promise Me" with a slight burp.

The entire Clinton band remained to play for dancing after the ceremony, and our guests had fun until long after Andre and I had slipped away.

We spent our honeymoon in Bermuda—to make our story book romance complete.

Our love story doesn't end there. We came back to reality, of course, as all brides and grooms must. We spent our first summer in New Rochelle, where I worked every night from seven until two, singing with the band at Glen Island Casino. (And Andre *proved* he loved me by waiting for me every night and taking me home.)

We were terribly happy.

We were separated too many times the following year, when my job took me on tour with the band. Andre and I had chosen an apartment and wanted to spend some time decorating it—and I couldn't *stand* to be away—so I quit the band. But Cinderella's slipper fixed it so that I signed to sing regularly on the Hit Parade as soon as I came back to New York.

Our honeymoon continued until December 7. When we went to war, I knew Andre would have to go. He would have hated himself if he hadn't. We were separated again, after May, 1942, when he joined the Signal Corps.

Andre is a Major now, and I know we must be apart for long periods until the war ends. In the meantime I'll work hard, and try not to worry when there isn't a letter from Andre in the mail—and keep on loving him.



Major Andre Baruch, noted radio announcer, and now of the U. S. Signal Corps, always listens in when wife Bea Wain sings on her Wednesday night program at 9:00 P.M., EWT, on NBC.

SONG OF THE SPARS



RADIO MIRROR'S
HIT OF THE MONTH

GINNY SIMMS models the trim, attractive uniform of the SPARS—and she sings the United States Coast Guard SPARS Song on Tuesday night, July 11, at 8:00 P.M., EWT, when “Johnny Presents Ginny Simms” over NBC. Ginny sings this song as a reminder to girls all over America who want to serve their country that there’s a place for you in the SPARS. If you’re between 20 and 36, and physically fit, you can wear the Coast Guard’s silver shield and help those men serving at sea.



SONG OF THE SPARS

Here is the song that the women of the Coast Guard sing—music as stirring, as patriotic, as the work of the SPARS themselves

Lyrics by
PAT JORDAN
BOB FORSHEW
LELAND COOLEY

Music by
BOB FORSHEW

Bright March Tempo

Refrain

G Gdim G $\text{\textcircled{S}}$ G Em · Gaug G

We luck - y tars, we thank our stars we are the Coast Guard Spars, In

mp mp mf

Em Gdim G Gdim D7

back of ev - ry Jack who goes to sea. We pledge to

Am Am Cm6 D7

fight with all our might be - cause we're Coast Guard Spars; Each

D7 G Gdim. G

mate will keep her date with his - to - ry. No job too



G Em Gaug G

tough, no sea too rough be-cause we're Coast Guard Spars. It's

E7 D E7 Am E7 Am D7

grand to lend a hand to save this land of ours. "Sem - per Pa-

Bm D9 G Fdim. D7 Bm D9

ra-tus", we'll al-ways be read-y where ev-er they've got us. We're

G A7 D7 G Gdim. G G B7 E7

ship -shape and stead-y as she goes. Our Skip - per knows ev-ry - thing is

A7 Ddim. Am Am7 D7 G

"yare" with the U. S. Coast Guard Spar-





Ground or chopped beef is an excellent budget and ration point stretcher—so try this hot tamale pie from Mexico.

and fasten with skewers or toothpicks. Brown in drippings, add stock (left-over gravy or consomme may be used instead), and simmer, covered, until tender, 20 to 30 minutes.

Dolmo

- 3 tbs. drippings
- 1 lb. ground beef
- ½ cup chopped raisins
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- Pinch rosemary or thyme
- 1 onion, minced
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 head cabbage

Cook cabbage in boiling salted water to cover for 5 minutes. Sauté onion in drippings, add meat and cook, stirring, for 5 minutes. Combine meat, rice and seasonings. Remove outer leaves from cabbage. Place 2 tbs. meat mixture on a cabbage leaf, roll and fasten with skewers or toothpicks. Return the rolls to pan in which meat was cooked together with remaining cabbage, cut into serving portions. Cook, covered, over low flame 20 minutes, adding just enough of the water in which the cabbage was cooked to prevent sticking.

Also Armenian is shish kabob, meat cooked and served on skewers.

- ½ lbs. meat
- 1 clove garlic
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 tbs. cooking oil
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pinch thyme

Use beef, lamb or mutton, cut into inch cubes. Combine oil, garlic and seasonings, pour over meat and let stand 1 hour. Arrange meat on skewers (a 5-inch skewer provides a generous portion) and broil or pan broil as you do steak or chops. This recipe may be varied in many ways—alternate the meat cubes with strips of bacon or kidney, eggplant cubes, green pepper slices or mushrooms.

Appropriate for summer eating are curried dishes which have their origin in India. Curry in a hurry is my version.

Curry in a Hurry

- 3 medium onions
- 1 apple
- ½ cup currants
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- ½ can water
- 2 cups diced cooked meat, lean
- 1 green pepper
- Drippings
- 1 tbl. curry powder

Chop onion, apple (do not peel) and green pepper and cook until tender in just enough drippings to prevent sticking. Blend soup and water until smooth and blend in curry powder. Add to cooking mixture together with currants and meat and simmer for 10 minutes. Use more water if the mixture is thicker than you wish, and more or less curry powder to suit your taste.

WITH

A Foreign Flavor—



FOR a long time I have been collecting foreign recipes for you, recipes to make small quantities of meat go a long way. I had sorted them and was all ready to write about them when the news came that most meats had been removed from the ration list. At first I thought I would write about something else, but I decided, since we are interested first of all in good and economical eating, to go ahead.

Ground or chopped beef is an excellent budget stretcher and it has never been used to better advantage than in this Mexican tamale pie.

Tamale Pie

- 2 cups cornmeal
- 2 tps. salt
- 3 tbs. drippings or margarine
- 1 onion, sliced thin
- 2 green peppers
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cups fresh or canned tomatoes
- 1 cup cold water
- 3 pints boiling water
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 tbl. chili powder

Slowly stir cold water into cornmeal to make a smooth paste. Stir in salt and boiling water. Cook over low heat in heavy pot until thick, stirring constantly, then place over hot water and continue cooking for 45 minutes to 1 hour, or until cooked through. Brown onion in drippings, add beef and cook slowly, stirring frequently, until browned. Add tomato, salt and chili

powder and simmer, covered, for 25 minutes. Cut green pepper into thin strips and add to sauce. In a buttered baking dish place half the cooked cornmeal mush. Cover with a layer of sauce, add remaining mush and more sauce (leaving a portion of the sauce to be kept hot and served later), and bake in a 400-degree oven for 20 minutes.

To an Italian friend I owe the recipes for veal parmigiano and beef roulades, and dolma is prepared according to directions given to me by an Armenian.

Veal Parmigiano

- 1½ lbs. veal
- 3 tbs. drippings or margarine
- 2 cups tomato sauce
- 1 clove garlic
- Grated cheese

Have the veal pounded thin and cut into portions for individual servings. Over a low flame brown the garlic in drippings. Remove garlic and brown veal on both sides in flavored drippings. Pour tomato sauce over veal, cover generously with grated cheese and brown under broiler flame.

Beef Roulades

- 1½ lbs. chuck or flank steak
- 1½ cups cheese stuffing
- 3 tbs. drippings
- 1 cup stock

The beef should be thin and cut into portions about 4 by 6 inches. Cheese stuffing is your favorite breadcrumb and onion stuffing with the following ingredients added for each cup of crumbs: ½ cup grated cheese, 2 tbs. minced parsley, pinch rosemary. Spread dressing on beef slices, roll lengthwise



BY
KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Kate Smith's vacationing from her Friday night program, but broadcasts her daily talks at noon on CBS.



Kitty's beauty is softly romantic—her night-black hair, the magnolia texture of her skin.

SHE'S ENGAGED!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S!



A Commander's Secretary—Kitty receives Navy Civilian Service pin from Commander Walter Karig, USNR. The Navy needs *civilian workers* in Washington. Living quarters assured. If you are not in a war job, ask your local Civil Service or Post Office how you can qualify.



Ask for the Luxury-Size Jar—Help save glass. You'll love the way you can dip the finger tips of *both* your hands in this big, wide-topped Pond's jar.

Charming Navy worker
Catherine M. Clark of Washington,
fiancée of Robert Tate Brouillette
of Philadelphia, an Officer in
the Army of the United States

SERENELY lovely Kitty Clark is another engaged girl with that adorable soft-smooth "Pond's look" in her face.

"There's something about a Pond's Cold Creaming that makes you feel lots *prettier*—and so *luxurious*," Kitty says.

This is how she uses Pond's to help give her skin its soft, peach-bloom look:

She smooths the fragrant white coolness of Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat, then pats it on briskly to soften and release grime and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with *more* satin-soft Pond's—sending her cream-covered fingers all around her face in quick little whirls. This is for *extra* cleansing, *extra* softening. Tissues off again.



Her Exquisite Ring

A sparkling diamond, dewdrop clear, with a small diamond set on either side. The band is gold.

Every night and every morning, give your face this gentle, smoothing beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. Use it to smooth away that dull mid-day look, too. You'll soon see why it's no accident exquisite engaged girls like Kitty Clark, well-known society beauties like Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, and Britain's Lady Doverdale prefer this delightful, satiny cream. Ask for your big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

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

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Midi-length, 3/4 length
Evening Dress
Sleeveless, V-neck
Draped Choker
Collar, 17 to 19
\$10.00

STYLE 218
Midi-length, 3/4 length
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Earn Sparetime Money and Get Your Own DRESSES FREE AS A SALES BONUS

Here is a delightful, easy, spare time occupation for married women (and a few ambitious single women) who will welcome the opportunity to turn their idle hours into cash—and at the same time get their own personal dresses and other wearing apparel FREE as a bonus, without paying one single penny! Imagine showing your friends and neighbors a vast, complete selection of newest, gorgeous frocks for fall and winter—more than 100 styles, all sizes, and scores of fabrics in the season's latest colors and patterns! You know they'll be fascinated, especially when you mention the AMAZINGLY LOW PRICES and the PROMPT DELIVERY.

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Many thousands of women, young and old, living in every part of the United States, in big cities and in small towns, are adding many welcome dollars to their incomes—and earning their personal wardrobes—by the remarkable Harford Frocks Plan. When your friends and neighbors see the beauty of the styles, learn the LOW MONEY-SAVING PRICES, see the COMPLETENESS of the selection and the many dozens of styles they can pick from—they'll be mighty happy to give you their orders. Not only do you make a handsome cash commission on every order you take, but you also earn generous credit towards your own personal dresses and other wearing apparel, and that's how you can be "the best dressed woman in town" without laying out one single cent.

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Yes, more than 100 different dresses, all the very latest styles—but in addition, the Harford Frocks line contains hosiery, lingerie, sportswear, suits, coats, children's clothing, etc. Imagine giving your customers the opportunity to select all their wearing apparel needs at money-saving prices, in the comfort and privacy of their own home without tedious shopping, without using gasoline, without expending precious time! No wonder Harford Frocks salespeople everywhere are reporting phenomenal success!

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Send me the new Harford Frocks Fall and Winter Style Presentation ABSOLUTELY FREE. I want to start to earn money in spare time and get my personal wardrobe too.

Name

Address

City

State

My age is

(Continued from page 54)

Tender, lingering, and sweet, heart-breakingly sweet, for the man I loved was ill, so very ill.

"I'll get well—that was what he was telling me—"now that you love me I'll get well—"

"Yes, yes, dear."
"Betty, I swear I already feel stronger."

"Darling, yes—but you mustn't get excited. Please come and lie down. I'll sit beside you and hold your hand."

"All right. If you don't leave me."
"I shan't leave you—ever. But you have to rest and sleep you know, so you can get well."

"Yes; it's worth it, now. Betty, I have all sorts of plans."

The room was growing dim, but I saw his eyes open. "You don't believe

me, do you?" He smiled; it caught at my heart with its hint of his old time gaiety. "You'll see. I'm right in this, as I was all along."

And, then, as the days passed, I whispered: "He was right—he was." For each hour seemed to bring new strength to Jeff, his breathing grew easier, he could walk around the yard, he could walk down the street. And when he laughed, I laughed with him, letting fear slip away, as I watched the miracle which love and faith had brought about.

He said, one evening as we went through the gate for our walk, "We'll be going home, Betty. In a few weeks I'll be well enough to get to work." There was a ring in his voice, and his shoulders were back.

John J. Anthony symbolizes to those who have problems which seem too great for solution, a kindly, intelligent, sympathetic listener. That is the purpose of the Good Will Hour. Mr. Anthony is an able domestic relations counsellor as well as a humanitarian, so that his advice combines authenticity with common sense. For drama that is exciting and heart-warming because it is true, listen to the Good Will Hour, Sundays at 10:15 P. M. EWT, over Mutual.

Be My Wife

Continued from page 24

"Yes," he said, almost under his breath. "She is. Practically always." With one of the changes of mood that were characteristic of him, he held out his hand. "Come over here and sit on my lap," he ordered. Obediently, I did as he said.

Lightly his hand traveled over my hair, along my cheek, under my chin, where it stopped, tilting my face up to his lips. "Funny," he said after a while. "We're married, but still—Do you remember, once, I said I'd see if one of my kisses could break the spell?"

"Yes."
"It hasn't been broken yet, Barbie." I stared up into his eyes, frightened because I didn't understand. Tears flooded my eyes.

"Rusty! What's the matter? Don't you think I love you? But I do!" I cried. "I try so hard to have everything nice for you, to do everything you want me to do. Don't you believe me?"

"Of course I believe you," he said. "Only—" He hesitated. "It sounds awful when I say it, but sometimes I feel as if I were living with a kind of shadow of your mother . . ."

I TWISTED out of his arms. "How horrible!" I said sharply. "You ought to be ashamed to say a thing like that!"

He didn't try to hold me. "I told you it would sound bad, put into words," he said. "I only mean that you're so dependent on her for everything you do or think—"

"Why shouldn't I be?" I demanded. "She knows more than I do—more than you, too, Rusty! I think you're making a lot of fuss about nothing."

"Well—let's forget I mentioned it," he said after a pause. He reached out and pulled me back against him and held me there.

We couldn't forget, of course, either of us, and the memory of that conversation was a shadow between us that wasn't quite dispelled even when our little boy was born. They put him, a crumpled, angry little stranger, into my arms in the hospital, and everyone said how much he looked like Rusty, and I thought incredulously, "He's mine!" I could hardly wait for my two weeks

in the hospital to be over, so I could take him home.

But the homecoming wasn't the happy time I'd anticipated. From being a model baby while he was in the hospital, Davey turned fretful and unhappy almost as soon as he entered the apartment. Mother said it was colic, and the doctor ordered a change in the formula, but the third night he cried until I was frantic with worry. At midnight, while Rusty vainly paced the floor with him, I said:

"I don't know what's the matter with him, Rusty. I'm going to call Mother."

Rusty, his head bent over the small, noisy bundle in his arms, said easily, "Oh, I wouldn't bother. He'll go to sleep pretty soon, and tomorrow we'll have the doctor in."

"No." I was already leaving the room. "I'm going to call her."

"Barbara!" His head snapped up, and his voice rang out angrily. "Don't be ridiculous! We aren't the first parents that have stayed up all night with a sick baby, and we won't be the last!"

"But I don't know what's the matter with him, Rusty!"

"All right—you don't, and I don't, and neither would your mother. I'm certain of one thing, though. He's our baby, and it's our job!"

We stood a moment, our eyes locked. We were both tired and overwrought—I realize that now. But I didn't then, and in the instant before I went on to the telephone something happened to us. Something decisive and rather dreadful.

Mother said she'd come at once, of course. Until she arrived, we didn't speak to each other. And for months afterwards, although our life went on, superficially, the same as ever, we were both aware of the results of that brief, violent struggle. I had won, if you could call it winning: I sought Mother's advice and help and company whenever I felt the need, and Rusty said nothing about it.

But in another way, I had lost. I never saw, any more, that heartening look of love in Rusty's eyes, never heard the deep organ-note in his voice

(Continued on page 58)

Their Names will be forever Secret —

You'll never meet them face to face. You'll never shake their hands. Their names, their homes, their families are closely guarded secrets.

But these 10,086 women went out of their way to tell you *one* special secret. Honestly and frankly they wrote why they switched to Modess.

And 8 out of 10 said "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So heavenly comfortable!"

They'd all been users of most every type of napkin. Yet they rated Modess tops! So try Modess—it costs no more! Just read what women say . . .



Are you helping feed the nation? Or filling the boss's shoes like Miss G. W.? She writes, "Long hours mean I have greater need for Modess' dependable protection!" And thousands of girls agree Modess is safer. Gives you full-way protection because there's a triple full-length shield at the back.

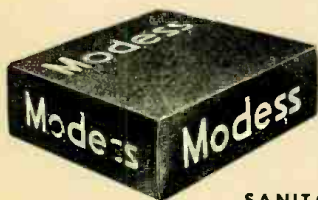


Are you up with the birds and off to the war plant like Miss L. G.? Then you'll appreciate her tip. "Modess' downy-soft filler assures carefree comfort!" she says. And no wonder—for Modess' special softspun filler is very different from close-packed, layer-type pads.



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SANITARY NAPKINS

MODESS REGULAR is so highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. In boxes of 12 napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **MODESS JUNIOR** is for those who prefer a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent napkin. In boxes of 12.



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When your "Johnny" comes marching home, look your prettiest for his sake! And remember, your favorite hair-do can now have the added loveliness this old American beauty secret gives to any coiffure—hair so gorgeously soft and radiant that he will gasp with delight the next time he sees you!

Just try Glover's modern 3-Way Medicinal Treatment and see how it can keep your hair lovelier for Victory Day. Use any ONE of these famous Glover's preparations separately, or ALL THREE in one complete treatment! Learn the secret of Marie McDonald and many other glamorous Hollywood stars—use Glover's Mange Medicine—Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo—and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Ask for all three at your neighborhood drug store—or mail the coupon today!

You will receive the Complete Trial Application pictured below. Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton, with complete instructions and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

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with massage for Dandruff,
Annoying SCALP and
Excessive FALLING HAIR.



Guaranteed by
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AS EFFECTIVE AS
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TAKE THESE 3 EASY STEPS
TO LOVELY HAIR



- 1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair. Feel the exhilarating effect, instantly!
- 2—Wash hair with Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water. Leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable—and the delicate scent lingers!
- 3—Try Glover's Imperial Hair Dress for scalp and hair. Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! For "Finger-tip" application at home.

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Send "Complete Trial Application" package containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet. I enclose 25c.

Name _____
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Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

Continued from page 56

that told me he thought of me as someone separate and apart from everyone else in the world.

The war, too, darkened all the colors of our days. We were in it now, we Americans along with the rest of the world. So it could not be quite a surprise—only a shock, a blow from a weapon that had long been poised over us—when, eighteen months after Davey's birth, we knew Rusty was being called to the service.

"I'm glad, I guess," he said on the morning we got the notice from the draft board. "I've been expecting it, and—and it's better to be in than out, that's all." His hand, holding the sheet of white paper, was steady, and there was even a smile on his lips. "I'll hate leaving you and Davey, but—well, you can't fight a war at home."

I SAT across from him at the breakfast table, unable to move. My secure, safe little life—swept away in the space of a minute or two by a few lines of typewriting on a piece of paper. For a moment, I felt completely alone and desolate, abandoned; but then I remembered with a wave of relief that I wouldn't be alone.

"If you have to go," I said, making the words quiet, "you have to, Rusty. And I'll miss you, but other women miss their husbands, and manage to go on living."

His eyes widened in quick surprise and pleasure, and he jumped up and came around the table to hold me in his arms. "Thanks," he said softly. "Thanks for taking it like this, Barbie—for being a good sport about it. It makes me feel better, surer that you and Davey will get along all right."

"Of course we will," I told him, my cheek against his. "We're luckier than some people," I added thankfully. "I don't know what I'd do if I had to leave Davey and go out to work."

He didn't move—not a single muscle, and yet I could feel him withdrawing from me. "Yes," he said. "I suppose you'll go to live with your mother."

"Of course. What else could I do?" "Barbie," he said tensely, "listen. I'm going to ask you to do something—something hard. Don't go to your mother. Go and find a job. Put Davey into a day nursery, or find someone—another soldier's wife, perhaps—to come here and share expenses with you. Draw on our savings. Anything you like—but don't go to your mother for help!"

I drew back, staring at him in amazement and rising anger. "Rusty," I breathed, "are you crazy?"

"No. Not crazy," he said. "Just very much in earnest. Barbie, please! All your life you've been dependent on her. Ever since we've been married—I've felt you leaning on her, doing whatever she said you should do, thinking the thoughts she put into your mind. She's kept you from being a person—not intentionally, because she's good and she loves you, but simply because she's so much stronger than you are. This is your only chance—"

Pushing back my chair, I faced him, and I was trembling. "I knew you were jealous of her," I said, "but I never thought you'd say things like this. I'm ashamed of you—and of myself for listening! You'd actually rather have me turn Davey over to strangers—or try to get along on your Army pay—than see us comfortable and happy with Mother!"

"Yes," he said. "I would. Can't you

see, Barbara?—if you were different, if you could live with your mother without letting her own you—then I wouldn't care. But she would own you, completely, by the time I came back!"

"And you wouldn't like that, because you want to own me yourself!"

Slowly, he shook his head. "No. I don't want to own you. I only want you to be my wife—someone who married me because she loved me. But you're not. You're Helen Wilton's daughter—and I think you married me because she wanted you to."

He left me there, standing beside the breakfast table—remembering what he'd said.

It wasn't true. *It wasn't.* But—neither was it untrue. Through the fog of bewilderment and hurt, I saw that. If Mother hadn't liked him, if she hadn't considered him the right man for me—would I have married him then? I knew, deep within myself, how obvious the answer was. Of course not.

Mechanically, I did my morning duties—bathed Davey, washed dishes and swept, made up a shopping list, took Davey out in his stroller. When I came back the telephone was ringing.

"Barbara?" Mother said. "Are you all right? You didn't call me."

"Oh! I—I tried to," I lied, "but the line was busy. I've been shopping."

"I saw an ad in the paper for some babies' sweaters at Munn's. You ought to get one for Davey."

"Yes . . ." I said.

We talked a few minutes more, and before she hung up Mother said she'd meet me downtown at two o'clock. I hadn't told her about Rusty's draft notice—I hardly knew why, except that the words wouldn't come. Nor did I tell her that afternoon when we were together, though she looked at me sharply and said, "Something's worrying you, Barbara. What is it?"

"Nothing," I said quickly. "Really."

WE lived in a vacuum, Rusty and I, for the next week, before he went to the city for his physical examination and induction. I made no decisions, no plans. I didn't tell Mother or anyone else, and Rusty and I didn't discuss the future. We were too far apart; I felt as if we couldn't have made our voices heard across the chasm that separated us. And he must have felt that too, because on the morning he left he told me that if he was accepted he didn't intend to come back, but would ask to be sent straight to camp, without a preliminary leave.

"It's better that way," he said quietly. "If I could help you— But I can't. You know what I hope you'll do. You have to make up your own mind whether or not to do it. I've had a power of attorney drawn up, and the savings account's in your name anyway, so—"

He stopped, his voice trailing away. I couldn't speak. Until this moment, his departure had seemed unreal, part of the dim future. In the back of my mind I had half-expected something to keep him from going. Now it was as if he were already gone, even though he still stood before me, waiting for my answer.

Why couldn't that answer be easy? The words were simple enough. "I've already decided what to do, Rusty. You're unreasonable and foolish—but since you want me to, I'll make other arrangements. I won't go back to Mother." Why couldn't I say them?

His eyes searched my face—and left

Continued on page 60



***When it comes to surprises,
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DOLE PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE

2 1/4 cups (No. 2 can) Dole Crushed Pineapple	1/4 teaspoon salt 3 egg yolks 1 tablespoon lemon juice
1/2 cup sugar	
2 1/2 tablespoons cornstarch	1 baked 9" pie shell

Heat pineapple in saucepan. Mix 1/4 cup sugar thoroughly with cornstarch and salt, add all at once to hot pineapple, and cook, stirring, until thick and clear. Beat egg yolks with remaining 1/4 cup sugar, stir into hot mixture and cook, stirring, 1 minute. Remove from heat, stir in lemon juice, cool, and pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue: Add dash of salt to 3 egg whites, beat stiff, then beat in gradually 6 table- spoons sugar. Spread roughly on cold pie and bake 30 minutes in slow oven (300° F.). Serve cold.

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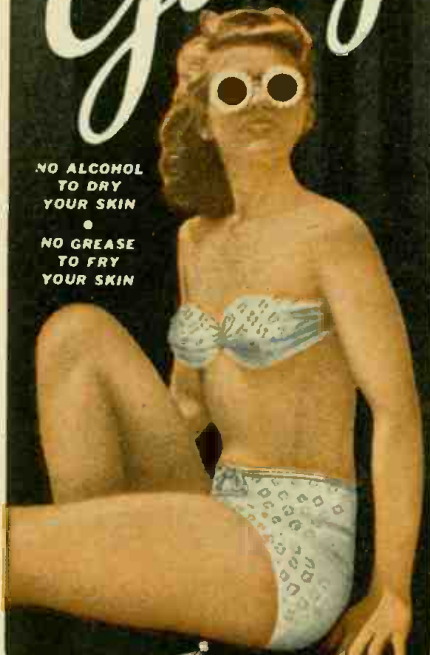
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Continued from page 58

it when they found there nothing but a reflection of the terror in my heart. He bent and picked up Davey and held him tightly for a moment. "Goodbye, Davey," he murmured. "Be a good boy. If I don't come back tonight, I'll see you on my first leave."

He set Davey down on the floor. Blindly, he pulled me into his arms, kissing my lips, whispering, "I'm sorry, dearest. You won't believe it—but it's only because I do love you."

The door closed behind him.

AFTER an eternity, I felt Davey's fingers tugging at my skirt. I looked down into his round, worried face. "Mommee?" he said in his soft, high voice—questioningly, beseechingly.

"Come, Davey," I said. "We're going over to Grandma's."

Mother saw us coming from her window, and was standing in the front door when I pushed open the gate. "Hello!" she called. "Well, this is a nice surprise! And how's Davey-boy?" She lifted him, gurgling, out of his stroller, and frowned. "Really, Barbara, I think you could dress the child a little warmer!"

I went on past her, into the house. "Rusty's gone," I said. "To the induction center. If they accept him, he'll go straight to camp."

Behind me, I heard her gasp. "To the induction center! You mean, he's been drafted?"

Mother let Davey slide down out of her arms, hardly seeming to notice what she was doing. "But why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I didn't want to worry you."

"Well, I think I had a right to know," she said irritably. "After all, I am your mother. You'll have to make arrangements—I suppose you haven't any plans at all?"

"No," I said. "No—that is, nothing definite." But you must have plans, another voice cried to me. And they must be your own.

"I thought not," Mother said with heavy sarcasm. "Really, you children! Russell running off without a word like that—I must say, I thought better of him. Well—of course you'll have to give up the apartment. That is," she added, "if they take him. He might not pass his physical."

I lifted my chin. "He'll pass," I said proudly, and Mother stared, amazed at this, the first contradictory statement I had ever made to her in all my life. A ridiculous little thrill of pleasure ran through me. I hadn't intended to contradict her—not consciously, at any rate.

"You needn't snap," Mother said. "I expect he will pass, but there's always a possibility that he won't. Anyway, as I was saying—of course you'll give up the apartment, and come here to live. We can store all your furniture except the twin beds, and we'll put them in my room for you and me and give Davey your old room—he should have one of his own—"

She was in full flight—happily seizing the situation and making it her own, disposing, arranging, planning. And all at once, with wonderful simplicity, I saw what I had to do. It was what Rusty, with all his groping attempts to explain, would have wanted me to do. For he wasn't jealous of Mother, as I'd thought. He was only jealous of what she did to me. And she need do nothing to me at all, unless I willed it.

"Yes, Mother," I interrupted with a

crispness I'd never heard in my own voice. "I'll come here to live. But I won't sleep in your room. We'll have the screen porch glassed in and I can sleep there, very comfortably. And I'll pay half of all the living expenses—no, more than half, because Davey's my responsibility."

Mother drew herself up. Here it came—that cold, cutting way of talking that once had frightened me so. "And just how, may I ask, do you plan to pay more than half the expenses?"

"By getting a job. If you want to take care of Davey, I'll be very happy. If you don't, I understand there's a day nursery in town."

"Barbara!" Mother's mouth made a little O after she'd said my name. Then she rushed on. "You've never worked—you don't know anything, not even stenography!"

"I can learn," I said grimly, refraining from pointing out that my ignorance was her fault. "Or I'll clerk in a grocery store. I don't care, as long as I'm supporting myself and Davey."

I WAITED, then, while her protests beat against me like waves against a rock. And with each passing second I felt myself growing stronger, surer—felt the thrill of exultation singing louder in my heart. This was what Rusty had wanted for me!—to grow up, to be mistress of myself and my life, to be a person!

She threw up her hands at last. "All right, Barbara! I don't know what's gotten into you, but—if that's what you want to do, I suppose my opinion doesn't count for anything."

I had won. There would be other skirmishes, I knew, if I came to live with her—over the kind of food I gave Davey, the clothes I told her to put on him, even the hour I myself chose to go to bed—but I could win them, too, if I wished.

"It's what I want to do," I said.

Weeks later, just before his first leave, this was what I wrote to Rusty:

"Darling—Perhaps it isn't necessary to write you this letter. You already know that I have a job, and that I am living with Mother, and when you get home you'll see at once why I obeyed you in one thing and disobeyed you in another. I made my own decision, and that's what you wanted me to do, wasn't it? And although I occupy the same house with Mother, I'm here as an equal. You'll see, when you get here.

"But there's something else you might not see, and if I'm to tell you I'd rather do it in writing, because it isn't easy to express. I have to look for the right words. It's this—I was shocked when you said you sometimes felt you were married to my mother's shadow. But you were right. I look back on myself now, and that is the way I seem. I was only half alive—and half in love. My love for you was rather shadowy, to tell the truth, and I suppose—I know—you felt it. I am sorry, because we missed so much. We won't miss it in the future, and that's why, in spite of the war, there's got to be a future for us.

"That's really all I have to say to you, in words. Davey has been told you are coming home—I don't know whether he understands or not, but he says 'Daddy' when I show him your picture. Mother sends her love—and thinks you should assert your authority and tell me to quit my job! Good night, dear. Come home soon."

So Proudly We Love

Continued from page 21

the job that's expected of him—and there's something down inside that won't let him?"

I thought of one of the boys who had trained with Roger, remembered how Roger'd helped to keep him from washing out. "I—I think I can, Michael."

"You want to do your job—and then you think how responsible you are, how much depends on you, and you freeze up. I can't sleep at night!" he finished vehemently.

"Then that person isn't the real you." He searched my face. "Do you really believe that, Hope? I—your impression of me means a lot to me."

"I like you very much, Michael."

His voice was taut. "But would you like me if you knew I was a coward—"

"But your aren't!" I cried. "Everyone's stopped by something sometime. You're only confused—"

"Confused," he repeated thoughtfully. I stumbled on, aware that I'd somehow scored a point. "If you could just not think about it, Michael. Think of other things, pleasant ones. Remember the fun you used to have at home, your friends. . . ."

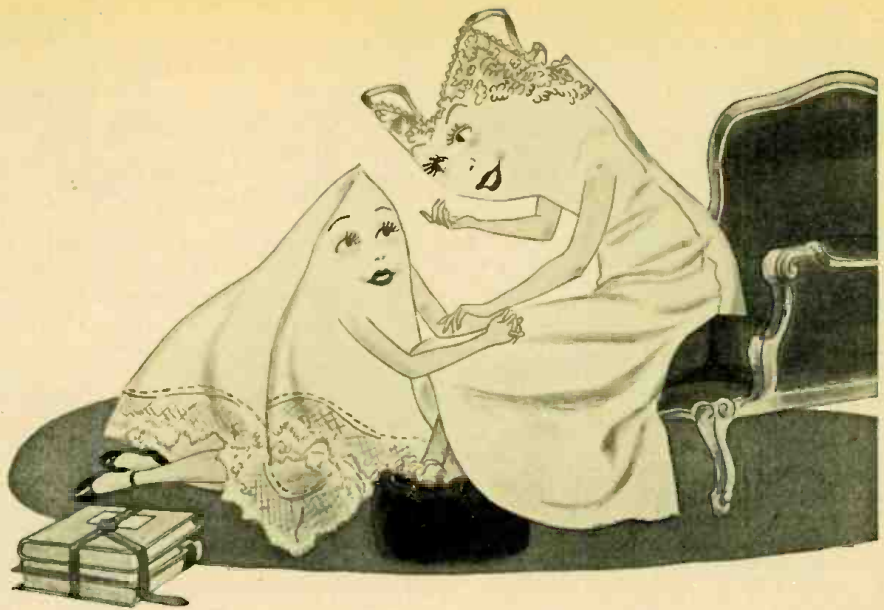
His eyes had been fixed brightly on my face; now the lids fluttered shut, and he sighed wearily. "—you," he murmured. "I'll think of your eyes. They're the bluest I've ever seen—"

WHEN Michael was soundly asleep, I tiptoed out, closing the door softly behind me. Michael would feel differently when he woke up, I was sure; he might even be embarrassed to find me there. I visited some of the other wards, and then I stopped to tell Miss Johnson that I was going out for lunch and would come back to see Michael in the afternoon.

I don't know when it was that I began really to look forward to my visits with Michael, to know that I would miss him when he was gone. He was a different person when I went to see him the next day, and in all of the days that followed—the person I'd suspected he might be when I'd first seen his eyes light in a smile. He was fun. He asked me to bring him books and newspapers, and we argued over the books and laughed over the comic strips. We picked up the game we'd begun on the first day, of pretending that I was a private and he my superior officer, and Michael forged a weapon of it to use against my becoming too concerned about him.

"Private Graham," he would say when I urged him to lie back and rest instead of working out dance steps on the counterpane, "you will remember my rank, and you will please not interrupt when I'm outlining a plan of action. When I get out of here, you and I are going to cut a rug or two, and I want to be sure that we see eye to eye on the fine points of the Lindy Hop."

I suppose it would have been better then, or at some similar opportunity, to have told Michael that I couldn't possibly go dancing or anywhere else with him. But I couldn't. I wasn't at all sure how he would take it, and he was coming along so beautifully that I hesitated to say anything that might upset him. Besides, it seemed natural to be having fun with Michael, to have Michael to think about. It seemed right. And we were almost never serious—not from the day he'd gone to sleep



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clinging to my hand, to the day, over two weeks later, when he was first allowed outside the building, did we discuss anything graver than a preference in radio programs.

Michael was in high spirits at the prospect of being out-of-doors again; he protested vigorously against the wheel chair a nurse rolled up for him. "Look," he argued, when I'd wheeled him outside, "I'm perfectly able to navigate under my own steam. If you sat in this thing, and I sat at your feet, you could sort of shield me from the prying eyes of the hospital—"

"And disgrace the Gray Ladies?" I jeered. "The chair is orders, Lieutenant. I'll sit in one of these canvas things beside you, and you can stop grumbling and look around you at the lovely day—"

"I'd rather look at you. You're lovely, Private Graham—"

"The weather, Lieutenant," I warned. "All right," he said equably, "the weather. Eyes blue as the cloudless sky, a way of moving like the soft wind in summer—"

"Michael, you're a poet—" It was then that I heard the planes. My head tilted automatically; my eyes searched the sky for the silver specks. Michael heard them, too. I felt him stiffen, and I knew that he was watching, too, tensely.

After a long moment he said, "Hope—I'm still not sure—"

I WENT sick inside, and I felt my throat close as I hunted for words. Then the planes came closer, closer, until they were directly over us, and their roar filled the earth. Then they passed, and when the sound of their motors had died, my hand was numb and aching from the grip of Michael's.

"Michael, my hand—" "I had to hold it," he said doggedly. "I'm sorry if I hurt you, Hope, but as long as I keep thinking about you, as long as I've got you to hang onto, I'm all right. Hope, you know I love you. You're the part of me that was missing, that I needed—"

"Michael!" I avoided his eyes, saw a purposeful, white-clad figure emerge from the hospital doors. "Miss Johnson's coming over here—"

"Forget Miss Johnson—" But I drew a long, shaky breath of relief. I was cold all through. I knew that I couldn't have sat with Michael any longer.

I fled from the hospital that afternoon. My knees were rubber, and I had to use the handrail for support down the steps. I rubbed the base of my ring finger, imploring frantically, "Roger, Roger—" But for the first time the charm failed to work. Roger didn't come close at all.

I didn't sleep that night. It couldn't be, I whispered to myself—I must not fall in love with Michael. We could never shape a life together; Michael himself would know that someday, no matter how he felt about me now. There was a gap of experience, of living, between us that it would take long years to close. Besides, the bond between us would be destroyed, and everything that was lovely and young and new would be spoiled when he knew about Roger, when he knew that I'd deceived him.

I knew then that I would have to tell him right away, in the morning. I couldn't go on playing the game that had begun so innocently and that had become so dangerous. Michael would be disillusioned and hurt—but at least it would be better than losing my heart

to him completely.

I went to the hospital that morning, instead of in the afternoon as I usually did, and I went directly to Michael's room and knocked on the door.

"Come in—Hope," he called, and I was startled, first that he knew it was I who knocked, and then, when I'd opened the door, to find him standing, fully dressed, in front of the mirror, tying his tie.

"I didn't sleep much last night," he announced cheerfully.

"Michael—" "Because of you," he finished. "I got to thinking, and I got everything straightened out in my mind. I'm not—confused—any more. I know what was wrong with me, and I've got it licked."

"But, Michael, yesterday—" I began again, and he turned on me as if he were the older and I a protesting child.

"Now, Hope, don't fuss. It's all right. I talked to the doctor this morning, and he's going to take a chance on me and let me go."

I stared, unbelieving at first, and then all thought of myself, of Roger, was washed away in gladness for Michael. "I'm so happy for you!" I cried. "Michael, turn around and let me have a look at you in your uniform."

Obligingly he revolved before me. "Wait," he said boyishly, "my tie's not quite—There—how do I look, Hope?"

"Beautiful," I said. And he was beautiful, standing straight and young, with the light of new courage and new strength shining through him. "Michael, I'm so proud of you—"

"You did everything. And—Hope, tonight I'm going to have something very important to ask you."

"Tonight—" I couldn't help knowing what he meant, and yet I couldn't find the will to stop him. I seemed to be two persons just then—one who stood close to Michael, smiling up at him, and another who stood apart, watching, as if it were a scene in a play.

"Yes. You see, this is a very important day in our lives. I've asked permission to make my first test flight since—since I was sent here—and I'm taking it this afternoon."

HIS test flight—the flight that would decide everything, that would tell whether he would win over himself and go on to take the place the world had marked out for him, or whether he would be all of the rest of his life a man who wasn't whole, who would be forever unsure. How could I tell him then? How could I say anything that might destroy his faith in me—and in himself? Later, I thought. I can tell him later, when it's over— Aloud I said, "I'm sure of you, Michael. I know you won't fail. I feel it."

"I wanted to hear you say that. Hope—" His hands tightened on my shoulders, and he spoke the next words as if they were a text he'd learned, and his whole life depended on his remembering them. "You're going with me, you know. I'll be seeing your eyes, hearing your voice. I won't be alone up there, and when I come back—" he broke off, adding worriedly, "Honey, you will be waiting, won't you? You do care . . . I know that if there were someone else, you'd have told me—"

I felt my face twist, felt a cord of guilt and fear tighten and knot inside of me. "Michael, I—"

Then he was angry at himself. "Darling, forgive me. I don't doubt you, really. It's just that—well, after not being sure of anything for so long, it's



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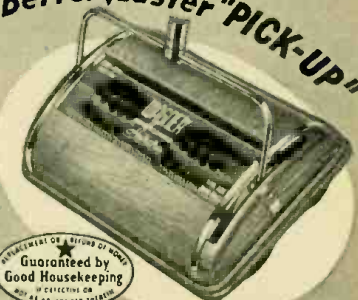


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—it's a miracle to be able to believe that you love me."

I closed my eyes. I wasn't two persons any more, but one, and all strength seemed to flow from me, and I was standing alone, trembling on the edge of a precipice. I swayed a little, and Michael was drawing me to him, and I felt his arms around me, and his lips, young and quick and almost desperate in their searching, on mine.

I don't know how I got through that day. I couldn't finish my rounds at the hospital, couldn't work when I reached home. I wandered aimlessly from room to room, made myself a lunch that I couldn't eat, and got up from the table to walk restlessly again. I kept remembering Michael's kiss, how I'd finally managed to laugh shakily and to say, "That, dear Michael, is for luck—"

I was no longer afraid of hurting Michael—what I was afraid of was that I wouldn't be able to tell him the truth at all. It was hard to believe—but in the game of caring I'd kept up for his sake, I'd somehow managed to convince myself. Being with him had been exciting and stimulating, the only real living I'd known since Roger had gone. And—I had liked his kissing me. I tried deliberately fingering Roger's things, deliberately remembering him. It didn't help. Roger was a figure in a photograph, a thousand miles away.

AND then, after all my fears, the evening spent with Michael was an intoxicatingly happy one, one that even today brings back a little tingle of remembered joy. I knew, from the moment I heard his step, his lilting whistle from the walk, that he had passed his test. I went out to the porch to meet him, and he came up the steps three at a time, and caught me and spun me around exultantly. "We did it!" he crowed. "Hope, darling, it's all over and I'm all set! I'll even get a duty assignment soon, maybe within the week. And, darling—don't say you've had dinner, because I've ordered the most scrumptious one."

Michael had borrowed a car, and we had dinner at the Aero Inn, the big club near Billings Field, that had been built with an eye to the youngsters who wanted good, plain food and plenty of room to dance. Roger and I had gone there often in our courtship days and then after we were married, and yet—no one knew me there now. Several successive classes of cadets had celebrated there since Roger's time, and the waiters had given place to waitresses. I wasn't Roger Graham's wife there that night, I was a girl like the other girls with the smooth-faced young flyers. I wore a print dress instead of a sweater and skirt, but I wasn't so much older that I was incongruous.

I needn't have been afraid of Michael's love-making. He was like a man freed of a life sentence, a boy on graduation night, a celebrant on New Year's Eve. We danced—and I flung dignity to the winds and Lindy-hopped enthusiastically—and ate the juicy steaks that were the specialty of the place, and giggled—yes giggled—over the most idiotic of jokes. Even when the lights were dimmed, and the orchestra played "Goodnight, Sweetheart," we were still bubbling with left-over laughter. When you're as young as Michael and I were that night, it takes more than a sentimental song to sober you.

We rode home in the balmy sweetness of the summer night, Michael's arm draped loosely around my shoulders, not talking, just breathing in the scented

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air, getting the smoke and steak-smell out of our lungs, blinking up at the benediction of the stars. We were tired; when Michael stopped the car before my house, I stumbled a little getting out, and Michael groaned ruefully. "Gosh, this has been a day! I'll never forget it, Hope, and yet—I wish I could do it over again. We haven't had a minute to talk—"

"I know," I said sleepily, and remembered that this was the night that I was to have told him about Roger. Tomorrow would do, I thought foggily, and wondered that I had left a lamp burning in the living room.

Michael kissed me goodnight on the porch, but it wasn't like the other kiss. There was no demanding in it, no desperate eagerness. This was a salute, tender and fond, and—like us—a little sleepy. "I'll call you tomorrow, darling," he whispered, "as soon as I wake up. We've got such a lot to do—"

Then he went back to the car, and I let myself into the house—and Roger rose to greet me!

I SUPPOSE I should have been shocked, or embarrassed, or ashamed, deeply ashamed, but I wasn't. I don't know how I felt in that moment, but it wasn't any of those things. I'd had a long, exhausting day, a day of tension and confusion and rather wearing gaiety, and now Roger's coming, on top of all the rest, roused in me only a kind of blank acceptance. "Why, Roger—" I said stupidly, "you're home—"

"Hello, Hope." His voice was gentle, inquiring, and I felt suddenly inexplicably sorry for him. I could tell from his expression—an odd, stunned look, in which a welcoming smile and shock and disbelief and some amusement

battled—that he'd seen Michael kiss me, and he was waiting for an explanation.

And I couldn't explain. The whole story of Michael was there, in my mind, and I couldn't find a starting point. I found myself staring at my husband as if he were a stranger, noting how handsome he was, how straight and trim even with his uniform rumpled, thinking in a detached sort of way that I would like to smooth his hair where it waved back from his forehead, thinking that he looked tired.

Being Roger, he tried to help me. "The Army decided just last week to give me a rest, and shipped me out before I could let you know. I could have called from Oxtan this morning, but I thought I'd take a chance on your being home—"

"I was out with a man," I said flatly.

He still smiled, but his brows rose a fraction of an inch. "Someone important to you?"

I shook my head, not in denial exactly, but in an effort to clear my brain. "I can't tell—Oh, Roger, I'm glad you're home!"

"Well, that's better—" I could tell that he wasn't convinced, but that he was going to pretend to be, for my sake. He pulled me into his arms, into the dear remembered circle that was strength and safety and happiness too complete for words, and his mouth, Roger's firm, sweet mouth, sought mine, brushed it softly in greeting before settling into a long, hungry kiss—and I didn't feel anything. That was the terrifying thing, the thing that completely unnerved me. All of the unspeakable gladness I should have felt wasn't there.

My lips broke under his; I sagged limply against him, and then I was crying bitterly, and my tears were run-

ning down his face and onto the collar of his uniform. Then he was shaking me a little, trying to pry my hands away from my eyes, begging me, in a voice sharp with alarm, to tell him what the matter was. I couldn't answer. Even if I'd known what to say, I couldn't have stopped crying long enough to form words.

Finally he picked me up bodily and carried me up the stairs to our room. He laid me on the bed, went to the corner cabinet and poured out a jigger of brandy, brought a tumblerful of water from the bathroom. "Drink this," he commanded.

I choked over the brandy, but the cure worked, and my tears dried. I covered my burning eyes. "Hysterics on your first night home," I said. "I'm so ashamed."

"Don't be," for a long moment he stood silently over me. I took my hand from my eyes and could have wept again, for the slumped, weary look of him, for the hurt and the compassion in his face. "You're going to undress," he said, "and get some rest. Whatever is wrong, we can talk it over in the morning. Now get some sleep." He bent over, kissed me lightly on the forehead, and left the room.

I DIDN'T think I'd sleep that night, but I did. I undressed and let my clothes fall where they would and crept gratefully in between the cool sheets. I dreamed just once, I think—I seemed to hear Roger moving restlessly in the house, and I struggled to call out to him, and then the dream faded. And once I was half awake. Something—a sound, a thought—reached out to me, and I came slowly up from the depths of slumber to know that Roger was

standing beside me in the darkness. I lay tensely still, waiting for him to speak my name, to touch me, and fearing it, too. I wanted to reach out to him, to cradle him in my arms and tell him how sorry I was that I'd hurt him—and I could not. Then Roger turned away, and I cried soundlessly, "Oh, Michael, I can't love you; it's impossible. But must you keep me from loving Roger?"

The next I knew, there was sunlight on my face, in my ears a familiar Sunday-morning sound—a lawnmower being pushed over the grass next door. I opened my eyes slowly, trying to think why I was reluctant to face the day, inched myself up to a sitting position. There was Roger's grip on the trunk-stand, his leather utility case on the highboy, where it had been on the other furloughs before he'd been sent across. And in the other bed, Roger lay sleeping, half-prone, his head pillowed on his crooked arm. Everything was just the same—

My breath caught sharply. *Everything was just the same; it really was!* Waking that morning was like coming back from a long, long journey—like coming home. There was no Michael any more, and the days with him seemed far away, in another life. There was only Roger—always had been, really, and always would be.

I slipped out of bed, crossed the little space that separated us—and stood frozen by a ringing from downstairs. Michael. He'd said that he would call—Michael, who believed that I loved him . . .

I pulled on my robe, thrust my feet into mules, glanced back at my husband. He still slept, undisturbed. The day before had been tiring for him, too,



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and I guessed that he must have been up half the night.

Downstairs, I realized that it wasn't the telephone bell, but the one at the door that was ringing. I hurried to open it, saw a crest of bright hair through the panes at the top, and my heart sank. My hands fumbled at the catch even as my mind fumbled for coherent thought. Then the lock snapped back, and Michael burst inside. "Hope!" he cried, "Oh, Hope—" and he stood beaming down at me, and then speech seemed to fail him ready to explode with excitement. "Hope, do you know what's happened? I've got my orders!"

I leaned weakly against the casing. "Your orders, Michael—"

"Yes—" The words came spilling out, now, tumbling one over the other in his eagerness. "I can't stay out a minute. The message was waiting when I got back last night, and I'm leaving right away. Only I had to see you and say goodbye and—and thank you. Only I can't ever really thank you. Hope, dearest, I can't tell how much you've meant to me—"

"Michael, I—" Then I stopped. *What you have meant to me—I don't think he realized it himself, but that was what he said.*

"Darling—I have to go. I'll write to you—and I'll come back to you—" Then he bent and kissed me. It was a quick, hard kiss, and oddly, rather shy. He blinked and swallowed, and turned away. "Goodbye, Hope."

There was a lump in my throat. He was halfway down the walk before I could call out, "Goodbye, Michael—" He turned, smiling, raised his hand in farewell salute, and he was gone.

SLOWLY I shut the door. The room darkened as I did so, but there was still a brightness there, that was not of sunlight. And the room seemed still charged with his presence, with youth, and the elasticity and the quick blood of youth, and high hopes and courage.

I knew then, why I hadn't been able to destroy the illusion Michael had built around me. It was because it was only an illusion, a little magic time apart, that had no place in our everyday lives—not in mine, nor in his. Oh, yes, Michael would come back some day, I was sure—but not to me. His eyes and his thoughts had gone past me this morning; he was already turned from me toward a new and greater adventure. I would stay in his memory for a while, a very little while, as a sweetheart; then I would come to be just a girl he'd known, a girl who'd given him the right word and laughter and a kiss when he'd needed them. I'd been a touchstone for faith, a confidant for his troubled heart, a diversion when his thoughts dwelt dangerously on himself—and I could be proud of it. I needn't be ashamed, and Roger wouldn't be ashamed for me. I'd never been in love with Michael, nor he with me. His whole soul was bent on the work before him, and it would be a long time before he would be ready to give any woman a man's love—the kind of love that Roger had for me.

I went upstairs to the room where Roger lay, still sleeping. Very softly I sat down beside him; soundlessly my lips shaped his name. He shifted a little, half-smiled, and then, as his arms reached out to gather me in before he was fully awake, I knew that it wouldn't be hard to tell him about Michael. It wouldn't be hard at all.

Introducing



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FROM the first program, November 20th, 1929, fifteen entertaining years ago, Gertrude Berg's, The Goldbergs, has consistently presented radio audiences with the finest in the world of entertainment.

Gertrude Berg today, as from the first airing, is still the star—Molly—writer, producer and director of the program. The millions of listeners who have tuned in faithfully for ever so long, have come to look upon the Goldbergs as next door neighbors and have lived their lives with those of Molly, Jake, Rosie and Sammy.

A cross section of the fan mail received by Mrs. Berg reveals the wide popularity of the show among people of all faiths. A Jewish mother, who recalled the Confirmation Speech Molly had written for Sammy, wrote in asking for it. Her own son was now of age to be confirmed and Sammy's speech had always seemed the finest of its kind. Mrs. Berg sent it to her. Recently, a Mother Superior wrote Mrs. Berg that her nuns had given up listening to the radio for Lent and had missed many of the episodes of the Goldbergs. She requested copies of the script during that period. She received what she asked for.

Though many imitations and variations have been presented since her Goldbergs was introduced to radio audiences fifteen years ago, Gertrude Berg's serial remains the best known, one of the most popular. The authoress has written every one of her scripts in longhand (she dislikes using a typewriter) and they are transcribed by her husband, Lewis Berg, a chemist and authority on sugar technology.

Her life is a dual one, since fifteen times a week she is Molly and mother to Sammy and Rosie during the day, and every evening she is mother to her own two children, Cherney, 21, and Harriet, 16.

She was born in the then genteel Harlem section of Manhattan. Her father, an innkeeper, is American born. Her mother migrated from Liverpool, England, as a child. She spent all her summers at her father's summer hotel in the Catskills, where she ultimately met the man she married. An only child, she showed talent for writing and mimicry at an early age and following her high school graduation, matriculated at Columbia University where she studied writing and dramaturgy. Both her children were born before she gave any thought to commercializing her innate talents. Her success caused the metamorphosis from Gertrude Berg, housewife, to Gertrude Berg, star-author-director-producer of one of radio's popular serials.



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OVERHEARD

A LMA KITCHELL, of the Meet Your Neighbor program, sends us this cooking hint. When cooking vegetables remember that those which grow above the ground must be put into boiling water while vegetables that grow below the ground should be started in cold water. You'll find that cooking in this manner will insure you against soggy potatoes and colorless vegetables.

Victoria Cordova, glamorous soprano of Saludo's Amigos, has a money saving hint for keeping your jewelry clean. You don't have to take your gems to the jeweler to be cleaned; you can do the job very easily yourself. Dip your gew-gaws into a small basin of warm water and then brush softly with an old tooth brush. Use your regular tooth paste as a cleanser. You will find that your jewelry will be as shiny as new.

Isabel Manning Hewson, of the Land Of

The Lost program, gives us a hint on how to make those long windows look shorter. Use tie-backs on your drapes and tie them high. This will tend to cut the length. If your windows look too short then reverse the procedure and by placing the tie-backs low on your drapes, you'll find that this will make your windows look longer.

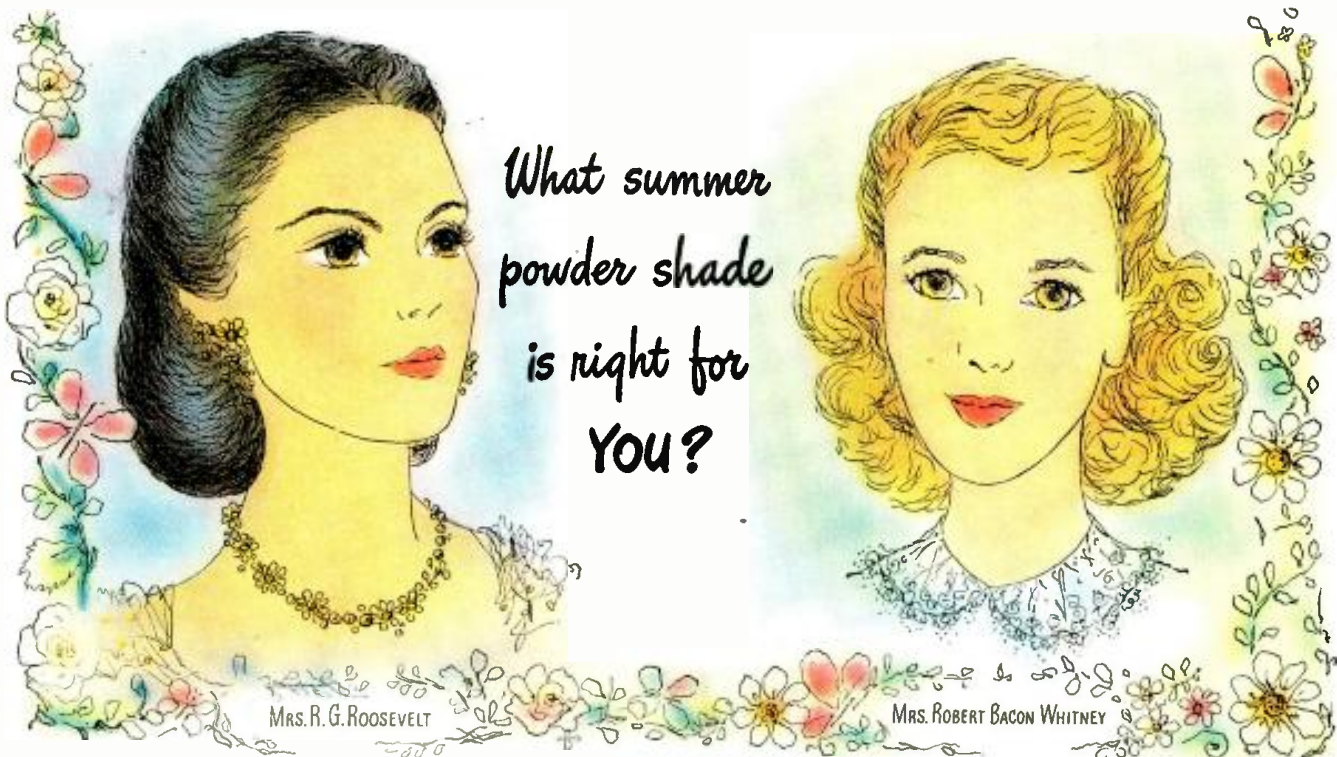
Dorothy Kirsten, lovely blonde soprano of the Keepsakes program, offers a wartime hint for renewing last summer's straw hats. First brush the hat with a soft brush . . . When you have removed the dust get a small can of neutral shellac and apply with a small painting brush. This will stiffen the straw and give the hat a new sheen. Add a new ribbon or flower and you have a new hat.

Benay Venuta, songstress on Money-Go-Round, has a tip for us working gals whose feet "are simply killing us." If you've been

working all day and are due at the canteen sprinkle some talcum powder in your shoes and insert small powder puffs in the heels. You'll find almost instant relief and comfort for the rest of the evening.

Pretty Regina Colbert, singing secretary of the Musical Steelmakers, who has a soft spot in her heart for all service men, asks us to please not forget to write. Regina says that if you can't think of anything to write about clip a few cartoons that you think are amusing and send them along. You can also mail candy bars under eight ounces, pens and pencils or a pack of cigarettes.—Musical Steelmakers.

Never pour eggs over a hot liquid, for this leads to curdling. Remember, the secret for a smooth custard: milk over eggs, says Isabel Manning Hewson, of the Morning Market Basket Program.



If you're Brunette The summer sun gives you a deep golden tan like the lovely, dark-eyed Mrs. Roosevelt's. Your powder must be golden, too—and not too light! "I'm pleased as can be with Pond's Dreamflower 'Dark Rachel,'" she says. "The minute I smooth it on, my tan looks fresher and softer—but the powder itself doesn't show a bit!"

If you're Blonde "You'll notice that your summer tan has a nice, fresh, rosy tone," says attractive Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney. "—And the usual sun-tan powder is too dark and yellowy. But I've found one shade that blends perfectly with my summer complexion—Pond's Dreamflower 'Dusk Rose.' It makes my tan look soft . . . fresher . . . and even smoother!"

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Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grains. Yodora—because it is made with a cream base—stays smooth as a fine face cream to the last!

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Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try *different* Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get *powerful* protection. Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

YODORA *deodorant cream*



When They Come Marching Home

Continued from page 39

that problem is being worked out in practice, so that when the major job of demobilization begins all the complications will have been smoothed out and service people will be returned to their homes pleasantly, painlessly and without confusion.

The important thing is to realize that the job of helping the boys and girls as they come back from the War is a *community* job in which every one of us back home must take part not only in finding them jobs and making them a part of the community but also in helping to give them the information so many of them will need.

IT'S not enough to tell a discharged service man or woman that he should go to his State Bar Association or to the Red Cross Legal Aid Society for legal aid, or that he should find out about unemployment benefits from the United States Employment Service; that he can get financial aid on personal problems from the Red Cross or from the County Welfare Office or that he can find out about Social Security benefits from his Social Security Board field office.

Look at what happened in Larchmont, New York. That town has opened headquarters to find jobs, education and other benefits for returning service men. The idea is to restore war veterans to civilian life "with the dignity and the opportunity for future success they so richly deserve."

It was Bernard Baruch who originally reported to the President that

"there should be in each community only one place to which returning service men and women need to go to learn all their rights and how to get them." To carry out a plan along such lines the American Legion Post of Larchmont has rounded up village officials, the War Council, service clubs, clergymen, social clubs and educators—and has divided them all into operating committees.

I think that every community in the United States must do the same. I think that the only hope for those who must face the serious problems of returning to civilian life is that we get together—all of us—back home in our communities, and make sure that Billy and Johnny—and Sally—have *one place to come to*, besides the Selective Service Branch, the Red Cross, the County Welfare Office, the United States Employment Service and the other information centers, one place where understanding folks in your community will devote their time to solving the many problems of the people who disrupted their lives to fight in the armed services.

Obviously no community can hope to have all the answers without a lot of help from the government agencies. Remember, every man will have his special problems, his own particular questions he'll want answered.

So the place he comes to in his community should be comfortable and quiet and should put him at his ease. There should be a sympathetic person to talk to who is ready to find

the answers to any sort of question of readjustment. He will want a convenient corner to write letters—or someone to help him write them—a place where he can read all the available literature on the various phases of his readjustment. Such literature—and advice about setting up such a community center—can be obtained by writing to the Retraining and Re-employment Administration, Office of War Mobilization, Washington 25, D. C.

YOU and I have a great opportunity—and a great privilege—to make sure that what is said in the Army booklet I mentioned earlier is really carried out: "Our liberty is a precious thing. By your service in this war you have done your share to safeguard liberty for yourself, for your family, and for the Nation. You have helped to preserve it for those generations yet to come. . . . When you return to the duties and responsibilities of civilian life, you take with you the good wishes of those who were in the Army with you. You can be proud that you were once a member of America's Armed Forces and that you served with honor.

Yes, Billy, Johnny, and Sally, can be proud, when they come marching home, if you and I will meet them at the station and find the answers to the problems they will inevitably face. Let's not shirk this most important obligation of ours. Let's be sure that our community is set up to meet them with the facts, the help, the sympathy, the support they so richly earned.



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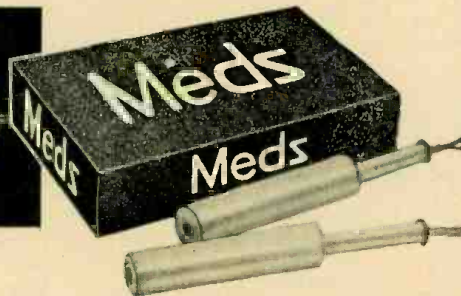
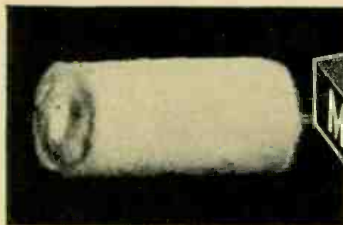


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Safe in Your Arms

Continued from page 27

His eyes kindled with warm approval. "You do feel those things—that they're real people and not just so many radio listeners, don't you, Betsy? That's what I saw when I looked at you sitting there in the booth. I knew you'd be like this—sweet and honest and your chin would quiver and your eyes would have that glow—" he broke off abruptly. Then he added, more formally, "would you like to come out with me Sunday and see my place, Betsy? I'd like you to meet my Dad."

"I'd love to . . . Stephen." *Just saying his name*—and when I left him, hurrying back to the office, I felt a desperate impulse to turn back and catch him—afraid that he might not come on Sunday, that I might never find him again.

But of course I didn't. I had work to do.

And there was Brent who wanted an explanation of our broken date. It's hard to explain just how much I felt I owed Brent—he and his friends and Marcia Lowell, the girl I lived with. Their approval of me and Brent's open admiration, his singling me out from all the other girls, had broken down my shyness and reserve to make me, at least superficially, a different person. But only superficially. Underneath I was still uncertain, afraid to test my new-found self-reliance.

MARCIA LOWELL had worked hard to make me a carbon copy of her own worldly self. But in some things even she had had to admit defeat.

"I can't understand why you don't marry Brent," she had said, impatiently. Marcia, herself, was only waiting for John Spooner, who was head draftsman at the small defense plant on the outskirts of town, to get up his nerve to ask her to marry him. "The most eligible man in town and yours for the asking, if only you'd give Brent some real encouragement." What was there to tell her—that I was waiting for a dream to come true?

All week long I floated in a blissful daze. And when Sunday did come and I was finally in Stephen's car and headed for his farm, it only needed the sight of his lean face, the nearness of his powerful shoulders, to tell me the magic was still working.

We drove slowly and the slight breeze cooled my flushed face, loosening the heavy coil of hair around my head. It was a lovely day, the full, sweet-scented richness of late summer blooming on every side.

His own house, as we drove up, was big and white and sprawling. From a distance it was every bit as enchanting as he told me. But as we circled into the lane I saw that stones had fallen out of the immense pinkish-gray fieldstone chimney; that the flagstones in front were broken; that the house itself badly needed painting.

Stephen saw me looking at it. "The house was Mom's design. She was Pennsylvania Dutch. Since she died we haven't kept it up—and now with the war—"

He opened the front door and I stepped into a large room, stuffy from having been shut up. But even the gloom couldn't hide the gracious lines, the raftered beams, the faded green-and-rose rag rug, the huge fireplace.

But what really caught and delighted my sight was the handsomely

carved cabinet in one corner and the intricately-carved clocks flanking the mantel-piece.

"They're beautiful, Stephen! They must be antiques," I exclaimed.

"Like them?" he indicated the clocks. "I'll give you one if you want it. It's my only talent. I made them myself." I could see he was pleased.

As we walked into the kitchen, a voice spoke, sharply, testily.

"That you, Steve? Well . . . don't stand there gawping. Come in! And close that door behind you."

Stephen had told me his father had suffered a bad accident which had kept him tied to his chair for the past eight months. But I was prepared for a gentle, martyred sufferer—not this indomitable, fierce old man with the sharp eyes and the strong, bony jaw, seated in the homemade wheelchair.

"This is Betsy Appleby, Dad."

"So? Come here and let me take a look at you, girl." He wheeled his chair around rapidly to face me. I shrank, involuntarily, from that piercing scrutiny and there flashed through my mind that I had felt this way before—humiliated and small—when Aunt Mary would inspect me when I was ready for school.

"Make you welcome, Betsy." It was curt, showing neither approval nor disapproval, and my heart sank. Then, turning to Stephen, he roared: "What did that fool doctor say? How long am I going to be tied to this chair?"

STEPHEN soothed him. "He says there's a specialist in Portland who can fix your leg. I'm taking the X-ray plates in to him next Saturday morning so's he can have a look at them."

While Stephen was out getting supplies from the car I had a chance to look around me. And what I saw appalled me.

Here in the kitchen was the strictest, the most meager economy—almost poverty. The stove was cracked and one broken leg rested on a chunk of wood. Pans hanging over it that once might have been coppersy - gleaming were tarnished. Curtains hung in stringy, torn wisps. Man-like, Stephen had cleaned only the sinks and tables, but grime had smoked the walls and woodwork black.

Dad French's eyes followed mine. "Don't look like much, does it?" he said, tartly. "But it ain't as bad as you think. Little elbow grease and hot water could do a lot. If Steve makes out on the berries this year we'll fix it up like it useta be. 'Course it won't be anything as fancy as your ladyship has in town."

His tone was so unexpected, so unfair, so unjust, that my hands shook as I hung up my hat on the kitchen hook. Could I help it if the dismay I felt had shown in my face, if he had mistaken my manner for disdain and contempt? If I'd only known then, as I do now, that his spiteful remarks were just the release for his own anger at himself for his helpless condition, for having to be waited on and letting Stephen do all the work—but I didn't know. I only knew that my bright dream had been smeared with shoddiness and meanness.

The enchantment of the day had disappeared. With all my heart I wished we were back in town.

My unhappy mood hung like a shadow between us as Stephen and I walked leisurely over the farm. I couldn't even see the beauty he was pointing out to me, the rows of swelling purple loganberries, the bright rich raspberries weighting down the bushes, the flowers



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growing by the path. All I could feel, like an actual weight on my shoulders, was the deadening quiet and loneliness.

Stephen didn't seem to notice my silence. "I'm late with the picking but there's too much for one man to do. The neighbors' kids started here last Monday and if the weather holds we'll be through in two weeks." He squinted at the sky. "I hate to leave them to go to Portland Saturday but it's important I see that specialist before he leaves. I can be back Sunday. If only I was sure the weather would hold."

"You needn't worry," I told him. "Radio reports say no disturbance for two weeks. There's a slight low over the Aleutians but they don't think it's headed this way."

He was relieved. "That's a load off my mind, Betsy. Those berries mean the specialist and money for repairs and a housekeeper—we had to let Mrs. Johnson go when the doctor bills started to come in."

"You know, I was afraid you'd change your mind and not come." He smiled at me as we sauntered along by the old rail fence, choked with a thick growth of Oregon grape.

"You... afraid? I wouldn't change my mind, Stephen—ever." The least I could do was not to add to his worries, with a surly invalid and a broken-down house and all this work on his mind. I felt that he was putting on a brave front, that he must sometimes long to be rid of these burdens.

I HATED to go back to that house at noontime. I cooked the lunch under Dad French's directions. It was the wrong combination—his sarcasm and my stubborn reserve.

After lunch, I went with Stephen while he forked hay into the trough for the horses. I was standing close to Beau's head, stroking the sleek, quivering shoulder, finding solace in the unquestioned way the horse had accepted me, when suddenly the hay tumbled down, striking Beau's tossing head and descending in a shower all over me. Down my neck, into my hair, all over my clothes—the dust bringing tears to my smarting eyes.

While I stood there, gasping, furiously brushing the straw from my clothes, I heard Stephen's light step behind me and felt his sure, strong hands on my head. Carefully he stroked the wisps from my face. There was tenderness in his touch and I felt an overpowering weakness steal over me.

"Betsy—" he whispered, softly. His hands were on my shoulders, turning me to face him. Then I was in his arms.

There are no words for that kiss. The sweet madness, the glad yielding to the pressure of his arms around me. All the emotion I had sensed beneath the restraint of Stephen were in the sweet demanding of his mouth on mine.

"I love you, Betsy," he murmured, "from that first moment. I love the way you walk and your golden-brown eyes and your hair like a silk crown. The sweet proud way you hold yourself."

My own words were stilled by the clamor of my heart.

"I can't ask you to marry me now, dear." There was a hesitant, questioning in his voice. "It's too much to ask of any woman to share the little I have now. But when this crop is in—"

I know you want me to say it doesn't matter—that I'll marry you anyway. You want me to argue with you, Stephen, but I can't. I can't come out here and live like this!

"—when the crop is in it'll be like

it used to be, darling. The house shining and the barns full. Parties and picnics and dances. And we'll be together. Our room is up there, under the eaves, Betsy—it's empty now and waiting—like I'll be waiting—"

For a moment I was tempted to beg him to marry me now, without waiting. But I didn't have his faith. He was looking into the past, at something that was gone, and whistling like a small valiant boy to keep up his courage.

"Stephen, my darling, I love you so much. Give me a little time—it'll work out somehow." I whispered steadily. That was my faith . . . in Stephen and our future. But not here, not now.

When I woke up next morning, back in town, I felt as if I had been away a year. As if I had escaped back to my familiar world from a dream-place where the shades of poverty and a fierce old man and the figure of a tall, strong Stephen with his gentle, compelling smile and his urgent arms, were all equally strange. It had all happened so suddenly. In so short a time a man's few words had completely altered my whole life and made every other plan so meaningless. But there I came to a dead end. We had no plan either, Stephen and I.

All that I had of him that was real and tangible was the beautiful little clock, so delicately carved, that he had made himself and given me. That and the yearning ache for him in my heart and the persistent hope that anything so perfect as our love must have a perfect setting.

THAT same night—Monday night—after dinner in the apartment, something Marcia said gave me a wild surge of hope. Or rather something John Spooner, who was head draftsman at the defense plant, said. He had picked up the clock that Stephen had given me and was examining it carefully.

"I didn't know they made things like this anymore. Boy, could I use a designer like that in the plant."

"You hear that, Betsy?" drawled Marcia. "Better tell your farmer friend he can make himself a nice salary working for John." I was grateful she hadn't suspected how I cared for Stephen.

John was adding, earnestly. "I mean it. You'll do me a big favor—and maybe him, too—if you'll tell him how badly we need him. All I can get are young apprentices or old men whose fingers are too stiff. I'd appreciate your asking him to see me, Betsy."

I agreed listlessly. At first it meant nothing to me but a nice compliment. Stephen in a war plant? But gradually, insidiously, the picture grew and took form, emerging from a vague, nebulous suggestion into a definite possibility. Why not? I had no desire to tell Stephen what to do—from the shape of his jaw I knew no one *ever* would make up his mind for him. But why shouldn't he welcome the chance to shelve his burdens which were too much for one man to carry alone? It would still be war work and there would be money enough for his Dad's hospital expenses. I could keep on with my own job and we could be married—now.

Hopes and fancies chased themselves around in my mind, growing more dazzling every minute. I could hardly wait for John and Marcia to go to the movies so that I could call Stephen. I was grateful that Brent was out of town for the day, doing a special-events broadcast at the Pendleton Rodeo. This wasn't the moment to face the brave, flippant words he would use to conceal his hurt

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when I told him I loved another man. A wave of happiness swept over me as I heard Stephen's eager voice over the phone, promising to come in town the next evening to hear my great, my mysterious news. It was too good to tell him over the telephone. I wanted to be where I could watch his face light up and his eyes catch fire.

We could be married. We could have our own home, new and shining, perhaps one of the little bungalows they had built for the defense workers on the outskirts of town. We could give little dinners and parties for our friends. And have neighbors. I could shut my eyes and see Stephen mowing the lawn in the coolness of evening, leaning over the hedge to gossip with the neighbors, call to me to ask if I would just as soon play cards tonight as go to the movies. And me, stopping at the grocery on my way home from the office, slipping into a housecoat before I unwrapped my packages, pausing now and then while I cooked the dinner to ask him about his day in the factory or to scold him for stealing a kiss while I was trying to turn the chops on the stove.

WHEN he finally did come Tuesday evening there was a strange shyness between us. Had it only been two days ago that he had said he loved me—that I had pledged my love to him? Then he pulled me to him and the spell wrapped itself around us again.

He tilted my chin with his finger. "I think I know what you're going to tell me, Betsy. But in my wildest dreams I never hoped you'd decide so quickly."

For just a moment I knew a flurry of panic. I hadn't anticipated that he would come here expecting to hear me say I would marry him under any condition. But, holding fast to the picture of our future, my confidence returned, and I told him of John's offer.

But as I talked a chilling uneasiness came over me. I felt his body tense. His arms had fallen slowly to his sides. His eyes, incredulous at first, had grown stony and unreadable. My voice faltered, but I went resolutely on.

"It's of you I'm thinking, Stephen, not just of myself. I wouldn't urge you to do anything you didn't really want to—I have no right. I just want us to be happy—" Bewildered tears blurred my eyes as I felt, rather than saw, his icy remote withdrawal.

But I wasn't prepared for the restrained fury in the words he spaced slowly through tight lips. "You've got it all planned, haven't you? And I was fool enough to think when you called that you couldn't stand the separation, either—that you were willing to take a chance with me. What kind of a man do you think I am to give up everything I've worked for! That farm is the breath of life to me. Three generations of Frenches have lived there and I'm not deserting because times are bad."

Shock made us

complete strangers. I looked at him, speechless. Was this the same man who had taken me into his arms and whispered of his dreams and laid gentle, caressing hands on my head? And in his eyes I read the same bitter revelation. To him I wasn't the same girl, either.

If he had only shouted at me so that I could have shouted back so that we could have spent our anger in loud words, have thrashed this thing out completely between us and then made our peace in a better understanding. But he just stood there—harsh, bitter, disappointment etching the bold lines of his face.

I made one last desperate effort. My voice sounded steady, in spite of the sick helplessness, the unbearable pain within me.

"I didn't understand, Stephen. I still don't. If you won't think of me or of your father, think of yourself. You're an artist, your hands are unusually skilled. They need you at the plant. It just seems to me that you are wasting your time and your talent. It's patriotic—"

He cut me short. "It's patriotic to produce food for the soldiers, too, don't forget. And as for my poor father," sarcastically, "Dad would die, cooped up in town. No, I'm afraid it all comes back to you—your love isn't strong enough and what I have to offer you isn't good enough, evidently."

For the space of a heartbeat the clock tick-tocked in the silence. Then, swiftly, Stephen's face softened. "Betsy, darling—" Perhaps he had seen how crushed I was. Perhaps he might have relented, taken me into his arms and kissed our quarrel away. But just then a crisp voice broke in from the open doorway.

"What's going on here?" Brent's voice was idly amused. "I'll have you know that's my girl you are talking to, French."

For a moment I thought Stephen was going to hit him. His hands were clenched and a knot of muscle throbbed lividly on his forehead. He looked at the two of us—at me, standing there paralyzed by the shock of Brent's unfortunate words. Then he wheeled, gave me one last, contemptuous look, and strode out of the room.

"Stephen—come back!" I cried, startled out of my immobility. But he was gone. Wretchedness swept over me and

a terrible, desolate futility. What if I did catch him—what if he did return—what then?

"Hey—tell papa—are you in love with that guy?" I had almost forgotten Brent. "Betsy! I didn't even know you knew him! Did—what I said—you know I wouldn't hurt you for the world—"

"Please, Brent, just leave me alone for a little while. It wasn't your fault. It wasn't anyone's fault, I guess." I even managed a ghost of a smile.

When he had left I still stood there, letting pain have its way with

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE—

"Preserve the carcass"—that's what your garageman will tell you, and he's talking about your tires. Of course, none of us are going to do any unnecessary driving this summer, but for the driving that you have to do—how are your tires? Do they need recapping? Be sure to have it done before the carcass of the tire is damaged, for there aren't going to be new tires for civilian use. The 820,000 tons of synthetic rubber that American science and industry will produce this year sounds like a lot—but the Army needs it, and the Army comes first!

me, feeling that lonely, hurting ache spreading to every part of my numbed body. Stephen's gone, I repeated to myself, even though the words meant a fresh, quivering pain each time I said them. I had to get used to them.

It was true what I had told Brent. What he had said didn't greatly matter even though Stephen now believed that I had let him make love to me while at the same time I was engaged to Brent. He might even, when his anger had died down, remember the honesty of my love. And if I wanted to I could set him straight with just a few words. But the difference between us went deeper than just a misunderstanding.

It was the difference between a man who had always had a home, always had affection and understanding, a man who was sufficient unto himself. Stephen could live in that house because he could remember how it had been before and what it could be again. He could be tender with his Dad because no matter how surly his father was now, Stephen had his memories of his happy childhood and the bond between them was strong and sure. He could work there, alone and unaided, and still be happy because it was the land of his forefathers he knew and loved.

But I had no such memories to sustain me. I wasn't sufficient unto myself. I needed kindness and friendly faces about me. I was afraid of the solitude and I didn't have Stephen's vision of the bright future that centered around his farm. I could only see it as it was now.

IF there had only been some way to test this new self-reliance of mine. But I was afraid, afraid that if the support were suddenly knocked out from under my feet that I would revert to that shy, lonely, fearful Betsy Appleby who lived in a shadow-world of dreams, unable to cope with the realities of every-day life. People who asked nothing of me but an easily-given friendship, men who admired me, the advice of a Marcia, the pleasure and excitement of my job—these had given me the poise and confidence I needed. But they hadn't come from inside me. What there was of courage and strength was still to be tested.

And I had failed. I had failed Stephen and myself.

There was nothing ahead for us. I loved him, but even if he were right there beside me, if I could touch his face and see him smile, it wouldn't melt the frozen pool that was my heart. There was a barrier between us nothing could tear down. The penny-pinching, soul-deadening struggle in that house, the harshness of his father, the way all of Stephen's hopes and plans could be menaced by a mere change in the weather—how could our so-newly-born love survive these bludgeons, even if I could take the chance?

Better to let things stay the way they were. Stephen wouldn't seek me out to make me change my mind since he thought I was promised to Brent. And I could pick up the threads of my life where they had been so abruptly snapped that day of the broadcast.

Brent was so kind. Whenever I looked up from my desk I found him hovering about the door; when I went out for lunch he was always there. I don't know what he thought I might do—collapse, have a nervous breakdown, or do away with myself—anyway, he behaved like a faithful watchdog.

I could have told him there was no need. I was too numb, too frozen, to do



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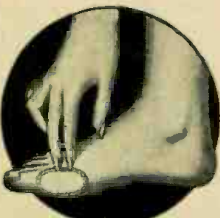


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anything but go through my days like a sleepwalker. Only once in a while an unguarded pain flashed like a knife, stabbing and cutting.

Saturday dawned hot and sultry. I hardly had the energy to resent the heat. I typed the weather reports automatically, reading the words from the teletyped sheets, but I hardly saw them.

It must have been because for so many weeks I had been doing the monotonous "Fair and Warmer—little change" kind of reports, that all at once my eye was caught by the message on the page.

At first it meant little to me, except a welcome change. *N.W. storm... reaching gale proportions... shifted course... southward... center of disturbance will reach your area about 2 p.m. Sunday... rains, high wind... HURRICANE FORCE... storm warnings raised from Seattle to San Francisco.* Well, it would be cooler, anyway.

Suddenly, sickeningly, I saw what those words meant. The farmers whose crops weren't in—the men in the fields and in the hills. The phone rang. It was Ramsey, from the Portland Weather Bureau, calling long distance.

His words were clipped and short. "Better get going down there and notify your people. You've got a half-million dollar crop to save. This is going to be one lulu of a blow, Betsy." With a few instructions he rang off and I hurried with the reports to Brent. He got on the air in five seconds, flat.

PHONES were already ringing frantically at the switchboard as I passed on my way back. I heard snatches, the operator talking as fast as she could. "Yes, Mrs. Leeds, we'll send out a call for your sons. They're fishing in Dubois creek? That's all right, glad to do it." I grabbed the sheaf of notes she had made for me to type and rifled through them. *Notify all schools to close—send the children home to help. Appeal for help for Derings farm on Route 10. Tell Mrs. Hackelman not to worry—her husband on his way home now. Appeal for workers... Mrs. Hackelman must be the one we'd helped get a doctor when she was taken sick, last month.*

But my mind wasn't on these notes. I was sick with pity for Stephen whose crop wasn't in—wouldn't be in for several days or a week. His few pickers couldn't possibly finish by tomorrow. I thought with anguish how terribly he must be feeling—hearing those words over the radio, probably unable to get more help.

But Stephen couldn't hear the warning! Through the shocked horror of my mind, I remembered. He had gone into Portland this Saturday to see the specialist! Poor Dad French, bound to his chair, would see the storm rip their little fortune of berries from the vines.

"Brent—" Only a whisper came out. I had run to his booth and he told me afterwards that my face was paper-white. "Stephen's crops. He's gone—and they'll be ruined!"

He got the story out of me. I had come suddenly alive as though a spell were lifted and my heart were awake once more, to be hurt and twisted and pierced—for Stephen.

"Come on," Brent said swiftly. "We've work to do if we're going to save that fruit. Go home and get some slacks, be ready in half an hour and I'll be by for you. And tell Marcia to get ready, too." He turned to one of the junior announcers, giving him the notes and telling him to take over for the afternoon.

When I burst in on Marcia she wanted

to ask questions but I was too busy to answer other than briefly as we climbed into sweaters and slacks.

I had seen Brent in action before but I wasn't prepared for the caravan he had collected in the short space of thirty minutes. People from the station who had a Saturday half-holiday, waitresses from the Sandwich Bar, strangers he had picked up off the streets, all were there, packed into cars. There must have been forty at least.

Speeding out, Brent told me what else he had done. He had sent a special message to Stephen's neighbors on Route 26 to help after their own chores were through. He had thought of everything.

The regular pickers at the farm showed us how to use the flat-bottomed, wooden "carriers" with their square handles and the little boxes which hung from a strap around our necks, holding the cartons to be filled. Nothing would do but that Dad French must be wheeled out to the patch beside the scales to weigh our carriers and punch our tickets—even at a time like this his pride wouldn't let us pick without being paid for it.

We raced against time. All of us were awkward and under the sultry heat our arms seemed agonizingly heavy. But we learned fast. I seemed to be just inching down the row, but the freckle-faced boy on the other side of my vine said I was doing fine. I was thankful that my hands had always had the knack of moving swiftly and effortlessly about any task, as I snatched the berries from the vines, filling box after box. My heart pounded in excitement.

STEADILY we worked till it was too dark to see. The neighbors who had joined us slipped away to their homes and we trooped wearily into the house.

I hadn't thought about food. And when I saw that kitchen, piled high with homemade pies and potato salads and hams from the neighbors' kitchens, quick tears rose to my eyes. What wonderful people they were! Without saying a word the women had brought bedding and food and then left before we could thank them.

"I'm much obliged to all of you," said Dad French as we set the table. "And if the storm does hold off you'll be through by tomorrow afternoon." I could see how much this meant to Dad in spite of his stiff words.

"Are you kidding, Pop?" The girl who stood in the doorway could hardly be recognized as Marcia. Her hair was in strings, her face drawn with exhaustion, an ugly white line showed around her mouth. "Not for little Marcia! If you think I'm going to stay here and ruin my hands and break my back for some measly berries, you're crazy! I'm going back to town the first thing in the morning." And this was the girl I had so admired and tried to copy!

I looked at the others. They were tired, too. I could see the mutiny inspired by her words spreading from face to face. Then Brent spoke up.

"You're going back all right." His contemptuous tone was like a slap in the face. "We don't want any quitters!"

The others were immediately on his side—ranged solidly against Marcia. Dear Brent, who knew what this meant to me. By all rights he should have been glad to see Stephen fail, but there was a fineness in Brent that wouldn't let him take advantage of a down-and-out rival.

For the first time in a week I slept without tears for my lullaby—the dreamless sleep of exhaustion. Just be-

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fore I dozed off I heard the soft sound of a wheelchair moving near my mattress on the floor, a gnarled hand reached down to tuck the covers around me and then moved up to smooth the hair from my face. "Goodnight, my girl. God bless you."

IT WAS cold at six o'clock next morning and our hands were like ice from the cold dew that shook off the vines as we began picking. Even that was better than the breathless heat that slowly overtook us as the morning advanced.

My hands were faster this morning, but every muscle in my body cried out for rest. The others worked doggedly. There was no time now for the jokes that had flown back and forth between the rows the day before.

A huge, ominous cloud was already creeping over the field, completely obscuring the eastern sky, reaching out thick black fingers to envelope the sun so that for a moment the gray mingled with hideous orange-red rays. A crackling, menacing undertone of electricity hung over us like doom. And in my heart there was an agonized prayer. We were so nearly through. The noon hour passed with nothing but a snatched sandwich and a gulp of coffee.

I did have a moment to thank Brent. "Don't thank me, Betsy. After what I did to you and Stephen—when I saw you looking after him—I found out that love wears many faces. The one you had for me was kind and gentle. I thought it was enough until I saw the one you wore for Stephen. That was the face of a woman deeply and passionately in love and I knew you could never look at me that way. I only hope I can help you pick up the pieces." He smiled and went back to work.

We had to finish! What had been just determination in me changed slowly to a blaze of defiance. Somehow I felt this was a personal duel between me and anything that might harm Stephen. It lifted my spirits until my fingers flew. I felt that at last I understood how Stephen felt about these plants, how tenderly he must have set them out, how he must have watched them grow, the pride that was in him when he saw their rich, heavy bearing. I knew what he meant when he said he loved the soil. I felt that way, too. His roots were in this soil and it must have been like tearing up these vines to leave them to die for me to ask him to leave the farm.

We were almost through when suddenly, with devastating force, the storm descended. It came with a terrific gust of wind that blew the dust of the paths into our eyes with blinding might. There was a crackle, the majestic rumble of thunder, a jagged streak of lightning and then down came the pelting rain.

The others ran into the house. But I couldn't move. Automatically my hands went on picking although I could no longer see what I was doing. The rain beat upon my upturned face, mingling with the tears of frustrated anger on my cheeks. I had to finish that row. And no hail nor rain whipping about my head was going to stop me. I know it was silly. But sane reason couldn't stop that pounding thrill of standing one against the storm, of pitting my body against the wrath of it.

When finally I started for the house, I knew I'd never make it. The force of the storm was beating me down, forcing me against the vines for support. I heard someone calling and then a tall figure was striding towards me.

Two strong arms went around me,

picking me up as if my sodden weight were nothing at all. Cradled in his arms, we plunged through the storm and into the sanctuary of the barn.

We stood there in the warm, dim hush, the only sound the drumming of the rain on the roof. A great peace stole over me as Stephen held me closely, murmuring broken, little, endearing words.

"Betsy—darling." He whispered against my hair. "I hurried back as soon as I heard of the storm. Dad told me what you've done."

"We saved nearly all the berries for you, Stephen," I said proudly.

"I know you have." His eyes went to the crates stacked up high. "But why—why did you do it, Betsy?"

"I didn't—it was Brent who saved them." But his eyes were still searching. That wasn't what he wanted to know. "Because I love you, Stephen. Because wherever you are, that's where I want to be."

His arms tightened around me, his tawny head bent slowly over mine and his face was pressed hard against my cheek. For a long time we stood there, feeling no need for words.

SIX months have passed. Dad is well now and I have learned that his bark covers a heart that is gentle and loving. I am the daughter that he and his Molly always wanted. We are still poor. We still work hard. But the house is shining and mended and next year—if the weather is kind—

Our love for the soil is part of the way Stephen and I love each other. And when our son is born he will learn the lessons that only the earth can teach him—faith and courage and the strength to fight for what he wants.

Mistaken Heart

Continued from page 37

longer naps. Sam came up to the room for a moment after dinner one evening to talk to Dad as he often did, and he remarked lightly that I was growing thin.

"You need some fresh air and a little change, Beth. Don't you think so?" he asked, turning to Dad.

My father agreed instantly. "Of course she does. You take her out somewhere, Sam—"

I shook my head. "Honestly, I'd rather stay with you, Dad," I began, but he interrupted quickly with, "Nonsense—you run along. The nurse will look after me all right."

And so I agreed. It was a beautiful spring night, and as we walked, Sam and I veered automatically toward the river. The river is "lovers' land" in Clarksburg, and on such nights as this one was, with a balmy breeze ruffling the willows at the river bank and a full moon overhead, the water is dotted with little boats, their gaudy colors muted to pastels by the moonlight.

The boatman found a canoe painted

bright blue for us, "to match the lady's eyes," he said. Even the boatmen, along that river, are affected by its spell.

The gentle breeze pulled us across the stream, where Sam put down his paddle and tied the painter to an overhanging bough, allowing the little boat to rock gently with the current.

I LAY in the bottom of the boat, my head against Sam's knee. "Oh, Sam, this is heaven," I said. "How can ugly things—sickness and death—exist in a world as beautiful as this?"

"Hush, darling," he commanded. "We won't talk about ugly things tonight." I could see the breadth of his shoulders silhouetted darkly against the bright sky. In a moment he slipped down beside me and took me in his arms. His lips close to my ear, he whispered, "This is our beautiful night, my love, and we'll talk only of beautiful things . . . how happy we can be together . . . how much I love you . . ."

The soft dreamy quality left his

voice, and I was aware of a sharp urgency in it, as he added, ". . . how much I want you—"

And then he kissed me—my lips, my eyes, the hollow of my throat, the places in my temples where the blood was racing, and I clung to him desperately, as if of all the world, he and I were the only ones alive and loving. Oh, it was wrong—and I knew it then, far back in the place where I had hidden all thoughts of anything and anyone but Sam tonight. It was wrong to feel—like this. But I had been living in a half-world of grief for so long that it seemed as if I had finally found out, after long searching, how it felt to be really alive and aware.

"Sam . . . please, Sam." That was my voice, doing what my mind and my heart and my hands seemed not to have the strength to do—pushing him away.

He broke abruptly away from me, and fumbled for a cigarette. If he felt as I did, he was trembling and shaken. When the match flared I saw that he

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was smiling—a strange half-smile that I could not interpret.

"Sam . . ." There seemed to be no other word in all the world for me to say but his name.

"Beth." His voice was sharp, demanding. "You've got to marry me now. Right away—tonight. Tomorrow. We mustn't wait."

And then I remembered. "I can't," I whispered.

"You must. You can't ask me to live like this—so near to you, and so far away from you at once. I want to marry you—I want you to belong to me."

I wanted to belong to him. I wanted desperately, more than I had ever wanted anything before, to forget everything and marry Sam now, tomorrow, whenever he wanted me. But I couldn't. I had promised Dad.

I told Sam about it then. Perhaps I should have told him before, but I hadn't. And actually there had been no reason. Sam had never really asked me to marry him. He had been kind and considerate, as a man is kind and considerate to the woman he loves and wants to marry, but actually all that he had ever said was that I mustn't worry about taking care of myself, because that was his job. All the rest between us had been unspoken until now. And so I told Sam about the promise—told him I couldn't marry him until, as Dad put it, he had made good.

SAM sat up abruptly, pulling the support of his arm away from me, and I felt as if, in moving those inches away he had put a whole world between us. "Why didn't you tell me this before," he asked bitterly. "Why didn't you tell me a long time ago?"

I wept then. How could I have told him, told the man I loved that my father didn't trust him enough to accept my faith in him? I cried my heart out, because I wanted to break my promise, and because I couldn't.

But Sam didn't soften. He didn't take me in his arms to comfort me, or tell me that he'd wait for me forever if necessary. He just untied the canoe and paddled back to the shore. He held out a hand to help me onto the dock, but he dropped my arm quickly.

"Well, Beth—" He said, evenly, and let the rest of the sentence hang in the air unspoken. I felt as if I were standing before a judge, waiting for him to pronounce sentence upon me. But all he said was, "You wouldn't mind going home alone, would you? You'll be perfectly safe—and I don't feel like talking. I've got to think—I've got plans to make."

I was frightened. "But I'll see you tomorrow, won't I, Sam? You'll be over tomorrow?"

"I don't expect to be here tomorrow," he said, and he wheeled abruptly and walked away into the shadows.

Suddenly I began to run. Never before in my life had I been afraid of the dark, of the familiar, friendly shadows of the night streets in Clarksburg. But I was afraid now, with an inner fear that I wouldn't admit, a fear I blamed on the darkness and the night, when they were not to blame at all. I ran swiftly, as if I were pursued, up the narrow lane that led home, into the house, into my room, and shut the door behind me.

Sam. What did he mean, he didn't expect to be here tomorrow? What would he do? Where would he go? I crept into bed, and the questions repeated endlessly in my mind. What

would Sam do—where would he go—what did he mean? Wide awake, I tossed and turned until dawn lightened the sky to gray, trying not to let myself picture what life would be like without Sam. And when at last I slept I dreamed—frightening dreams of loneliness.

When I heard Sam's voice coming over the wire on the telephone early in the morning, I was weak with relief.

"Sam!" I cried. "You're still here. You—you've changed your mind. You—"

"I called to say goodbye," he said. "Unless you've changed your mind?"

That was the one thing he mustn't ask me. "I can't change my mind, Sam," I told him. "You know it. I'm so sorry, and there isn't anything I wouldn't do—"

His voice broke in abruptly. "I'm sorry, too. I'll just say goodbye, then. I'm taking the 9:10 train."

"Sam, where are you going?" I asked him. "What are you going to do?"

He laughed a little then, and it wasn't a nice laugh to hear.

"Do? Why, find a job and 'make good,' I guess. Go? Why, to Roanoke, I suppose, for a starter."

John was in Roanoke, I remembered. John would help. John always helped, in crises. "Sam, you remember John Gardner," I said over the phone.

"Sure," snapped back Sam's steel voice. "He's an old beau of yours, isn't he?"

"Call John when you get there," I urged. "He will help you . . . help you find a job . . . or something."

"Sure" said Sam again briefly. I had a feeling that he wanted to end the conversation, to get away from me. This wasn't the Sam I knew at all—! Oh surely, surely if he loved me as he said he did, as his arms and his lips had told me last night, he wouldn't be like this, wouldn't mind waiting. But perhaps he hated the thought of separation as much as I did, and this was his way of covering his feelings, hiding them even from himself.

"And you'll write," I begged, yearning for reassurance, just one flash of the old, sweet Sam. But it was the same icy voice which whipped across the wire.

"Sure," it said. "I'll send you a picture postcard." And the receiver clicked down at the other end of the line. He was gone.

THE next few weeks were unbearable. I was sick with remorse for what I'd done to Sam, for I felt that in some way it was all my fault. If I'd been wiser, if I had thought things through. . . . And I was sick with wanting to follow him, wherever he was, wanting to go down on my knees and beg him to marry me, to tell him that I was ready, on his terms.

I thought, that first morning, that I would go and ask Dad to relieve me of my promise. But I couldn't, for that very day Dad took a turn for the worse, and after that there was no thought of doing or saying anything to upset him. He had only a little while left, and no matter what happened to me that time left to him must be peaceful. Dr. Pemberton ordered complete quiet for him. I couldn't even tell Dad that Sam had gone away.

The only word from Sam in those awful weeks was the picture postcard that he had promised me. It carried a return address in Roanoke, and a cryptic message:

"It was fun while it lasted."

While what lasted? Our love affair?

Or Sam's new job? Or something that I didn't know about, didn't understand at all? I didn't know what to believe.

But there was little time to think of Sam—not even of Sam—now. I would write to him, answer the card, but I didn't dare to think about anything at all. I couldn't bear it, for my father was dying.

I was frantic with grief for Dad, and tortured with self-accusations about Sam. I wrote Sam a pleading letter, begging him to understand, to bear with me, begging him to come back, telling him that Dad was failing fast—that I needed him.

My letter came back from the address that had been on Sam's postcard to me. And it was marked "addressee unknown." I felt nothing, because it was as if I no longer had the power to feel anything, as if all my emotions were spent, exhausted. A door, the door of the world in which there was happiness and carefree days, and lovers' arms and little, whispered words that sweethearts use, had been closed in my face.

And then my father died.

I had no tears left for the hideous nightmare of the funeral. The old friends and neighbors, meaning to be so kind, wouldn't have understood if I'd told them why—that it wasn't my father lying there, lying so unbelievably still. My father was alive in my memory, and well, and I wanted no part of the macabre carnival which said that he was still and dead.

JOHN understood. John, who came back to be with me. To protect me from the kindnesses which would have robbed me of the living, laughing memory of my father.

John said nothing to recall our last conversation at the railroad station, on the day he had left for Roanoke. But when he looked at me I knew he was still waiting for an answer. He had not found someone new. Not yet.

And then, because he had an important case coming up, John had to go back to Roanoke. And I was alone. Alone in a big house, where Mother and Dad and I had been so happy, and where I knew I could never be happy again. But I was too numb, at first, to make any attempt to leave. If Sam were here, I thought, he could quicken me to life. But Sam wasn't here. I didn't know *where* Sam was, or even if he were alive.

After a while, when I began to be able to think—and feel—again, I decided to go and look for Sam. The weight of the barrier I had put between us, shutting out love was still on my conscience, and I wanted to put it right. And I wanted more—I wanted Sam. Surely by now he had found his rightful place in the world, had a job that would lead to "making good," as my old-fashioned Dad would say. I had endless faith in Sam's ability to make good. And I was so sure of his love that I believed he would try all the harder if his finding his niche in life meant having me for his wife, for always.

So I sold the house, and the furnishings—except for a few personal things of Mother's and Dad's. I locked up my few mementos in Dad's big-old fashioned steel trunk, and I bought a ticket to Roanoke.

I went immediately to the address which Sam had written on his card and found—the city pound! Then I realized how foolish all my fears had been. A desperate man would never make such a joke, laugh about being in the "dog

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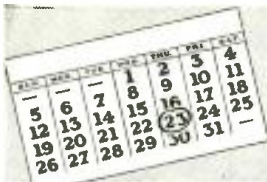
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house." Sam's heart, I knew then, didn't break as easily as mine. Perhaps, I conceded, his heart wasn't touched at all!

But I was glad. If Sam were still laughing, he was still alive! And I was more determined than ever to find him, tell him I had been a foolish, romantic girl, and ask him to teach me how to joke about love, so I could laugh too.

But Sam was hard to find. There was no Sam Owens in the City Directory, or in the phone book. The tax collector had no record of Sam's name. After that, I didn't know where else to look. And so, as always, I turned to John. John who had been my rock in trouble before, who would always help me—dear John.

The light that leaped up in John's eyes when I walked into his office shamed me. John thought my coming meant that I had changed my mind about marrying him. And I was there to ask him to help me find another man!

I stood there, looking at him, wondering how to tell him, and that moment's indecision gave time for his eyes to light with a joyous welcome, gave him time to rise swiftly and come around the desk to me, to take me in his arms and kiss me lightly, warmly. "There," he said, "now you know that I'm as much in love with you as ever. I wanted to say it quickly, Beth, because—Beth, have you come to say that you're ready, now? Ready to say yes to me?"

I WAS tired, tired to the bone from walking about the strange city. I was frightened—afraid that the disappearance of Sam meant more than I dared to let myself think. And I was ashamed—ashamed that I had come to John, who had done so much for me, who had loved me for so long, bringing pain instead of happiness. There was no gentleness in me, no tact, no sweeter, kinder words to soften the blow. I had to tell him flatly, at once, or that sense of shame that was growing in me would have made me go away without telling him at all. And I couldn't do that—I had nowhere else to turn.

And so I simply said: "I'm sorry, John. I can't say yes. I can't say it because I'm in love with someone else. And John—he's disappeared. I can't find him, and—" I was very close to tears, then.

John was very still for a moment, and his eyes closed briefly so that I could not see what was in them. But all he said, after that little silence, was: "Then the best thing to do is start looking for him right away, Beth, isn't it? You'd better tell me all about it."

Dear John—John, who was like the brother I would have loved to have had. John, who was always there beside me, when I needed him. Feeling as if a burden too heavy to bear had been lifted from my shoulders, I sank into a chair and told him about Sam.

When he had the whole story, John's face was white and strained, but he managed to smile at me as he said, "Sure, honey, I'll help you find your Sam. Don't you know I'd do anything in the world you asked me?"

"I knew you would help me, John," I said.

John dropped all of his work, while we searched for Sam. John's first idea was to check all of the newspaper offices. Sam wasn't at any of them. We inquired at the State Employment Of-

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face. Samuel Owens had applied for unemployment compensation, and we looked him up. But it wasn't my Sam Owens. John even checked with the police. But he had no luck there, either. We checked hotels, even rooming houses, restaurants, bars—days of heartbreaking search, of walking streets until we were exhausted, of asking, over and over, our simple question and hearing over and over the discouraging "no" that was the invariable answer.

After a week, John said, "Look, Beth, this thing may take a long while. Sam may not even be in Roanoke any more. All you know is that he left Clarksburg for here. And you've been worrying too long—first about your father, and now about Sam. Why don't you relax, and try to enjoy yourself for a while?"

"John," I said, trying to smile for him, "I think I've forgotten how."

"Will you let me show you?" he asked.

That afternoon we drove far out into the country in John's open-topped roadster, and stopped at a lovely old inn for tea. The pretty girl who served us blushed and stammered when John thanked her for bringing fresh flowers to our table, and looked at John with wide-open eyes which said he was the handsomest man she'd ever seen.

"Perhaps," I thought, "I've known John too long. Maybe I don't appreciate him."

THE next day John made me go shopping, and went along to see that I didn't buy more funereal black. "Your father wouldn't want you to wear black when it's so unbecoming," he told me sensibly, "and you don't care what anybody else thinks."

I bought a new suit, soft gray, and a white blouse with feminine frills at the throat. And a distinctly foolish hat—which John loved because it was silly.

"It makes you look happy again," he said, "and when you're happy, I'm happy."

"I am happy," I told him, and I was surprised to realize that I really was. "But John, you're neglecting your work," my conscience made me add. "You must go back to your office."

"I'll go back to the office," he conceded, "if you'll promise to have dinner with me tonight and wear your new suit and that wonderful hat."

"Of course I will," I told him.

John had changed since he left Clarksburg, I thought, as I watched him walk toward the elevators. Success had given him a new assurance and an easy charm. But he's the same sweet, thoughtful John, I reflected. In one week he's made me forget the horrors of the past six months. He's almost, I confessed to myself guiltily, made me forget Sam.

I lingered over dressing that evening. I wanted to be pretty for John. I brushed my dark hair furiously to do justice to the wonderful hat, and dabbed perfume at my throat before I fastened the ruffled blouse.

I was rewarded with an almost breathless John.

"Don't ever wear black again," was all he said, but there were volumes of praise and devotion in that brief sentence.

We went to the smartest restaurant in Roanoke—I had never been in one that even remotely resembled it before—and the head waiter led us to a table close to the dance floor. John ordered champagne.



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"You may have anything you like for dinner," John told me, "provided it is very expensive, and takes hours to prepare, because I just want to sit here and look at you without interruption." I read my way through the long and impressive menu and then suggested breast of guinea hen under glass, but John suggested lobster in cognac sauce. "It takes longer," he said.

I SIPPED champagne happily, the black misery of the last few months in Clarksburg disappearing in the glow of feeling wanted and admired. "All the big-wigs in the capital come here to dine," John told me, a touch of pride in his voice. "That table over there," he went on, "is reserved for the governor. There is Supreme Court Justice Richards," he indicated, "and that red-haired girl over there is Senator McAvity's daughter. He died a couple of months ago—left her a small fortune, I guess."

I followed his glance. I saw the girl with red hair, and I saw the man with her. It was Sam.

"John," I said, "there's Sam . . . Sam Owens . . . with the McAvity girl."

It was a strange ending to the long and wearying search—finding Sam here, so easily, when we had given up searching for a little while. I felt let-down, strangely cheated. It shouldn't have been so simple. I suppose I had been half-dreaming of somehow rescuing Sam from something—I didn't know quite what—of arriving in time to save him from something. And here, instead, he sat across the room from us, looking happy and well-fed and prosperous—and far from in need of rescuing.

I got to my feet. "I—I'd better go over there," I stammered.

Without a word, John rose to his feet and followed me to the other table.

"Hello, Sam," I said. What else was there to say?

"Beth!" Sam stood up swiftly. "You—you remember John Gardner, don't you, Sam?"

"Of course," he answered. "And—oh, yes, forgive me, Susan—this is Miss McAvity, Miss Sommers and Mr. Gardner."

We all murmured polite greetings, and then there was a tiny, strained pause which seemed to stretch its few seconds into years of silence.

"Well, how are you, Beth?" Sam finally asked. "What are you doing in the city?"

"I'm—I'm fine, Sam. I guess you don't know that my father died, and—"

"He did?" Why that tone in Sam's voice? Did he resent Dad so much, because of that promise he had extracted from me? But then Sam added, more gently, "I'm sorry, Beth. How long are you going to be in town? Am I going to see you again?"

Am I going to see you again? What was the matter with him? Oh, he sounded eager enough—but what sort of thing was that to ask the woman you love?

"Of course, Sam," I managed to say evenly, "if you want to."

"Perhaps Miss Sommers and Mr. Gardner would like to join us now," Miss McAvity snapped, with fire in her voice to match her red hair, "since you two have so much to talk about."

I looked quickly at John. No—I'd subjected him to enough already. "Thank you," I answered, "but the

waiter is bringing our dinner."

Somehow, I managed to give Sam the name of my hotel, where he promised to call me the next morning, and to get John and me back to our table. But the fun had gone out of the evening for me—and for John, too. We conversed politely, like strangers, after that, and John didn't object when I suggested going home early.

I was glad when at last I could close the door of my room behind me, glad at last to be alone to think, to decide what to do, now that I had found Sam. But when I did find myself alone—how could I think? How could I decide? Because I didn't know. I had no way of knowing what was in Sam's mind. Had he forgotten me completely? Had that night in the little blue boat, that night of wonder in the blessed, beautiful moonlight, been only a pleasant little interlude for him, one of many like it? I couldn't believe that—if it were so, why had he bothered to be so attentive to me during those long days when Dad was ill? Surely those were no romantic interludes!

IT WAS a puzzle without solution for me, except for one possibility that occurred to me, and that I put out of my mind at once as too horrible to think about, thoroughly ashamed for having let my mind dwell on it even for a moment. And so I was no nearer to an explanation for Sam's attitude by the time he called early the next morning. "How about lunch?" he asked.

"Come over here first," I suggested. "I want to talk to you." I was determined, you see, to find out—to find out now, before I moved another step.

He was the old, gay Sam when he



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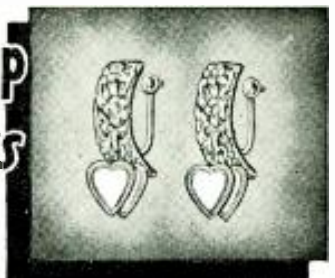
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came in, throwing his brown hat carelessly on a chair, kissing me quickly and lightly behind one ear, saying, "I've missed you, lovely." This was the man who had made me love him in the space of one short waltz, had made me forget John, had almost—one night on the river—made me forget my father. I've missed you, he said—just that, after all this time. Lightly, easily, as one would say it to a friend one hadn't seen for a while. And my heart, made cautious with grief and with too-long waiting, cried, *You didn't need to miss me—you could have been with me!*

"I'd forgotten you were so beautiful," Sam was saying, softly, his hands strong on my shoulders now. "How could I ever have left Clarksburg when you were so beautiful?"

"You left Clarksburg," I reminded him, "because I wouldn't marry you, Sam."

"I should have stayed and made you marry me," he said. "That's what I should have done, Beth."

Pride didn't count, now. Nothing mattered—nothing, except knowing, finally and surely, what I meant to Sam. "You could have made me marry you, if you had stayed," I told him. "You might even have made me break my promise. I—I might have begged you to marry me."

HE smiled gently down at me. "Beg me now," he said.

Slowly I raised my eyes, caught his and held them. "Do you want to marry me now, Sam?"

"I want to marry you now," he repeated. "Of course I want to marry you. Why, Beth—we'll have a wonderful time. We'll go places, you and I. I've got a wonderful deal pending—one that would make even your father admit that I'd made good. All I need is a little help from my wife—my wife, you hear that, Beth?"

I felt hot, oppressed, as if the world were closing in on me, as you feel just before the blasting impact of a summer thunder storm comes. My voice sounded far-away in my own ears as I said, "What are your plans, Sam—tell me."

I could see the enthusiasm rise in his eyes. This was something he had planned, thought through, something he'd talked about and wanted to do for a long time.

"Your plans, too, honey—your plans and mine. I've been thinking a lot since I went away from Clarksburg, and I know now, that you were right—right to keep your promise, I mean. I understand how much that means to you, and I don't want you to break it, even now. The promise was that you wouldn't marry me for a year, or until I'd kept a job and made good, wasn't it? Well, honey, here's how we can do it—here's how I can make good in a way that you and your Dad both could be proud of. Your turning up like this makes it perfect. I wanted to get everything all set before I sent for you, but now that you're here—well that just makes it all the better, and all the sooner that we can get married, honey. It's like this: I know a man who owns a store—hardware store—on James Avenue. They're doing a land-office business, but he's got to sell out—got to go away for his health. I'd like to buy that store, Beth. I've been getting some money together, on my own, and now, if you want to help me—"

I felt suddenly sick—so sick and weak that I couldn't stand. I gripped the back of a chair hard and leaned against it, my nails biting into the wood. Why



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OUT OF the corner of her eye, Margie watched Jim—moody, restless, as unhappy as she. Well, she would try once more to find out what was wrong. Desperately, she forced herself to say casually, "How about going dancing, Darling?" . . . then braced herself for his brusque reply . . . "Not tonight!"

No dancing tonight, or any night . . . lately. What had happened to change her adoring, fun-loving husband into this cold, indifferent stranger?

* * *

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—Sam sounded like a man trying to sell me something. He sounded like a door-to-door salesman, with a pat, learned-by-rote speech, which, if interrupted, he'd have to begin all over again at the beginning. This was it—this was the horrid, ugly thing I'd thought of for a moment last night, and put out of my mind as unworthy.

"Sam," I interrupted. "Perhaps you misunderstood. I haven't any money. Not a lump sum. Not ten thousand dollars. Dad's insurance comes to me a little bit each month—it amounts to less than twenty-five dollars a week."

I want to forget about what happened after that. I want to forget the surprise and the anger—yes, anger—that came into Sam's eyes, then. I want to forget his laughter, his hard, cruel laughter. I want to wipe out of my memory the way he looked as he cocked his hat at an angle over his eye and turned back from the doorway of the room to say to me, "Thanks for the ride, Beth. You played me for a sucker—congratulations. You're as good at it as I am."

WHEN he was gone I moved instinctively to the windows and threw them wide, gulping in deep breaths of the fresh, clean air. I felt dirty, as if I had been exposed to something loathsome and unclean. And I felt alone—lonely as I had never felt in all the world before.

And then the phone rang. Mechanically I walked across the room to answer it, and I heard John's voice.

"What's the news this morning, Beth? Is everything all right?"

For a moment I couldn't answer, and then the words poured out in a despairing flood.

"Oh, John—John, I've been such an awful fool! John, I'm so ashamed of myself. I—"

His voice, as always, was gentle, kind, full of the love he had had for me all these years—the love I'd been too blind to appreciate.

"Now, Beth—everything's going to be all right. Don't worry, honey. Look—I'll be right with you!"

"Yes," I cried. "Oh, yes, John—hurry, hurry!"

I'll be right with you. And that's where I wanted him to be—by my side, as he had always been, as he always would be now, if he'd have me. Because now I knew—the knowing that I'd been groping for so long. I knew what love was, and where love lay for me. Yesterday, now, tomorrow and forever—in John's arms.

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SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR ON SALE

Wednesday, August 9th

Necessities of war have made transportation difficult. To help lighten the burden, RADIO MIRROR will be on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO MIRROR for September will go on sale Wednesday, August 9th. The same applies to subscription copies—they are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late. So please be patient!

Have Faith in Me

Continued from page 29

In the morning I felt shaken and strange, and far from sure, but I knew what I had to do—forget myself in work.

Nothing I had learned in business school had prepared me for some of the problems I met that day. I had been taught how to file and I had no trouble with the ordinary business letters complete with letterheads and typed signatures. But I found notes written on torn sheets of tablet paper signed by nicknames that were unreadable scrawls. Others did not seem like letters but didn't fit either into Bills Payable, Accounts Receivable, or any other categories.

But I plunged into the chaos and unscrambled it as best I could. I made up a filing system of my own, sorting the papers into piles according to any similarity I could find, even the handwriting of the scrawled signatures. I memorized everything carefully so that I could get it instantly when Jay asked for it. The things I could not figure out I laid in piles on Jay's desk.

By five o'clock I was tired. But as I washed up I had a deep sense of satisfaction. I was really working at last, putting in my efforts on a job that counted toward the war effort.

Though I didn't know whether Jay would come back, I lingered, standing by the window looking down at the hurrying crowds of people coming out of office buildings, all rushing in spite of the heat, to carry out the plans that had waited for them all day—a wonderful hat to be bought that "did something" for a girl, a date with a soldier from Camp Edwards, a picnic with the family—I drew a deep breath. I would not envy them, I would not feel forlorn and lost. *I would not!*

I WAS so absorbed that I did not know Jay had come in. When I heard his voice, I jumped.

"Say, what goes on here?"

I turned, smiling with anticipation of his praise. "I thought I'd start earning my pay—"

But he was frowning. He stepped to his desk and began leafing through his papers worriedly.

"They're all there." I went to his side quickly. "I filed the rest. These are just the ones I didn't know where to put. See—" I handed him a memo reading, as nearly as I could make it out, '16 doz. cases gals***Post Rd. Bridgeport 6/4 Mahoney Rapid Trans.'

"I didn't know whether it was a bill of lading or a consignment sheet. Where should it be filed?" I asked.

"In the wastebasket," he answered shortly and tore the page into bits. "I didn't tell you to start filing any papers."

"But how can you ever find anything?" I asked, biting my lip to keep from crying in disappointment. "And besides, what am I here for, if not to help you keep the office running right—"

And suddenly he was beside me, his arm drawing me gently to him, his frown gone as if it had never been, his mouth curved in a sweet smile. "You're here to keep the office running right, and me too," he said. "You're here to forgive me if I bark at you when things get too much for me, and cheer me up when I'm low. You're here to make me know there's something sweet and lovely and decent in

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the world, after all." He held me close, looking into my face, his brown eyes dark and soft with the sort of yearning intentness I had seen in them that night in Marshalltown by the river's edge. "Is that too much to ask of you?"

"No." I forgot my disappointment in relief. "Oh, no, Jay. And besides, I guess business isn't really the way you see it in the movies."

He stared at me a moment, frowning, then shook his head, shrugging. "Well, forget it for tonight, anyway. I'm going to take you out and make up for all I haven't done for you since you've been in town. And promise you won't think of business once all evening."

But he hadn't finished. He went on, very seriously, "Promise me you'll never give one thought to business after you leave the office. Never. You'll forget everything that happened there as if it hadn't happened." And when I didn't answer, my eyes wide in surprise, he tightened his hands on my shoulders. "Promise, Linda. I mean it."

I was glad to forget business. But why should he be so serious about it, so intense, as if he meant more than he was actually saying? His hands were hurting my shoulders with their pressure. "I—promise," I faltered.

Then, with his lightning change of mood, he smiled and gave me a swift kiss. "There," he said, "that seals the bargain."

That night we danced on a roof where we could see the stars above us and all the city spread out below. A gay city, a dream city, just as I had pictured it. Could those be the same streets that had seemed so drab and dirty and frightening only yesterday?

DRIVING through those streets on the way home afterward, I began to lose the smooth, cherished feeling, and to dread arriving at our destination. I was ashamed of the horrid room I had taken, ashamed of the weak moment in which I had taken it. But when we arrived at the address, Jay held the car door shut. He said, "You can't live here." He turned the car around. "I should have taken better care of you," he murmured as he drove swiftly back toward my hotel.

I started to protest. "But I can't afford—"

"The company can," he said. "Naturally we pay your expenses till you get settled. And we'll find you a decent place to live tomorrow. Or rather, today—"

He was as good as his word; better. At closing time he gave me the key to an apartment in a building on the Fenway—within walking distance of work and yet beside a lovely park through which a sweet little stream meandered. I was charmed with the view from the windows of the flat which he explained belonged to a friend of his who had gone into the Navy. "He asked me to look out for the place while he was gone, see that it's cleaned and so on. If you'll take over that job you'll be doing us both a favor. All right?"

How kind he was! I looked around the apartment in delight. It was furnished with expensive modern chairs and sofas of leather and metal, on the floor an oval rug of deep cream pile, strange meaningless pictures on the wall—not exactly the sort of furniture to make me feel cosily at home but very grand, excitingly like the movies I'd seen. And I loved the shining kitchenette which obviously had never been used for anything but mixing

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drinks. "Wait till I stock it up," I told Jay. "I'll make you the best waffles you ever tasted."

"I promise to eat every waffle you make," Jay told me, coming to stand beside me, very close. "If you'll let me come to breakfast here."

It was fun, getting settled. Buying pots and pans and dishes in the five-and-ten, I made believe, playing at daydreams as I had when I was a child. I imagined that I was setting up housekeeping at last with Larry.

But somehow when I thought of his clear bright blue eyes shining down at me in that apartment, I felt queer. I wished I hadn't promised to make waffles for Jay.

And when Jay reminded me of my promise, I told him I wasn't settled yet, the kitchen not quite ready. I had said I would keep faith until I heard from Larry, and I would.

I HEARD from him very soon.

It was not from Larry directly that the letter came, but it told me more, I thought, and hurt me worse, than if it had come from Larry himself.

The letter had been forwarded from Marshalltown to Jay's office, and when I saw the English stamps among Jay's mail my heart seemed to swell up until there wasn't room for it inside me. The smart slanting backhand was not Larry's, but I knew the writing. I'd seen it once before on a note enclosed with John's letter announcing his engagement.

The one sheet closely covered with writing was folded to enclose something wrapped in tissue paper. It was a ring—a heavy plain gold signet ring with an emblem I knew well—John's high school class ring. Tears burned my eyes and I had to blink them back.

My dear Linda (the letter began)

John gave me this to wear until we should have time to select a proper engagement ring. That time never came, and though I hate to part with it I am sending it to you because I think—from something Larry said the other day—that it had significance for you and John which I could never really share.

I have not written to you since his death because at first I dared not try; and you know we English find it difficult to put some things in words. But now I want you to know part, at least, of what I have been thinking. One feeling

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that has come to me lately is that you have been far more fortunate than most women who have had to suffer losses. Your grief should be lightened by the knowledge that you have had much more than most women ever know in the opportunity of being close to two such splendid men as John and Larry.

I hope, too, that you will take the word of an English girl for another thing that it is probably hard for Americans to accept. But over here the war has come so close to us that we have learned through bitter experience that the only way we can carry on is to put the past behind us, to leave the dead in peace and think of our duty to the living. We must, whether we wish it or not, if we are to live at all, live real lives and not memories.

I know I have put this badly, but I do hope you can understand what I am trying to say. I hope too that somehow I have been able to help you put fertile grief and longing behind you and find happiness.

Always with the best,
Enid.

For a long time I sat holding the letter before me on the desk, my tears blurring the words. When at last I could see them again, they looked strangely different, as if something had actually happened to the neat strokes of black on white. Some sentences seemed to leap out of the paper with vicious sharpness as if trying to jab at me.

Then the purpose of the whole letter was suddenly clear!

She was sending the ring back, not because it was significant to me but because it was not significant to her. It meant nothing to her any more. No, because now she had Larry.

IT WAS easy to go on from there, too terribly easy! Everything was there before me in black and white. She had to put the past behind her, to "leave the dead in peace." She was thinking now of the living. That meant Larry.

Even that word she had thrown right into my face! "I hope I have been able to help you put futile regret and grief behind you and find complete happiness." What she was saying was, Don't waste your time wishing for Larry, you might as well start looking for someone else!

In that mood of angry misery I was hardly aware that the door had opened and a man had come into the office.

"Where's your boss?" he yelled.

When I didn't answer he doubled his fist and pounded it so hard on my desk that the whole office shook. I saw a huge solitaire shining out from among the coarse black hairs on his little finger. That was the mood I was in, you see, noticing details but hardly aware of the man himself or his fierce behavior. It all seemed so far away. The only near, real fact was in the letter on my desk. The only problem that occupied me was the meaning of that letter. But I forced my voice to speak at last. I said heavily, "Who shall I tell Mr. Ransom called?"

He jerked back as if I had struck him, disconcerted, I guess because he had made so little impression on me. "Angotto," he said gruffly. Then he pulled himself up and thrust out his chest again. "Benny Angotto. And you can tell him to quit stalling—"

He hesitated, his shining beadlike brown eyes watching for my reaction to the threat in his tone. But I showed no reaction. I felt none. This had

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no meaning for me at all.

"You tell him," Angotto went on, his fist again exhibited on the desk before me, "that he show up on time next week where we meet or I begin to believe what I hear. Tell him I hear he is playing around with another outfit. Tell him I hope it ain't so. I sincerely hope that isn't what he means in his fancy letters when he talks about inevitable delays—"

"I am sure," I told him with dignity, "that if Mr. Ransom says delays are inevitable, they are exactly that. Remember, there is a war on."

He laughed suddenly, as if I had said something uproariously funny. "You're pretty cute, young lady," he said when he could get his breath. He laughed again and I thought the buttons would fly off his tight-fitting double-breasted suit. "There's a war on, that's good!" He reached a hand out and patted my shoulder. "If this Jay Ransom's got a girl like you on his side then I guess he's smarter than I doped him."

"Of course, he's smart," I told him impatiently. Why wouldn't he go, so that I could return to my letter? I started to make a note of his name on a pad. "I'll tell him what you said."

He took the hint, to my relief. But when he had gone, I almost wished he had stayed. I was frightened at the lonely panic that swept over me.

I was never so glad to see anyone as Jay when he came in. It was all I could do to keep from rushing to him and flinging myself in his arms. But when he saw the note on his desk, he swore. "What the devil is Angotto doing, coming around here?"

I said, "He seemed to be annoyed with you at first. But when I reminded him of war conditions he seemed to feel better about things." I stood up, the letter in my hand, trying to decide whether to tell him and ask his help.

Jay was staring at me, a queer little smile curving his lips. "So you calmed Angotto down?" he asked incredulously. "Yes." Why must we talk forever about that unpleasant man? "Jay—"

He saw then that I was trying to tell him something. "What is it, sweet?" he asked. "Tell me, Linda."

I GAVE him the letter to read. And I told him of Larry's other letter that had not mentioned the plans he had always talked about before and had broken off so abruptly after mentioning that Enid was back in England and stationed near him. And then the cablegram canceling our plans. Then nothing. *Nothing, for weeks.*

"So that's why you came to Boston with me?" Jay asked, staring at me with half-closed eyes, his lips tight.

"Yes." For the first time, looking into Jay's hurt dark eyes, I wondered if I had been quite fair to him. But he had only asked me to be his secretary. And I hadn't agreed until I was sure Larry was through with me. "Jay, you can tell me," I cried out. "You're a man and you can see what's behind all this. You can tell me if I'm just jumping to conclusions. If I'm being suspicious and imagining things."

He turned and went to the window. His voice came back, very low. "I don't want to hurt you, honey—"

"But it can't hurt as much as wondering and never knowing!" I followed him, clutching his arm.

He turned and put his hands on my shoulders. "Don't blame them too much, honey," he said. "It's not their fault, as that girl said. They're in the war, both of them. They have to get

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hard, to fight a war. Especially a flyer. He has to lose the soft romantic ideas he started out with. He knows that all the life he has coming to him may be between one fight and the next, and he's got to grab it while he can. And this girl Enid is right there, not only close physically but spiritually too. They've each been through things the other can understand. And she's ready to throw herself into anything to make her forget—"He sighed, shaking his head with a little pitying smile. "Well, honey, it looks like a mighty hard combination for any girl to beat from three thousand miles away—"

"I don't want to!" I cried out. "I wouldn't try to hang onto anyone who didn't want me any more!"

"What a waste," Jay said softly, his eyes never leaving my face. "Throwing yourself away on a fellow too blind to appreciate you—" He sighed. "Without a thought for the one who really needs you—" He turned abruptly away from me, to stand staring out the window. His broad shoulders looked tense and miserable. I went to him and touched his arm. "I do have thoughts for you, Jay. You've been wonderful to me. I'm terribly grateful."

He placed his other hand over mine on his arm and pressed it there. "Gratitude is better than nothing, I guess," he said. His sad little smile went straight to my heart. "How about showing it by coming out and chasing my gremlins away?"

"All right," I told him with a laugh that sounded queer in my own ears.

We went first to the Merry-Go-Round and sat at a little table on a circular floor surrounding a circular bar that slowly revolved, round and round, forever, and it gave me a feeling as if I were floating in some far-off upper atmosphere where none of the problems of my real life could reach me. I seemed to keep on floating, even at dinner, for we were always leaving our table to dance.

THE enchantment lasted to the very steps of my apartment. I couldn't have told how I arrived there, to stand in the shadows with Jay, to be held in his arms and kissed as I had never been kissed before. And I was responding, my body close to his, as if we were one.

He whispered, "I can't leave you. I can't say goodnight. Tell me I needn't." It was then that reality came back to me. I tried to push away from him.

"You've made me wait so long," he said, his lips against my cheek. My strength came back then. I stood away from him in sudden panic.

He said, "Linda, don't I deserve anything?" His voice was pleading.

"Yes, Jay," I answered, my voice shaking. "You practically saved my life."

"Then can't I have just a little of that sweet life?" he asked.

"A little?" I lifted my head and looked up at his face in the dimness. "How can you take a little of anyone's life?"

He gave a little groaning laugh. Then he straightened his body, holding me by the shoulders with a grip so tight that it seemed almost angry. "All right. I need you so much I'm going to ask for your whole life. Will you marry me, Linda?"

Funny, but the words came as a shock, even then, even when I had known, way back behind my thoughts, that they were coming. And even then, even when I knew my answer was inevitable, I hesitated. I thought of Enid's letter: "We must live real lives, not

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memories." She was right. The war changed everything.

And so I said, "Yes—yes, Jay." After that, life did seem better. Clearer, simpler, free from the awful suspense and uncertainty I'd been living through for weeks. It was fun to plan with Jay, to talk about the way we'd live, the house we'd have.

I thought Jay liked it too, till the day he came into his office and found another clipping waiting on his desk—this time of a linoleum advertisement showing a breakfast nook made like a soda fountain bar. "That's all very well," he said impatiently. "But when? This can't go on forever, you know. I have everything ready—"

I looked at him in hurt surprise, for his voice sounded almost cross. He said quickly, "I'm sorry, honey, but things are crowding me hard these days. When I'm already strung up tight as a fiddle string, it doesn't do the temper any good to want anyone as much as I want you—and keep on wanting."

"I know." I stared down at the star sapphire on the third finger of my left hand. He had given it to me, and when we were married I would have a wedding ring of platinum to match. But I wasn't thinking of those rings now, wasn't even seeing them. I was seeing the wide, worn band of gold that Larry had once showed me. It was his mother's wedding ring, and I'd never seen anything so sweet as his smile when he told me he wanted me to wear it when we were married. And we had both decided we'd have no other ring, we needed no engagement ring to hold us close as long as we should have to wait. We needed nothing but our love. But now I thought bitterly, *it wasn't enough, our love.* Larry's hadn't kept him safe from Enid. And mine—

I PUT the thought away. "We'll be married soon," I told Jay firmly. "Soon."

He started toward me, his eyes alight. Then suddenly he stopped. The door had opened. "Dad!"

The man who came in was tall, erect, and except for his white hair and the thinner, more austere contours of his face, very like Jay. He looked from Jay to me, his brows lifted.

Jay said, "Dad, I want to present Miss Ware. Linda, this is my father."

The words were all right, but the tone was one I'd never heard before. His easy social assurance was gone, all his confidence. He was afraid of his father!

I felt again the old pang of pity for Jay. He had never had the love of the man who should have been his best friend. That was why he was not telling his father now about our engagement. For he was adding with a nervous smile, "Miss Ware is my very efficient secretary, Dad. You should have seen the chaos from which she brought about the present state of order."

"I can imagine it," Mr. Ransom said. His cold tone shocked me. "Jay, that's why I'm here. I've tried the experiment of giving you full responsibility for the Boston office, but the time has come for me to ask some serious questions—"

"Not now, Dad," Jay broke in, and he went over to seize his father's hand. "Listen, Dad, you're just in time for the big occasion. My wedding!"

I don't know which was more startled, his father or I. My lips opened to protest, but as Jay's eyes came from his father to me I saw such pleading in them that I was touched. This was terribly important to him.

His father was staring at me, his thin



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lips pursed into an impersonal, concentrated sort of study. I tried to meet his shrewd dark eyes steadily. I told myself that I could bear this humiliating scrutiny and anything else that was necessary to help Jay.

"You've been at me for a long time to marry and settle down," Jay pressed him eagerly. "And you couldn't have found a girl more to your taste."

Mr. Ransom's face relaxed a little. He said, "Well, we'll see. But first—"

"Linda will tell you all about herself," Jay said quickly. "We've got a table reserved for lunch at the Copley, Dad, and meantime the minister's waiting. If you're to be best man for your son, Dad, now's the moment—"

Mr. Ransom and I both probably felt the same bewilderment as we let Jay rush us out of the office. At the curb, Jay said, "Linda, you can start giving Dad the genealogical data while I get the car." And he disappeared, leaving us—two utter strangers—staring at each other there on the crowded street.

Well, I was in for it. I knew Jay wouldn't be back with the car until he had made the arrangements he had told his father were already made. I remembered what he had said a little while ago, "I have everything ready." I'd thought then that he was speaking generally, but I realized now that he had meant just that. Everything was ready, waiting for me. Jay must have had the license for days, and the ring in his pocket. Poor Jay—wanting so much of life, getting so little! I wouldn't disappoint him this time. I intended to marry him soon—it might as well be today. He would be so happy. And I? *I would be happy, too.*

I SAID, trying to keep my voice firm, "Well, I'm just a plain New England farm girl, Mr. Ransom. From what they call solid Yankee stock. None of the family I ever heard about had much money except for my mother's grandfather who was a ship owner in Salem. But my grandfather lost it all building a canal which was finished just in time to be ruined by the railroads. My father educated himself and was making a good beginning in Law when he died. Then my mother died, too."

Mr. Ransom smiled suddenly, that same flashing smile that could change Jay's face so completely. He reached out his fine, beautifully manicured hand and touched my hair. "You're a lovely child," he said.

I smiled up at him in relief. I had passed inspection. And it was rather exciting, I realized suddenly. He was a very handsome man, dressed so elegantly that any girl would be glad to be seen with him.

"How did my young fool of a son ever find anybody like you?" he asked.

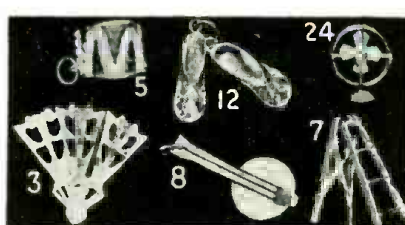
"If you mean Jay," I answered, gay and at ease now, "he met me in a very unromantic way. Giving me dictation at the Marshalltown Commercial business college where I was a student."

"Marshalltown? But that's where our plant is. Why should he need a stenographer there?"

"Well, he said it was on account of me," I smiled.

"Oh, I see." He took my arm. "Can't blame him for that. Probably spotted you on the street and followed you into the place, composing fake business letters as he went—"

Perhaps I should have corrected him then, for I knew it had been an accident that I was the one to whom he gave the letters, and certainly they were not fakes for I had seen one of



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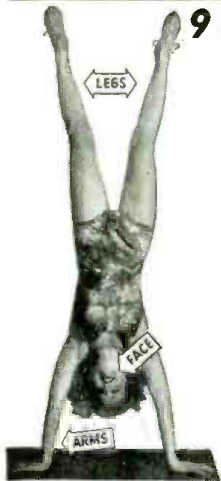
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them in Benny Angotto's hands. But Jay's car was drawing up beside us and this was no occasion for business office details. This was my wedding day. We were married in the chapel of St. John's Episcopal Church.

It seems strange that I can tell it that way, the whole thing in one sentence. But looking back, that is the way I remember it—like a curious, unreal dream through which I passed with the swiftness of dreams. One moment I was drawing a deep breath of doubt and uncertainty and then, the next moment, the bland-faced minister was beaming at us kindly and suggesting to Jay, "You may kiss your wife." I was Mrs. Jay Ransom!

Well, it was done now. There was nothing, any longer, to wonder and worry about. There were no decisions to make, no choices.

Lunch was very gay. Sipping champagne, I told myself that I had done the right thing to fall in with Jay's plan. We made a perfect picture of a family celebration. Right up to the moment when Mr. Ransom took out his watch. "I've a train to catch," he said, his smile fading from his face. "And I can't go back without bringing up the business that brought me to Boston." "Oh, Dad, not on my wedding day!" Jay protested.

HIS father said sternly, "I have postponed this discussion at your request. I've given you my congratulations and wished your wife happiness quite sincerely. But I wouldn't be doing my duty to our family responsibilities if I neglected this task, painful as it is. You have nothing to worry about if you have been doing your job well."

"Of course I've been doing my job right," Jay said sullenly like a schoolboy called onto the carpet. "I hope so," his father said. "Indeed, the whole purpose of giving you the Boston office was to develop in you a sense of responsibility, of obligation. But how can I think this has been achieved when I look at the record of lost shipments from Boston?"

"Why blame me?" Jay asked hotly. "Plenty of firms are having the same trouble. You see stories of hijacking in the papers every day. The FBI is getting very concerned about it."

"And so am I," his father said gravely. "But if there is such a danger, why route these shipments by truck? Why don't you start sending everything by train for a while?"

Jay shrugged. "After all, you can't stop doing business with trucking firms overnight. And the trains are slower for short runs."

"It doesn't do the factories much good if gangsters get it," his father said.

"Well, maybe I should have changed the transportation schedules," Jay said. "But these spells of hijacking hit one part of the country and pass. Crime waves are always epidemic for a while and then—"

"I'm not here to listen to your analysis of the incidents of crime waves," his father said sharply. "What has brought me here is a very strong suspicion of something much more serious than carelessness. There is one executive, at least, of the Mahoney Transfer Company, who is convinced that it was no accident that their trucks were robbed of 12 dozen gallon cases of Four Star grain alcohol on a certain curve outside Bridgeport on June 4th."

I listened, incredulous. And I could hardly believe my eyes as I saw Jay's flushed face slowly go pale.

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If Jay had not responded that way to his father's words, they might have stayed meaningless for me. But suddenly, echoing in my mind, those words began to fall into a pattern, to fit themselves into place on a memorandum that I had showed to Jay because I had not known where to file it:

16 doz. cases gals. ****Post Road. Bridgeport 6/4 Mike Mahoney Rapid Trans.

And Jay had angrily torn it up and thrown it in the wastebasket.

I felt the color draining away from my own face. Mr. Ransom's voice seemed to come from far away as he went on. "Mahoney tells me his driver was a trusted man who didn't even know their destination until he phoned back from New London. There was only one person who could have tipped off those gangsters."

"Except Mahoney himself, maybe?" Jay asked his father. "Why do you blame me first?" His voice was hoarse with anger.

"Because Mahoney has proved he deserves to be believed."

"And I haven't!" Jay's eyes were shining with fury. "You might as well call me a liar and be done with it!"

His father didn't answer. The silence made me sick with shock.

"Besides, they didn't need any tip-off!" Jay went on hurriedly. "Plenty of gangsters are smart enough to know where a delivery has to be made sooner or later and be ready to swing their trucks into the highway at the right time."

"You're asking me to believe quite a few coincidences," Mr. Ransom said.

"Well, what can I say?" Jay asked. And suddenly the eyes he turned to his father were dark and soft with entreaty. "How can I prove I didn't know anything about those jobs?"

His father just regarded him silently, waiting, his eyes cold as if Jay were a complete stranger.

Jay's despairing eyes met mine. My lips moved a little in a smile intended to show my sympathy.

Then Jay said suddenly, "But you can ask Linda. Perhaps you'll believe her. She knows everything that's gone on in this office. She promised that promise, Linda?" His brown eyes looked into mine with pleading intensity. "Remember the promise you made to me, about not forgetting what happened in the office?"

I remembered. With sinking heart I

knew what he wanted to do. I had promised not to remember, but to forget. And now he was asking me to keep that promise.

His father asked me gently, "Well, Linda? Perhaps you can tell me, then, if you have ever seen or heard anything in the office suggesting complicity in these unfortunate losses?"

Maybe if I had had longer to think, I would have wondered if I were doing Jay a kindness to support him now. But I had married Jay only an hour ago, this was my first test of loyalty to my husband. He had asked me to keep a promise, and a promise was sacred. I looked steadily into his father's face and I said, "No. No, I've never seen such a thing, Father Ransom."

MAYBE it was the name I used. Or maybe his father really didn't want to find out if his son was guilty. Anyway, he got up from the table with a bow to me. "All right, son. I'll accept your wife's statement. Forgive me if I've been unfair to you. And now I must catch my train."

We talked of casual things, driving to the station. And when we had dropped Mr. Ransom, Jay and I didn't talk at all. Moving through the crowded downtown streets, I waited for him to thank me, to explain, to reassure me about that memorandum.

But Jay didn't apologize and he didn't explain. When we got to the privacy of his office, he simply took me in his arms. He kissed me deeply.

I lay passive and limp against him. Even now I was unable to feel anything but bewilderment.

He whispered against my hair, "Tonight we'll be far, far away from all this. We'll go to the sea, or to the mountains, and forget everything, but each other—"

I tried to straighten up and look into his face. I had to clear things up.

But I was too late. I was still in Jay's arms when the door opened. Held hard against Jay's breast I could not see who stood there. But I heard the voice. It was Larry's.

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