

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF

Radio Romances

SEPTEMBER

15¢

MARJORIE
STONERIDGE

Exciting Color Pictures You Asked to See
BACHELOR'S CHILDREN

★

For All Women Who Ever Doubted Love
UNCERTAIN HEART

A lovelier you... **Skin's Softer, Smoother**
with just One Cake of Camay!



Mrs. John Louie
OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

"A lovelier complexion may mean romance—so do try my Camay," suggests Mrs. Louie. "I found my first cake brought delicate new softness to my skin."

**Tests by doctors prove
Camay is really mild**

A softer, fresher, more captivating complexion *for you*... with just *one cake* of Camay... when you change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Yes—doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions, ... on girls with skin like **YOURS!** And most complexions simply bloomed. They looked clearer, fresher... with the very *first* cake of Camay.

... it cleanses
**without
irritation**



These tests gave proof of Camay's *mildness*... proof it can *benefit* skin. The doctors reported, "*Camay is really mild. It cleansed without irritation.*" No wonder Camay can bring such exciting new beauty to skin.

**Go on the
Camay Mild-Soap Diet!**

So easy—you simply cream Camay's mild lather over face—forehead, nose. Rinse warm. Add a cold splash for oily skins. Repeat morning and night.

That's all—and with your *first* cake of Camay, your complexion takes on softer, sweeter appeal!



**Your Camay is
precious—make it last!**

Vital materials go into soap. Be patriotic... use *just* what you need.

★ Whip up a lovely Camay lather... with just a few rubs on your cake. ★ Return your Camay *at once* to a dry soap dish. ★ Tuck your Camay slivers into a bathmit for *grand* lather!

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

A radiant smile wins
admiration!



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

LET YOUR HOPES SOAR, Plain Girl! It doesn't take beauty to rate special raves.

Watch the girls who score the biggest hits—the girls who invite popularity and romance. See how often their appeal lies in their smiles!

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a smile that hesitates, timid and uncertain—but one that is gay and flashing, bright as dancing sunbeams. Remember that such a smile

needs sparkling teeth—bright teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush" a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink", see your dentist! He may tell you your gums have become sensitive—denied natural exercise by soft, creamy foods. And he may, as many dentists do, suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage".

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, aids the health of the gums. Every

time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Circulation steps up in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Start today to let Ipana and massage help you to have brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more radiant smile.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



On Top of the World—that's the girl whose smile is a sparkling charm. Let Ipana Tooth Paste and massage help you keep the heart-stirring radiance in your smile!

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF

Radio Romances

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ON THE COVER—Marjorie Stoneridge wearing the U. S. Coast Guard Spar uniform—Color Portrait by Valentino Sarra

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For IRRESISTIBLE LIPS

*dare to wear
the Divine Fire
of RUBY RED*

Love begins with your lips when you dare to wear IRRESISTIBLE's most ravishing lipstick shade . . . RUBY RED. Its enchantment is positively hypnotic . . . like a fire that flashes from a priceless ruby. The secret WHIP-TEXT process gives your IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK luxurious creamy smoothness, making your lips so much lovelier longer! Get this exquisite, exciting lipstick today.

10c—25c SIZES

Irresistible LIPSTICK

A touch of
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME
assures glamour



Did you know?

NEXT year the shoes you buy will be more likely to have rubber soles and heels. In the first place, the armed forces are still taking all the best leather—and rightly so. In the second place, the synthetic rubber most available to civilians (it's called Buna-S) is going into full production and the government says that a considerable amount of it will go to shoe manufacturers.

Every time you put pen to paper to write to that son or husband, or sweetheart of yours in service—remember V-mail. Remember that cargo space on ships taken up by mail sent by the regular channels could be better used for food to feed your loved ones or materiel of war, to defend them. V-mail is faster—and it always gets there.

The Merchant Marine has an immediate and urgent need for men with specialized skills—plumbers, electricians, carpenters, etc. The ship-building program that is now launching five ships a day makes obvious the need for crews to man those ships. Men who enlist in the Merchant Marine are given a short training course to prepare them for sea duty.

The beef you get this fall may be a little tougher than the kind you are used to and fat will be yellower, but don't complain—that yellower fat contains carotene and the tougher meat (it's because the beef will come directly from the range without stopover at feeding lots) has more iron and phosphorus.

Spare parts for household machinery will be easier for you to find very soon, but you'd better know how or learn how to fix things yourself, because it's going to be hard to get these repairs done. Mechanics are scarcer than ever.

Early in September, young people and teachers who have given generously and willingly of their vacation time in helping on farms during the summer will be going back to school. How about you late vacationers stepping in and filling the vacancies they leave? Spend your vacation on a farm—help harvest the food that fights for freedom!



"What can you say?"

Yesterday I met her for the first time since we heard that Tom was killed. Poor woman! She looked much smaller . . . seemed more frail . . . had a tightness in her face. We stood there talking. Trivialities. What can you say to a mother who has lost her only son?

"If only there was something I could do," I finally blurted out. Her eyes took in my slacks, my work shoes, the lunch-box in my hand. Her smile was real . . . like I remembered his. "You're doing it, my dear," she said. "God bless you, child, and thank you."

THE more you do to help speed our victory the more lives you'll help save. Women are needed in war plants . . . necessary civilian work . . . the armed forces. Most communities are desperately short of workers. Skilled . . . or untrained . . . you're needed . . . *urgently needed.*

There are hundreds of different jobs to be filled . . . hundreds of jobs in which you will find the satisfaction of speeding victory. Make up your mind to join the millions of women at war . . . *today!*

See the Help Wanted ads in local newspapers. Visit the nearest U. S. Employment Office. Or apply at Army or Navy Recruiting stations.



The more women at war
—the sooner we'll win

PUBLISHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

MUM

A Product of Bristol-Myers Co.

Frances Langford was selected the Press Photographers' Pin-Up Girl for 1944. Chief Photographer's Mate, Coy Watson of the U. S. Coast Guard, gets the first photo. Below, last laugh for Dennis Day before going into the Navy—gives Boss Benny a humble job to do.



What's New from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

SENSITIVE souls have complained about what they think is the unnecessarily harsh and bloody presentation of war experiences on the Army Service Forces Presents show. Here's Jerry Devine's answer to such complaints:

"War is not pretty. It's dirty and foul smelling. It's agony and hatred and a choice between killing or being killed. We make no bones about it.

"We're trying to bring the war closer to the people, to give them a sample of what their sons and sweethearts and husbands are going through; to let them know what their government is doing to give them every advantage of a quick and safe return."

And, for those listeners who are willing to face facts and don't shrink from the realities of the struggle, the show has been like an escorted tour of the battle fronts. It has also served to inspire them to greater effort in their war jobs. Any show that can do this is a good show.

The beautiful flowers on the piano at every Top of the Evening broadcast are always "—to Sally, from an unknown admirer." As a matter of fact, the "unknown admirer" each evening is a member of the Ken Darby Chorus, each one of whom tries to outdo all the others in the beauty of his floral offering to Sally Sweetland, the

lovely star of the show.

Showing no favorites, Sally always takes the flowers to one of the entertainment centres for servicemen in Hollywood.

Victor Borge is one of the few radio comedians who works without a script. The reason behind it is that Borge has a tendency to "spread" way beyond his time, whenever he has to read from a printed page—and the reason for that is, that Borge still speaks English more fluently than he reads it. So it was found to be safer to let him memorize his material. That way, he's always able to finish his spot "on the nose."

Every once in a while in Radio City, you're likely to run into a very short, very neatly dressed young man, pushing a peculiar looking, black box on wheels. He doesn't look like a special sort of porter and he's not. He's Andy Picard, the drummer on Morton Downey's show.

Andy's exactly five feet and one inch tall and just not designed to lug around a set of trap drums. It's common knowledge in the music world that the casualties among drummers are very high because of injuries received while lifting and carrying their heavy equipment. Picard decided he'd like to be around for awhile, so he had his little moving van especially built. His drums fit into it ingeniously and he can roll it along to his next stop with very little effort.

Listeners can practically identify stars by their greetings to the audiences on the air. But, most people—and stars are people, too—have individual ways of greeting their friends.

Sammy Kaye, for instance, smiles at every familiar face and says, "Dear Boy." Everybody is "Maestro" to Mark Warnow. Ted Collins never says, "Hello," always says, "What's new?" Paul Lavalle, the Basin Street conductor, has another version of the same thing—swing talk—"What goes?" Jay Jostyn—Mr. District Attorney—is hearty, yet formal, with "Greetings!"

Beatrice Kay has a dramatic part in the soon-to-be-released picture, "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe," which may surprise some of her fans, but shouldn't. It isn't generally known, but Bea used to be an actress before she took to singing and, as a matter of fact, she's acted in one of Norman Corwin's radio plays and has played other dramatic roles on the air.

Incidentally, Bea reports that letters from the servicemen she's "adopted" inform her that the most wonderful thing she can—and has sent them—is perfume, believe it or not. Perfume was one of the first of the war "casualties" overseas and the lucky boys who have some are, as a result, very popular with the ladies.

It's an idea—depending, of course, on whether you want your boys to be popular that way, or not.

We like stories like this:

Recently, Fred Cole, the announcer, was monitoring shortwave reception in the Blue Network Studios, when he heard a voice with an unmistakable Boston accent—unmistakable to his own Boston-bred ear. The speaker was sending belated Christmas and Easter greetings to his mother and family and then asked them to keep on praying

(Continued on page 6)

Beautiful Hair

Don't let INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF threaten its charm

This all too common condition, if neglected, can raise hob with the appearance of the hair and scalp. Don't be one of the thousands who, through ignorance or indifference, foolishly overlook possible warning symptoms . . . excess flakes and scales . . . itching and irritation . . . germs present in millions.

Get After It Now

Fortunately, there is a simple, easy, wholly delightful home treatment to guard against this troublesome condition—Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Countless women and men combine this pleasant treatment with their regular hair-washing.

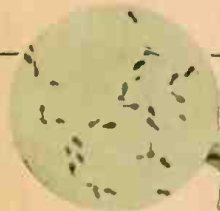
You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and follow with vigorous, rotary, finger-tip massage for several minutes. That's all there is to it!

Kills "bottle bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*), regarded by many a noted dermatologist as a causative agent of infectious dandruff. As Listerine Antiseptic goes to work those ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching, too, is alleviated. Your scalp tingles and glows, and seems pulsing with life, and your hair feels wonderfully fresh.

If infectious dandruff has started, repeat the Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. This is the method that in tests brought improvement or complete disappearance of symptoms to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.



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



The TREATMENT

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

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

The Tested Treatment
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and Massage

and hoping for his safe return.

Soon after that, another voice came on the air and told the name and address of the first speaker and then announced, "This is Radio Tokyo signing off."

Cole, realizing it was a prisoner-of-war broadcast, hunted through the Boston directory, found the name and address and phoned to Boston immediately. It was like news from the dead to the boy's parents, who hadn't heard from him in six months and had just about reconciled themselves to his loss. As for Cole, he was as happy about the whole thing as though the boy had been some relative of his own.

If you ever get fired from a job, don't let it get you down—for too long. Look what happened to Russ Morgan.

You'd never guess it, but Russ was once a coal miner in Pennsylvania. One day, he took his trombone down into the mines with him. The foreman caught him practicing on company time and, of course, fired him promptly. So Russ took up music seriously and today he's one of the highest paid musicians in the world.

Although Actress Georgia Burke, who for the last five years has played Lilly, Sammy's nurse in When a Girl Marries, has enacted more than 200 homey stage and radio roles, in real life she's not at all domestically inclined. She's never done any housework or been a nursemaid to a child and, furthermore, she doesn't know a thing about cooking. Last Christmas, in fact, as Lilly on the daytime serial, she was explaining to her mistress, Joan Davis, how to roast a turkey. But



Producer and star get together— Arch Oboler and Ronald Colman make *Everything for the Boys* an interesting feature Tuesday on NBC.

when, as Georgia Burke, she arrived home and tried to cook a turkey of her own, she was baffled. She appealed to a neighbor for instructions only to have her astonished friend exclaim: "Why, I just hear you tellin' how over the radio!"

One day, television will probably be used as generally as radio is today. And, when there are television sets in practically every home, think of the changes that will take place! New people, new techniques, new everything will probably spring up.

It's likely that all the daytime serials may have to be "canned," to avoid possible fluffs, and then run off on film at broadcast time. Some stars may achieve new and brilliant heights of

popularity, once the audiences get a look at them. Others may fade away completely, for the same reason. Comedians may have to give up "straight" men and use Conover girls as their foils. At least, listeners would have something to look at when the gags fall dead. Of course, those same Conover girls may probably be used to act out commercials.

The chances are then that radio will go about seriously developing its own stars, instead of turning to Hollywood for names. In all likelihood, we'll see an upsurge in better acting, since in television there's no such thing as a retake, the saving of many a Hollywood star now.

It's something to look forward to and dream about.

Thanks to radio, serious musicians are coming into their own, at last. It's sort of a patronage idea—like the thing that existed in the days of Mozart and Beethoven and Bach and Brahms.

The Blue Network has just established what it calls the "creative Music Fund" to encourage composers to write music of a serious and classical nature for use on the radio and for general public consumption. Some of those already commissioned to write shorter works are Roy Harris, Igor Stravinsky, Aaron Copeland, Leonard Bernstein and Paul Creston. Some popular music composers have also been asked to write special songs—among them David Rose, Richard Rodgers, Morton Gould and Ferde Grofe.

No matter what kind of music you like, this is a good thing. Composers, at least some of them, won't have to

3 Main Deodorant Troubles-

WHICH IS YOURS?



"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"

(Due to irritating chemicals)



You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing to normal skins.

CREAM GOES GRAINY?



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!

TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?



Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

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



wait for their works to find a market and a hearing. More and better music will result and young musicians won't be discouraged from trying their hands at composing, as many of them are today.

Hats off to the Catholic War Veterans National Commanders. In awarding their 10th annual citation to Eddie Cantor they have dealt a powerful blow to divisionist tactics based on any form of discrimination.

In announcing the award, National Commander Charles H. A. Brophy said, "The citation is awarded annually to a citizen for outstanding loyalty to American ideals and principals. Mr. Cantor's formation of the Purple Heart Circuit, established to entertain the gallant wounded of World War II, is an outstanding example of patriotism, human kindness and real Americanism."

Have you happened to hear Appointment with Life? It's a far cry, and a welcome one, from the love and marriage kind of radio program that exploits people emotionally. Dr. Valerie Hopkins Parker, the writer and narrator of the program, isn't interested in wringing the hearts of listeners. What she is interested in is presenting dramatizations of real and vital problems that confront married couples, basing her stories not on individual cases, but on general observations from her countless experiences in twenty years of activity in marriage counsel and social hygiene.

Dr. Parker is sixty-five years old and a grandmother. That's put in just in case someone is inclined to accuse her of being—as so many experts are accused, sometimes justly, usually unjustly—a spinster giving advice on subjects about which she can't possibly know anything.

She was born in Chicago, got her B.A. degree at Miami University, a Registered Nurse's certificate and a medical degree from the Hering Homeopathic Medical College in Chicago. She denies emphatically that she's a psychiatrist, but adds quickly that she always knows when one is needed. For years, she's run a marriage counsel bureau in New York through



Comedian Eddie Garr and singer Joan Brooks star in the Sunday evening variety show, *The Eddie Garr Revue*, 7:30 EWT, over CBS.



TRUSHAY* ... THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Smooth it on before you tackle daily soap-and-water jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously *different* idea in lotions! Trushay, used *before* you wash undies—*before* you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps *prevent* soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it *all* these ways. Ask for it today—at your favorite drug counter.



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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

Get Lustrous Highlights...
Subtle Color Effects
with this

Thrilling New
Hair "Make-Up!"



YOUR CLOTHES may be fashion-right, your cosmetics flawless...but you can't look your best with dull, mousey hair. Make it soft, shining and color-bright with Marchand's wonderful new *Make-Up Hair Rinse!*

No matter what shade your hair is, you can accent its natural color... give it a "warmer" glow or a "cooler" hue...even blend little gray streaks in with the original, youthful shade.

Decide the color effect you wish and choose your hair "make-up" from the 12 lovely Marchand Rinse shades. A simple color chart on the back of each package will help you make the right selection. Then, after your home shampoo, dissolve Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Gone is all trace of soap film and dullness! Your hair gleams with color and brightness!

Marchand's *Make-Up Hair Rinse* is as easy to use as your other cosmetics. It goes on evenly and stays on until you wash it off. Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—it's *absolutely harmless!* Try it after your next shampoo.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

WOOLFOAM

Perfect Wool Wash

Leaves sweaters, blankets, wools soft, fluffy — really clean. Made by a wool firm. 25¢ — at notions, art needlework, and housewares depts.



WOOLFOAM CORP.
17 West 19th St.
New York 11, N. Y.



Kenny Baker takes over CBS' *Blue Ribbon Town* for the summer. He rehearses with Susan, son Kenny Gerard and Baby John Lawrence. Below, the Aldrich family in a domestic pose.

which, in the first four years of its existence, advice was given to 4,000 unhappy couples, of whom 2,600 were reconciled. Not a bad average, at all.

Ever wonder what happens after those *Blind Date* programs? All kinds of things.

For instance: Recently Mary Cooper chose to accept a date with a member of the Army Air Transport Command. A nice, clean-cut young man, her date ordered milk to start off his dinner. Midway in the meal, he ordered another glass of milk. Part of his dessert was another glass of milk.

Before the evening ended, the young man had consumed no less than eleven glasses of moo juice. Later he confessed that he wasn't a drinking man, but he liked to be sociable. Rather than not drink with the rest of the party, he resorted to his favorite drink—milk.

Dance fans who take a gander at Romeo Penque, the clarinetist with Shep Fields' band, always look twice to be sure Artie Shaw isn't sitting in with the orchestra. Penque looks amazingly like Shaw, and what's more his style of playing is practically the same.

In case you missed the Kate Smith noonday broadcast in which she cracked down on one of the most vicious of the new rackets, look out for this sort of thing. Some parents of war heroes have received letters offering them a copy of the citation won by their sons for the sum of \$10. If you should get such an offer, report it. The government will be happy to send you a copy of the citation for a few cents. It will also be happy to track down the racketeers who are trying to capitalize on the misfortunes of war hazards of others.

Bess Flynn is the author of *Bachelor's Children* (CBS daily 10:45 a. m. EWT), which starts its tenth year on the air September 9th. She is particularly proud of the fact that in all this time this top-ranking dramatic program has never missed a broadcast, and continues to maintain its top rating. It has several times been chosen outstanding radio serial of the year in magazine and newspaper polls, and was the only daytime program chosen for translation into Spanish and transcription in South America.

People who know Bess Flynn insist that the human qualities of *Bachelor's Children* which have endeared it to its



millions of listeners reflect the kindly wholesome wisdom she displays in everyday life. Herself an orphan, and mother of three children, she is well able to sympathize with and delineate clearly the human and touching emotions which continue to make *Bachelor's Children* a favorite.

These days all sorts of new and exciting things are happening all over the place. One that will certainly interest all the kids in New York and might point the way in many other cities, is the extensive series of courses in radio which will be offered by the N. Y. City school system, working in conjunction with NBC to the students in high schools.

The purpose of this innovation in the public high school is, first, to train teachers in the use of radio as a supplement to classroom instruction and, second, to create an experimental center for training talented seniors in the fundamentals of radio broadcasting. Successful completion of the courses will count toward graduation and the courses cover radio writing, production, speech and dramatics, radio engineering, broadcasting station operation and the principles and practices of sound recording.

The boys and girls will work over the Board of Education's own FM station, WNYE, as well as in classrooms and laboratories. NBC will supply a private wire to the station for the presentation of valuable public features for study, transcription, demonstration and rebroadcasting. The network will also furnish guest instructors for the courses.

Radio is really being taken seriously by educators. Several colleges have offered summer extension courses in radio in the past, notable among them Northwestern, U. C. L. A., Stanford (Continued on page 10)

Are You in the Know?



Do you think she is headed for—

- "Heart" trouble
- A high date quota
- Complexion blues

Snacks at the hamburger hangout are fun! But too many "fries" and double desserts may bring complexion blues. Go easy on rich foods. With sensible diet, daily scrubbing, your face can defy the keenest ogling. You can challenge costume closeups, too, on "those" days. Kotex sanitary napkins outwit telltale lines—for those patented Kotex ends are *pressed flat*—they don't show, because they're not thick, not stubby like some napkin ends. They're scientifically designed to keep Kotex snug-fitting... smoother!



In WAVE language, she's—

- A destroyer
- On sea duty
- Being convoyed

WAVES have words of their own! For instance, "being convoyed" means being on a date. "See duty" means the movies. The girl above is a *destroyer* (pretty WAVE)—and busy at her job. Any girl can sail through dates or duty with confidence, on calendar days—when she chooses Kotex. Because Kotex is the word for *protection* in sanitary napkins. That special 4-ply safety-center keeps moisture away from the edges of Kotex—giving extra protection where you need it *most*. And Kotex has no wrong side to confuse you and cause embarrassing accidents!

Which is most likely to get the job?

- The girl on the left
- On the right
- In the center

Want to launch your life career, or land an after-school job? That first interview is important! Be alert, brief, frank. Show the boss you mean business, and *look* it—like the girl on the right. Then, stick to your job, *every* working day. You can, with the help of Kotex. Kotex is more comfortable—has *enduring* softness, so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. No bunching, no roping, as flimsy napkins do. You'll find Kotex holds its shape... actually *stays soft while wearing!*



This is her lucky day for—

- Honeymoon Bridge
- Russian Bank
- Gin Rummy

Too bad, sailor! But a gal can win *some* of the time, can't she? Today, she's lucky at Gin Rummy. And tomorrow, and at all times, a girl can be a winner at any social doings—when she plays safe about personal daintiness. Especially at certain times, a *powder* deodorant is needed. That means Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, for sanitary napkins. Quest is unscented. It's the safe, sure way to avoid offending—to destroy all doubt completely!



IT'S A WISE GIRL who discovers that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex Deodorant, was created expressly for this use. So see how completely Quest *destroys* odors. It's unscented, safe, sure.

Know your napkins —

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

TIPS FOR TEENS. To know how to stay in the fun... to know exactly what and what not to do on difficult days, send now for the free, newly-edited booklet, "As One Girl to Another". Puts you on the beam about grooming, sports, social contacts. Write to P. O. Box 3434, Chicago 54, Illinois.

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



Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



Try again next time if your store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

and N. Y. U. This year, Columbia University is adding twenty-two courses in radio to its curriculum, the classes to be divided between hours at the college and work at NBC's Radio City headquarters. Ten of the first eleven courses will be staffed by teachers selected from NBC's operating staff.

Looks as if radio has grown up, at last.

When Rosemary Kuhlmann, 22, made her first appearance as a professional singer with Lyn Murray's Orchestra this summer over the CBS network, she performed under an unusual handicap.

On the day she broadcasts Radioman 3/c in the WAVES—sending and receiving radio messages between her New York shore station and ships at sea—Rosemary works from midnight to 8 A.M., hurries to her home in Staten Island for a few hours sleep, rehearses from 2 o'clock until broadcast time and then reports back to her Navy job at midnight.

While Miss Kuhlmann has appeared on several radio shows in connection with the Navy's recruiting campaign, she has never been featured as a soloist. Lyn Murray heard her and was so intrigued with the quality of her mezzo-soprano voice that he arranged for her professional debut on his To Your Good Health program.

Before her enlistment in the WAVES fourteen months ago, Rosemary was a typist in a New York bank. Coming from a musical family—her father was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. She aspired to be a singer, but her ambition didn't materialize until she was "discovered" in the WAVES.

GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . Sometime this fall, there'll be a Broadway presentation of three one-act plays by Norman Corwin. He's busy rewriting three of his radio plays . . . The OWI overseas branch is hard at work on radio shows to be produced in countries liberated on the Continent. The War agency will enlist the services of key production men from the networks and will call on top ranking U. S. stars from each of the liberated nations who hold the respect of their countrymen for on-the-scene broadcasts in their native language . . . Fred Allen has again announced he's not coming back



Meet Bess Flynn, author of *Bachelor's Children*, the CBS serial celebrating its tenth anniversary this month.

When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS



Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use **Murine**.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE
For Your **EYES**
SOOTHES • REFRESHES



★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

Do You Want LONGER HAIR

Just try this system on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of attractive hair that so often captures love and romance.

HAIR MAY GET LONGER when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try the **JUELENE SYSTEM** 7 days, let your mirror prove results. Send \$1.00. (If C. O. D. postage extra). Fully guaranteed. Money back if you're not delighted.

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Rd., Dept. A-610, Chicago 13, Ill.

TAKE ORDERS GALORE 25 CHRISTMAS CARDS 1.25 FREE WITH SENDER'S NAME & 1 SAMPLE

Smartly styled. Super values. Everybody buys. 10 beautiful designs. Others to \$2.50. Sell Nationally Famous 21 Christmas Folders \$1. Costs 50c. Worth much more. Nature Prints, Etchings, Glitter boxes, Religious, Gift Wraps, Everyday's, Personal, Business Line. 21 Ass't. on approval. **FREE SAMPLES** of Imprint lines. No investment. Start today.

SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS
115 Fulton St., Dept. MA, New York City

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUMMER TEETHING

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on **Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion**—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums
Buy it from your druggist today

Rosemary Kuhlmann is a WAVE and sings with Lyn Murray's band on his program, "To Your Good Health."



on the air. Wonder if he'll be able to bear it? . . . Ordinarily, it's next to impossible to get live entertainment to play the South during the steaming month of July—at any price. For the Fifth Loan Drive, the Truth or Consequences show did it—and at their own expense! . . . Kate Smith is coming back on the air in September this year, instead of in October as in the past. . . . Another early return is Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, back on the air September 3rd. . . . Ann Thomas has been elected president of the Alumni Association of the Professional Children's School for the fourth time. . . . Thomas Cochran, who writes the Glenn Miller scripts, is the brother of famous Col. Philip Cochran, commander of the glider group which landed behind Japanese lines in Burma and is the inspiration for the comic strip character, Flip Corkin, in Terry and the Pirates. . . . Our progress in the war has given new impetus to Mark Warnow's rehearsals for the Victory Jubilee Concert, which will be given at midnight on the day Germany surrenders at New York's Carnegie Hall. The big feature on the program will be a specially written Victory March, consisting of excerpts from the national anthems of all the United Nations. May it come soon! . . . Good listening until next month.



Eileen Farrell who replaced Gladys Swarthout on the Family Hour last summer, is on that program again.



Ever hear the 3 secrets of daintiness?



Summer still has many a sultry day in store; many a stuffy, sticky night. So it's good to know these 3 secrets of keeping cool, fresh and fragrantly dainty with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. They're 3 secrets you can depend upon.

1 HOW TO KEEP COOL—First, your bath! Then dry yourself gently. Next shower your body generously with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. It quickly dries up lingering moisture; makes your skin smooth as new satin; sets the stage for cool comfort.

2 HOW TO LOOK FRESH—Next, before you dress, smooth some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum over the trouble spots. You know, those places that chafe easily. You slip into your girdle slick as a wink . . . no chafing or rubbing.

3 HOW TO STAY FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—Finally, for dramatic climax, Cashmere Bouquet Talcum gives your whole person a haunting, sweet perfume . . . the "fragrance men love". So—be sweet! Be fresh! It's such an inexpensive luxury.

Cashmere Bouquet is the largest selling talc in America. Buy it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.



Cashmere Bouquet Talc

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

EVEN IF YOU CAN'T
**Wear One
 of These**



...YOU CAN STILL DO A
War Job!

IF you think you can qualify for enlistment as a WAC, WAVE, MARINE or SPAR, apply now. You are needed! Men must be freed for active service.

But other war jobs need doing, too. So if you can't serve in uniform, don't quit. Less glorious jobs are equally vital to victory!

Find your right war job today. Every woman working will speed the day when our men return victorious. Read the Want Ad section of your newspaper to see what war jobs now are open, and consult your local U. S. Employment Service Office for advice.

Published in co-operation with
 the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries
 by the makers of

MIDOL

When you've got the job, keep at it! Avoid absenteeism by remembering Midol. Use it regularly to relieve menstrual discomfort—functional cramps, headache, blues.

A product of General Drug Company

*Facing
 the Music*



Lawrence Welk is the creator of the sophisticated dance rhythms known as "Champagne Music"—a far cry from the farm where he was born. Jayne Walton sings with Welk's orchestra.

By **KEN ALDEN**

THE astronomical salary figure Fred Waring is asking new sponsors for the services of his famed Pennsylvanians now that he's no longer playing for Chesterfield cigarettes, may delay Fred's return to the networks. But Fred isn't worrying. Meanwhile he is grabbing record-breaking salaries from theater owners and probably will sign a film contract.

Harry James, probably suffering from that common but often dangerous disease, popularity, did not win any new friends or keep old ones, when he was in New York recently. The trumpeter turned down interviews, intimating he didn't need any more publicity. Mr. Grable hasn't learned that sliding down the road to oblivion is much quicker than climbing to the top.

Metropolitan opera soprano and radio singer Nadine Connor has adopted a baby girl named Sue Lynn.

Paula Kelly of the Modernaires singing group is back with the rhythm singers after taking time out to give birth to a baby girl.

By the time you read this Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard should have replaced Silver Theater on CBS.

Prediction: Rudy Vallee will don civvies before Fall and get an important network commercial.

Drummer Buddy Rich got a Navy honorable discharge and is due to rejoin Tommy Dorsey's orchestra.

Marion Claire, MBS Chicago Theater of the Air soprano has fully recovered from a serious eye operation.

Music row suffered two untimely deaths. Thirty-eight-year-old Charlie Baum, popular society maestro, who used to play in New York's Stork Club, and Lyn Montgomery, Les Brown

trumpeter, both died from heart attacks.

All radio and music fans should be thrilled by the news that Gene Krupa's conviction in San Francisco on a charge of contributing to the delinquency of a minor, a felony for which the drummer drew a sentence of from one to six years, was reversed by a higher court. Gene is now free and his friends are urging him to reorganize his band. While waiting for the exoneration, Gene played drums for his old and good friend, Tommy Dorsey.

Winnie Johnson, Duke Ellington's dusky and handsome singer has married Canada Lee, the great Negro actor who you probably saw in "Lifeboat" and the Broadway stage play "Native Son."

Tommy Dorsey's new vocalist is a youngster named Bonnie Lou Williams.

The Hour of Charm has chosen its Singing Cinderella. Phil Spitalny and his all-girl band have selected lovely Marie Rogndahl as America's 1944 "Undiscovered Voice." Miss Rogndahl, known locally for her hearty, intelligence and charming voice, is a true Cinderella. Living with her widowed mother in Portland, Oregon, she has been working her way through the University of Oregon. From out of 9,836 aspirants came the final thirteen and from the thirteen emerged Marie Rogndahl. Unlike many audition contests, this quest conducted by Phil Spitalny and his all-girl orchestra offered its grand winner immediate stardom. All radio wishes the best of luck to America's Singing Cinderella!

Captain Glenn Miller denies that he will be given an Army discharge.

Radio tenor Frank Forest recently sang at a national meeting of thirty-six state governors and discovered that only a few of the executives knew the words to the national anthem, with Governor Thomas E. Dewey way ahead in the

vocal department. Dewey used to sing in a church choir.

Betty Hutton's equally talented sister Marian, who used to sing with Glenn Miller, is going to get a big film buildup from Universal. She's scheduled to make two pictures.

Helen O'Connell, Jimmy Dorsey's popular ex-chirper, should have her new baby by the time you read this.

Here are two newcomers to the air-planes to keep tabs on; Ronald Graham, handsome musical comedy singer, now heard on CBS' Broadway Matinee, and Jo Stafford, reported to be the best singing discovery since Dinah Shore.

CHAMPAGNE AND CORN

In the isolated little farmhouse, nestled in the tall wheat fields of North Dakota, the lean, hard-faced men and their women folk huddled around the bedside of the stricken, pale youngster. The boy's face looked deathly white as it sought warmth under the brightly-colored patch-quilt.

"The boy's real sick," the square-shouldered neighbor from down the road said, breaking the icy silence, "reckon we'd better get him to a hospital."

All eyes turned toward the speaker. They knew his words were painfully true and they knew what this meant . . . a seventy-five mile ride to the nearest city, over icy roads.

The boy's father nodded his head in agreement. Silently he cursed the remoteness of his farm. Then he winced. No use blaming the farm. It's a good, prosperous farm and the Welks were born to it, just as their folks before them, thrived on similar farms in Alsace-Lorraine. It just so happened that his son, Lawrence, wasn't strong enough for farm life. He could have told that the day the scrawny infant was delivered by the village doctor.

"How come the doc ain't here?" asked the farm hand.

"He's up at the Olsen place looking after the widow and the road's blocked for miles. He can't get through till morning."

And so they stopped talking, quickly lifted the boy from the bed, dressed him and got him into the waiting car.

Somehow the car puttered and spluttered through the sleet to the city. Doctors there quickly found the



Her Honor, The Mayor! Ginny Simms has been elected mayor of Northridge, California, where she has her ranch.

LOST: *One husband's Heart*



Another quarrel! Bill was drifting away from Kay. If only she could understand his coldness! Then she went to see Dr. S. Quite frankly, he told her about the "one

neglect" most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene. He advised Lysol, the method so many modern wives use. See what happened!

FOUND: *A second Honeymoon*



Bill and Kay—happy as newlyweds again! As Dr. S. told Kay, Lysol disinfectant is an effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes. Yet is so gentle

used in the douche; won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. Just follow simple directions. Lysol is easy to use, economical—and it works! Try it for feminine hygiene.

Check this with your Doctor



Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter

(such as mucus, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread, thus virtually search out germs in the deep crevices. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for the douche.

Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Deodorizes completely. Lasting—keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE USE



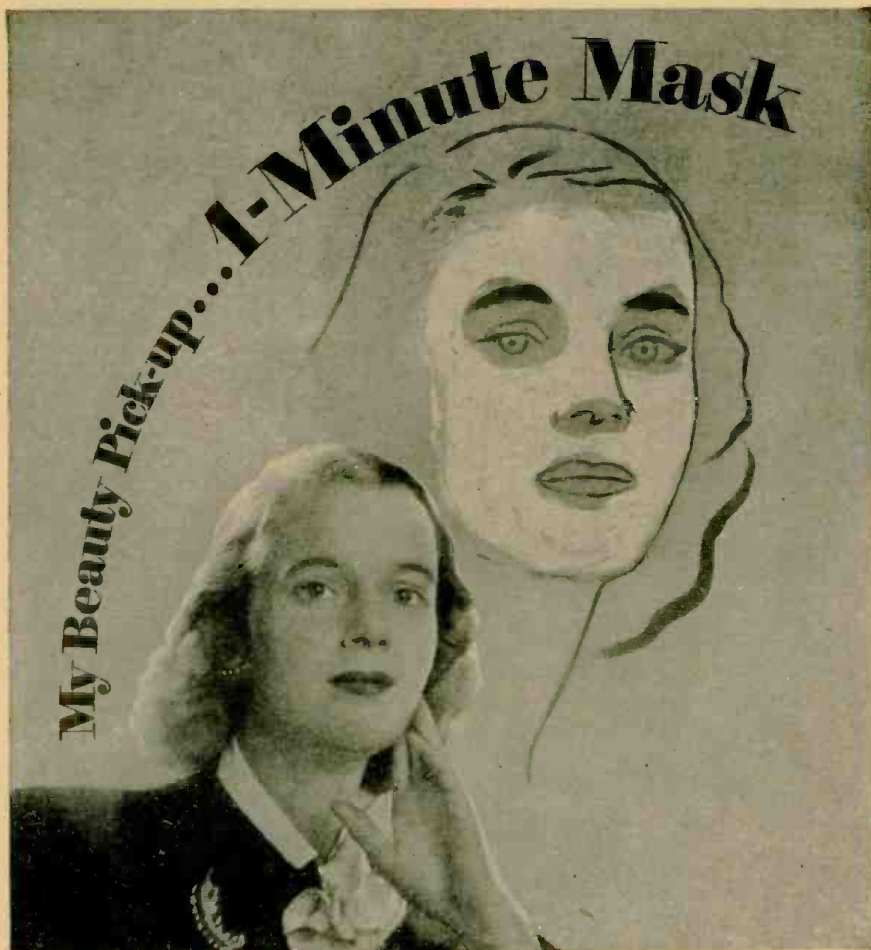
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For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-44. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

Her amber-eyed beauty and natural charm have made this young Navy wife an outstanding favorite with New York society. Her unerring taste is reflected in the smooth, casual perfection of her make-up. "When my skin seems the least bit rough or dull, I give my face a quick beauty 'pick-up' with a 1-Minute Mask," Mrs. Whitney says. "Right away my skin feels smoother—and looks so much clearer and brighter. Good make-up *then* is no problem at all!"



Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney—one of the society beauties who loves the 1-Minute Mask

**How to
"re-style"
your complexion
with the
1-Minute Mask**

Smooth a fragrant, white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes.

Leave this mask on for one full minute.

"Keratolytic" action of the cream will loosen and dissolve tiny powder-catching roughnesses and imbedded dirt particles.

After just one minute tissue the mask off—clean.

Your re-styled complexion looks lighter . . . fresher! Feels so heavenly . . . softer to touch, with a perfect finish for make-up!

Note for split-second make-up . . .
Just smooth on a very, very light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . and leave it on. A wonderful, un-greasy powder base!

IMPORTANT! Conserve glass, manpower—buy one large jar of Pond's instead of several smaller ones.



THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!



Johnny Mercer sings and is host to Hollywood's famous five times a week on NBC's Johnny Mercer's Music Shop.

boy's pain. A ruptured appendix with the poison threatening his whole system. Coolly and efficiently the medics went about their business of saving another life. By dawn they got to their cigarettes and the business of talking to the patient's anxious father.

"The boy will live, Mr. Welk," said one doctor, "thank God you got him here in time."

In the lunch wagon around the corner, Welk and his neighbor relaxed. They found words that wouldn't come before. They talked about the boy, the way he played his happy accordion, practiced on the squeeze box so diligently he even woke the roosters.

"Yes, he's a good boy," admitted the father, "but one thing I know. He'll never be a farmer."

Farmer Welk was right. His 14-year-old son Lawrence got well and he got strong but after that fight against death, the boy seldom touched a plow or milked a cow.

Today Lawrence Welk is the well-fed, stocky and smiling creator and dispenser of a brand of dance music known as "Champagne Music." Few know that he didn't develop this distinctively sophisticated syncopation in pre-war Vienna ballrooms or lush Long Island surf clubs.

A standard attraction in the mid-west, thanks to his record-breaking engagements in Chicago's twin ballrooms, the Aragon and Trianon, Larry is currently on a coast to coast theater tour, following a sixteen-week season in New York's Hotel Edison. He'll soon be back in the Windy City broadcasting over Mutual and turning out best-selling records for Decca.

After the lad recovered from his illness, he sought relaxation entertaining the neighbors playing the accordion and the pump organ. Soon his talents were demanded by party-throwers all over the county and along with his three brothers, North Dakota soon had the makings of a pretty good family outfit.

"We were the farmers' Lombardos," cracked Larry, in an accent still tracing his Alsace-Lorraine heritage, "we were a little on the corny side but able to segue from a square dance to a fox trot."

When one of those infrequent traveling shows pulled into the nearby county seat, music-struck Larry sought out the wheat-belt impresario, sang and played himself into a job as the leading man in "Ole The Swede's Traveling Show." The troupe played steadily until the end of the harvest season, then hibernated for the winter.

"Then I got tired of living like a bear," continued Larry, "I wanted to work both in winter and summer. So when we hit Yankton, I strolled over to radio station WNAX. U. S. Senator Chad Gurney was running the station then and I auditioned for him."

Gurney, an old accordion fan, was an easy audience for Welk and he signed the lad to play over WNAX. Welk quickly rounded up a four-piece band and soon won local sponsors.

"It sounded a lot bigger. I played guitar, sax, banjo, accordion and the organ."

Flushed with this early success, Larry looked for new fields to conquer. But it was 1932, and the depression interfered with Welk's ambitious plans. Bookers refused to pay scale and Welk finally went broke in Phoenix, Arizona. Unabashed, the lad went back to Yankton and started all over again.

GAINING in poise and style, Welk created the lilting, smooth effects now so familiar to his radio fans. Dancers on the floor found that Welk's easy rhythm gave their legs a spring-like effect.

"Mr. Welk," gushed a pert young thing, "your music is like champagne."

No man to let a slogan pass him by, Larry left the bandstand and summoned his manager.

"From now on we'll call our style 'Champagne Music.' Change all our billing to read that way," he commanded.

"Champagne Music" caught on and helped Larry get engagements in large mid-western cities, culminating with a lengthy contract with the Aragon-Trianon.

Welk is now 41 and is married to brunette, brown-eyed Fern Renier, a former nurse. They have three children, Shirley Jean, 11, Donna Lee, seven, and Lawrence Leroy, four. The Welks live in River Forest, a pretty Chicago suburb. They have been married thirteen years.

"Seems like the major events in my life all happen in hospitals. I met Fern when I had my tonsils pulled out," Larry says.

Strangely enough, Larry is determined to become a farmer when his music days are over. He plans to buy a huge farm in the Dakotas.

"Farming is still in my blood. Anybody can tell that. Can't you hear a little bit of corn in my music?"



Lily Pons and her husband, Andre Kostelanetz, are making a USO tour of the Persian Gulf Command.



Even kept in a tight walnut shell, baby wouldn't be safe from harmful germs. These germs are everywhere, often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More *antiseptic!* Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, *germs thrive*; but in dark band around Mennen powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

New differences in baby powders!



Reaching for a toy, see how arms and legs move, shown by speed camera. And each motion rubs baby's skin. That's why it's important to use the *smoothest* baby powder - Mennen. Round photos above show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the best protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby *lovelier*.



3 out of 4 doctors said in survey - baby powder should be antiseptic. It is if it's Mennen.



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

When you discover a good thing like *Tampax* (for monthly sanitary protection), don't keep it to yourself! Give your friends the benefit of your experience and they will probably want to put an end to their pin-and-belt troubles too. For *Tampax*, which is worn internally, requires no supporting harness—no external pads whatever!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

This is good news especially for those office girls, nurses, war workers, sales women and others who feel they *must* keep going whenever there is work to be done... Millions have turned to *Tampax* to help them through "those days of the month" they usually dread so much. No pins or belts. No odor or chafing. Quick to change—easy to dispose of—perfected by a doctor—*that's* *Tampax*.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Tampax consists of pure surgical cotton compressed in one-time-use applicators. Neat, handy and hygienic—your hands needn't touch the *Tampax*. *Three sizes* to suit early days, waning days and different individual needs. Sold at drug and notion counters. Month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box holds 4 months' supply (average). *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

APPROVED BY BOARD OF HEALTH
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
if defective or
DOES ADVERTISE THEREIN

Accepted for Advertising by the
Journal of the
American Medical
Association.



AUTUMN SILHOUETTE

By Pauline Swanson

WARNING: Twenty-one more eating days until September 1. Twenty-one more days to wear the casual summer sports clothes, the too lenient hot-weather girdles, no stockings—except the bottle variety—and flat, sloppy shoes.

And then, gals, you're going to want to slither into one of those sleek new fall dresses now previewing at your local dress shop—and if you've had the self-indulgent sort of summer we expect you've had (on account of we've had one ourselves) you're going to be aghast at the new bulges on hips and thighs and the matronly thick waist which distort the fine lines of your first September black.

Be forewarned then (like Dorothy Shay, the lithe young radio singing star in the photograph) and hie yourself now—not later—to the nearest exercise salon, gymnasium, or lacking those, the good hard floor of your own bedroom, and *roll it off!*

There are lots of reasons for American girls to prepare to be beautiful this autumn of 1944. Just to get into the black—it's not worth the bother. There are seams to let out even in the government-restricted ready-mades of today. But those men of ours are going to be coming home before we know it, and we can't—and *Musn't*—face them looking anything but our best. So down on the floor gals—get it off.

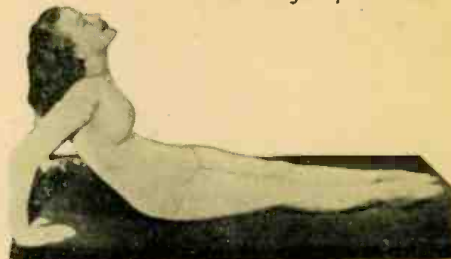
Here's an exercise Dorothy Shay swears will take off inches around the middle—and strengthen spine and back muscles for good measure: Lie flat on the floor, with knees slightly raised, arms up and palms under head. Flatten abdomen. Try to feel the floor with each vertebra of the spine, especially the lumbar region. Raise your elbows and bring toward center, pressing inner arms to ears. Lift your head off the floor toward chest as far as possible. Return to original position. Repeat. Do it again, you can make it.

Another routine to fight unwelcome bulges: Sit on the floor with torso inclined backward at a 45 degree angle, weight on the hands, diaphragm and abdomen contracted. Bend your knees; draw them toward the chest, toes pointed, head up. Kick forward and up; keep toes pointed and head back. Inhale at the start of this exercise; exhale at the finish.

If you're the lazy type, and abhor regimented exercise, remember that there are ways to be beautiful without giving in to the sticky gym suit and the quick 1-2-3-4 in march time.

Have you dropped a hairpin on the

Avoid middle-age spread . . .



. . . try these floor exercises.

floor? Bend from the waist to pick it up. Don't stoop. You probably drop a dozen things a day. If you don't, knock them on the floor. Then pick them up.

The hair-brush, too, is a wonderful exerciser—not just for the hair. Brush your hair vigorously, up and out, a hundred times a day. Not only will you be repaid in newly shining locks, but that all-important bust line will gradually be elevated.

There are bath tub tricks, too. Buy the stiffest, biggest hair brush in the dime store. Scrub the bulges, until the skin burns and reddens, while you're in the morning shower.

A tough turkish towel can be useful, too—if you dry hard enough.

Finally, and psychologists will confirm this, silly as it sounds: You can *think* yourself thin. Be aware of your walk. Check to be sure that your posture is correct, pelvis leading, hips tucked under. Walking the right way is swell figure medicine. Hold your tummy in. Think about it. Spank it when it pops out again. It will stay in, after awhile. Hold your shoulders straight, chest up. You will feel thinner. Ultimately, you will be thinner. Measure your waist line now, and after a month of such self-sermonizing, if you don't believe it.

Last of all, think yourself thin when you're planning that menu for dinner or choosing goodies from a restaurant's bill of fare. A salad today (instead of chicken a la king) may keep the gym teacher away—and get you fit, faster, for that all important reunion with the Most Wonderful Man in the World.

Takes inches off your middle . . .

. . . strengthens your spine as well.



RADIO MIRROR HOME and BEAUTY

Anne Shirley in RKO-Radio's "HAPPY HOLIDAY"



Max Factor * Hollywood
Face Powder!

- 1..it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2..it creates a satin-smooth make-up
- 3..it clings perfectly...really stays on

HERE IS the famous face powder created in Color Harmony Shades for each type... blonde, brunette, brunette and redbead... that will give your complexion a lovely, youthful-looking color tone. Try your Color Harmony Shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder today...one dollar.



MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK



Special Part Time Work for WOMEN...

Earn Extra Money

-AND IN ADDITION GET ALL YOUR OWN DRESSES FREE

CAN you use extra money for doing special, easy, part-time work? Then write at once for this amazing opportunity. No money is required and you don't need any experience. Because the demand for Fashion Frocks is constantly increasing, we need more ambitious women for demonstrating and taking orders for these lovely dresses at remarkably low prices. We have thousands of women everywhere enjoying this special work and earning \$15, \$18, \$20 and \$25 weekly for just a few hours' work. In addition they receive their own dresses free. Now, this opportunity is yours. Just mail the coupon for complete details. There is no obligation.

Get the FREE PORTFOLIO of Advanced

Fall Dresses
many as **\$2⁹⁸**
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START AT HOME

You just show this elaborate portfolio of gorgeous dresses to friends, neighbors and all women. They can't resist the glamorous styles, beautiful fabrics and surprising values, and will gladly give you their orders, which you send to us. We deliver and collect. And you get paid immediately.

KNOWN TO MILLIONS

Through our national advertising, Fashion Frocks are known to millions of women. Because of the smart styling and excellent value they have the approval of leading style authorities and many prominent screen actresses. Thus you sell dresses that are known and desired.

FASHION FROCKS, INC., Desk 83039, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

FREE TO YOU

The elaborate portfolio, together with plans for a brilliant success are sent you without a penny of cost. We will show how you can enjoy for part time work, as much as \$25 weekly, and besides get your own dresses free. Mail coupon for full details.



A navy blue crepe classic is banded with scarlet and topped with white for victory colors.

Style 329



A delectable all-wool jersey suit in intoxicating colors, with a tie-as-you-wish scarf.

Style 323

Fashion Frocks JUST MAIL THIS COUPON

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Desk 83039, Cincinnati 25, O.

• Yes, I want to earn extra money in my spare time and get my own dresses free. Send me the details. I am not obligated.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Age _____ Dress Size _____

**Earn Extra Money...
Buy More War Bonds**

Introducing



PERCY FAITH

TELEVISION should prove a push-over for handsome, talented, unaffected Percy Faith, conductor of the Sunday afternoon CBS Pause that Refreshes on the Air show, whose human qualities have brought him acclaim as the "regular guy's maestro."

A many-sided man is Faith. On the podium, drawing from the orchestra the full mystic grandeur of his arrangements, he's as graceful and assured as a ballet dancer. Off the dais he's about as high-hat as Jimmy Durante. He's enamored of radio mystery dramas, plays a close game of poker, shoots golf in the 90's and beats the piano right willingly at jive sessions with bandmen pals in his Wilmette, Ill., home.

Now thirty-six, Faith carved out his own rocky road to fame. He stubbed his toe occasionally but pushed grimly ahead regardless. Days of adversity gave him an intangible "feel" for the music ordinary people want to hear.

Faith's first instrument was a violin. At nine, he switched to the piano and two years later, propped up with stacks of sheet-music to reach the keyboard, he was pounding the piano for three dollars per night in a Toronto movie house. Between times, after school, he was stamping trade names on suspenders in a factory!

A scared kid of fifteen, he made his debut as a concert pianist in Massey Hall in Toronto. The critics found new adjectives to acclaim Faith's rendition of Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasy." He joined his first orchestra, an eight-piece affair that played only at night in another movie house. It was up to the stripling Faith to handle the piano alone at matinees.

His arrangements date from there. There was plenty of improvisation for a pianist in those old silent movie days — but it finally dawned on Faith that he was, unknowingly, producing original musical arrangements.

That shaped his career. By the time he was eighteen, nationally known bandleaders were playing arrangements "by Faith." In 1933, he was signed as staff conductor, arranger and pianist for the CBC.

Faith took over the NBC Contented Hour, broadcast from Chicago, in 1940 and still conducts that show, in addition to the "Pause" program, aired from New York.

His two children, six-year-old Peter and Marilyn, thirteen, practice the piano under the watchful eye of his wife, Dolly. But Faith has his own idea about a professional music career. He says:

"They'll choose their own lives. But I wouldn't want them to be professional musicians unless they were good at it."



The cover girl

MARJORIE STONERIDGE

AT THIS moment, Marjorie Stoneridge can have her choice of three careers. She can concentrate on Broadway and the theater. That's what she'd like best of all. She can knock—and she wouldn't have to bang too hard—on a few doors in radio. Or she can carry on as she has been doing for the past several months as a Conover model.

Marjorie's only twenty-two, but she's packed a lot into her life since she was born in Cleveland, Ohio. As early as the age of six, Marjorie was blinking in the glare of the footlights. She appeared then with Moffat Johnston's Shakespearean Repertory.

That was only the beginning. For awhile, Marjorie even wanted to be a concert pianist. That dream fell by the wayside, when Marjorie discovered "little boys" and refused to spend any more time practicing. She regrets that now, but doesn't regret the fun she's had.

Marjorie was educated, variously, at Miss Thomas' School, Greenwich Academy and at Vassar and Stephen's. Her interests at school were serious and she went in for debating, never neglecting her dramatic ambitions. One summer she played in the Stock Company at Skowhegan and she did radio work pretty steadily, all along, mostly playing dramatic parts over stations WICC, WKP and KFRU in Missouri.

Marjorie became a model last summer. Having finished her course at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, she landed a part in a Broadway play. She was sent to a photographer for publicity pictures. When the proofs were made, the photographer whistled and advised her to hie herself to John Powers—at which advice she laughed. She didn't think she was good looking enough—"—besides, I'm much too healthy looking for a model," she said. She did go to Powers and she did get work. at once. That was a good thing, because the play was so bad they didn't even bother to finish out the rehearsal time. Soon Marjorie registered with the Conover Agency, too, and has been kept pretty busy ever since.

Marjorie says she knows it sounds stuffy, but she really enjoys reading biography and current history. She's interested in politics. She likes to write and has sold two stories. She's done fashion illustration and likes to sketch charcoal portraits of her friends. She likes dancing and swing, serious music, dogs, cats and horses. She likes people and values friendship above everything. Aside from her career—which she hasn't really made up her mind about, yet—her greatest ambition is to be a happy, well adjusted person.



KEEPING a husband supplied with clean shirts is no problem to LINIT-wise wives.

LINIT, the modern starch that penetrates and protects fibres, makes ironing easy because LINIT never sticks. LINIT gives a smooth dust-shedding "finish" to all fine fabrics.



RUB SOAP into collars and cuffs. Soak 10-15 minutes in warm soapy water. Wash in plenty of hot water. (8-10 minutes, if using machine.) Don't skimp on soap.



RINSE three times in clean hot water. To restore the "finish" of the fabric, improve appearance and make ironing easier, add a light LINIT starch solution (1 part LINIT to 10 parts water) to final rinse.



WORK basic LINIT starch solution (full directions on package) thoroughly into collars, cuffs and button-hole band. LINIT penetrates easily and evenly, protects and preserves fabrics.



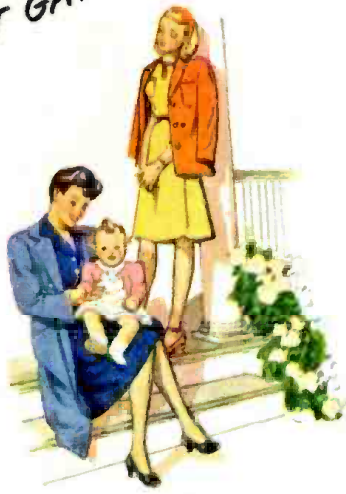
DAMPEN collars, cuffs and button-hole band more than body of shirt. A light iron at correct heat does better work than a heavy iron—but any iron glides easily over LINIT-starched fabrics. LINIT-starched collars and cuffs are soil-resistant, long wearing.

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NELL REPPY

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“3 Cheers for my Beauty Tip!”
 (IT GAVE MARGE THAT IVORY LOOK!)



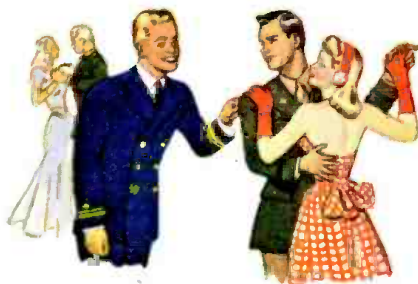
“Life’s a mess!” Marge said.

“Last night I met the nicest Navy Lieutenant at the club dance—then some glamour girl danced him away. Gee,” Marge said, pointing at me, “if I *only* had your baby’s radiant complexion!” Mommy winked. “That’s her *Ivory Look*,” she said. “You can have it, too—ask Doc.”



Doctor told her my beauty secret.

He just happened by in time to agree with Mommy. “Stop being careless about skin care,” he said. “Change to regular Ivory cleansing! Ivory Soap has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate tender skin. More doctors advise it than all other brands combined!”



Now she’s getting
all the breaks!

Yep, regular, gentle cleansings with my mild Ivory gave Marge that smoother, lovelier Ivory Look her Lieutenant loves. (He says *every* girl ought to know it’s easy to have that Ivory Look—with regular, gentle Ivory care.)

Look lovelier with Ivory

—the soap more doctors advise
than all other brands together!



99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure

THUMBS DOWN ON WASTE—you help save vital war materials when you make Ivory last and last.

Portrait of Love

I WOULD swallow the sleeping tablets and that would be the end. No more pain. No more hopelessness. And John would be free.

If only I could trick the nurse into leaving the whole bottle—not just the nightly two capsules—on the bedside table.

I felt very calm, now that I had decided. The agonized hours of the afternoon—was it only three hours ago that John had sat here in the hospital room beside me, and looked at me and told me without flinching that he still loved me, that he wanted to marry me?—the hours of hysterical weeping after John had left seemed strangely remote and unreal.

My pillow was wet, so the tears had been real. But now that I had decided, I couldn't cry.

I wondered, lying there waiting for the nurse to come and take away my cold, untouched dinner, if all people who decide to kill themselves feel this wave of relief.

It would be easy to die, much easier than facing John's pity again.

It was ironic, I thought, that his asking me to marry him should have been the conclusive thing, the one final straw that made it easier to die than to fight to go on living when—before the accident, before the pain and the hideous scars—marrying John had been the one thing in the world I wanted.

He had wanted it too, then. Then he had meant it when he spoke of love.

"I love beautiful things," he had said, that day when we stood together on Willowbrook bridge, "and you are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen."

And then he had whispered, "Ellen, my love, my beautiful love."

Beautiful!

Why couldn't I have died in the crash, instead of just half-died, like this? This was like a living death.



"My mother made me beautiful," Ellen cried in her bitterness that night. "If only she hadn't, I'd never have met John and loved him so—I wouldn't have to die!"

I had been so hungry to hear John's voice telling me he loved me, that day on the bridge. Why did it have to sear so, when he said the same words now?

Remembering, I cried out aloud, "Why did you have to do it, John? Why should this have to happen to me?"

There was only one answer to the questions; one way out now: the sleeping pills. For I knew John had lied to me today when he told me he still loved me, lied out of the pity which was all he could feel for me now.

I couldn't let him do it. Saddle John

A Problem From

John J. Anthony's Good Will Hour

Crandall—the artist, the painter, the seeker after beauty—saddle him for life with the twisted, ugly thing the accident had left of me? It was unthinkable.

"You're still Ellen," he had said. "The Ellen I love."

Oh, I was still Ellen Brown. I could still think and feel. I could still love him, God help me. But the Ellen Brown John had loved had died, I knew, when she stopped being beautiful. So the rest of her had to die, too. I had to get those sleeping tablets.

The nurse came in, and went out again with the dinner tray. She came back again with fresh pillow cases, lifted me in her strong arms while she quickly changed and patted the pillows.

I DIDN'T ask her for the sleeping medicine. I would wait until it was late, so she would believe me when I said I couldn't sleep. I mustn't arouse her suspicions. I must go through with it, tonight. For tomorrow, at visitors' hours, John would be back, and the torture would begin all over again.

I looked at my watch. Ten o'clock. "I'll lie here quietly for two more hours," I told myself, frozen-calm in my determination, "and then I'll ring the night bell."

Two more hours to get through. Two more hours to be Ellen Brown, thinking and feeling, asking, "Why, why, God, why?"

Why had I ever met John, if it weren't meant for me to have him? Why did I have to be hurt, and if I had to be hurt, why did it have to be my face that was cut and scarred? Why did John have to look at me—afterward? And pity me so much that . . .

Why did God make me for John, if He didn't mean for me to have him?

I tossed feverishly in the hospital bed, and looked at my watch again. Only ten minutes after ten. One hour and fifty minutes more.

"I must stop thinking about him," I told myself. "I'll think about other times—when I was a little girl—about Mother . . . Father . . ."

Mother had been so proud of me. Because I was pretty. Because when the neighbors came by our house on Spring Street and saw me, always crisply clean and fresh in the wonderful dresses she had made for me, they would smile and say, "What a beautiful child, Mrs. Brown. How do you ever keep her so clean?"

I would much rather have been making mud pies in the dirt with the other children, but it meant so much to Mother—to have the neighbors admire me—that I stayed dutifully on the front porch in my starched white dress and blue hair ribbons, to smile prettily at their compliments.

I sensed very early—long before I was able to put the feeling into words—that Mother was determined to squeeze out of life, through me, all the things she had always wanted, and never had.

She had been beautiful—but hard

work and skimping (there was never quite enough money) left her worn and old before she'd had a chance to live. She was only twenty-five when I was born, but I could never remember her young.

I inherited her deep blue eyes, and amber hair, but she made me beautiful. It was not only that she brushed my hair—one hundred strokes every night from the time I was four. It was not only that she fretted about my diet, and counted vitamins and calories until she drove Father crazy. It was more even than the creative spark she put into designing and making my beautiful clothes. She gave me a feeling that beauty was important, and that I must guard mine and keep it. Because she hadn't.

Father pampered her about me. He sensed, I think, that Mother felt cheated. If having a beautiful child could make up to her for always being poor, for being old before her time—for all the things she had wanted to do, the places and people she had wanted to know—then let her make a fetish of it.

(If she hadn't—I wouldn't have met John, perhaps. I wouldn't have had to die!)

When Mother announced, soon after I started to grammar school, that she was going to work—as an alterations seamstress in a local department store—he let her do it. Not that we couldn't have lived as well as most of the families in Morristown on the income Dad made at his carpentry. Not that he was insensitive to her implication that he was an inadequate husband and father. But because he knew she was hungry for something he couldn't supply—and he wanted her to be happy.

After that, Mother grew grayer and older still, getting up at dawn every day to do her own housework before she left for her job, and sitting late at night under the sewing lamp cutting and making exquisite clothes for me.

(I didn't want them. I wanted Mother to rest, and stay young.)

I had to be beautiful to repay Mother for her sacrifice and effort. It was as if she hypnotized me, molded me into a beautiful embodiment of the thing she had wanted to be.

Mother died when I was sixteen, but she had seen the fruits of her work—and she was satisfied.

Her daughter, Ellen Brown, a nobody, was the most beautiful girl in Morristown. Her father might have been just a poor carpenter (who liked to sit on the porch on warm evenings in his stocking feet, his tie loosened and a briar pipe between his teeth). So her mother did work herself to death with her needle and her hands to make her beautiful—but no matter, Ellen was invited to the nicest parties,



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



courted by the most respectable boys. Mother's ultimate hope—that I would marry well, and thus assure for myself the kind of leisurely, gracious life that she had hungered for and never enjoyed—that, too, seemed certain of gratification.

At sixteen, I no longer rebelled—even inwardly. It sounds smug to say it, but I took being beautiful very much for granted. When Bob Haskins, whose father was president of the Morristown National Bank, invited me to lead the Grand March with him at the High School prom I may have wished, deep down, that it could have been because he liked me, rather than because I was decorative. But I didn't refuse. When the best sorority at State College invited me to a pre-school rushing party I knew that I was sought out not because the girls were fond of me—they didn't even know me—but because I might win the annual college beauty contest, and so shed reflected glory on them. But I was pleased, nevertheless.

Mother's savings (Mother hadn't bought a new hat in three years, but there was more than \$2,000 in the bank for me) had been left in trust for my college education. So it was really Mother, although she had died a year before, who made it possible for me to meet John.

(Thank God she can't see me now. I thought, remembering. Thank heaven she didn't have to see how her handiwork was spoiled.)

I don't think Mother cared what went on inside my head. Even the college education, which her will insisted upon, was not planned to give me knowledge. Mother thought of sending me to State as a clever maneuver to widen the circle of my friends. At State there might be more respectable men, richer men.

(I'm trying not to be bitter, but if I had been prepared for any kind of a life at all—any profession other than just being beautiful—I might be able to walk out of this hospital some day, and go on living.)

For Mother, my being acceptable in the best social circles was enough.

Dad was different.

Dad drove me up to State College in the fall in his rattly old Ford. I



We stopped for a while on Willowbrook bridge. "I love beautiful things," John had said, "and you are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen."

couldn't help thinking as I sat there beside him how ridiculous it was that my bags—crowded into the back compartment—were filled with expensive, beautiful things, while Dad still drove a car he had bought eight years before, and wore a suit which was threadbare at the elbows.

I was suddenly ashamed, realizing the contrast, and I told him so.

"I have no right to all of this," I blurted out. "I shouldn't be going to college at all. I should be going to work. So you could have some of the things *you* need for a change."

But he laughed, and reassured me.

"Your mother would never forgive me if you didn't go to college," he said. "And I want you to have a good education, too. It never hurts to stretch the horizons of the mind. The world

is just as big as you *think* it. Unless you've had a little prodding—like at college—you can't think very big in Morristown.

"I always wanted to go to college myself," he went on. "But I met your mother and . . . and I got married instead."

He drove on in silence for a minute, and I sat thinking that it was Dad, not Mother, whom life had cheated most.

"I'm not sorry, either," Dad said, after a moment.

I had forgotten what he had said.

"Sorry about what?"

"Marrying your mother," he said. "For the first few years, it was wonderful. Just being together. It could have lasted, too—except that she began to think when she stopped being

beautiful that she might as well stop being alive.

"I didn't love her for her face," he added angrily.

Dad and I had never spoken together so frankly before. As long as Mother lived, she absorbed me, soaked me up like blotting paper. I wished suddenly that I could know my father better. It would be good, I thought, if we could turn back right now and go back to Morristown and get acquainted. Knowing my father, I felt, might stretch the horizons of my mind more than all the textbooks in State College.

But it was too late. He drove on. When he put me out, in front of the girls' dormitory, he took my hands and said, "Don't run too hard after life, Ellen. Don't reach out too far, or you'll lose (Continued on page 69)



. . . the day of our wedding . . .



Put love away

THE graduating class rose like tiers of multicolored ribbons, banked one above the other, the pink and white and pale blue of the girls' dresses interwoven with the darker blue of the boys' coats. The orchestra leader raised his baton, and a chorus of fresh young voices rose to fill the auditorium.

Oh, Carroll High, we'll loyal be
To you throughout eternity—

Aunt Harriet, on my right, sniffed. Uncle Louis, on my other side, cleared his throat and reached into his back pocket for his handkerchief. They were smiling, and their faces had the bright tear-moist look my parents had worn at my graduation from high school a year ago.

I couldn't bear it any longer—the songs with their big words about loyalty and truth, the brave speeches about work and faith and better things to come, the shining faces of the youngsters themselves.

They would find out, I thought fiercely, that it was all lies—the words about hope and courage and a better world tomorrow, lies that salved the

ears of the older people, their parents and the school officials. They would find out what kind of world they were stepping into, the world the older people had made, and that this hour when their elders smiled over them and were sentimental over them would be forgotten long before the pastel dresses were outworn, even before the blue coats and white flannels had been exchanged for khaki and Navy blue. They would find out. . . .

I knew. A year ago I'd been one of them.

I'd worn white at my graduation—white, because the vivid copper of my hair and the green of my eyes needed no added coloring, and—which was more important—because Don liked me best in white. "It softens you," he said. "You're such a fierce little thing, Helen, you frighten me sometimes."

I'd laughed at him, at the idea of his being afraid of anything—not Don, who was our school's star athlete, who was on even, affectionate terms with the whole world, whose laughter made everything as bright and shining as

his bright blond hair. Besides, he liked my fierceness. He was calm and easy-going himself, and my intensity was a spark to him. It made us equals from the beginning, although he was older than I.

I'd known Don Laurens all my life. His family lived a few doors from ours in Maplewood, and Don had been a part of my world always—part of the background at first, like plump Mr. Simon at the drug store, like the willow hedge in the back yard. Then one day he became a person to me.

It was a spring afternoon after school. The older boys, Don among them, were playing ball on the vacant lot on the corner. Mary Knight and Joyce Allen and I were playing jacks on the walk in front of our house, and near us the younger boys had got up a game of catch in hopes that they'd be asked to join the big-league doings on the lot.

None of us realized what was happening until it was all over. One moment Mary squealed ecstatically, "Look—a kitten—" and the next, the big

... the day Don went away ...



Here begins a story of happiness and heart-break, of the depths of fear, the heights of hope, of love's death and love's rebirth—the story of lonely Helen Laurens

car came out of nowhere and went on down the street, and the kitten was a queer little lump on the street, black stubs of paws jerking helplessly.

At first no one moved. Then I was darting into the street, scooping the kitten into my skirt, sitting back on the curb. Joyce screamed, "Helen, don't—" The boys crowded around, and Mary began to cry. I sat hunched over the kitten, cuddling it, trying to warm it. It quivered once or twice, and then it was very still—and something in me was stilled, too.

I heard other voices behind me; the older boys had left their game to come over.

"Whose is it?"

"It must belong to the grocery—"

"What—what will they do with it?"

That was Mary.

"Throw it on the trash heap."

I got up and started toward the house. One of the big boys—Don—followed me. "Where are you going?" His voice wasn't like the one that had said what the grocery would do with the kitten.



I stood very still reading the telegram and then turned and walked down the long blind miles, the long empty years back to the house.

I couldn't answer. After a couple of steps he asked, "Do you want me to bury it for you?"

I nodded. Don motioned the others back, and we went around to the back yard, to the willow hedge. There was a trowel stuck in the earth near Mother's nasturtium bed, and with it Don dug a neat rectangular hole. Then he took the kitten from me and gently laid it in the grave. When he'd replaced the earth, and had set up a stone to mark the little mound, I spoke for the first time since the car had come down the street. "It'll never come back."

KNEELING that way, our heads were on a level, and when Don looked at me it was no longer as if I were just one of the small fry who got underfoot at the school yard. "No," he said gently, "but maybe he'll go to some better place. He'll have all the cream he wants, and catnip, and—"

He was getting to his feet, leading me across the yard. At the porch steps he stopped, and his eyes were curious. I don't think he meant to say what he did; it was as if he was thinking aloud. "You're a funny kid, Firetop. Even the boys didn't want to pick that little thing up—"

"It was hurt—" But I wasn't thinking about the kitten any more. My thoughts had gone back to the car. That was what Death was, then. It came suddenly, out of nowhere, and struck, and something that had been alive and good and dear was no longer. . . .

After that day Don wasn't a part of the background, but a person, and the most wonderful in all my world. The years slipped by, and they were good years, because I was growing up with Don, catching up to him. I was a little tag-along, begging to be taken with him wherever he went, being sent back, more often than not, with a laughing, "You're too little. Go peddle your papers." I was in junior high, hurrying over to the high school on Fridays to cheer for Don at the football games, and he was coming over to my house on week nights to help with my advanced fractions and decimals while I sketched designs and assembled posters for his art class. "That old art," he'd grumble. "If it weren't required, I'd— But you're good, Helen. Are you going to be an artist when you grow up?"

I had to think. I knew very well what I was going to be. I was going to be Don's wife, and we'd live in one of the new cottages on the Mill Road, and we would have four children, two boys and two girls. But that was in a far-off time, and besides, I couldn't very well tell him about it. So I said, "Well—I might be a nurse."

"A nurse! But there isn't even a hospital in Maplewood."

"They're talking about building one. And people get hurt just the same. Like that kitten—"

He stared. "The—oh!" And then, "You don't forget things, do you?"

"No," I answered. "Never."

Then Don was graduated from high



Then his arms were around me and his lips were on mine in a kiss that was sweet and hurtful, and poignant with parting.

school, and I was entering it. I was the only freshman girl at the senior dance, a very proud freshman girl, a little uncertain on unaccustomed high heels, determined not to show it, to be a credit to Don. Then I was a sophomore, and Don was working for his father's fuel company, and coming back to school to take me to football games and dances. Then I was a junior—and Don wasn't in Maplewood any more. He'd enlisted, and he was at camp in another state. I worked at the Red Cross afternoons after school, and sold war stamps at the theater on Saturdays, and wrote to Don.

He came home on furlough for a week in the summer before my senior year, and there was a difference, not between us, but in the world around us. We talked about it one afternoon while we lazed on the float in the lake, face

down, our skin still glistening wet from the water, our heads pillowed on our crossed arms. The lake around us was as blue, the line of trees on the other side was the same hazy green, the sun sparkled on the water as it had in other summers—and yet, there was a difference.

"It's smaller," Don said critically. "Or maybe it just looks that way because we're bigger."

"We're the same size as last year," I pointed out. "Everything else is just crowding closer to us." It did seem that the green rim of the horizon had actually moved nearer. Don's own horizons had gone far beyond Maplewood, now, and I—well, wherever he went, the most important part of me went with him.

He grinned, rolled on his side, shoved down on the corner of the float. "At

least I can still tip you off—"

I laughed and braced myself—and then everything was different between us, too. Because Don didn't tip me off. One minute we were scuffling like children, and the next, his arms were around me, and I was locked close against the hard brown length of him, and the rocking of the float was nothing to the pitching sea inside me. When he took his lips away my mouth was still shaped from his kiss. "Helen," he was saying huskily, wonderingly, over and over again. "Helen, you're too young—"

My laugh was shaky, but my words were very sure. "I am not! You can never tell me that again."

He didn't argue. We sat up, and stared out across the lake. His arm was around my shoulders, but he seemed to have forgotten me for the moment. I could guess part of what he was thinking. Neither of us would ever be young again—not in the way that we had been. The school dances, the Friday football games, the Saturday movies were already months removed from Don—and from me, too, so long as he'd gone beyond them—and we could never again go back to them, except in the way that older people revisit a trysting place, in order to recall more vividly something that is done with forever. I shivered. Suddenly it seemed that beyond that closing-in horizon a shadow lay, black and menacing. "Are you—when are you coming home again?" I asked.

"Christmas, maybe, if I'm lucky. But—" he buried his face against my throat, and his words were muffled, "oh, Helen, it's crazy. You'll still be in school—"

But I was through school when Don came home again. By Christmas he knew that his next furlough would be months ahead—and it would be his last in this country. He sent me a short note, explaining, and added a postscript that meant heaven on earth to me, that meant that the dreams of all the years were coming true. It said, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

We went ahead with our plans. Don had a small income, left him by his grandfather, who had been one of the first citizens of Maplewood; with his Army pay, it would see us through, and he'd saved enough for a down payment on a cottage on the Mill Road. Mother cried when Don's letter came, telling her and Dad what we wanted to do. "It's madness!" she burst out. "You're not even—you won't be eighteen—"

Dad patted her shoulder and winked at me, winked back a tear, too, perhaps. "Now, Mother, you'd rather give your consent, wouldn't you, than have them run off and get married behind our backs? And it isn't as if Don was someone she'd just met, or as if he didn't have a future—"

When I stepped down from the stage of the high school auditorium in June, Don was waiting for me. We were married the next day, and the cottage on the Mill Road became a reality.

It had been vacated just in time, and

we spent our honeymoon putting down rugs, arranging furniture, shopping for the odds and ends I'd forgotten. People thought it was a crazy way to spend a honeymoon, but it was what we wanted. You see, in a sense, ours wasn't a war-time marriage. The war hastened it a little, but not by many months. Our love had roots that were years deep, and this was the fruit of it. We wanted our home to be established, to have around us the things that we'd have with us for the rest of our lives.

And there was almost a week in which we had nothing to do but to get used to our home and the miracle of being together. We pretended that the war didn't exist, that there would be no morning when I'd wake to find myself alone. "It'll have to be summer vacation," Don said. "Otherwise, I'd be at the office with Dad all day."

"Or Sunday," I suggested. "We could pretend that every day was Sunday—" Then my voice cracked, and the next moment his arms were around me.

"Helen—Helen, darling. You can't cry now—"

"I can't help it," I wept. "It's—it's so perfect, Don. We've got everything we ever wanted. Everything—"

We had everything. I tried to tell myself that afterward, but the words had no meaning.

Don left in July. It was to be a casual leave-taking. Everything had been said between us, all of the important things settled. I washed the breakfast dishes that morning, and he dried them. Then he picked up his cap and his bag. He kissed me hard, then again, lightly, at the door. We were still pretending. This was simply a business trip. "I'll drop you a card, or call if I'm delayed. I ought to be back in no time—"

He started down the walk, his cap set at a jaunty angle. I stood in the doorway, clenching my fist, pressing them against my aching throat to keep from crying out and spoiling the game. Pretending hadn't done any good at all.

Then Don stopped; he was turning; he was coming back, and I was stumbling to meet him, my heart drenched with a flood of joy that was pain and pain that was joy. He hadn't been able to keep pretending, either. We clung together, wordlessly. "Take it easy, Firetop—" And that time he was really gone.

That was July. The telegram came in September. I was just starting out



Inspired by the original radio play, "Two Weeks Vacation," by Louis Hagam, first heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays at 12:30 P.M., EWT. on CBS.

to the grocery, and I met the messenger on the walk. "The War Department . . . regrets to inform you . . ." One word stopped out. Killed. Not missing. Not wounded. Killed—

I stood there on the walk, in all the warm, rich gold of the September morning, and I could think of nothing but another sunny day on another walk, and the car coming down the street, and the kitten, and Don and I crouching over a tiny mound under the willows. *It will never come back. . . .*

I turned and walked . . . the long blind miles . . . the long empty years . . . back to the house. And I remembered. . . .

Even now I get a queer, cold feeling at the memory of the suddenness with which everything was gone. It was like watching a sand castle being washed out by a wave, grain by grain, really, but so swiftly that everything seemed to go at once. My parents came to take me home, and it was decided to rent the cottage, furnished. Don's clothes—we'd moved them all in, even to the pair of old slippers he meant to put on the moment he came back—were returned to his parents' house. The wedding presents were labelled and packed away. I'd bought the silver and most of the linens myself, and Mother cried when I left them in the cottage with the rest of the furnishings. "It's a shame," she said, "that lovely Adam scroll cloth, and the silver, even if it was plate— Besides, some day you might—" And then she stopped at the look on my face.

By October the cottage was rented. It belonged to strangers, the snug little structure that had held our love. It was gone. Everything was gone.

IN ALL the long winter of that year. I remember just one incident—the Mayor's coming to our house to ask me to speak at a war bond rally. Maplewood is a little town, where everyone knows each other, and Ed Furness, the Mayor, had dandled me on his knee when I was small, but now, when he stood there in our warm, cozy living room singling me out for attention because I was Don Lauren's widow. I hated him. I don't know what excuse I gave for refusing, but afterwards, in my room, I lay on the bed, gripping the mattress' edge, shaking with the first emotion I'd known in months. Fury consumed me—fury at Don's being taken from me, at his being cheated of everything life held just when life was sweetest, fury at the senseless circumstance that took no account of human lives and human feelings.

You see, I'd accepted the war, as a child accepts the changes and the broadening world that come with growing up. Don had accepted it, I think, as he took the bad with the good in everything, the defeats with the victories on the football field. But now the war had destroyed him, and it was a personal malignant thing to me, to be hated with every fiber of my being. I didn't talk about it to anyone—the feeling was too deep for that—but it was there, (Continued on page 75)



Uncertain Heart

Jill's eyes were closed and even in the glorious, shaken ecstasy of Jack's kiss, she remembered that when she looked at him she must be careful not to show surprise or horror at the change in his face—and then she opened her eyes!

HE'S coming home! As I pedaled my bicycle out of the factory gates toward home, into the drowsy warmth of late afternoon, I could feel the glory of those words singing in my heart. *Jack's coming home . . . he's coming home today!* It had seemed as if that four o'clock whistle would never blow!

I touched the crinkling notepaper in the pocket of my white jersey blouse and little bursts of happiness, like rockets, shot through me. The notepaper bore the letterhead of the Army hospital and it was covered with Jack's own bold, scrawly dash. I knew it by heart, parts of it:

" . . . I'll be home on the tenth, dearest. I can't wait to see you, to find out if you really meant all those things you've said in your letters while I was overseas and in the hospital. They are taking the bandages off my face today. Are you sure you still want to marry me if . . ."

As if that could change anything!

I was sure. I knew that no matter how terribly disfigured Jack's face might be, my love would be the same. It was the man, the person that Jack Ferrar was, that I adored, not his outward appearance. If anything, I would love him all the more because he would need me to protect him and to build a life for just the two of us that would need no one else to make it rich and full. It was not Jack's face I had loved. He was homely really—homely in a plain, almost unattractive way—not even the rugged ugliness that some men have which makes them almost handsome. No—it was Jack himself I loved, not his face.

Just the same, the thought of it was sobering. Jack had gone through nearly a year's battles in the South Pacific, unscathed, and then a hand grenade had burst right in front of him. His face was badly injured and for a time they had despaired of his eyes. When his sight was finally restored he had been brought back to the States for plastic surgery and now, with his medical discharge on the way, he was coming

home. He was coming home to stay.

From here on the job would be mine, to restore him to a normal, healthful way of living. I didn't need a doctor or a psychologist to explain to me the difficulties that lay ahead. My own intuition told me that if he were permanently scarred it would require every ounce of courage, all the understanding and womanly wisdom I possessed to help him through the terrible months of readjustment; I knew I must steel myself against the pity that would twist my heart; that I must force myself to talk about his altered appearance naturally; that I must discipline myself to bring him back to normalcy.

I could do it. And my heart lifted with the joy and the gratification of being needed. I couldn't help the intense feeling of satisfaction it gave me to know that Jack would depend on me—and only on me.

So busy was I with my thoughts and so anxious to get home that I hadn't realized how fast I was going down the dirt lane that led to the village pavements until a voice hailed me.

"Hey—wait up!" Sandy Tilburn was shouting, pedalling furiously to catch up. "Where's the fire? You passed me back there as if I didn't exist. What are you thinking about, Jill?"

"Jack's coming home today." I told him. Just repeating those words made them seem like the lyrics of a love song.

He was instantly serious. "His face all fixed up?" he asked, in the direct way he had. Then he went on, without waiting for an answer. "If it isn't, you've got a problem on your hands, Jill. If he's badly scarred he may find it hard to believe that a girl like you could really be in love with him."

I never minded Sandy talking to me so frankly because, after riding to and from work together for nearly five months, we seemed like old friends. Although I hadn't met his wife, Marcia, as yet, I knew they were madly in love and so it seemed natural for him to advise me and to share in my joy. From his description his wife must be a beau-

tiful woman. He always spoke of her.

I wanted to laugh at what he had just said. A girl like me! All the rest of the way to where he turned off at the new development of workers' houses, past old rail fences clotted with wild rose bushes, through lanes that sent up clouds of feathery dust to choke us. I was busy with my thoughts—remembering. When he left I said an absent-minded goodbye.

He only knew the new Jill Dundee, born of love letters from a man in the Army and of that man's need of me. That was why I couldn't explain to him that the thought of Jack disfigured couldn't hurt me. In fact, although for his sake I prayed he wouldn't be, the thought that the man I loved would be mine—wholly mine—without the slightest danger of anyone else wanting him, was reassurance to me. A secret, unworthy, despised reassurance.

It was the old Jill who needed that reassurance.

IT was at a high school dance that

I first learned the panic of being a wall-flower—until a gangling, fourteen-year-old Jack Ferrar had rescued me. While girls like Theo Steen' flirted with one boy and then another, I would freeze, tongue-tied, when anyone spoke to me—feeling sure that some teacher-chaperone had reminded an unwilling boy that "he must be nice to the little Dundee girl." If that was what had brought Jack, at least he stayed of his own accord. And as time went on and our crowd had paired off into couples, leaving Jack and me the leftovers, I had learned to accept that arrangement, but I had never believed it was anything but circumstances that kept him at my side. The gratitude I felt to him—and the hatred I felt for having to be grateful—kept me from realizing then that I was falling in love with him.

And always there was the fear that someday he would find someone not so painfully unsure of herself, someone more attractive. If he had, I wouldn't have lifted a finger to prevent it. I despised girls who chased after men.

It had happened once. In our Junior year Jack had taken Theo Steen to the big Class Prom. Possibly she was just "in-between" boy friends and had used Jack as a fill-in because, in spite of his engaging masculine charm that women liked, he was downright homely and Theo demanded a high standard of good-looks in her admirers. Anyway, it had been only that once. But the memory of it could still twist my heart.

WHEN Jack left for the Army we were just good friends who promised to write.

And then the miracle happened. Gradually there had crept into our letters our longing for each other and finally the open declaration of our love.

Only sometimes I wondered—as I did now—with an agonizing dread, if his letters had been like mine; the slow, sure unfolding of a love that had always been there but had needed the absence of the loved one to make itself unself-conscious and revealing. Or was it just loneliness on his part? Hurriedly I pushed that thought into the far depths of my mind.

By this time I had reached the last curve in the lane that led to the paved sidewalk and Mercer Street. There was one bad place here that always took careful maneuvering to get safely past on my bicycle—a sharp dip and a mean boulder right in the middle of it. I slowed up and eased down into it, the front wheel wobbling dangerously.

Just when the descent needed all my attention, I saw him. A tall figure striding swiftly toward me. Even with the blinding sun in my eyes I could see that the figure was in uniform, silver lieutenant's bars sparkling on his shoulders. My heart gave a crazy, tremulous leap. He was running towards me!

Then my front wheel hit that boulder straight on, my hands were jerked from the handlebars, and I was flung violently over the side, rolling in an ignominious heap down into those hard ruts and dusty clouds, bicycle and lunch box in a tangle on top of me.

Before I could do more than sit up, two strong arms were around my waist and lifting me to my feet. They were Jack's arms and it was Jack's voice I heard behind me—his laughing, tender voice, so dear, so familiar. . . .

"Jill, darling, are you all right? — you didn't have to fall that hard for me!" He held me like that for a minute, his face buried into the top of my head, his arms tightening around me, his laughter dying away into a meaningful silence. I couldn't see him, but I could feel the beating of his heart against me, echoing the sudden, swift pounding of my own. He was really here! And in the slow, measured way he turned my lips upwards to meet his I could feel the hard restraint of his wanting, his longing for me.

My eyes were closed and even in the glorious, shaken ecstasy of that kiss. I remembered that when I first looked at him I must be careful not to show any surprise, any horror, at the changes in his face. I knew that so much depended on that first reaction.

Then he let me go. I opened my eyes. There is a shock so strange that your eyes refuse to believe what they see.

It wasn't Jack! It couldn't be! The voice—his smile—but this couldn't be Jack! Yet I knew it was . . . and I was stunned!

Jack Ferrar was the handsomest man I'd ever laid eyes on!

His face, in spite of the small jagged scar over the right temple, had become through some subtle alchemy of medical science the face of a man who would attract the eyes of every woman as inevitably as a magnet. Not Jack—and yet, all Jack. I knew that the slight changes in the modelling of his face had not changed him, only intensified the personality that was his own peculiar charm.

The smoky red in his hair—that he'd always had. The bronze of his skin came from tropic suns. But the firmed jaw and the straightened nose and the smoothed, lean, flat contour of his cheekbones—these were the result of a sculptor's hand. Yes, the surgeon's scalpel had restored to Jack his own face—with just enough alterations to make him devastatingly, breathtakingly good-looking. This was the face—not the old one—that went with his tall slimmness and breadth of shoulder.

And the woman in me responded with an immediate, surging thrill of delight to the magnificence of the man I loved.

"Jack—I can hardly believe it!" Words tumbled out. No need now for restraining words or trying to appear as if nothing had happened. "It's the most amazing—wonderful—why, you look like a sun-god!"

For a moment there was bewilderment in the corners of his smile and a baffled look in his eyes. Then his face cleared and he grinned. "Oh, you mean the plastic surgery job? I guess it's okay—the doctors kept saying I was their prize exhibit. And the nurses used to drive me nuts, talking about it—in and out of my room all day long. I still can't see what it is they're raving about but as long as I didn't have to come back to you all scarred up, I don't care.

Oh, darling, it's so good—hurry up, let's go to your house where I can kiss you in privacy."

Standing there in that dusty road, still in the trembly aftermath of the astounding shock Jack had given me, looking at this tall, handsome man, listening to his voice, hearing his words—suddenly I felt let-down, confused. The glow of my instinctive response to his masculine attraction

abruptly faded. For no reason that I could name all the brightness of the day vanished and I knew a little shiver of chill foreboding.

Picking up the bicycle with one hand, he marched me off. His other hand held mine tightly, every so often brushing my fingertips with his lips as he talked. I should have been wildly, completely happy. But in spite of the little thrills that went through me at the touch of his lips, I felt oddly subdued, spent—a strange oppression weighting me down.

While he went he told me about the hospital; about the doctors who restored men to hope and confidence who had expected to go through life as battered cripples. I could agree with him and be honestly glad for him but I couldn't repress the small, secret, desperate wish that the doctors had made Jack over exactly as he used to be instead of into someone that nurses—and other women—would rave about.

Slowly, under cover of the sound of his warm, happy voice, I was beginning to realize what this change in Jack's looks could mean to me. And fear began its old familiar thudding in my heart.

"Hurry up and get dressed, darling," he said when we reached home. "Jack-and-Jill are going visiting—I want to make a tour of the town and see all the places I've been thinking about and wondering if I'd ever see again."

So we weren't going to have even our first evening alone! Tears blinded me as I hurried to shower and slip into the old yellow organdy Jack had always liked.

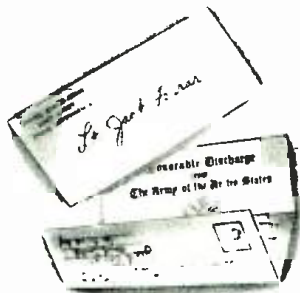
I looked at myself in the mirror. Gray-green eyes and brown hair that would never hold a curl except just at the very ends. Clear skin and regular, unexciting features. Nothing to shudder at—but nothing to whistle at either. Jack-and-Jill. Pain tightened in my throat as I realized the incongruity of the coupling of our names now. Jack-and-Jill. A peacock and a brown wren.

Fear, and an overwhelming sense of loss, of happiness already slipping out of my grasp made me want to stay there shut up in my room. I had to force myself to go down.

But later, when we were strolling down the street in the thickening twilight shadows, my arm linked through his strong, muscular one, our bodies touching at every step, his low husky voice saying things—little, funny, endearing things that held a meaning for only the two of us—my fears seemed ridiculous and happiness came back to me in a rush. I forgot my worry in this precious, lovely intimacy.

The drugstore was packed when we arrived and I was glad to see so many of our crowd there. They welcomed Jack back with a warmth that made me proud, and in the glow of the kiss he had stolen in the shadows of the drugstore doorway, I didn't even mind the startled interest, the awakened attention that came into the eyes of the girls at the sight of Jack's face.

Then I saw her. Theo Steen. She was sitting at the fountain, apart



Adapted from the story, "Business with Pleasure," by John Boylan, first heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays at 12:30 P.M., EWT, on CBS.



from the others. Her wide blue eyes were narrowed thoughtfully as they stared at Jack, her lacquered brassy curls tipped sideways, her red lips curved around the straw in her soda. The sun-back dress she was wearing was designed to display, never to conceal, her figure. I knew she was waiting until he was through with the others so that he could see her alone and get the full impact of her allure in a separateness he would remember. It was a game she played—and I had seen her play it many times.

I had seen her do things—clever, catty, female things—that I wouldn't have stooped to, to get something she wanted. Now, with a flash of insight, I knew that she was the shape of the unknown danger I had been dreading since the first moment I had seen Jack. All of my fears resolved themselves into a bleak certainty. I knew that look in Theo's eyes. Here was someone she wanted—and she'd do her utmost to get him.

I watched Jack stop in front of her. She twisted to face him, slowly, her movements languorous, and one hand moved lightly up his khaki-clad arm. "It's really you, Jack Ferrar! I can't believe that anyone could be as unselfish as Jill. If it were me and after

Theo knew how to hold a man's attention and how to make each word a caress. I lapsed into miserable silence.

all this time, I couldn't have shared you with anyone else—not your first evening home." In some way she made this sound—oh, so faintly—like a criticism, as if I didn't care enough! "Come over here, you two—sit at the end of the counter with me, where we can talk." She was already moving ahead of us as she spoke.

Jack's eyes telegraphed a quick, questioning message to me. But there was nothing I could do, short of being rude. Theo had made herself our hostess.

"How's Sandy Tilburn, Jill?" she asked as we sat down.

I flushed at her tone, suddenly embarrassed at a hidden meaning I didn't understand. "Sandy? Oh, he's all right." Then, to Jack, in explanation. "I ride to work with him every morning and back in the evening, but he's married—I mean, I haven't met his wife—but they're terribly in love—" I finished lamely. I was disgusted with myself. Theo had managed to put me on the defensive, involving myself in long, senseless explanations that only served to make Jack look at me with puzzled

eyes. She gave me a too-sweet, triumphant smile and turned her attention to Jack.

Theo talked well—and flatteringly. She knew how to hold a man's attention and how to make each word a personal caress.

And, gradually, what I had been fearfully expecting, took place. Jack became a different person from the man he was with me. She had a way of drawing out the masterfulness in a man as a foil for her own obvious femininity and under that influence Jack expanded—he was gay and witty; his conversation was forceful and dynamic, eagerly interested.

Not that he ignored me. Part of his laughter, his bantering talk was intended to bring me into the conversation. But as the evening wore on and I lapsed into miserable, self-conscious silence, he grew hurt and annoyed.

I think it was a relief to him, too, when the evening finally broke up. He took me home and at the door his kiss was a question. I would have gone in but he pulled me back, abruptly.

"What is it, Jill? What's the matter? You seem to have withdrawn from me. In your letters all the barriers were down—you said things to me I always dreamed my (Continued on page 91)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Bachelor's Children

Here are the people you have learned to know and love
in this exciting story of the lives of the Grahams and the Ryders



DR. BOB GRAHAM, a busy physician, years ago adopted the orphaned twin daughters of an Army friend. As the girls grew up, he discovered that one of them, Ruth Ann, was falling in love with him. At first he was shocked, but he soon realized that he loved her and they were married. All went well with them and their three children, until Ruth Ann's recent and tragic illness.
(Played by Hugh Studebaker)

RUTH ANN GRAHAM led a happy life with Dr. Bob, until as a result of a blow received in a hold-up, she became a victim of amnesia. She assumed a new name and found herself a job. Joe Houston, her lawyer, proposed to her, but a medical examination showed she was a mother, and she set out to find her family. She is back with Dr. Bob but she does not remember him or their life together.
(Played by Marjorie Hannan)





JANET, Ruth Ann's twin sister, is married to Sam Ryder, Dr. Bob's best friend, and the Ryders live next door to the Grahams. Janet is more temperamental than her sister and continually gets herself into trouble through impulsiveness. She and Sam are deeply in love and even though they have many little spats, they've always managed to weather them successfully. When Ruth Ann disappeared, it was believed that she was dead and Janet's indomitable spirit carried them all through the difficult months of adjustment. She was particularly helpful to the children, and a great comfort to Dr. Bob, for she felt she could really share their suffering.
(Played by Patricia Dunlap)




SAM RYDER tried to enlist when the war started, but was turned down because he was doing vital work for the government. He is a successful radio announcer and active in his community, taking a great interest in the problems of juvenile delinquency and adequate care for the children of war workers and men in the armed forces. He was recently reclassified and inducted. And much as he hated to leave his wife and child and their happy home life, he was glad of the opportunity to serve his country. But as things worked out, Sam is stationed at a nearby camp and can come home fairly often.
(Played by Olan Soule)



JOE HOUSTON entered Ruth Ann's life after she lost her memory. Appointed by the court to defend her when charged with a crime she did not commit, Houston was terribly affected by her story. He proved that Ruth Ann could not be a criminal, and after her vindication they became close friends. His sympathetic nature drew him to her and she found companionship she sorely needed. Houston wanted to marry Ruth Ann, but when she discovered her family, he enlisted to go overseas in the volunteer service. Dr. Bob [redacted] Ruth Ann's warmth toward [redacted] correspondence and exchange of pictures between them has made Dr. Bob intensely jealous.
(Played by Nelson Olmstead)

ELLEN COLLINS is Dr. Bob's housekeeper and has been like a mother to Janet and Ruth Ann. She is as much a part of the family as any of them. She has been under a great strain since Ruth Ann's disappearance, running both the house and caring for three Graham children.
(Played by Helen Van Tuyl)





Let's begin again—

You can't send your husband off to war with words about divorce ringing in his ears.

Instead, you kiss him goodbye and promise to write every day

YOU'RE happier if you have a plan for life—at least, I've always found it so. Oh, not the kind of plan that works out to a minute-to-minute schedule, but just a general idea of where you're going, with something, always, to look forward to. It's better—always better!—to have something to look forward to than something to look back upon.

I'd had a plan for life, all the while that Ted had been away. Even before he went, it had been forming, taking shape, even to the point where I'd rehearsed to myself how I'd tell Ted about it, in just what manner I'd explain how I wanted to live, and why we couldn't go on living the way we had been. And then Ted went to war—and when a man goes away to fight, you can't send him off with your words about wanting a divorce ringing in his ears—not even if you know that in his heart he wants one, too. Instead, you kiss him goodbye, and promise to write every day, and tell him you'll send cookies to camp, and swear that you'll keep the garden weeded and the house just as it was until he gets back.

That's what happened to Ted and me. He went off to war with the thing hanging between us still just that—a nebulous, unformed shadow, not yet described in words, shaped by actions.

And now Ted was coming home again. The sun was bright in the blue sky, the earth touched with a soft, fresh green—and my heart troubled and unhappy when it should have been singing, when everyone thought that it was singing.

Just before she left for work that morning, my sister Delia had said, "Ann—I know how happy you must be. It won't be long now—just 'till this afternoon." She had put her arm around me, excited herself, and happy. "I won't come home for dinner. I won't be back until late, so you and Ted can have the first hours alone together."

She had run down the path then, turning at the gate to smile her swift, sweet smile, and call, "Just think—you'll have Ted from now on. You won't have to say goodbye to him again."

I stood on the porch where she had left me, seeing nothing of the fair spring morning. For my plan was shattered—the plan for life that I had clung to all the while Ted was away. The plan that meant an end to the uncertain, fumbling unhappiness of two people living together who didn't love each other any more, that had, at the end of it, to look forward to, the clean, sharp breaking-away I longed for, and a life that would be peaceful. Lonely.

perhaps—but somehow not nearly as lonely and unsatisfying as living with Ted was, now that our love had died.

But this—Ted's very homecoming, the time when I had planned that I could tell him, in relief to both of us, that we must make the break—had crashed my plans to ruins about my feet. For Ted was a hero.

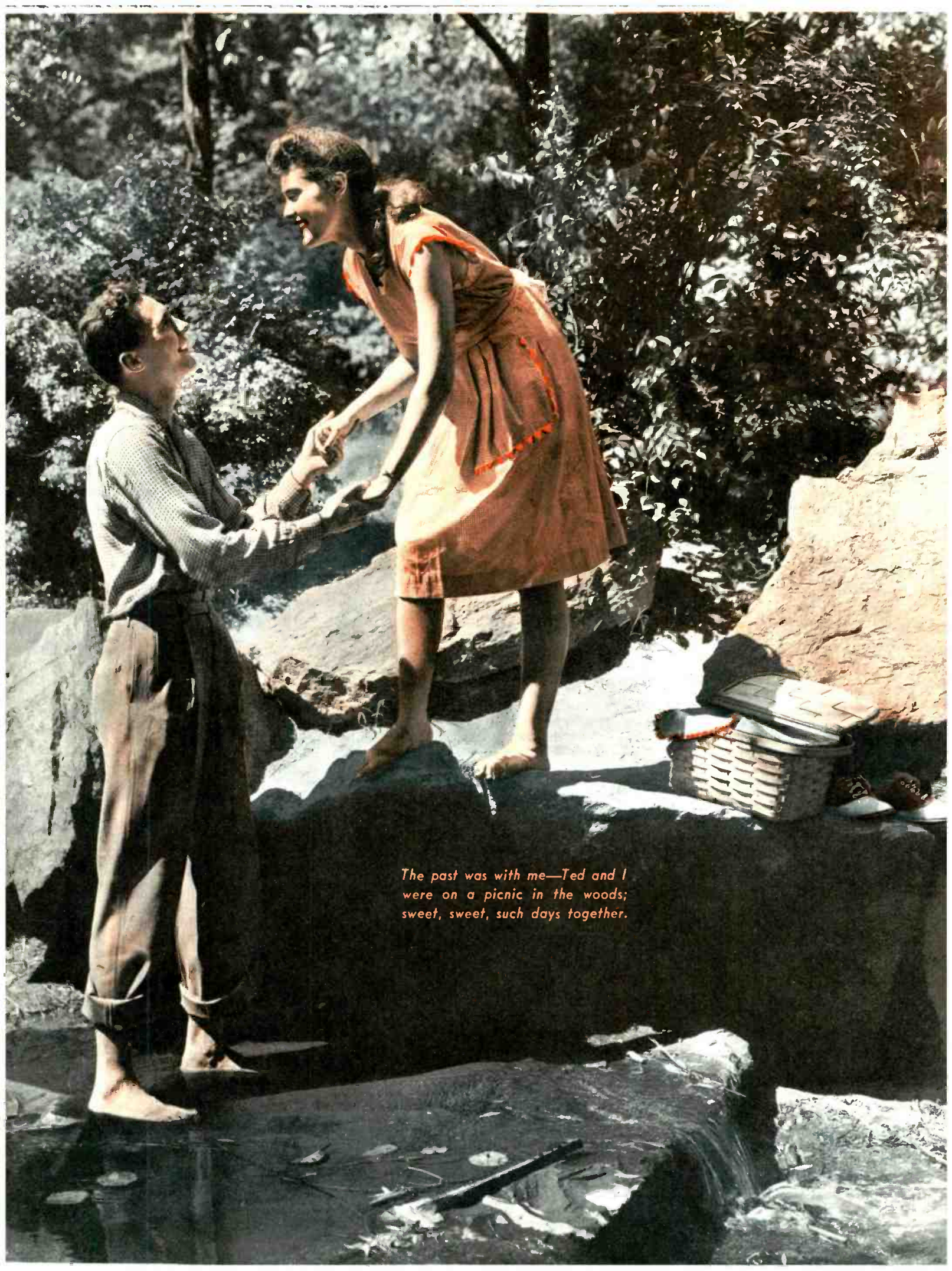
Ours, you see, was a very small town—and you know what happens to small town heroes. They're entertained. Parties are given for them. There's a parade. There's a band and a reception at the station, and receptions afterwards. They're asked to speak at club meetings. They're made to stay in the public eye, and their lives are not their own. And their wives—their wives are expected to follow along in their wake, their eyes shining with pride, their hearts full to bursting with love. That's what would happen to Ted, and that's what would be expected of me. What would the town say, what kind of fool would it make of poor Ted, if I were to leave him now? How could he ever explain? How could we, he and I, ever settle down to comfortable, obscure lives here in town, if that happened?

It would have been simple if he'd come home, at the end of the war with all the rest, with no more glory than any ordinary returning soldier. Then we could have parted quietly, gone our separate ways without causing more than a momentary ripple on the quiet waters of life in Midvale. But now!

I can't bear it, I thought, as I turned from the porch to go into the house. I can't stand any more of this half-living, the kind of living that isn't living at all that Ted and I went through before he went away! I want it to be over—over and done with.

I went into the cool dimness of the house. There was so much to do, and all of it would be pretense. The house must be clean and shiny, for the neighbors would be running in for days. I knew. I must bake a cake, and make some cookies, for when neighbors in Midvale drop in it's a social catastrophe if there aren't cookies and cake and iced tea to offer them.

I remembered then that Ted used to want—did he still?—a glass of milk and some of my cookies before he went to bed. Strangely, with that thought, I wanted to run—to go far, far away from Midvale, so that I wouldn't have to be part of the farce of welcoming Ted home. Part of the farce? Only my part in the welcome would be that—the rest of the welcome that the town would give him would be real, sincere. And I knew then that I couldn't go. I couldn't



*The past was with me—Ted and I
were on a picnic in the woods;
sweet, sweet, such days together.*

leave Ted to make explanations to all those people. I couldn't do that to him. He had done nothing to deserve treatment like that. All he had done was to stop loving me, and all I had done was to stop loving him, and that was our business and ours alone. The town had nothing to do with it, and, if I could help it, the wreck of our marriage wasn't going to be paraded before their curious eyes. It—it wasn't *decent!* The thought was hateful.

AND then I remembered something else. The plan of leaving Ted, of living a separate life, was so real to me that I had forgotten he didn't share it! Oh, he knew that something had happened to our marriage, of course. Our life together the year before he went away told him that. But he knew nothing of my plan to ask for a divorce. He didn't know that I wanted to leave. Telling him would hurt him—I know that—even if it would be better in the end. It would hurt. Sick with that realization, I leaned against the frame of the living room door. Why—I would have to play my game with him, too—the game of being a loyal, loving, dutiful wife. For Ted was still an invalid. He was a sick man, and until he was well I couldn't risk telling him, of course.

Poor Ted—uncertain, fumbling, diffident Ted, my returning hero! I can't tell you now, today, tomorrow, that I don't love you, that I want to be free, just as I couldn't tell you when you enlisted. What shall I do—what shall I do?

Work, keep busy, I told myself; and hurried into the kitchen. Bake that cake, and those cookies, make the bed in the small room next to mine, pick some early spring flowers and put them on the table; decide what hat and dress you'll wear when you go to meet him, so you'll be your loveliest.

"And, remember," I said this aloud in the quiet house, "not to show your irritation no matter what he says or does—as you did during that last year before he enlisted—"

I slammed the oven door and walked over to the kitchen window, putting a hand up to my eyes, as if to shut away the memory of Ted's gray eyes with their puzzled hurt look, growing more worried, more puzzled as the months had gone by. And bewildered pain tugged at my heart, as memory carried me back, even as I fought against it, to the sweet, wonderful days of our courtship, to the sweet, wonderful first year of marriage. Ted's gray eyes had been full of laughter, then, just as he had been gay, and laughing, catching me to him, holding me close, telling me over and over that he loved me. He had not been, then, the quiet, uncertain man who had left me to fight for his country; he hadn't yet killed my love by his awkward fumbling in speech and action, by

our utter inability to get along.

I let my hand drop from my eyes, and gave myself an impatient shake. One thing, alone, was certain; I would have to tell Ted the truth before Delia made her plans to leave. She had come to live with me when my husband had gone, to help with the household expenses, and so I wouldn't be alone. She would leave, she would want to leave, with my husband home. I would have to hurt Ted, for he was not as realistic as I. He didn't see the future as I did. Yes, I would have to hurt him someday—but not today, not right away. His homecoming must be perfect, wonderful; I must make it so.

I kept repeating those words to myself as I stood on the station platform in the golden light of late afternoon, waiting for the train. Watching, with the rest of Midvale, to welcome Ted home. I had driven down in the car, and the past had ridden with me; it was almost as if a lunch basket had been at my feet, and Ted and I on our way to a long day in the woods—sweet, sweet, such days together, coming home as darkness thickened around us, entering the house, going up the stairs, hand in hand, and Ted drawing me to him, his lips on mine, his arms about me.

Why does memory play such tricks? It's better to remember that those Sundays had grown flat and meaningless and boring.

I stiffened; the train was rounding the curve, it was slowing down; it had stopped. I saw Ted coming slowly down the steps; thinner, different, older. And my feet were hurrying, my hands were outstretched, my face was lifted for his kiss. I had forgotten the crowds of other people waiting to welcome him, in that moment.

But he didn't kiss me for a minute; he just looked at me.

"Ann—" He said, again: "Ann—how lovely you are." His fingers fumbled for mine, and, then, his lips were on my lips, with a breathless hunger which frightened me. Oh, I couldn't, couldn't live up to a rapturous reunion—and, I must give him what he wished. He has been through so much—he has faced death, he's suffered—he's seen things—I must. I heard him saying:

"It is true, I'm here—I'm home—"

The other people surged around us then. They had given us a little

decent interval for our own moment of reunion, but now they were impatient to get on with the ceremonies. So the band played, and the Mayor and the head of the Chamber of Commerce made speeches, and long lines of people shook Ted's hand, and I had the feeling that this would go on forever and forever, never stopping.

But at last it was over. There were plans for tomorrow, people told us, but they felt that we'd want to be alone together

for the rest of today. Suddenly I wanted to call back the crowds I'd been hating so a moment before, to tell them that we didn't want to be alone together at all. Then the feeling passed. I caught Ted's arm, smiling, and led him toward the car, calling to the station master's boy: "Joe, please bring the bags—"

Joe, round-eyed, came running. "Gee, Mr. Hollis, it's fine to have you back—Gee, it's great—"

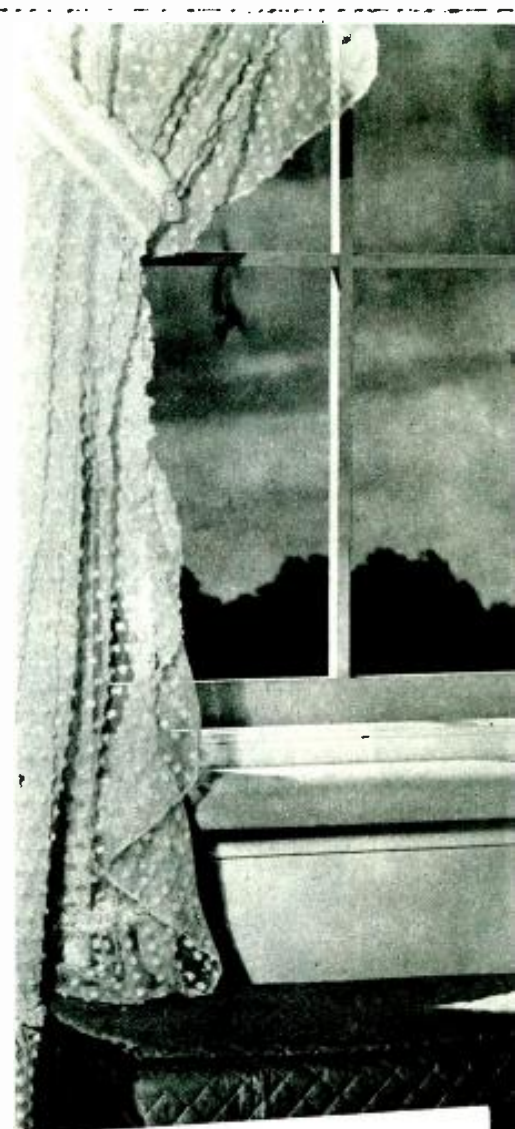
Ted flushed; and as I drove through the town, out to the suburb where our little home was, he said: "Ann, I don't want to be treated as if I were—different—I'm only one among millions—"

"Oh, but you're not—" I said, quickly.

"And—" he hadn't heard me; he was staring ahead, busy with his own thoughts—"I won't need waiting on, I shan't be a burden. In a few weeks I'll be able to get to work."

Apologizing, once more, Ted, as if you were in the way, as if I might snap at you, as I did—oh, what a silly thing to remember at this minute—when you dropped one of my best dinner plates, and I had stared at the pieces at my feet. I had cried: "If you'd stop trying to help—see what you've done— Oh, leave me alone, to do the dishes—"

Tears of irritation were close to my eyes; I couldn't have told what I



Inspired by the radio play "Mama's Boy," first heard on Theater of Today, Saturday at noon, over CBS.



The breeze had grown stronger; it carried Ted's voice to my ears. "Don't go, Delia," he said. "Please stay with us."

had hoped he would say, but not this, that was certain. And something was very wrong as we went into the house, as he followed me upstairs, and I said:

"You must be tired after that long train ride. Don't you want to lie down? I've fixed up the little room next to ours. You'll be near, you can call me in the night if you need me."

Ted sat down heavily on the bed; his face was white, tired, lined. He looked ill, much more so than when he had stepped off the train.

"I see," he said, and his eyes went to the open door between the rooms.

"But, you're ill—you're just out of the hospital—"

"Yes," he said, not looking at me, "you're right, Ann. You always are."

I had planned to make this home-coming a happy thing, and it was all wrong; the gulf between us was too

deep; there were too many misunderstandings, too many quarrels, to be surmounted. But, swift pity stirring in me, I leaned above him, and put my arm around his shoulder.

"Dear," I said, "you're worn out. Lie down for awhile, Don't worry about anything. I want to make it easy—you've been through so much—"

"Not as much as hundreds of others." His voice was rough. "Don't make it easy for me for that reason."

I pressed my cheek against his hair. "I didn't mean that, Ted."

"I hope not." The roughness had gone from his words, there was only weariness in them. "I am tired; I think I will rest. I'll be down in a little while."

"I'll start dinner." I moved away from his side, and turned at the door. "I have a grand roast, and new po-

tatoes; I'll boil them in their skins, the way you like—and I've baked a cake—and cookies—"

He smiled, and the smile cut at my heart. "You've done all you could, I know that, Ann."

I closed the door, and leaned against it a minute before I went hurrying down to the bright kitchen, through whose window the afternoon sun poured its long golden rays. Oh, the words we hadn't spoken, and all the thoughts left unexpressed! Would it have been better if I hadn't tried? If I had written Ted? If I had told him, at once? That would have been cruel, but wasn't this cruel? No, no, my heart whispered, as my hands worked busily, when Ted's well and strong, he will be able to face it, that my love is dead, that we must separate. He'll feel as he felt before he went away—he'll know that it's right. I'll do this for him now—I'm glad to do this for him. Busy hands and racing thoughts made me unconscious of the passing of time, or of any sounds in the house. I started when Ted spoke from the doorway.

"Lord, it's good to be here, smelling a home dinner cooking—and to see you." He crossed to me, and put his arms around me. And, I, conscious of the water dripping from my fingers, and almost running over in the sink, let him hold me. Just like Ted, impatient thoughts flared up, to come at the wrong minute. Just a little later and I'd have been ready, I'd have been finished. Water splashed on my foot, and I pulled away from his arms.

"Wait, Ted," my voice was sharp, "the sink's running over—"

"I'll wipe it up—"

"No, I will. It's all right—just get out of the way."

I turned the faucet, and snatched up a cloth. Bending over, it was as if a voice whispered in my ear: "Once, in that first sweet year, you would have laughed, Ann; once, in that first sweet year, you would have thought his arms about you, and his lips ready to kiss you, were more important than a little spilled water. Laugh, Ann, now—pretend—"

"I'm in the way," Ted said, "just as I used to be."

"Don't be silly." I hung the cloth up to dry. I didn't laugh, but I did smile. "You can help me. How about setting the table?"

"Not afraid I'll break the dishes?"

"Of course not."

Why do you make it harder than it is, Ted? Why do you keep reminding yourself and me of what I'm trying to forget?

"Where's Delia?" he asked from the alcove, as he arranged knives and forks and glasses.

"She thought we'd rather be alone—this first evening."

"That was thoughtful of her."

"Wasn't it? Oh, oh, Ted, the Harrises have a baby, a girl, and Joel Swanson was home on leave a little while ago—and Mr. Hancock telephoned me to say that when you were well enough to come back your place was ready at the store—" (Continued on page 82)

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING - LOW

—and our hopes high for the victorious and safe return of our boys. Here radio's kindly philosopher tells you about one of the ways you can help to bring those boys home sooner

THERE'S a lady here in Homeville who seems to me to have the right idea about the invasion and the boys who are fighting our Battle for us over there.

She's been reading up on the fuel situation and so she knows how scarce fuel is going to be this coming winter. Fuel includes coal, oil, gas and wood.

This lady tells me that the word from GHQ on solid fuels is that we're going to be short about 38 million tons of coal alone, out of the 691 million tons we need during the year.

So this lady says to me just the other day, "Remember how last war we used to sing, 'Keep the Home Fires Burning'? Well, David," she says, "we've got to sing it again—but we should add: 'Keep 'em low, to save fuel!'"

That lady is none other than Aunt Polly. I've got used to living in the same house with her and I have to admit she's the best housekeeper any brother ever had.

In the Harum house we're going to keep the fires low. We're going to try to get along with 68 or 69 degrees, instead of the 75 degrees we were sort of used to. Why? Because we figured out that a difference of just a few degrees can save enough coal in the course of the winter to furnish an amount of heat or transportation or power for some part of our fighting forces to make that little sacrifice worth while.

You know, Polly found out from her reading that it takes a ton and a half of coal to make a ton of steel.

Let's say we use about ten tons of coal during the year. A five degree reduction would mean an annual saving of at least a ton of coal! That's enough coal to make $\frac{3}{4}$ tons of steel, or 1500 pounds—which is the amount of steel needed for about thirty light machine guns!

The other day I stopped in at the store on the corner to buy some staples

By DAVID HARUM

for the house. I heard a conversation I'd like to mention here. Mrs. Bigsby is a lady we've liked all these years, but we sometimes wonder if she really is aware of what's happening these awful days of war and death. Maybe on account of Mrs. B. hasn't any children she's spent a lot of time in the last couple of years complaining about rationing, and taxes, and shortages, and having to sacrifice her comfort and convenience. Or maybe she just hasn't stopped to *think*.

What Mrs. B. said that particular morning was this: "Why should we have to worry about a few little pieces of coal? After all, isn't the war almost over?"

It's not. We still have a back-breaking job ahead of us. And if Mrs. Bigsby is smart she'll *worry* about those few little pieces of coal (or gallons of oil or cords of wood). All she has to do is remember that the very same Southern Appalachian coal she uses to heat her house is the same coal that's used to manufacture vital ordnance equipment!

All of us, including Mrs. B., can profit by the example of the Hammerslys.

Listen to what they've done. They started this very summer to "winterize" their house. It's just around the corner from ours and we dropped in the other day to see them.

Well, it may seem silly but they had a broken window pane in the spare bedroom for the past four years, mostly because Junior was away at school and later at sea, so they didn't think they had to bother. But every time anybody opened the door to that bedroom it sure lowered the temperature in the hall—and a couple of times the door was left open so long that the house felt as if Jack Frost had been around blowing menthol into your ear.

When Polly started talking, the Hammerslys started acting. They put

in a new pane of glass. They put in storm windows and doors which they hadn't bothered with before. They decided it was worth the investment if they could reduce the amount of fuel they used.

I heard Polly talk to them one day—and we've had to do just what she told *them*, which is the trouble with giving advice—and she said: "Now it's not enough just to put in those storm windows and doors. You have to patch up all the cracks in the house with boards and masonry, especially around the chimney. You simply absolutely definitely must clean the soot and ashes out of the furnace, make sure all the fly-ash, dirt and rust are scraped off the heating jacket. Don't forget that $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of it will make you use over 30% more fuel!"

"That cleaning job should be done often, even as much as once a week.

"And it's mighty important," Polly went on, "to learn how to fire and operate the furnace efficiently. Remember this next winter: you have to handle the control of the draft, shake down the fire so you leave the red coals showing—don't shake them through the ashes, losing usable coal.

"More people I know say goodbye to each other for minutes and minutes with the outside door wide open. Don't do it. Say goodbye while the door is closed. It'll build another machine gun or mortar bomb."

Another thing Aunt Polly found out is this: we should store this summer whatever kind and quantity of fuel our dealers can let us have. Storage space is scarce throughout the nation so it's our patriotic duty not to wait for some preferred kind of coal—but to take what we can get—now. And not to insist on getting more than our share.

She wants you and me to keep the home fires burning, all right, but she says to keep 'em low so that our hopes for the safe and victorious return of our boys can be high!



DAVID HARUM and AUNT POLLY—Polly Harum Benson, his widowed sister—live in Homeville, where David is at present managing a munitions factory as part of his contribution to the war effort. David is a bachelor and Aunt Polly keeps his very comfortable old-fashioned home for him. David Harum subscribes to the doctrine of “helping those who need help and outwitting those who are too clever and scheming in helping themselves,” and the practice of this philosophy has made him an admired and revered friend of all who know him. David Harum is heard daily, Monday through Friday, at 11:45 A.M., EWT, over NBC. (David Harum played by Cameron Prud’homme—Aunt Polly played by Charmie Allen)

By your side



Ruth



Anne

THE telephone was ringing when I let myself into the apartment, and I answered it with bundles dripping from my arms. Then, at the sound of the voice on the other end, I was sorry I'd bothered. It was only Gordon Parish, asking for Sheila.

"Tell her I'll call her back in about an hour," he said in his soft purring voice when I'd said shortly that she wasn't home yet. "It's quite important."

"All right." I put the telephone back in its cradle without saying goodbye. As if Sheila would think of calling him back tonight—the first night of Charlie Gerard's unexpected leave! She'd called me only an hour before, at the book-store where I worked, and she was bubbling over with excitement.

"Charlie's back, Annie! Can you imagine!—he landed only this afternoon, and he'll be over to the house about seven."

I was glad she couldn't see the blood rush to my face, or the way relief made me weak so that I had to sit down suddenly. She rushed on: "Be a darling, Annie, and clean the place

up a little the minute you get home, won't you? I'll be a few minutes late—I've millions of things to do!"

I found my voice. "Of—of course I will," I said huskily. Though how I was going to keep my mind on things like sweeping and dusting, I didn't quite know. Charlie home! Safe, unharmed, alive—with the dangers of the invasion far away, at least for the time being! I felt like praying thankfully. But perhaps making the apartment neat and comfortable and welcoming for him was a kind of prayer.

Then I thought of one of his letters—not a letter to me—he'd never written to me in his life—but part of one to Sheila, which she had read aloud. "Remember the night it rained and we decided not to go out, Sheila? Instead, you made some onion soup, and we ate it in the apartment. Well, it's a funny thing, but that's what I find myself thinking of, over here, more than anything else. That soup, with the steam rising from it and little pieces of toast swimming on top—and you in one of Annie's red checked aprons, with your nose shiny. It all seems so far away, now. . . ."

"Silly!" Sheila had broken off to say. "It was really a very dull evening." I'd bitten my tongue into silence.

How could any evening spent with Charlie be dull?

Now, on my way home, I stopped and bought onions, Parmesan cheese, a piece of beef for stock. If onion soup was what Charlie wanted, onion soup was what he'd have.

There were three of us living in the apartment now—Sheila, Ruth, and me. Why did we live together, and why we were able to get along without quarreling? I often wondered myself, because we weren't alike, not in the least. About the only things we had in common were that we'd all come to the city from small towns and that we all worked for a living.

Sheila was our butterfly. With her looks, I suppose she could hardly help it. She was tall, with the kind of long-legged tallness that makes a girl walk like a queen, and she had blue-green eyes and a pointed chin and hair the color of wheat just before it's harvested. But she wouldn't have cared for that description—she'd have preferred to have me say it was the color of gold.

Ruth was tall, too, and graceful. And she should have been lovely to look at, but somehow she just missed. There was a quiet, withdrawn way about her, and her regular features were cold. Even when she smiled, it was as if part of her—the important, living part—was standing aside, watching the smile and wondering at it a little.

And I—well, the margin by which I missed being beautiful was wide enough. No one would ever bother to look at me twice. I'm so average it hurts—average size and weight, average colored eyes and hair, average mentality. And—I guess—average ability to fall in love with one of those men who wouldn't look at me twice.

He didn't know it, of course—I took care of that. Charlie Gerard was Sheila's special property, and the last thing I wanted was to embarrass him, or—worse, much worse—give him and Sheila a reason to laugh at me. I was afraid they might if they knew. They weren't unkind, but loving someone who doesn't love you



Sheila

Will the girls who have taken their rightful places in this war understand their men more deeply and make better homes for them when they come back? This is the story of three girls and a boy who found the answer

makes you sensitive about such things.

Why did I pick him to love? I don't know. He was dark, quick, vital—always wanting to be on the go, drinking too much, smoking too much, sleeping too little. Sheila was his type, and I certainly wasn't. But I worshipped him. I was happier right now, just knowing that I would see him in a few minutes, than I had been in all the months since he'd finished his Coast Guard training and shipped out overseas.

I put my purchases away and got out the carpet-sweeper. On an end table was a vase full of roses, just beginning to wilt; I threw them out. They were Sheila's, a gift from Gordon Parish. Of course, there was no reason why Sheila shouldn't go out with other men, receive their flowers, while Charlie was away. He wouldn't expect her to stay at home all the time. All the same—I didn't want him to see them. Gordon Parish was someone from New York, a theatrical producer who was in town to direct a summer season of operettas in the Park Stadium, and Sheila thought he might give her a good part in one of the plays. He probably would, too, I reflected. Sheila spent her days back of the perfume counter in Wright's department store, but her ambitions reached out to either Hollywood or New York—it didn't matter much which.

I was putting the carpet sweeper away when Ruth walked in. "Hello, Anne," she said from the tiny hallway, pulling spotless gloves off her hands. Unlike Sheila, she never called me Annie. "Haven't you worked hard enough today, that you have to come home and start cleaning the place up for Sheila and me?"

"Sheila asked me to," I explained. "Charlie Gerard's home on leave, and he's coming here tonight."

"Charlie Gerard?" Ruth said vaguely. "Oh—that Coast Guard beau of Sheila's. He's the one you said was so nice, isn't he?" Ruth had moved in with us after Charlie's departure, and had never met him. She walked across

to one of the windows and stood looking out, her profile dark against the afternoon sun. Under her breath she was humming a tune which I recognized—"Blues in the Night." Haunting, sad, the little melody seemed to fill the room.

Sudden sympathy made me go to stand beside her. "Ruth," I said, "is anything wrong—I mean, worse than usual?"

She moved her head impatiently. "No. It's just that I—I don't like myself very much, Anne. I have the kind of life I always thought I wanted—a good job, nice clothes, as much money as I need. . . . But I feel like a silly child, sitting on a bank sucking a lollypop and watching express trains roar by—and the lollypop doesn't taste nearly as good as I thought it would. I want to be—on the train. But I threw away my ticket two years ago."

"Yes," I said softly. "I know." And in a way I did, although not with the painful, personal knowledge that belonged to Ruth.

On a winter evening when Sheila was out, Ruth had told me the story of how early and disastrously the war had touched her. She had been engaged to be married. Strange, how with a few words she made me see the man she loved: "He was *strong*, Anne. Not just physically, but strong in the way he thought, in the way he believed. I—well, I was weak. I still am. If I weren't, I'd be doing something right now, for the things I believe in."

They had been dancing, the Saturday night before the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, and Howard had sung his version of "Blues in the Night" in her ear, in time with the music. "My Ruthie's a true-faced, lovable thing . . . who leads me to sing . . . love in the night."

"We laughed so much over it," Ruth said. "The way you laugh when you can't see anything ahead but happiness."

But the next afternoon he had come to see her—white-



faced, eyes blazing in anger. He'd heard the news on the radio, and he felt the fury which comes only when you see something being destroyed that you love very much. "I'm going to enlist," he said, "tomorrow!"

Ruth couldn't understand. They had bought their furniture, picked out their home, made all their plans. Those were the things that had reality for her—not the war.

"There won't be a home left for anybody," Howard told her grimly, "if we don't all get in and pitch."

"But not you!" she cried. "Let somebody else go—somebody who doesn't have his whole life before him!"

SHE used all the easy, pat arguments. He was doing an important job at home—if the services wanted him, they could draft him—and finally she said that if he enlisted she would know he didn't love her. That was when she saw disgust come into his eyes.

"I loved—what I *thought* was you," he said, and turned and left her.

"He never came back," Ruth had told me. "At first I didn't want him to. Being married—and at the same time not married—having a husband I hardly ever saw, living by myself and working, as if I were still single—all that didn't appeal to me. I made up my mind that if this was all he cared for me . . . to see me on leaves and then forget me . . . I'd rather not be married at all. I know, it sounds selfish. It was selfish."

"But can't you find out where he is?" I'd asked. "Write to him—tell him you're sorry?"

Ruth had shaken her head, slowly. "I've asked myself that. And—I can't. Words aren't enough. I'd have to do something, to prove to him that I meant the words. The trouble with doing something, taking a war job in a factory or joining one of the women's services, is—I'm still a coward, Anne. I can't face the thought of giving up my nice, safe, soft life. I hate myself for it, but there it is."

Yes, there it was, I had thought—Ruth's tragedy, and mine, and the tragedy of millions of women. I didn't particularly like my way of living in war-time, either. I felt useless and idle—passing out books over a counter, my hands clean and my body safe from danger. But—let someone else have the dirt and the danger. My mind recognized the cowardice, and scorned it—but it couldn't quite conquer it. It must be the same with Ruth.

"Oh, well," Ruth said bitterly, this evening Charlie Gerard was to return, "I'll go on, I suppose—pitying myself, enjoying my martyrdom, being spoiled and selfish and knowing it. I wish I could be like Sheila."

Sheila burst in then, like an actress making her first-act entrance: flinging the door open, depositing a big box on the couch, talking rapidly and at the top of her voice.

"Darlings, just wait till you see what I picked up at Marko's. The most beautiful— And I can't possibly afford it, but I said to myself that Charlie's

been in an invasion and he deserves something special." She ripped the lid of the box off, burrowed into tissue-paper, emerged with a dress of a red to match that on her fingernails. "Isn't it superb?" She held it up, in front of her body, so we could see.

Ruth laughed. "All because Charlie deserves the best? Sheila, *you're* superb."

With a giggle, Sheila acknowledged the truth of Ruth's remark. "Well—I needed a new evening dress anyway." She started toward the bedroom. "Annie, when Charlie gets here tell him I'll be right out, will you? I called Pat Kenyon and Jerry Dodd, and they're going to meet us at Bellerose for dinner. . . ." Her words trailed back over her shoulder as she went.

Obviously, Sheila had no intention of staying in the apartment tonight, much less making any onion soup. Well, I thought, probably she was right. Back home again, Charlie would want the same kind of good time he'd always wanted before he went away.

A minute later, the doorbell rang. I'd thought I couldn't wait for this instant, but now that it was here my legs went cold and I could scarcely force myself to cross the few feet of floor and open the door. To see him again—to hear his deep, humor-filled voice—to wish I could touch him and not dare. . . . Then sanity came to help me. He wouldn't see what I was thinking, feeling, because he wouldn't look. I was safe enough.

"I'll go and start dinner," I heard Ruth say behind me, as my hand touched the knob.

He'd expected to see Sheila. His eyes, such a startlingly clear blue in the face that had grown so much browner and leaner and harder, went blank for an instant when they fell on me. Only for an instant, of course, but that was long enough to wring my heart.

"Hello, Annie!" he said, smiling and holding out his hand. He couldn't know I didn't like to be called that; he was only following Sheila's lead. "Gosh, it's good to see you."

My fingers were more precious to me now, because he had held them. "Good to see you, too, Charlie Gerard," I answered, squeezing my voice into the mold of lightness he'd expect from me. "Come on in—Sheila'll be out in a minute. She's prettying herself up."

He was busy looking all around him, as if an ordinary city apartment were something utterly strange and delightful, which he had to inspect in detail and photograph on his mind forever. "I suppose I'm early," he said. "But I didn't want to be late and miss—and miss anything." He'd been about to say, "and miss any time I could spend with Sheila," and had thought better of it.

"I wish I could offer you a drink," I said—anything to keep the talk going normally, to fill in the time until Sheila returned. For in the sweet pain of being alone with him, I didn't know whether I wanted her to stay out of the room forever or not. "But we haven't a drop of liquor in the apartment. And anyway, you and Sheila

will be going out as soon as she's ready."

"Oh?" He came back with a little start from his inspection of the room. "We—will?"

"Yes, Sheila said you were going to meet someone at the Bellerose for dinner. And then I suppose you'll make a night of it."

"A night of it . . ." he murmured, and I heard a tinge of regret in his voice. "I wouldn't be surprised."

"Why?" I asked curiously. "You always used to like doing the town." Impossible that my instinct had been right, after all—that a man who had been through the shocks of an invasion would want something more than a dance band and bowing waiters and brittle conversation!

"Did I?" He laughed then. "That's right, I did—and I guess I will again."

Sheila came out, fully dressed, ready to the last curve of lip-rouge.



It's just that—oh, it takes a little while to get used to things back home."

Sheila swept in on us, wearing a green house-coat and crying, "Charlie—darling! Oh, I'm so glad you're back!" She didn't wait for him to hold out his arms. She threw her own around him and kissed him on the lips. "I'm sorry to keep you waiting, on your very first night, but I'll only be another two or three minutes—honestly I will."

"That's all right." He was holding her at arm's length, looking at her the way he'd looked at the room—as if he couldn't look enough, ever. A knife twisted inside me, and I wanted to turn away, but I couldn't. She was so beautiful—he didn't know, and perhaps didn't even care, that there wasn't room in her heart for loving anyone but herself.

The thought must have had some-

thing to do with my remembering, just then, Gordon Parish's message. "Sheila," I said suddenly, "I almost forgot. Mr. Parish called, and said he'd call back."

Sheila turned, and Charlie's hands dropped from her arms. "Gordon Parish?" she said sharply. "Oh . . . when was that?"

"Just before you came in. About an hour ago."

She stood a moment, poised, and then she smiled brightly. "I'll tell you, kids—why don't you both go to that little bar across the street and have a drink while I finish dressing?"

Really, it was a little too obvious, I thought. And Charlie must have thought so too, because he didn't say a word, but simply stood there with his lips set in a straight line.

"Maybe Charlie would rather just stay here, quietly," I said, and Sheila

threw me an exasperated glance.

"Oh, Annie," she protested, "he would not! Charlie hasn't got time to waste sitting around doing noth—"

Charlie interrupted her. "Annie's right, Sheila," he said. "That's what I would like to do—not only now, but all evening."

Sheila's eyes and mouth flew open simultaneously—and I imagine mine did too. But we weren't feeling the same emotion. She was shocked, bewildered, angry. And I . . . I was glad, not at her discomfort, but because here at last I was beginning to see the Charlie Gerard I had always known existed somewhere.

"But darling," Sheila said. "I promised Pat and Jerry we'd meet them—and there's a superb new band at the Bellerose, you'll love it!"

Charlie moved one hand, sharply. "I—I can't go there," he said. "I can't, and anyway, I don't want to."

"Of course you can! For heaven's sake, why not?" They'd forgotten me, both of them. I should have gone into the kitchen, with Ruth, and left them to argue the thing out alone. But I couldn't move.

The tan of Charlie's face turned to a dull red. "Because," he said, "if you've got to know—My leg—they had to operate quite a few times to take out some pieces of shrapnel. That's why."

Sheila released her breath in a little gasp. "Charlie!" she said, and her distress was quite honest. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"It's not a thing to go around shouting about," he said. "And I'm perfectly all right as long as I don't play the fool and try to dance."

"Well, you just won't have to do any dancing tonight," Sheila said relievedly. "I'll say I'm tired, and we'll stay at the table and watch the others. So don't you worry about that."

Charlie opened his mouth and closed it again, smiling onesidedly. His eyes met mine. "I guess we are going out tonight," he said, as much to me as to Sheila. "All right. Run along and finish dressing."

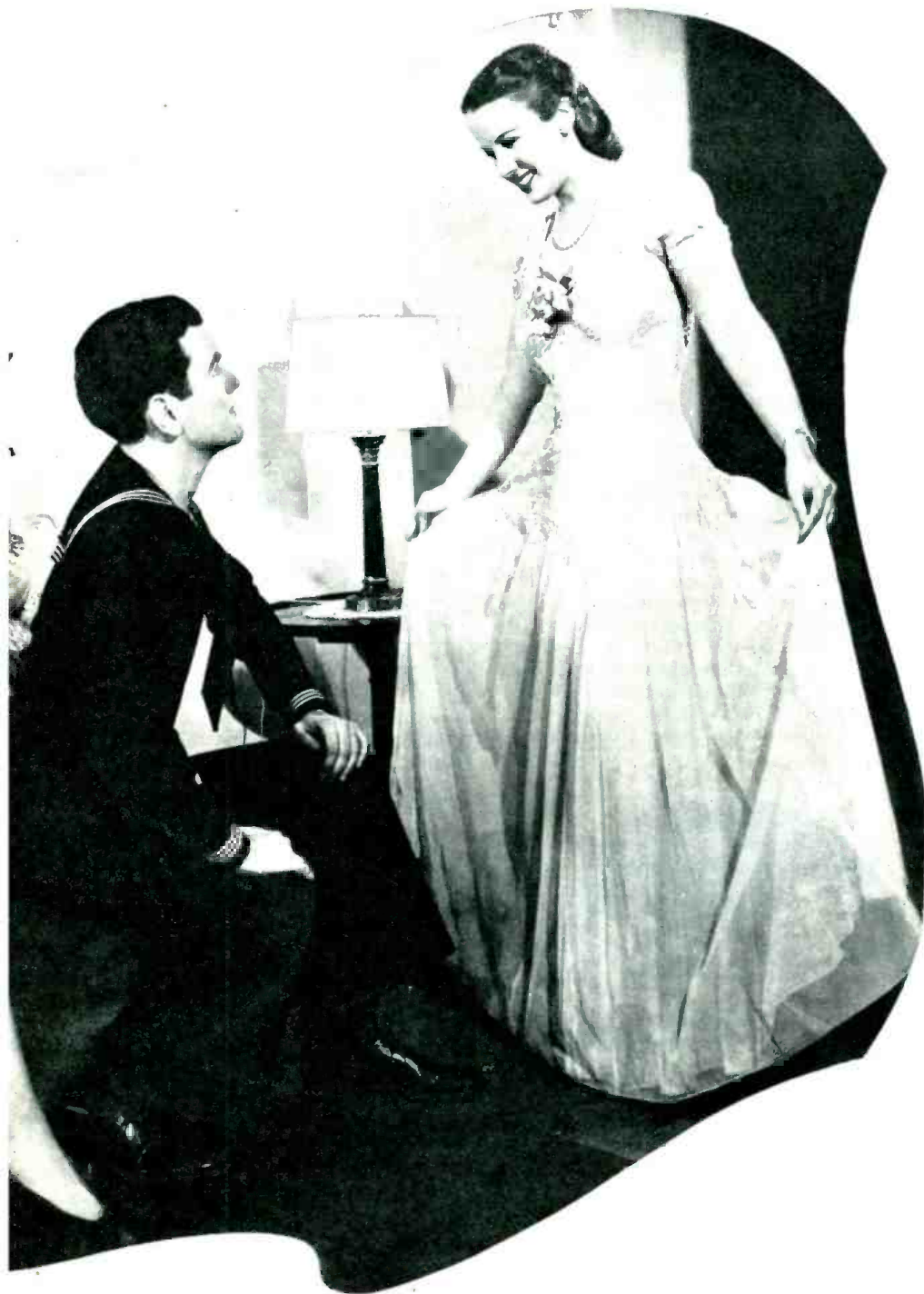
When she'd gone he sank down into the nearest chair. "Nothing's changed," he said slowly. "Everything's the same, here at home."

"But you've changed," I said breathlessly. "Is that what you mean, Charlie?"

"I guess so." He lit a cigarette, held the match between his thumb and finger until it burned out. "Over there—the noise, and the smells, and men getting killed—when you're in the middle of it all, it's the only thing that seems real. War is, I mean. And that's natural, of course. Here at home, things ought to seem just as real when I get back, only somehow they don't. People eating in a restaurant, wearing expensive clothes, going dancing . . . all that's still just a dream. Phoney, somehow."

"I know," I whispered. "I know, Charlie."

"Do you?" He looked up, with frightening directness. For an eternity I met his eyes. I seemed to swim in



their blue depths, to be engulfed in them before they clouded and he said regretfully, "No. No, Annie. You'd like to—but you can't."

He was right, of course. I knew that. I was a civilian girl and he was a fighting man, and that was the barrier between us. But at last I wanted to understand, and that was more than Sheila did.

"I'd like to hear about it," I said humbly. "Oh—I realize you don't want to talk about the grim part. But there must be some things you're proud to have seen and want to remember."

HE was still sitting, leaning forward in the chair, his cigarette sending up a spiral of gray smoke, and his gaze went through me and beyond me.

"Yes," he said, "there are. Lots of them. The way everybody—even fellows who didn't get along with each other personally—could pull together to do a job. The—comradeship, I guess you'd call it, though it's more than that. It meant something. I didn't know men could be like that, you see. Grousing and complaining, maybe, but doing their best—not for themselves, but for their ship. . . ."

He broke off, thinking, and I waited. After a minute he went on.

"And my commanding officer—I'll want to talk about him and think about him for the rest of my life. He was a grand guy—the grandest guy I ever knew. He's dead now—killed while we were landing some troops. I was with him when he died, and I wish—I wish I could find the girl he was thinking about then." He pressed the palm of his hand against his forehead, digging his fingers into the thickness of the dark hair above. "I'd like to tell her—it was a good, clean wound, he wasn't in any pain, and he only said, 'I wish I could have seen her once more.' He didn't tell me her name—just that she was his girl, and had always been his girl. He wasn't married, I know that. And then, right before he died, he started to sing—though he wasn't delirious, I'd swear to that. He was singing that song—you remember it—called 'Blues in the Night,' only with different words."

"Oh, no!" I cried out frenziedly. With a tiny part of my mind, while he was talking, I'd heard Ruth open the kitchen door—knew she was standing behind me, listening. Until Charlie's last words, it hadn't mattered that she was there. Now it mattered terribly.

I spun around and saw her, framed in the doorway, her shoulders hunched slightly, her head thrown back, her eyes closed. While I watched, she opened them. "His name," she said softly. "It was—Howard Marsh—wasn't it?"

"Yes." Charlie told her, and she nodded, like someone in a trance. Then grief stabbed her, and she stepped back, clutching the door and closing it against us.

Charlie released his long-held breath in a painful gust. "Good Lord!" he said. "She's—she's the girl! If I'd had any idea—I wouldn't have had this happen—not like this—for anything!"

"You mustn't blame yourself." I felt weak, as if I'd just finished running a long distance. "You couldn't know. And—and maybe this was the best way for her to find out. The only way. . . ."

"I suppose so," he agreed after a minute. "I didn't know her name. It had to be by accident or not at all, didn't it? And at least she knows he died—thinking of her."

All at once, in the silence that followed, I realized that he was aware of me in a way he'd never been before. There was a new expression on his face—an awakening expression that had in it some wonder and some of the excitement I'd seen when he looked at Sheila. It was an expression that might vanish at a word, a gesture, or that might grow until it had more meaning than anything else in life. And I knew why it was there. I was still a civilian girl and he was still a fighting man, but there was one war experience we had just shared. Telling people how their loved ones had died—that, too, was part of war. I was bound to him—not closely, really by no more than a gossamer thread—because together we had watched Ruth learn of Howard Marsh's death.

If I could only share more with him—if I could learn to talk his language, be part of that alien life he led! Surely there was a way, if I could find it. . . .

He stood up impatiently. "I can't go roaring around town with Sheila," he muttered, and swung across to the bedroom door, calling, "Sheila!"

"Almost ready, darling," she answered from inside.

"Don't hurry. I'm going along now. I'll see you some other time."

She came out at that, fully dressed, ready to the very last curve of lip-rouge. Of course, I thought—she'd been waiting, stalling, hoping Gordon Parish would call.

"Some other time? But darling—we had a date. Or had you forgotten?" The trouble with people like Sheila was that they absolutely refused to learn. You waved a fact in front of their eyes, and they chose to ignore it.

"No—I haven't forgotten," Charlie said. "But I don't think either of us would have a very good time, so let's

call it off. No hard feelings. Sheila. We simply don't think alike any more, you and I—"

"Oh, but we do!" Still she wouldn't see. Exultantly, I thought, she was determined not to see.

"No, we don't," Charlie said quietly. "We don't care about the same things. It's nobody's fault—just something that happens in a war."

"Charlie!" Sheila drew herself up angrily, her eyes flashing. "You're being perfectly ridiculous. Just because I've kept you waiting a few minutes—You don't have to be all military and punctual now, you know!"

I nearly laughed. Everything was clear now. I knew exactly what to do, and how to do it.

"Sheila," I said, "I'd like to ask you one question. Do you still want to wait around for that important phone call from Gordon Parish?"

"Why, I—" She moved her shoulders uncomfortably. "I almost have to. But really, this is all so silly! If you're jealous of Mr. Parish, Charlie—" she threw a vindictive glance at me—"I'll tell you right now he's only a—"

"I'm not jealous of him," Charlie interrupted carelessly. "I'm not even interested in him."

Neither was I—now. "Then—Charlie!" I said. "I know a place where they serve onion soup—not as good as you could make at home, maybe, but pretty good just the same. It has little tables with red checked tablecloths, and there isn't any music, not even a phonograph or radio, and you can't dance there even if you want to, but—"

Charlie laughed, his eyes suddenly shining. "Annie—that's the only place in this town I want to go!"

"Then we're going there!" I ran to get my hat, paying no attention to Sheila's furious "Annie! Charlie! You can't do this to me!" But at the closet I halted, remembering.

"Oh! I can't run off and leave Ruth. Not—not tonight."

I came back, the pleasure and excitement all gone now. Ruth. . . . I didn't know how I could help her by staying, but it would be too cruel to desert her, leave her with no one around but Sheila. "I—I'll go in and see how she's feeling," I said to Charlie's sober face.

"What's the matter with Ruth?" Sheila demanded irritably. "Say—what's got into everybody around here tonight?"

"You tell her, Charlie," I said, and went into the kitchen.

Ruth was sitting at the little table. She hadn't been crying—just sitting there, with her hands in her lap. When I spoke to her, she came back from some far-off place she'd been—a dance floor, maybe, where a boy was humming "Blues in the Night" in her ears; or perhaps it was the deck of an invasion ship where that same boy was dying.

"Hello, Anne," she said. "Yes—I'm all right, thank you."

"Charlie and I were going out to have dinner," I said. Because, now that I'd seen her, I knew she would hardly know the difference whether I stayed in the (Continued on page 59)



Inspired by a U. S. Coast Guard Spar radio play, entitled "Three to Make Ready," by John Haggart.

AND THEN

She grew up —

At sixteen, when her brother Guy made her soloist with the Royal Canadians, she didn't want anything more. That was before she met Hank Becker

By **Rose Marie Lombardo**

I CERTAINLY didn't expect to be married before I was eighteen.

I grew up wanting to have a musical career like my brothers—I guess you could say I was born with a microphone in my hand.

When, on my sixteenth birthday, Guy made me soloist with the Royal Canadians all my girlhood dreams came true. I didn't want anything more.

Yet, the third time I saw "Hank" Becker it stopped mattering whether I had a career or not. If I could sing—and be married to Hank too—that would be wonderful. But if it came to a choice—then, goodbye, career.

My brothers—Guy and Carmen, Liebert and Victor and Joe—thought when I began to be starry-eyed about "that Lieutenant the kid met in New Bedford, Mass.," that it was just another teen-age crush. Mother and Dad still thought of me as their baby, just a little girl. They listened leniently while I begged them for their consent to marry Hank when he was on leave in New York. But they didn't think I was serious.

Elaine, my sister, knew it was the real thing. Only Elaine knew how much I meant it. Only she guessed—when I packed my cotton dresses and bathing suits for a visit with Carmen and his wife at their house in Atlantic Beach—that I wasn't going to the beach at all, but to New Orleans, and Hank. But she didn't give me away. I'll always be grateful to her for knowing my secret, and keeping it.

Now that we're old married folks—we celebrated our first anniversary on July 21—Hank is as much a member of the Lombardo family as I am. We've been forgiven for eloping and being

married by a Justice of the Peace instead of having a big church wedding and all the trimmings. I'm Mrs. Henry Becker and the singer with Guy Lombardo's band. And everybody's happy.

It was meant to happen. Why else would Lt. Henry J. Becker, instructor in the amphibious command, have come to New Bedford, Mass., with a combat team on just the one night that the Lombardo band was making an appearance there? Why else would Lt. Becker, and the crew, have had reservations at the same hotel as we did? Why else would Henry who certainly was too mature and sophisticated to like roller coasters (he was thirty!) have offered to take "the kid"—I was sixteen and had never been on a roller coaster in my life—for a ride during intermission?

And if all that isn't coincidence enough, where but on a roller coaster could a girl properly put her arms tight around a strange young man's neck on the first night she met him?

I suppose Henry was as charming and handsome on that first night in New Bedford as he is now. But I am



"Now I am Mrs. Henry Becker—but I still sing with Guy Lombardo's orchestra on his Musical Autographs' show, Saturday on the Blue."

ashamed to say I didn't even notice. (The quick embrace on the roller coaster was from fear, not sentiment.) I was terribly in love, I thought, with a navy ensign I had met in New York, and being strictly faithful to him. I went for a ride on the 'chutes with Henry because I wanted to see what it was like—not because Henry was being thoughtful and pleasant, and had a nice smile.

That first night of the twelve nights in all we were to see one another before we were standing, shaking before the Justice of the Peace in New Orleans, was wasted as far as I was concerned. Henry was just one more attractive young serviceman who came to hear the band.

But when he drove me home, he said he wanted to see me again.

"But we're leaving tomorrow," I said. And I didn't really care.

"So are we," said Henry, "but not until the afternoon. Could you have breakfast with me, at ten, in the coffee shop?"

"Ten o'clock?" I gasped, and suddenly I was the sophisticate. "I never get up before noon." It was nearly three, then.

Henry didn't answer for a moment, and when he did, there was a new note in his voice (Continued on page 56)

VILIA

Lyrics by
AL LEWIS

The Song Hit from "The Merry Widow"

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Moderato

Vil - ia, my Vil - ia, I dream of the past,

p

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are "Vil - ia, my Vil - ia, I dream of the past,". The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

You were my first love and you'll be the last

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "You were my first love and you'll be the last". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a steady bass line.

Though we're a - part, in my heart still you dwell,

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Though we're a - part, in my heart still you dwell,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a steady bass line.

Weav - ing the same ten - der spell.

This system contains the fourth and final line of the song. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "Weav - ing the same ten - der spell.". The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

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An old tune becomes new again when Guy Lombardo plays it as his theme song on the Musical Autographs program, heard Saturdays at 10:00 P.M., over the Blue

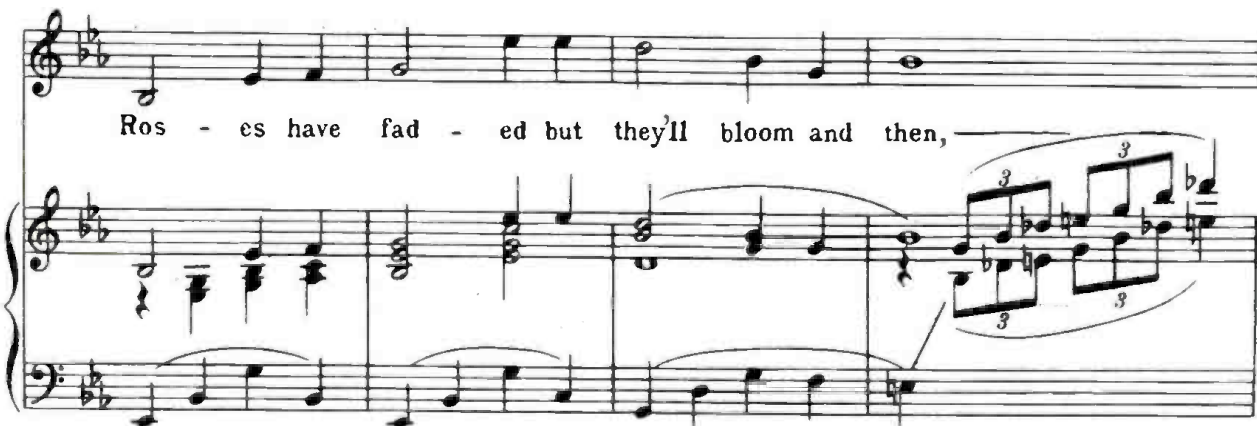
Vil - ia, sweet Vil - ia, my life was com - plete,



Close to your heart in our syl - van re - treat;



Ros - es have fad - ed but they'll bloom and then,



I'll find my Vil - ia a - gain.



RADIO MIRROR'S
HIT OF THE MONTH

Have faith in me

THE STORY:

ALL of our lives, my brother John and I had been very close. It seemed only natural and right that when John brought Larry, his best friend, to meet me that Larry and I should fall in love. Larry and John went to England as pilots and I stayed behind to go to business school. Our plan was that as soon as I finished my course I was to get a job as a secretary in England and go there to marry Larry. But our plans did not work out. John was killed on a mission over Berlin and it seemed to me from Larry's letters that he was becoming more than interested in Enid, the British girl to whom John had been engaged. At last I wrote to Larry that I wanted to come and join him at once. His answer to that was a cable telling me to cancel all plans. I felt then that Larry no longer wanted me and in my misery I turned to Jay Ransom, a young man who had come to the business school several times, asking me to leave and take a position in Boston as his secretary. I decided then that this was what would be best for me to do and I went to Boston. Shortly after I arrived, I got a letter from Enid, returning to me John's class ring which he had given her and saying a number of things about Larry which convinced me that they were in love. Brokenhearted, I turned to Jay for comfort and when he asked me to marry him, I said yes, in spite of the fact that I had begun to have some doubts about Jay's business. I had reason to believe that he was involved in a plan to divert the commercial alcohol made by his father's plant from the war effort to illegal channels. Nevertheless, I had nothing personal against Jay who had convinced me that he loved and needed me—that was what I wanted most in the world, to be needed, to be loved. We were married. That very afternoon, back in the office, to which Jay and I had gone before going on our honeymoon, I heard a voice speak from the doorway. I was in Jay's arms—I couldn't see the speaker.

LINDA!" It was Larry's voice, but changed, so that it was hardly a voice at all—just a strange, harsh sound. And when I had released myself from Jay's arms and looked at him, I knew before I saw him that his face would be like his voice—unmistakably Larry's, but terribly different from the way it was when he had kissed me goodbye before he went away. His eyes—so clear and blue and

merry always before—were dark, now, like stone, as if they could never light up again. I couldn't move. I just stood there staring. Larry's lips twisted with pain, parted a little, and I heard the words, spoken under his breath, almost a whisper but cutting into my numbed mind more violently than if he had shouted them: "Linda, didn't you guess—didn't you know that I'd be coming back to you—"

No. I hadn't known. I hadn't believed in him. I hadn't kept faith. But even in that moment I fought the accusation. I wanted to cry out against the reproach in his eyes. A hundred wild defensive thoughts surged through me. *You didn't tell me! How could I know? How could I keep on believing?*

My voice wouldn't come. My throat was paralyzed; I couldn't make a sound.

But Jay could speak. He smiled politely at Larry—and the politeness seemed a mockery in that moment. He said, "Linda doesn't seem to be able to introduce us. I'm Jay Ransom, and—Linda is my wife."

"Wife . . ." I could see Larry's lips form the words mutely, his face white and stricken.

"Yes," said Jay. "I—I'm sorry if it comes as a shock to you. Linda has been very lonely and unhappy—I was able to give her the support and protection she needs . . . and deserves."

Larry's eyes had turned to me as Jay spoke. In them I could read the question: *Support and protection, Linda? Didn't your love support you? Didn't your faith in me protect you?*

But Jay's voice was going on. "You mustn't blame Linda—or me—or yourself. It's nobody's fault. These things happen. Time changes all of us, and—"

"I can see that Linda has changed." Larry's voice had come back suddenly, and it was deep with fury. His pallor was gone; his face was flushed with anger, and his eyes flashed. "I don't need you to tell me that she has changed into a girl I don't even recognize. A girl without faith or decency, without anything I thought I was dreaming and remembering in the girl I was coming home to



*Then, in just a minute,
I heard Larry's voice.
"Can I come up, Linda?"
he said. "I'm downstairs."*

Linda's love and hopes were gone with the heartbreaking sound of Larry's receding footsteps down the corridor. She must believe in her husband now—he was all she had

find. But I guess the girl never existed outside my own imagination." He was answering Jay, but it was to me that those bitter savage words were spoken. And he turned away toward the door again.

"Larry!" The short, dear name was torn from my throat as I flung myself away from Jay to follow him. But Jay's hand on my arm stayed me.

"Linda—Linda, listen to me," he cried, and once again he was the Jay who had appealed to my heart, the lonely, frightened Jay who needed me so much. "Linda, I can't keep you if you want to go. I could, but I wouldn't. I could tell you that you are my wife, and you must stay with me—but I wouldn't do that. But listen to me. You *are* my wife—and I need you and want you so! I need your help. I need you, no matter what happens. Linda—stay with me!"

I couldn't answer. But Larry, from the doorway, answered for me. "She'll stay with you, Ransom. She is your wife." And he was gone, and all I had left of Larry, all I had left of my dreams and my hopes and the love that once had made my heart sing, was the receding sound of his footsteps in the corridor. There was a dreadful finality in their echoing.

I stood very still. I felt as if I were dead, as if I would never feel anything again.

In the silence, Jay drew me to him, and in my misery I turned to the shelter of his arms.

"Linda, I know how you must feel. But believe me, what must be done is best done quickly."

And then I was weeping, wildly, agonizingly, against his shoulder. "Oh, Jay—Jay! How could I—how can we—" But my words were as incoherent, as fumbling and meaningless as my thoughts. I was without sense or reason in my pain.

"Don't cry, sweet," Jay tried to comfort me, kissing my wet cheeks, stroking back my hair from my temples. "You don't believe it now—but try to. Try to believe that we'll be happy, you and I. Try to believe that all this was meant to be, that you were meant for me, and not for Larry, or you would never have met me—I would never have come into your life. Try to believe that we'll be happy."

He held me close against his strong body, murmuring gently, soothingly. And I had to believe him. I had to believe what he said to me because that was all there was left in my world to

believe. Without him I would have been utterly lost. I couldn't have borne the pain and the shame. I had to believe Jay, for he was my husband—he was everything I had!

"Trust me, darling," he said. "Trust me to make you so happy that you'll forget that anyone else ever lived."

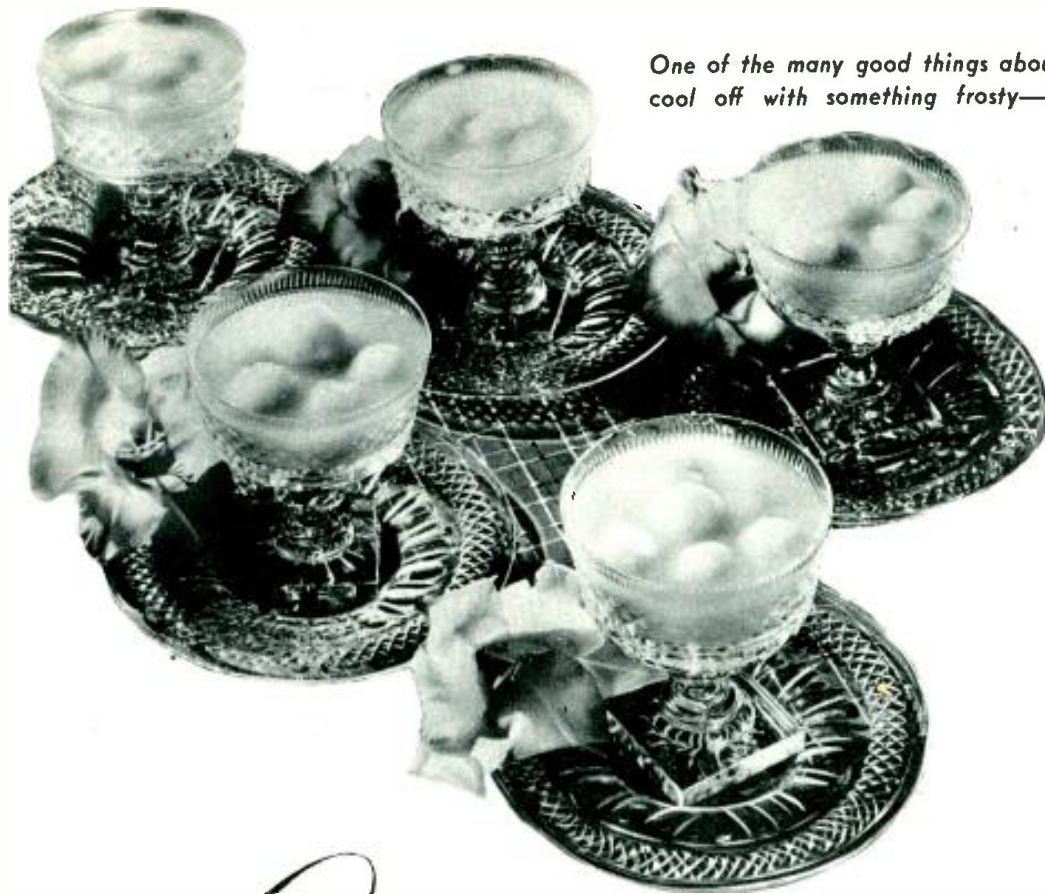
That was his promise. And I depended on it. Fiercely I held to it, put all my hopes into these next days—hours—ahead, which would make me his wife, a part of his life, in reality.

I suppose every bride goes through some kind of queer reaction on her honeymoon. I had read about it, how natural and inevitable it was after the flurry and strain and fatigue of everything that goes with weddings. And certainly those were mild words to describe the day of our marriage. What I had been through was more than enough, I told myself, to explain the strange sensations of emptiness and panic that would come upon me suddenly during (Continued on page 60)



I simply didn't believe it. • All I could manage was to say a weak "Yes!" and hang up the receiver.

One of the many good things about summertime is that you can always cool off with something frosty—like this melon ball island dessert.



Sweet and Lovely

SUMMERTIME is easy dessert time for with a plentiful supply of fresh fruits available it is simple to plan a dessert which can be prepared while the rest of the dinner is cooking or one which can be made in advance and chilled in the refrigerator until serving time. Fresh fruits, alone or several varieties in combination, are delicious of course served with sugar, cream, sour cream or custard sauce, or with a few drops of lime or lemon juice. But even pies can be made the quick and easy way if you will remember to make two or three times the usual quantity of pastry and keep it in the refrigerator until it is needed. As a matter of fact, this procedure results in the best pies of all, for pastry should be thoroughly chilled before being rolled out. And there are the ever-popular chilled desserts—this month's collection of recipes is only a small part of an almost endless list of refreshing, mousses, molds, whips and frappes which utilize fruits and fruit juices and are guaranteed to cool you off in the most torrid weather.

Melon Ball Islands

1 cup cantaloupe or honey-dew melon
1 can grapefruit juice

1 generous sprig mint
Chill the melon and the grapefruit in advance. Crush mint, pour grapefruit juice over it and let stand while you cut the melon into ½ inch balls. Pile melon balls into sherbert glasses, pour mint-flavored grapefruit juice around them and serve immediately.

Fruit Compote Mold

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1 pint hot water
1 cup cantaloupe or honey-dew melon balls
1 cup strawberries
1 cup grapefruit sections, free from membranes

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Turn into ring mold and chill until firm. Unmold and fill center with fruit combination. Serve with cream or custard sauce (can also be served as a salad if mayonnaise is used instead of cream). Other fruit combinations are equally delicious so make your own blend of watermelon balls, oranges, tangerines, blackberries, raspberries, cherries, grapes and blueberries.

Raspberry Whip

1 package raspberry-flavored gelatin
1 cup hot water
1 cup raspberry juice
Pinch of salt
½ cup sugar
1 cup crushed raspberries

Dissolve gelatin in hot water and add raspberry juice and salt. Chill, when

slightly thickened, place in bowl of cracked ice or ice water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Add sugar to crushed raspberries and fold into whipped gelatin. Turn into mold and chill until firm. Makes 10 servings. Substitute strawberry-flavored gelatin to make strawberry whip.

Ginger Ale Grapefruit Mold

1 cup canned grapefruit juice
1 package lime-flavored gelatin
1 cup ginger ale
½ cup seeded cherries
½ cup diced peaches
¼ cup chopped nut meats

Heat grapefruit juice, add gelatin and allow to dissolve. When cool, add ginger ale and continue chilling until slightly thickened. Fold in fruit and nut meats. Turn into mold and chill until firm. Incidentally, when using fruits in molds, it is a good thing to remember that canned and cooked fruit usually sinks in the liquid while raw fruit is likely to float to the top.

Blackberry Ice Cream Float

1 cup sugar
½ cup water
1 cup blackberry juice
1 cup pineapple juice
½ cup cold tea
Juice of 1 orange
Juice of 1 lemon
1 pt. ginger ale
1 qt. ice cream

Make a syrup of the water and sugar by boiling together for 5 minutes. Chill and add fruit juices and tea. Place servings of ice cream in sherbert glasses. Combine fruit juice mixture and ginger ale, pour over ice cream and serve immediately.

Custard Sauce for Fruit Desserts

2 egg yolks
3 tbs. sugar
1 cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla
Beat egg yolks slightly, add sugar and then pour in milk gradually, stirring vigorously. Cook in double boiler until mixture will coat a spoon, stirring constantly. Cool, and add vanilla. Makes ¼ cup sauce. For peach and cherry desserts use almond extract in place of vanilla, or half almond and half vanilla.

Banana-Blueberry Pudding

1 package vanilla pudding
½ cup blueberries
½ cup diced bananas
Prepare pudding as directed on package. Cool, then stir in blueberries and bananas. Chill until serving time. Makes 5 to 6 servings.



BY
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR

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

Continued from page 47

		Eastern War Time	
PACIFIC WARTIME	CENTRAL WARTIME		
		8:00	CBS: News of the World
		8:00	Blue: News
		8:00	NBC: News
		8:15	CBS: Music of Today
		8:15	NBC: Ralph Dumke
		8:30	CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	Blue: United Nations, News, Review
		8:45	CBS: Margaret Brien
		8:45	NBC: News
		9:00	CBS: Press News
		9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
		9:00	NBC: First Piano Quartet
		9:15	CBS: The Garden Gate
		9:45	CBS: David Shoop Orchestra
		10:00	CBS: Youth on Parade
		10:00	Blue: Fanny Hurst Presents
		10:00	NBC: Mirth and Madness
		10:30	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30	Blue: Ozark Ramblers
		10:45	NBC: Bob Becker's Pot Parade
		11:00	Blue: On Stage, Everybody
		11:05	CBS: Let's Pretend
		11:30	CBS: Fashion in Ratons
		11:30	NBC: Melody Roundup
		11:30	Blue: The Land of the Lost
		12:00	CBS: Theater of Today
		12:00	Blue: Blue Playhouse
		12:00	NBC: News
		12:15	NBC: Consumer Time
		12:30	CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
		12:30	Blue: Farm Bureau
		12:30	NBC: Atlantic Spotlight
		1:00	CBS: Grand Central Station
		1:00	Blue: Report from London
		1:00	NBC: Here's to Youth
		1:15	Blue: Trans-Atlantic Quiz Between London and New York
		1:30	Blue: Swing Shift Frolics
		1:30	NBC: Indiana Indigo
		1:30	CBS: Country Journal
		1:45	CBS: Report from Washington
		1:45	NBC: War Telescope
		2:00	Blue: Women in Blue
		2:00	CBS: Of Men and Books
		2:00	NBC: Musicana
		2:30	NBC: Grantland Rice
		2:30	CBS: Calling Pan America
		2:30	Blue: Sex You
		3:00	CBS: Victory F.O.B.
		3:00	NBC: Minstrel Melodies
		3:30	CBS: Visiting Hour
		3:30	NBC: Music on Display
		3:30	Blue: Eddie Condon's Jazz Concert
		4:00	Blue: Horace Heidt
		4:00	NBC: Rupert Hughes
		4:00	CBS: The Colonel
		4:15	CBS: Races
		4:30	CBS: Races—Ted Husing
		4:45	CBS: Report from London
		5:00	CBS: Casey Phogographer
		5:00	NBC: Your America
		5:00	Blue: Concert Orchestra
		5:30	NBC: Story Behind the Headlines
		5:30	CBS: Mother and Dad
		5:45	NBC: Curt Massey, Vagabonds
		5:45	Blue: Hello, Sweetheart
		6:00	Blue: Service Serenade
		6:00	NBC: I Sustain the Wings
		6:00	CBS: Quincey Howe
		6:15	CBS: People's Platform
		6:15	Blue: Storyland Theater
		6:30	Blue: Harry Wismer, Sports
		6:45	Blue: Leon Henderson
		6:45	CBS: The World Today
		6:45	NBC: Art of Living
		6:55	CBS: Bob Trout
		7:00	NBC: American Story
		7:15	Blue: Leland Stowe
		7:30	Blue: Mrs. Miniver
		7:30	Blue: RCA Program
		8:00	Blue: Early American Dance Music
		8:00	NBC: Abie's Irish Rose
		8:00	CBS: Blue Ribbon Town
		8:30	Blue: Boston Poppy Orchestra
		8:30	CBS: Inner Sanctum Mystery
		8:30	MBS: Cisco Kid
		8:55	CBS: Ned Calmer, News
		9:00	CBS: Your Hit Parade
		9:00	NBC: National Barn Dance
		9:30	NBC: Can You Top This
		9:30	Blue: Spotlight Bands
		9:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
		9:55	Blue: Coronet Quiz
		10:00	Blue: Guy Lombardo
		10:00	NBC: Palmolive Party
		10:15	CBS: Correction Please
		10:30	Blue: Army Service Forces Present
		10:30	NBC: Grand Ole Opry
		10:45	CBS: Talks
		11:00	CBS: Ned Calmer, News
		11:30	Blue: Hoosier Hop

"You're awfully young, aren't you, to be traveling around with a band?" I laughed. The band was my brothers—four of them anyway. And the other boys had been like brothers to me since I was twelve, and made my first appearance as guest soloist on their radio program.

I told Hank about that. I had been singing in music festivals at the country school I attended in London, Ontario, and had won two medals. When I came down to Cleveland to visit my brothers during summer vacation, they prodded me to sing for them the song I had sung in the contest.

I sang it then, "Little Lady Make Believe." Guy was amazed. "Honey, that's wonderful," he had said. "You practice up on that, and learn it perfectly, and I'll put you on the show." And he did, at the next broadcast.

YOU never had a chance to be a little girl, did you?" said Hank, and I felt he resented it.

But I didn't resent it. "I didn't ever want to be a little girl," I replied indignantly. "I wanted to be a—musician—like my brothers."

And why shouldn't I? I couldn't remember when the Canadians, and their broadcasts, hadn't been the most important thing in my life. I was a kid, going to a country school, in a small town in Canada, but once a week, when the band went on the air I was part of something much more glamorous and exciting. No wonder I ached to grow up fast, so that I could make a career for myself in the entertainment world.

I was named by the band. When Dad telephoned Guy in Cleveland after I was born, he told him Mother wanted the boys to select my name. "Listen to the broadcast," Guy told him.

What Mother and Dad—and I suppose I, in my bassinet—heard when they tuned in, were selections from the operetta "Rose Marie." Every November 22 since then, or the broadcast day closest to my birth date, they have played the same medley. I was part of the band. It was better than being a little girl.

I tried to explain to Hank how I felt about it, driving home that night in New Bedford.

"I like you—whatever you are," he said. And he pressed me again to get up early next day, and have breakfast with him.

"I'll try to wake up," I promised. But I didn't expect to.

He left me at the elevators, and I went on to my room. When I turned the key in the lock, I heard the phone ringing. It was Hank, calling from the lobby.

"Please make it," he said again. "If I'm not too sleepy," I said, and this time I meant it. I was flattered by his eagerness. The picture in my mind of my handsome ensign was dulled, just a little.

But I didn't wake up—until I was summoned by the telephone, jangling persistently in my ear. The bedside clock said 10:15. I had missed my breakfast date!

Hank, on the phone, didn't scold me. "Hurry up, there's a war going on," was all he said.

I showered and dressed and joined him as quickly as I could, but there was just time for a cup of coffee. Hank was leaving with his combat team for amphibious maneuvers.

"May I write you?" he asked me. I gave him my Greenwich, Connecticut, address.

I was terribly surprised when we reached Cincinnati three days later in our tour, to find a letter from him, forwarded from home by my sister. The letters came regularly after that. They were wonderful letters; I began to look forward to them.

I met Hank in New Bedford in September, 1942. I didn't see him again until late October, soon after the band had opened for the winter season at the Roosevelt Grille, in New York. It was just another night of work. I was sitting on the bandstand, waiting to go on, when Billy Leech, the other soloist, nudged me.

"There's your boy-friend from New Bedford," he said.

And there was Hank, leaning over the piano and smiling down at me. I was startled by the excitement which leaped up in my heart. Those letters had done more to me than I thought.

"Come down from there, and dance with me," Hank commanded. I asked Guy if I could.

"Go ahead," he said, re-shuffling the program to fill in for my next number.

Henry is a divine dancer, full of instinctive rhythm. He didn't talk. I floated in his arms. He stayed in the Grille until we closed, and then saw me to my hotel. And then he was gone again.

And this time, there were no letters. I was worried. Hank hadn't said he was headed overseas, but if he didn't write, he must have been . . . and I didn't want anything to happen to him, now that I . . .

"Now that I what?" I asked myself.

Well, now that I liked him so much. November went by, and December. Still no letters. I was afraid for Hank. Then, one night early in January—I remember it well, because it was the night before we opened a two-weeks engagement at the Roxy Theater—the phone rang at nine o'clock, and it was Hank.

WHERE have you been?" I asked him.

"Oh, around. Casablanca, Oran, Algiers," he said.

My hunch had been right. Henry hadn't been an amphibious expert for nothing. He had been in North Africa. I was sick with relief, knowing he was safely home.

"Go out with me tonight," he urged me. "Let's go everywhere. I feel like doing the town—if you'll do it with me."

Before he called, I had been ready for bed. We had an eight-thirty rehearsal at the Roxy in the morning, and for habitual noon-sleepers, eight-thirty is dawn. Elaine thought I'd better not go. I knew she was right. But I told Hank to come right over.

We went everywhere, as he'd promised—the Stork Club, El Morocco, 21. At four o'clock he dropped me at my hotel. And when I fell exhausted into my bed I didn't want to sleep. I wanted to stay awake and think about

(Continued on page 58)

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

"Such a darling"—"and what a glorious complexion," you think when you see Suzanne Sherwood.

She's another engaged girl with that soft-smooth Pond's look.

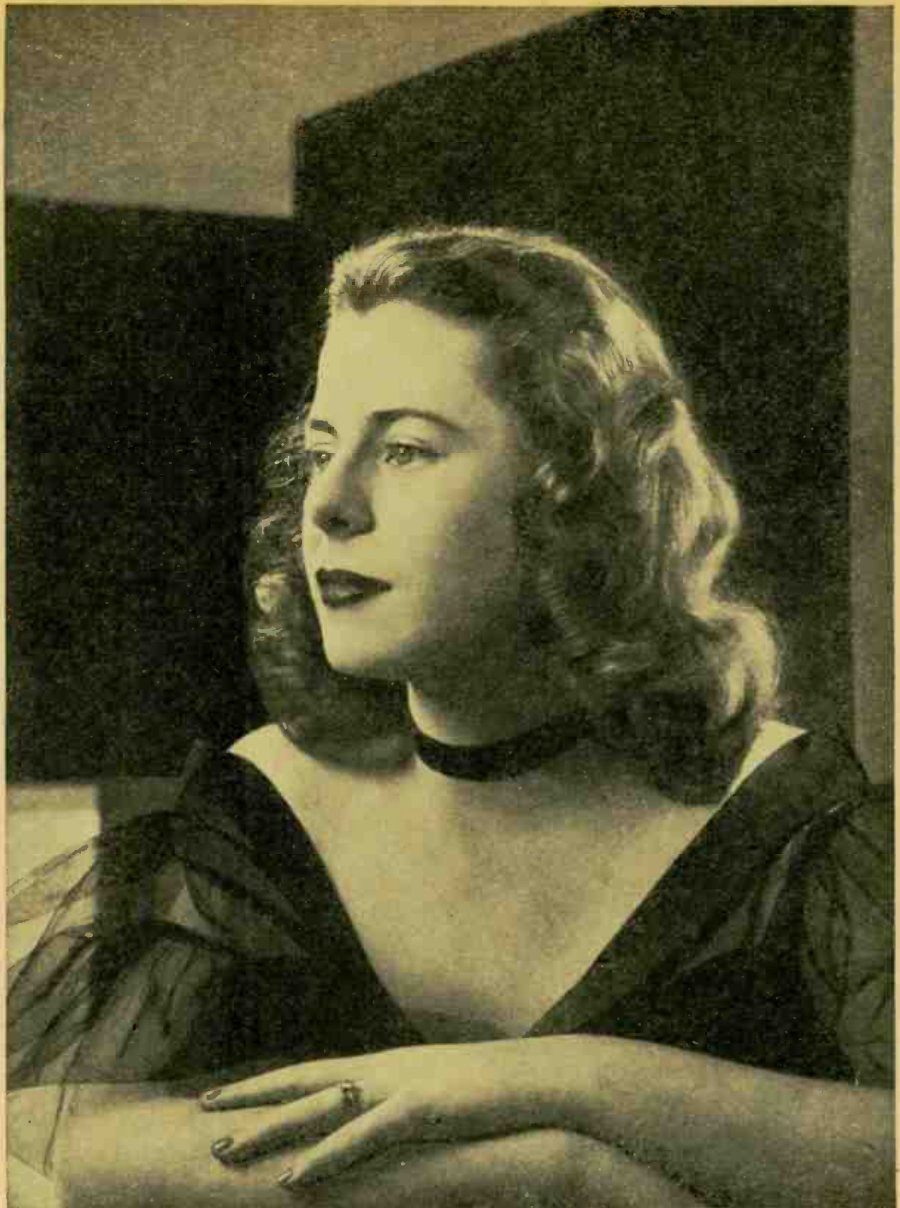
"Pond's Cold Cream is the only cream in the world for me," she says. "I love everything about it—its softness, its whiteness, and the grand way it cleans my face and makes my skin so smoothed and refreshed."

THIS IS SUZANNE'S BEAUTY CARE

She smooths snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat, and pats briskly to soften and take off dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with more Pond's, working her cream-coated fingers round in little whirls to extra-cleanse and soften every bit of her lovely face. Tissues off again.

It's no accident engaged girls like Suzanne, society beauties like Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney and Britain's Lady Morris love Pond's Cold Cream. Ask for your big jar today. Use it night and morning, for daytime clean-ups, too!



This is Suzanne • Eyes, shining grey • Hair, chestnut • Skin, smooth as ivory

Suzanne Sherwood, engaged to Richard Roosevelt Colburn, Air Force Officer



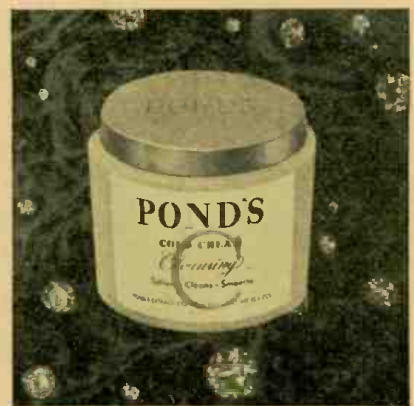
Suzanne's Ring—a handsome square-cut diamond set in platinum. Her romance started with a "chance" Suzanne sold Dick at the Officers' Club in Buffalo.

In training as photographer's assistant, doing special work in industrial photography, Suzanne spends exciting days on location at some of the biggest war plants in the country. Like so many Pond's engaged girls, she is learning a job that plays a real part in America's war program.

All kinds of jobs need women workers—in plants, stores, offices, transportation. Check help wanted ads in your local paper. Consult local U.S. Employment Service about how you can help.



She adjusts camera for engine-room shot



Ask for the **Luxury-Size Jar** of Pond's—help save glass. You'll love the way the fingers of both your hands can dip into this wide-topped Pond's jar.

TODAY MORE WOMEN USE POND'S THAN ANY OTHER FACE CREAM AT ANY PRICE



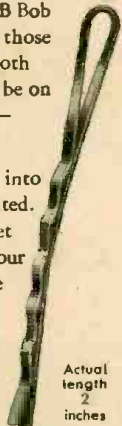
Want a new thrill? Get HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. Notice that satiny surface... those safely rounded ends. Enjoy a smooth hair-do with HOLD-BOBS. Then be on your merry way and don't worry—HOLD-BOBS are really solid!

That hidden power is built right into the HOLD-BOB design. It's patented. It's exclusive. So make sure you get genuine HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. Your dealer sold out? Keep asking. He will have some more very soon.

FLEXIBLE—FIRM

Tapered from tips to tiny but powerful round-wire head... with 5 crimps, HOLD-BOB Bob Pins are easy to manage, hard to lose—and give you lasting service.

Pay no more than 10¢ per card.



HOLD-BOB Bob Pins

Are Better Bob Pins

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO. CHICAGO 16

Continued from page 56

how delicious it is to be in love.

Hank had five days leave. Five wonderful, fun-filled days. When I was working, he was close-by in the wings at the Roxy. Between shows, we'd slip off together to a dark little restaurant near by and hold hands, and talk. It was at that dark little restaurant—just around the corner from the Roxy—that he proposed to me. I didn't think about any of the deterring things—that I was just 17, the baby of the family, sure to stir up a rumpus if I even suggested getting married, that Hank was in uniform, in one of the most dangerous occupations in the service, that he might have to be away for long periods, might, indeed, never come back at all. All I knew was that he was there with me then, and that I wanted it to be like that forever. Dad and my brothers thought I was joking.

THE rumpus took place, just as I'd feared—even though Mother and and my brothers thought I was joking.

Mother cried, and Dad reminded me that I was not of legal age of consent. Guy was calm enough. He thought I'd get over it.

"She got over the ensign," he confidently told the family.

But I had no intention of getting over it.

After his five days leave, Hank reported back to duty—in Ft. Ord, California. Letters came every day, but now they weren't enough. I was afraid he would be sent overseas again, and I wanted to marry him—so that he would have a wife to come home to next time.

Then, in May, fate helped us out again. First time it was the roller-coaster. This time it was a transfer, for Hank, to New Orleans. And five days "travel time." Hank flew from California to New York, so that he could spend the travel time with me.

In the four days, we made plans. I would fly to New Orleans the day after our last summer broadcast, and we would be married. I would say I was going to Carmen's Atlantic Beach house: and instead, I would go to La-Guardia airport, and catch a plane for the south.

During the intervening weeks I was terribly nervous. I made and cancelled the plane reservations three times. I knew Mother and Dad would be hurt and disappointed if I eloped—I was their baby, and naturally they wanted to see me married. But I knew they would never consent—until I was

eighteen. And by that time Hank might be—anywhere.

I bought my wedding dress—just a simple, pale blue crepe street dress—two weeks before the day I was to leave. I love to sew, and I would have loved making my own wedding gown, but I was afraid of making the family suspicious.

I even wore my wedding dress once in New York—for a broadcast—to allay suspicions. But Elaine knew.

Where would her loyalty be strongest? Would she tell the family, I wondered, or would she help me pull it off. I didn't know, even when the day came for my departure. I packed my bags with the cotton things, the bathing suits, which ordinarily I would take to Atlantic Beach. Elaine watched me, and I knew she knew I wasn't going to the beach.

It was only noon when I finished packing, and my plane didn't leave until four-thirty. I was sure someone would find out, and stop me.

At one o'clock I took a cab to La Guardia airport. Three hours and a half to pace up and down, and duck every time the loudspeaker page system was turned on. But no one called me, and at last we took off.

Hank met me at the airport with two of his friends, Lt. Duane, and Lt. Kringle. We drove immediately to the license bureau, and then to the office of the Justice of the Peace. Afterwards we wired the family, and were happy and relieved when they wired back their love and congratulations.

Henry had found a delightful cottage for our honeymoon home. We lived there, happy and complete, until November. I missed my family, and my work, but not enough to leave my husband.

In November, Hank was transferred again, this time to a base in Gulfport, Mississippi. He was to do important work, and had to live in a barracks—where he couldn't take a bride. So I returned to New York, my family, and my job as singer with the Canadians.

Since then, I've seen him three times—for two weeks in January, and two weeks in April, when I went south, and in July when he got leave to spend his first wedding anniversary with me in New York.

In between, there are the letters. But they're not enough.

This war can't be over—for the Beckers, and all the rest of the war brides and war grooms all over the world—half soon enough.

TUNE IN

"My True Story"

10 a. m. E. W. T.

EVERY MORNING, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

A new and different story every day, from the lives of real men and women, revealing their troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures. If you like the stories in True Story magazine, you'll enjoy these broadcasts

ON ALL BLUE NETWORK STATIONS
See your newspaper for exact time and station

By Your Side

Continued from page 46

apartment or went out.

"Charlie?" she said, as if trying to think who I meant. "Oh, yes. The Coast Guard man. The—" She sat up straighter in her chair, staring at me with an agitation I couldn't understand.

"I want to see him—I must see him!" With a single fluid motion she was out of the chair, through the door.

"You—you're in the Coast Guard," I heard her say to Charlie. "Then he—Howard—he must have been in it too."

"Yes." Charlie nodded gravely. Sheila stood beside him, and I guessed he had told her about Ruth and the man she had loved, because she looked scared and out of her depth.

TELL me," Ruth went on. "Women can join the Coast Guard too, can't they? How do I go about it?"

"Why—" And Charlie did a beautiful, simple thing. He came over to Ruth and took her hand and held it while he said, "It's very easy. Just go to the recruiting office and tell them you want to be a Spar. They'll do the rest. And—can I tell you that I know you will be happier there than anywhere else?"

"Yes," Ruth said. "I know it too. Thank you. I'll go tomorrow." I wondered, looking at her now, how I could ever have thought that she was cold or withdrawn.

"Ruth, don't be crazy!" Sheila burst out. "Sure, you're upset now, but that's no reason to give up a good job and let yourself in for a lot of grief. For heaven's sake, wait a few days—and believe me, you'll change your mind."

Ruth smiled at her. "My part of the rent here is paid up until the first of the month. You won't have any trouble finding someone to take my place."

"I don't want anyone to take your place!" But Ruth was going on past her, into the bedroom.

"We might as well go, Annie," Charlie suggested.

"Yes, I—"

I didn't know when the decision had come to me. It seemed now that it had been there all evening, in the darkness of my mind, waiting only for Ruth to bring it into the light. At any rate, I knew that when she went tomorrow morning to the Coast Guard recruiting office, I would go with her.

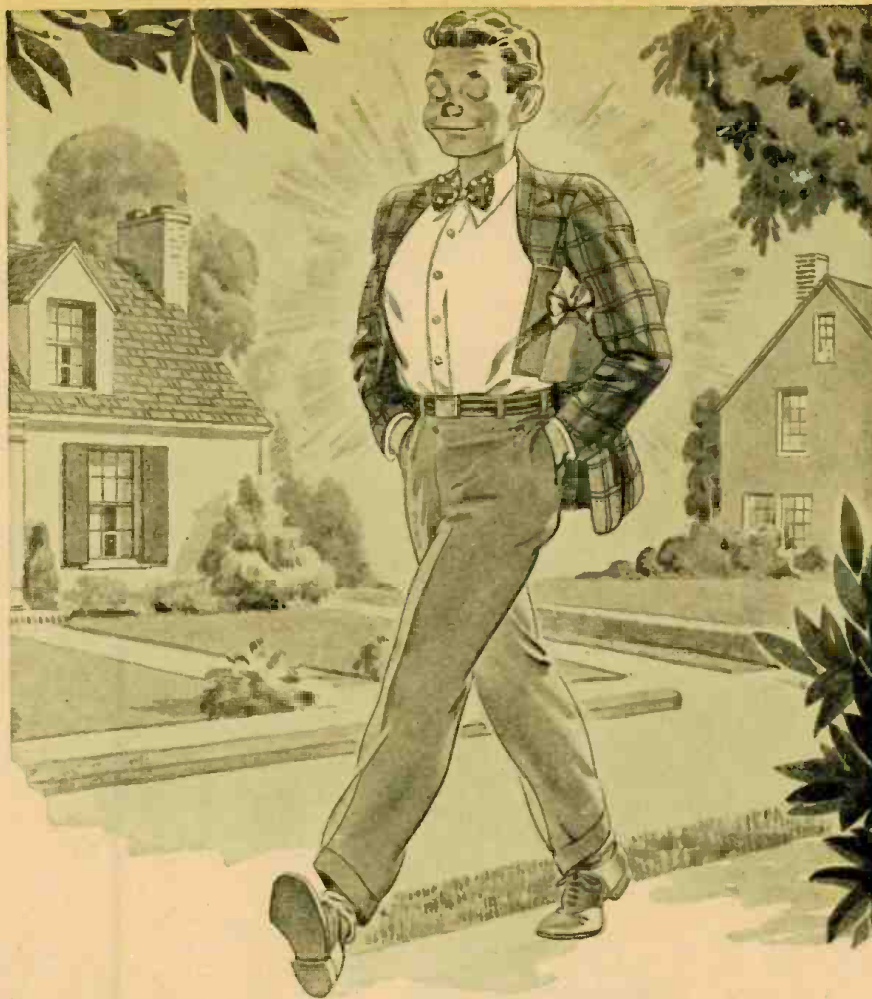
And strangely, my reasons for joining were the same as hers: to be with my love.

I wouldn't see much of Charlie by being in his Service. He would go to sea again, and I would stay here, in America. But afterwards—when he came home to stay—I would know his language. I would be his partner.

"Yes, Charlie," I said. "Let's go." Sheila stamped her foot. "A fine thing!" she said. "Ruth going to be a Spar—and you two walking out on me together. You needn't think you can get away with this, Annie Andrews!"

The telephone rang. "There's Mr. Parish," I said. "Better answer it, Sheila."

It was still ringing, insistently, when Charlie and I went out. The last thing I saw, before he closed the door, tucked my arm into his and started me down the stairs—was Sheila standing indecisively in the middle of the room. Sheila, in her new dress the color of her fingernails, looking beautiful and angry—and very much alone.



"WHITE"

— as in Fels-Naptha !

Take it from Junior—'there's nothing like a white shirt. It *does* something to a guy.' Surveying the immaculate expanse below his Adam's apple, who could say that Junior overstates the case?

Naturally, the washday labor that produces his snowy shirts, doesn't concern Junior. It's only one of the minor miracles that any boy with a doting Mother takes as a matter of course.

But we know a great many women who say that for turning out whiter washing—with less work—'there's nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap.



FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

R
M

GUARANTEED

a lovelier
make-up...



Hampden Synchronized Make-up gives you a glamorous new complexion immediately. Never causes dry skin. (Applied without water or sponge.) Helps conceal skin flaws. Keeps powder on for hours.

Try Hampden; if it does not give you a lovelier make-up, return to 251 Fifth Ave., N.Y., for full refund.

POWD'R-BASE
hampten

Never dries your skin!

\$1.50 • 25¢
and trial size
plus tax

Have Faith in Me

Continued from page 51

those first few days. Or nights, rather, for the moments came most often, and most terrifyingly, in the long, silent hours of darkness after Jay slept.

That, too, was natural, I told myself. I could remember the fears and anxieties that I'd suffered in rare hours of wakefulness as a child, and in the morning realized that the same thoughts were not frightening at all. It has something to do with the night time, I had decided then, something that changes the color of our thoughts, gives them a nightmare menace that isn't really there. But the terror is real. In those other, far-off childhood nights I'd sometimes had to get up and run to my brother John, creep in with him and beg him to tell me that everything would be all right. And he had never failed me. Forcing himself to waken, he had held me close against his bony boy's body and said, between his sleepy yawns, the sweetly comforting words that gave me assurance.

BUT John was gone. Now I was alone.

Alone? The word echoed strangely in my troubled mind. And then I tried to laugh. Why, I was less alone than I had ever been in my whole life! I was married, and my husband was right here beside me. All I had to do was wake him and I'd have all the assurance of his love.

But I didn't wake him. I couldn't have said why. Was it because I doubted the assurance he could give me with his love? Or because I dreaded that very love itself and the violence of the passion with which these days it was expressed?

But I didn't let myself ask these questions. I told myself that I was grown up now, I was truly a woman. It was absurd and childish to want tenderness and sympathy for something that was normal, something I had expected and even wanted as part of being a wife.

But all my scoldings did not make me sleep. I lay there, nerves and muscles tense, trying to keep from moving in my restlessness, trying not to disturb Jay in his sleep.

But the hours till morning were endless. I got up, quietly, when it was light, and bathed and dressed and walked out in the beautiful grounds of the hotel, wandering toward the hills that rose up, each one higher, toward the changing purple blue of the mountains in the distance.

Life was much more bearable outdoors. I breathed deep of the fresh morning air. I looked about me and I remembered the beautiful words, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." And all my high resolves rose up before me like a rainbow. I would put all doubts and regrets behind me and live only to be the kind of wife Jay needed. Surely that would make my marriage fine and splendid.

Perhaps in my dreamy state I wandered farther than I knew, for when I got back to the hotel Jay was already down in the lobby. He was coming from the elevator, walking fast toward the desk. He glanced at me but hardly seemed to see me. I followed him and heard him say, "Re-

*Triple
Thrill
bathing*

with

Bathasweet



1
BATHASWEET

Your bath should be a luxurious experience. Three things will make it just that:

1. *Before* bathing, add *Bathasweet* to your tub. Softens and perfumes the bath; gives it greater cleansing power; soothes nerves.
2. *While* bathing, use *Bathasweet Soap*. It gives a rich, billowy, creamy lather such as you don't get from ordinary soaps.
3. *After* the bath, use *Bathasweet Talc Mitt*. It's the final touch of refreshment and daintiness.

Also recommended are Bathasweet Foam and Bathasweet Shower Mitt.



2
BATHASWEET
SOAP



3
BATHASWEET
Talc Mitt

Your choice of these delightful Fragrances:—
Garden Bouquet; Forest Pine; Spring Morning

member, I won't see anyone. No matter what they tell you."

"All right, Mr. Reeves," the clerk answered respectfully.

It wasn't so much the strange name he used that started up all my worries again, but more Jay's expression when he talked to the clerk, that driven, almost frightened look. He had explained on the way here that we would register as Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Reeves. It was a common device of rich people, he told me, to get a little privacy in a public place where they might be besieged by strangers who want to strike up an acquaintance for financial purposes or for reasons of snobbery. But now Jay didn't look as if he were merely trying to have a happy vacation.

I HAD to run to catch up with him. "Jay, aren't we going into breakfast?" For he passed the dining room. "I've changed my mind," he said hurriedly. "We'll order in our room." He took my arm and pushed me into the elevator.

"What's the matter?" I couldn't help asking when he had closed and locked our door. He stood against it wiping his face with his handkerchief as if the weather were hot, though actually the morning was quite cold.

He looked at me a moment, then said with a shrug, "You may as well know. I think Angotto has someone following us."

"Angotto?" I repeated stupidly, still trying to postpone the moment when I would have to face the awful facts. "But why?"

He looked at me in irritation. "You talked to him. Didn't he warn me then?" He started pacing up and down the room, speaking as if to himself. "I should have known he meant what he said." He swore softly. "He's never let anybody get away with walking out on him before, and he doesn't mean to this time." Jay's eyes were bright with a strange excited light. "But I'll show him—"

"Then—" My voice shook on the question. "Then it was true, what your father said, that you're dealing with gangsters—"

Jay stopped his pacing to stare at me. "What did you think, when you lied for me?" he asked almost derisively. I could hardly believe my eyes and my ears. He was showing not the least gratitude for what I had done. It was as if I had been a stranger whom he had been able to use successfully. I remembered how his father had spoken to him with this same forgetfulness of their relationship.

"But Jay—" The protest came involuntarily before I could think things out—"But Jay, how can you do these things? I mean, your father gave you that responsibility—"

He crossed the room to me swiftly then and put his hands on my two shoulders, terribly tight, so that each finger burned into my flesh. "Look," he said furiously, "I'll have no sermons from you. I've had quite enough of that hypocritical baloney from the old man."

"Oh, Jay," I almost wailed. "I don't want to preach to you. But surely it's not hypocrisy for a man to want his son to carry on his business with decent standards—"

"Decent standards!" Jay laughed in that ugly, unmirthful way that always scared me. "You should get a load of Dad's decent standards. You

Joan Roberts

star of

"OKLAHOMA!"

The Theatre Guild's

musical hit, says:

"I can't imagine myself on the stage singing such romantic songs as 'Oh What a Beautiful Morning' or 'People Will Say We're in Love' . . . if I failed to have Arrid under-arm protection.

"Arrid gives a girl self-confidence . . . she's sure of herself when Arrid's on the job.

You'll always find Arrid on my dressing table backstage, as well as on my dressing table at home. All my friends—men as well as women—tell me they use Arrid regularly."

Joan Roberts

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT

which Safely helps

STOP *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



APPROVAL SEAL OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING
★
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
if effective on
BUT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

39¢ a jar

(Plus Tax)

(Also in 59¢ jars)

ARRID

At any store which sells toilet goods

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT



I counted the hours, dear

"EXPECT ME THE FIFTEENTH," your wire said.

Oh, darling, you'd been away so long!

So much to do to have things ready for you. I almost forgot about my hands. Until I suddenly saw them, grimy and rough. "Watery" jobs do take the natural softeners from the skin.

How I ran for my Jergens Lotion. Used my Jergens faithfully. And my hands—well—you kissed my hands, darling, in the way I'll always love.

"Keep your hands so soft for me, sweet," you said. And indeed, dear, I always will. I'll keep on using Jergens Lotion.



Lovely young wives of men in Service care for their hands with Jergens Lotion, nearly 3 to 1. Jergens gives practically professional care to the hands. Many doctors rely on 2 ingredients for helping roughened skin to longed-for smoothness; both are in Jergens Lotion. Such simple, easy care! Jergens leaves no sticky feeling. Be sure and use Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

should see some of the highway robbery he's done and called it good business."

"But in wartime," I protested. "I mean, now he wouldn't do anything to keep war industries from getting the materials they need—"

"Oh, wouldn't he!" Jay laughed that same frightening way again. "Listen, if the next guy throws one monkey wrench into WPB or OPA, he throws four, just for good measure. Don't talk to me about his patriotism!"

I DIDN'T talk to him about anything, then. I was too sick. But he went on as if I had touched a spring and now he couldn't stop the torrent of words that had started to come. "Oh, no, he's not in business for love, not even of his country. He wouldn't stop at anything, if he had the nerve. He'd play the game my way if he weren't afraid. But he is, you see. He has to play safe. He has to hire a crew of lawyers to keep him on the safe side of the jail." Jay laughed again, contemptuously. "That's what burns him up. He knows I see through him. He knows I dare to carry his own game to its logical limits. And he knows I get all the fun!"

He wasn't talking to me, really. He was pouring out the bitterness of years, and I think he had almost forgotten that I was there. But I asked, my voice small, "Do you get a thrill out of breaking the law, Jay? Is that what it is?"

He answered quite seriously, "That's part of it, of course. It loads the dice against you a bit more. It adds that much to the danger. Like racing against a heavier car that you know could bust yours into a million pieces if your timing's off by one split second—" His eyes were brilliant with excitement.

I had been shocked before. But now, watching him, hearing his wild talk and remembering the fantastic risks he had taken in his boyhood adventures, the injuries he'd had, I felt a deep sick pity for him. His recklessness had been a form of escape from his misery, and it still was. Danger had become a habit, like a drug. And it was an appetite that could never be satisfied. The dose had to be increased all the time. Dealing with Angotto wasn't risky enough any more. He had to get into something with more direct and desperate risk and excitement for himself. He had no other purpose to his life.

But that was my job! I remembered my resolve of this morning. He loved me now, his life was no longer bleak and lonely. My love could help him overcome the wild urge that drove him.

My mind began to work at last. High ideals were all very well, but what was the first practical thing to do right now? He was in a bad spot this minute. His mood of excitement was unhealthy, irrational, out of reach of reason. What would a good wife, do?

The answer was absurdly simple. He must eat, first of all. I called Room Service and ordered the breakfast he always chose. He hardly seemed to hear me. When the knock came at the door, he jumped. I went to him and touched his arm. "It's only the waiter, bringing food." Still he insisted on my keeping the chain on the lock until I made sure.

But I couldn't get him to eat, at first. And I realized he had been drinking. An opened bottle stood on the dresser.

I tried to eat my own breakfast calmly. But my chest and throat and

stomach were all one hard tight knot. I managed to sip some coffee and when I saw him watching I took his cup to him. To my great relief, he drank it greedily. But when I brought him a slice of buttered toast, he whirled on me. "Stop nagging at me! Can't you see I'm trying to figure something out?"

I SWALLOWED back the tears which seemed so near the surface always in these days. "You'll think better if you eat," I told him quietly. And with sudden surprising docility he ate the toast, every bit. My hopes began to rise. He was hardly in a receptive mood, yet, but he was saner, and there was no time to be lost. I asked, as casually as I could, "What if this Angotto man is following you? Won't he get tired after a while and go on back to report that you're just on a honeymoon?"

"He might, if I *were* just on a honeymoon," Jay said with a smile. But it was a smile I wished I'd never seen, his lips drawn back in a sort of grimace as if he enjoyed watching me writhe under each new revelation. "But when they catch me taking a little trip up to the last cabin on White Man Point tomorrow night to meet Seegers, they'll know the honeymoon stuff was just a dodge—"

"A dodge—" The words whispered themselves after him without my willing my lips to move.

But even in that dreadful moment I tried to fight off despair. I told myself that Jay had made these plans before—I shuddered now at the thought—before I had become truly his wife. But now I was bound to him by the love that made two people one, forever and ever. I went to him and put my arms about his tense body. "Jay," I whispered, "Jay, darling. Please don't go up to White Man Point tomorrow!"

He thrust me away from him violently. "Don't start that," he said roughly. "If you think I married you to get your good advice you can rid yourself of the illusion right now."

But I still held myself close against him. I wouldn't give up. I must save him. "Jay, tell me," I whispered. "What did you marry me for?"

If I hoped to draw from him a statement of the love he had for me, I was sickeningly disappointed. "What do you think?" he asked crudely, with that ugly grating laugh. "Don't play the innocent child any more. It was a good act for a while. You put some fancy touches on the hard-to-get role that I never ran up against before, and I'll admit they intrigued me. I thought whatever I had to pay wouldn't be too much."

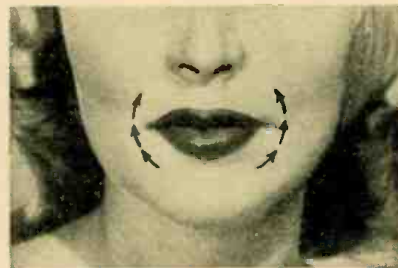
"And the price was marriage?" I asked it quite calmly, standing off to look at him. For suddenly I had become cold and numb. I could take just so much punishment. I had reached my limit. I couldn't be hurt any more.

"Right." Jay was still smiling at me, but the change in my tone had brought about a change in him too. His smile was friendly, almost warm. "I'm not such a prize, Linda," he said. "But you won. And the fun's in the winning, isn't it?"

And I know now that he was being honest. Probably that was the kindest thing he ever said to me because it was, at last, sincere. But it was too late. To me it showed only one thing: that he had never loved me—never felt anything for me, at least, that I could understand as love. Perhaps I fell short in understanding. I don't know.



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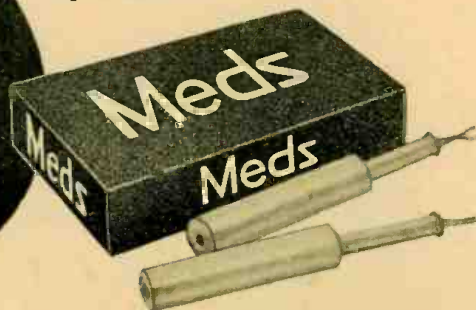
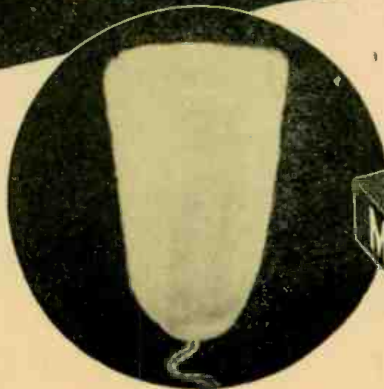
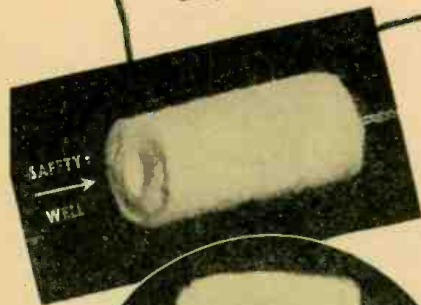
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But at that moment I was hearing with utter repulsion the words he went on to say: "If you could grow up, baby, learn to see things my way, maybe we could make quite a team after all. Two can sometimes pull better tricks than one playing a lone hand. How about it?"

PERHAPS there was an appeal behind those casual, cynical words. But I didn't hear it. My mind was working fast. A moment before, I had come to a decision. I had decided that he was beyond saving, that nothing I could do or say would reach him to change his plans. If I tried to fight, I would be helpless. My brain must rule from now on, not my heart.

I answered, after a moment, with a sigh, "Well, I seem to be in it as deep as you. Where do we go from here?"

"That's the spirit," he said, his voice gay and excited. "We'll decide suddenly, about four in the morning, to take a sunrise hike. It's just sentimental enough to be plausible on a honeymoon, if that's fooled them at all. Or there's a chance we may catch the fellow napping. But in any case it's the garage he'll watch." Jay spoke rapidly, like a small boy making plans for playing war. "It will be a pretty tough jaunt for a while, at least, until we get to Parson's Landing, where I hope I can get hold of a car."

I said, "I'm a good walker, Jay."

And it was true. It had to be. For, three hours before the time we were to start our sunrise hike I was walking over the mountainside—alone.

It was the worst experience I have ever had, that walk. Not because of the physical difficulties, which were bad enough. My shoes were in shreds by the end of the third mile and sometimes I thought my heart and lungs would give out before the task I had given them was finished. No, that wasn't the worst, nor the fears. Three times in the first hour a car came up behind me and I crouched in the shadows of the dark woods beside the roadside in an awful panic that I had been seen. But that was not the bad part, nor the dread of what lay ahead. Those things I could bear. What was too much for bearing was the shame.

For days I had held up my head with the thought of the high goal for which I was striving—to make a good marriage for Jay. Into that dream I could escape from the realization of what I had done, what I was doing. But now I had lost that dream. Now I had to look back and see Larry standing in the door of Jay's office, see his blue eyes accusing me, hear his harsh voice, and know that what he had said was the truth. It was my weakness, my lack of faith, that had driven me into Jay's arms. I had let myself be deceived because I wanted to be deceived. I wanted to escape the hard obligations of reality. And Jay had turned out to be the only kind of refuge anyone can find from reality—a false one. What I had gone through last night was what I must have expected if I had opened my eyes and faced the future.

The memory of last night came again and again to haunt and sicken me. I had degraded myself. It was as if my shame were a swamp, and the only way I could get out was to plunge deeper and deeper.

I tried to close my mind against the pictures but they kept coming: of me with Jay in the bar, of my gay

shrill words urging him to celebrate, to have one more, just one more. And then, worst of all, when he would have gone in the game room to play roulette, the way I persuaded him to come upstairs with me. And then—Oh, I couldn't bear the physical sickness of the memory. I must not think of it.

BY the time I reached Boston, in the poultry farmer's truck that had given me my last ride, I hardly knew what I was doing. In a half-conscious daze I headed for the railway station and got in line to buy a ticket for the little town where Uncle Fred and Aunt Em lived. I wanted nothing but to crawl back to the home of my childhood and hide from the world.

But as I reached the window I realized what I was doing. Trying once again to escape the obligations of a grown-up world. Well, I wouldn't! For the first time in my life I would act my age. I must go back to Marshalltown and finish my job. But even before that, I had still another task to do. There wasn't a minute to lose.

I think it was lucky for me, in a way, that I was so terribly tired. For the next half hour passed like a queer, unreal dream. I hardly remember arriving at the office of the FBI, and I don't know what I told the girl in the reception room. But I suppose my torn stockings and dusty shoes, my haunted eyes in my haggard face, all helped to give my story the evidence of truth. I remember finding myself in the office of a strong-looking, quiet man with gray hair and tired eyes, who listened intently to what I told him, questioned me gently but without a wasted word, and then excused himself. I heard the sound of quick, concise directions being given in the next office, but in the midst of them I must have gone to sleep. I shall never forget how hard it was to force myself to waken when Mr. Grainger spoke to me, his hand on my shoulder. "I'm sorry to delay that rest you need so badly, Mrs. Ransom," he said. "But I'll have to ask you to do one more thing."

I looked up and tried to smile.

"Our men will take care of the meeting at White Man Point," he said. "That should be sufficient if it works out. But to be sure, we'll have to get what we can otherwise. You are to go with our men to the office and expedite the business of stripping the files."

"All right, Mr. Grainger," I said obediently. I had hoped I'd never have to go near that place again. But I must, so soon. For he added, "You see, when he found you gone he may have decided to try to prevent our getting anything on him. He may not keep the rendezvous but—judging by what you've told us of him—be on his way here right now by plane—"

I FORCED myself to my feet and almost ran out of the office. Riding back across the city I had to smile, a little grimly. What a thrill I would have thought it, a year ago, to speed through the Boston streets this way in the company of a G-man. But there was no thrill in it now. Looking at the intent, impersonal face of the young man beside me, I thought, "How different things are when you grow up." For I had grown up, I think, at last.

We hadn't finished in the office when the phone rang. The shrill sound cut through me, full of menace. And yet from long habit my hand reached toward the instrument.



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Mr. Hall was there ahead of me, shaking his head. But it was somehow very nerve-racking to go on working, listening to that insistent ringing. It was like the presence of an enemy in the room. When it stopped it was only to start again five minutes later. I drew a deep breath of relief when we left the sound behind us.

"Where shall I drop you?" Mr. Hall asked. "At a hotel?"

I shook my head and gave him the address of the apartment. "There are things I must get from there—quickly."

He looked at me doubtfully. "I can't stay with you, you know," he said. "I have to get this stuff back to the office. Sure you'll be all right?"

But I answered him impatiently, hardly knowing what I said in reassurance. I wasn't thinking at all, I realize now, as I opened that car door and ran into the building. I was following the dictates of a blind compulsion. My feverish brain had focussed on John's ring. I had to get that ring before my overworked body gave out.

But by the time I got upstairs the temporary stimulation had gone. I had relaxed into dazed half-consciousness. I don't know how long I stood in the middle of the beautiful deep-piled beige rug looking around me as if I had never seen the place before. I wandered aimlessly about, I suppose, until I suddenly confronted my image in the mirror. That shocked me back into the routines of habit. The first necessity was to wash. I took a bath, still moving automatically, brushed my dusty, tangled hair until it shone as usual, dressed in the simple gray dress that I had worn from Marshalltown so many ages before.

Then I took out my suitcase and packed it with the bare essentials I had brought with me from Marshalltown, the simple clothes I would need again in that old life I had hated. But now, if I could have one wish, I'd want no more than to turn the clock back to the day before I left that life.

WELL, I couldn't do that, I thought, opening the desk. I took out the cable from Larry, his letter, the one from Enid, and John's ring, and laid them on top of the clothes in my suitcase in the middle of the living room floor. I pressed down the lid and tried to fasten the clasps. But they wouldn't fasten.

It was funny that it should have been right then, and rather symbolic, too, but in just a moment I heard Larry's voice. For just then the telephone rang. For a second the old fear stabbed me, but then I picked it up—what had I to fear from the phone, from anything, now?"

"Can I come up, Linda? I'm downstairs, in the corner drug store."

I didn't believe it. I was afraid I was having some kind of hallucination. All I could manage was to say a weak "Yes!" and hang up the phone again. It couldn't be Larry!

But it was. In a moment he was with me, just as if he had never been away. It was some kind of crazy, wonderful dream. He didn't even say hello—he just smiled and knelt beside me, and with the easy competent movements of his big hands that I knew so well, the suitcase was closed. And then he was lifting me up and looking into my face, his mouth curving in a sad little half smile that broke my heart. He asked, quietly, "Are you all right, Linda? I've been so worried about you—"

"You—worried about me—" I almost gasped the words, staring at him.

"Yes. Linda, you looked so scared. You looked as if you'd got into something that was too much for you. And I walked out on you—"

I just shook my head. "But I don't understand. Why shouldn't you? I mean, it was my own fault—"

"It doesn't matter whose fault things are," Larry said, his eyes shining warm and kind at me the way I remembered them. "If a person needs help it's up to the fellow who sees it to give a hand."

That was so thoroughly Larry that tears came to my eyes. It was his whole philosophy in one sentence. He was the same Larry he had always been. I just stood and looked up at him, at his wonderful, square-boned face, his sweet wide mouth—changed by the tension of his experiences from its sweet boyish curves but even sweeter, somehow, now than ever.

It was then that the phone rang, and again the sound cut through me.

Larry said, "Go on, Linda. Answer. You've nothing to fear." And it was true, of course. Larry was here! I went to the phone and picked it up with a steady hand.

I needed all the steadiness I could summon.

The voice was not Jay's but Mr. Grainger's. He said, "I want to give you our report. It may take quite a while, so you might as well sit down, if you can, and take it easy."

I obeyed, automatically obedient to authority in his quiet voice. But my hand gripped the phone terribly tight. "These are the facts," he said. "We succeeded in covering the rendezvous which took place on schedule."

So Jay had gone. My absence had made no difference to his plans. The urge toward danger was stronger than any other feeling in him.

"Everything went smoothly," Mr. Grainger went on. "We got ample evidence for our purposes. We were able to arrest key men responsible for a large share of the hi-jacking activities in the liquor industry in this part of the country. I know you will be glad to know that."

"Yes," I whispered. "But tell me—"

I WANT to make it clear as possible, Mrs. Ransom," Mr. Grainger said. "I want you to know what a service you have done to the war effort by your bravery today. And I want you to keep on being just as brave—"

"Oh!" I guess I knew, even then.

Mr. Grainger understood, for he said quietly, "We took every precaution. We were prepared for the arrival of the Angotto gang but we were not prepared for their determination to get revenge at all costs. They lost several of their own men in exchange for one: your husband."

He went on talking, I guess, but I don't know what he said. In spite of his careful preparation, in spite of my conviction that Jay's life was a pitiful tragedy, to himself most of all, the news was too much for me. I crumpled and would have slipped from the chair if Larry had not caught me.

When I came to, I was in his arms. He was holding me strongly, gently sponging my face with something deliciously icy cold. And he was murmuring words that slowly, through the ringing of my ears, I began to hear and—incredulously—to understand. "Dear little Linda—darling—dearest

love—" I opened my eyes and only then was I sure that this was not the cruel trick played by delirium. For Larry's blue eyes held the light I had never expected to see in them again.

DON'T think that means that I stepped right into Paradise. No, that was just one moment of unguarded emotion, when Larry's fear for me brought back the old, protective tenderness he had felt before he went. But only for a moment. Too much had happened that could never be erased.

My memory of the days and nights of the next week is vague. I slept—sometimes deeply, in a sort of heavy stupor, and sometimes with torments of delirium in which all the events of the last months were tossed together in a wild, terrifying jumble. I remember waking to hear a nurse's voice offering me cool drinks, and I remember glimpses of an elderly, pleasant doctor who murmured to the nurse about medicines and complete rest. And always Larry. Sometimes in the midst of the terrible feverish frustration of a dream I'd feel Larry's hand take mine, strong and firm, and slowly the terrors of the dream would fade and let me slip into wonderful peaceful sleep.

As I got better I tried to thank him, tried to tell him some of the thoughts I had had while I lay there in the strange unreal moments between waking and sleeping. But always he put his finger on my lips. "Later," he would say with that sweet, sad smile.

After a week, the nurse was gone and I was walking, shakily at first, as though I had been ill for months, along the Fenway. Each day I felt stronger.

"I'll be able to get back to school in time for the Fall term," I told Larry

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one day. This time he didn't stop me. He studied me, and I couldn't tell what he was thinking. He said, "So you're going back."

I said, "Of course. I have to finish." He wasn't helping me. He just waited, his blue eyes steady.

"Then I'll get a job," I said. "As useful a job as I can find. That's all."

He didn't deny it. He just said, "I guess that's my program too. They won't be letting me go back over for a while. I'll be going wherever they can make use of me."

I said, "Larry, how could I have been so stupid? Why didn't I guess, when you wrote in plain words that you had finished your twenty-third mission? I should have known you were planning one of your surprises—"

"A kid surprise!" Larry said angrily. "Why would I have to try a fool thing like that at a time like that?"

I looked at him in surprise. He was blaming himself! He went on, his voice bitter, "I heard some plain truths the day I got here. That's what made me so sore, I guess. Knowing I was finding just what I might expect to find, after I'd left you alone without a word. I had no business acting like a child, planning a fool surprise like that—"

"Larry, I know why you did it," I told him, putting my finger, this time, over his lips. "You didn't tell me you were coming because—well, you couldn't, somehow. It was so near the end, there were so many chances you had to take before you got here— Oh, it's not exactly superstition I mean, but you just didn't dare believe you were coming yourself until you got here!"

"Linda!" Larry was staring at me, his eyes aight. "How did you know?"

I shook my head. I couldn't have told him. "It was as if I lived it my-

self," I told him wonderingly.

"Linda." Larry's voice was hushed, solemn. "Linda, that's our answer."

I shook my head. I didn't dare hope for what I saw.

"Linda, we both knew, not in our heads but by actually experiencing it, what the other had been through. For that much time we were one. More than if a preacher had read the marriage vows to us. Do you understand?"

I nodded. I let myself hope now.

He said slowly, "If we can have that, even once, we can have it again. It means we're right for each other. What we've been through has hurt us but it's done something for us too. It's brought us understanding. With that we can go ahead and straighten out our lives. It won't be easy, but we can do it."

"We can do anything," I whispered, my face against his shoulder. But he heard me, for he had taken my head between his two hands and tipped it back, so that our lips could meet.

I finished my term at Commercial, as I had promised, while Larry went to the Redistribution Center and after a few weeks received his new assignment. Then I found a job near Turner Field where he was stationed training cadets. And only when we had fulfilled our obligations were we married.

Those long hours were not lonely. I was busy, preparing. One of the tasks that was part of that preparation was the writing of this record. I have told it for my own sake, to help me see the past clearly and honestly. I have told it for Larry's sake, so that we might start our marriage without a single secret between us. And I hope that I have told it for the sake of other girls who find it hard to stay home and wait. I hope it may help them to keep faith.

THE END

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DON'T BE A SPARE—BE A SPAR

Portrait of Love

Continued from page 23

your balance. Everything you need to make you happy is inside you—if you'll let it."

I knew he was thinking about Mother, who had run so hard, and reached so far, and never found what she wanted—except through me. While everything she hungered for was at her fingertips—in Dad.

(Could I, too, look inside myself and find happiness, now that *my* beauty was gone? Dad would say so. He had said so, only yesterday, when he came to visit me in the hospital. But he didn't know how important beauty is to John.

(Why must I keep thinking of John? But how can I stop, when he's all there is? It's nearly twelve. I will remember, just once more.)

John, as I first saw him, tall, distinguished, with a streak of gray in his dark hair. John Crandall, the promising young American painter, visiting State College campus to choose the winner of the annual beauty contest.

My ribs ached with suppressed excitement when I looked at him. I suppose the others of the twelve finalists were a little breathless too. But John didn't look at them. He looked—and looked at me.

THE twelve of us paraded slowly by the bunting-draped stand where he sat with President Fuller and Dean Webb. John's eyes never left my face—and my cheeks burned under his scrutiny.

John whispered to the President, who rose portentously and rapped for attention.

"Mr. Crandall has chosen the winner," he said. "And he has volunteered, as well, to paint the portrait of the new beauty queen for a permanent reminder of this occasion."

Now I had to win.

"Who won?" a student's impatient voice rang out from the gallery.

"Yes, who won?" I echoed, silently. I couldn't bear it if it were anyone but me. I wanted to pose for that John Crandall portrait—because it would mean knowing John Crandall better—more than I had ever wanted anything in my life. Mother had made me beautiful, when I didn't want to be beautiful. She had molded me—against my will—into an image of herself, as she had wanted to be. And now I was glad. Because now I was going to win. He had looked at no one else but me. He had to choose me.

"The winner," President Fuller said, after prodigious throat-clearings, "is Miss Ellen Brown."

My eyes searched for John. But the crowd enveloped me. My sorority sisters, accepting congratulations as if they'd created me, the boy I had been dating, crowing to all who would listen that he'd "told you she would win." Friends and strangers, pressing me in. But at last, President Fuller was pulling at my arm, saying "Ellen, I think you should meet Mr. Crandall."

I looked at John, and stammered words of appreciation.

He obviously didn't hear a word I was saying.

"It's unbelievable," he said, as though to himself, "there's a golden aura around your head."

I didn't have the foggiest notion of what that meant, but I supposed, since I'd won, that it was good.

He went on, nervously.

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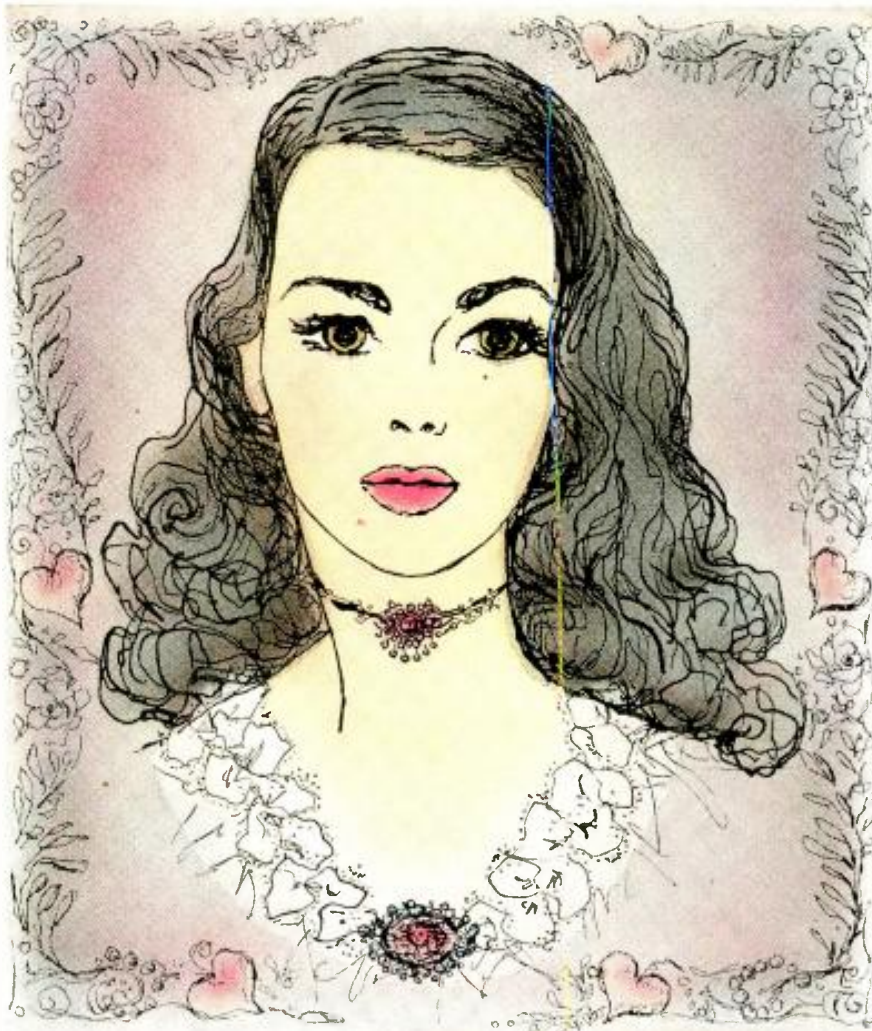
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THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN

"It's true," he said. "It's there. I see it. I hope I can get it onto canvas."

"Miss Brown," he clutched my shoulders as he said it, "Miss Brown, when can we start? How soon can you come to the studio?"

"Tomorrow," I said.

"Good," he replied.

It was that way with us, even at the start. We wanted to be together, and we didn't try to pretend that we didn't.

I was at John's studio at ten the next morning. Without a word of greeting, he pulled me across the big room and plumped me in a deep chair under the north light. Then he stepped back and looked at me.

"It's still there," he said. "I was hoping it would still be there."

"What's still there?" I demanded.

"The aura. Your golden aura."

I confessed, this time, that I didn't know what an aura was.

He told me about auras—about the shells of light which enfold all of us. Sometimes you can see them. If you're a painter, and sensitive to the beauties of color.

The color comes not so much from physical things, John said, as from the essence of the person it surrounds.

"Don't laugh," he said, "but I think our auras are the stuff, and the color, of the soul."

"I won't laugh," I said.

"You wear a golden aura—clear and shining—like a crown. It was there last night. It is there again this morning. If I can paint it, your portrait will be a portrait of your most secret heart—honest, for gold is honest, and womanly, and warm."

Honestly, for he had told me I was honest, I said:

"I think I'm in love with you. Could I be, so soon?"

"You could be," he answered "with that golden aura." He looked hard at me again, and then he added, "And, Miss Ellen Brown, fairest of the fair at State College or anywhere else, if you are what that golden aura promises me you are, I think I am going to be very much in love with you—very soon."

I LIVED through that summer like a sleep walker, moving about in an incredible dream.

John painted, and his work was sure and fast; I sat for hours while he worked, and was content just being near him.

When, occasionally, reality crowded in upon my dream-state, it reminded me that soon the portrait would be done, John's need for me no doubt done with it. What then? I couldn't go back to State College now. How could I listen to stuffy lectures on biology with John's face and John's voice crowding all other pictures out of my mind?

I wasn't sure if he wanted me as much. He hadn't made love to me, hadn't spoken an intimate word to me, since that first day in the studio. I didn't put my love for him into words either, but I knew that he was aware of my hunger for him. It was in my eyes, and it shone from my portrait.

I hoped he loved me too. I would be lost, incomplete, I knew, without him.

Such pricks of reality were infrequent. In my sleep-walker's world, there was no future—no time nor place—without John.

The day that he finished the portrait, I walked with him to the wood shop to choose the liner and the frame.

Together, we chose an antique gold

frame, simply curved, and a liner of deep blue velvet—to match the color of my eyes.

"Why not gold?" I asked, for the portrait was illumined with the gold of the subtly suggested aura.

"Color like that does not come by the yard," said John, and I realized how much I had to learn about his art, how much more to know before I truly understood him.

We walked back slowly together, and stopped on Willowbrook bridge.

"You told me the first day you came to the studio that you thought you loved me," John said, adding, "Have you made up your mind?"

"Of course I love you," I said.

"I love you too."

Four words, but they gave me a future. I could shake myself out of my sheltering dream.

"Why do you love me?" I asked him, incredulously. I knew so little of what he was thinking; I felt I had barely scratched the surface of his mind.

"Because I love beautiful things," he said, "and you are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen."

(If he had only not said that. If he had told me it was because I was hungry, and he wanted to feed the hungry. Or because I was honest, and he could talk honestly with me. But he called me his "Beautiful Love." That's why, in a few more minutes, I must ring that bell.)

JOHN kissed me just once, there on Willowbrook bridge, but it was a covenant between us—I was his, all I was, all I could be, for ever, after that.

(Why, leaving him there, couldn't I have walked home? I had always walked home before. Why did Bob Haskins have to ask to drive me home on that day, of all days?)

It was five minutes of twelve. Time to say goodbye, and I didn't want to say goodbye.

"Oh, John, John," I called out, but no one heard.

The pillow was wet again. I had kissed him just once. It wasn't fair. It wasn't enough.

I reached for the buzzer, reminding myself that John's beautiful love was dead. My dream had ended that day on the bridge.

Oh, I had kept on breathing. Seven weeks had passed since the day on the bridge, the day Bob Haskins had offered to drive me home, and had tried to make love to me. He couldn't know that I had just given myself irrevocably to John. It wasn't his fault that he didn't see the truck. I fought like a crazy thing when he tried to put his arm around me, and I blinded him. It wasn't his fault.

All I remembered of the crash was the terrible sound and then the scorching pain as I flew through the windshield, the jagged glass tearing at my face.

I had heard that sound, and cringed from that pain every night since. That was why I was allowed the sleeping tablets.

Of the dreadful forty-nine days, the first ten when I was unconscious, were the easiest. I could have died then, if I had been lucky, without ever knowing how cruel it is to be pitied when your heart reaches out for love.

Everything John had done—the private hospital room, the three nurses—one of them always within call—Dr. Fletcher, the great plastic surgeon who had come all the way from New York to operate—(it *must* have been John



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Continued from page 71

who arranged all this, my father couldn't have afforded it), everything physical I could have accepted. But when John offered himself—there was only one thing to do.

DR. FLETCHER realized I had to know. He had given me a mirror—but only after he had told me his plans for me. Eight more operations, one as soon after another as I could stand the pain, and he thought—perhaps—he could put my face together again.

But when I looked in the mirror, I didn't believe him. John must not have believed him, either, or he wouldn't have said what he did.

There might have been a future for me alone, if he hadn't pitied me so much, but now I was too ill, too tired, to fight for it.

And so I rang the bell. The nurse came in quickly, leaned over the bed. "I can't sleep, Miss Johnson," I said. "Would you bring me a sedative, please?"

Silently, she went for it. When she came back she counted out the nightly two capsules, put a tall glass of water on the bedside table. But that wasn't enough. I had to get hold of that bottle—that whole bottle of sleep.

"The pillow cases need changing again, I'm afraid," I told her, trying to sound apologetic and not urgent. It worked. She put the bottle down, and left me alone again.

I must hurry, I thought, I must hurry. I tore at the cork of the bottle, poured the little yellow capsules into my shaking hand. I began swallowing them, choking them down with gulps of water. Ten. Twenty. The bottle was empty. I threw it under the bed.

And I lay back, choking with nausea, but profoundly grateful for the peace that lay ahead.

I was barely conscious a few moments later when the nurse picked me up in her arms and carried me bodily out into the corridor.

Her arms were strong. I wanted to sleep. But how could I sleep with her screaming like that? Screaming over and over, "Doctor! Dr. Fletcher!" I think I knew even then that I had failed. They wouldn't let me die.

After a while, it didn't matter any more. I was too tired to feel anything at all. Not even resentment toward the nurses and the doctors who had worked over me so long and so hard.

The great, dull heavy weariness lasted. Dr. Fletcher had been angry with me, after the accident, when I wouldn't fight for my own life. He didn't know, then, that I had been fighting—not for life, but for release from it. Now I couldn't fight at all, for anything, or against anything. Nothing mattered. And after weeks of such uncaring weariness, they told me that I could go home.

John picked me up one afternoon—I remember now that it was a beautiful, warmly-colored autumn day, but I didn't notice, then. I wasn't thinking of anything at all, nor hearing what John was saying to me. But at last I noticed, after we had driven for a while, that we were heading not for my home on Spring Street, but for John's studio.

John smiled and he took one hand off the wheel to close it gently over my two, clenched in my lap. "We're going home in a moment, Ellen," he said. But first I want to show you something. I want to show you the best picture I have ever painted."

I would have protested, if I could. But there was no strength in me to frame the protest into words.

He stopped the car at the curb, and



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Money can be like that—dangerous to your family and your property, if it gets out of hand. Inflation's the word for that, and it's inflation that is our greatest enemy, here at home. Most of us have more money than we used to have and the temptation to buy more things than we used to buy is strong. The temptation to complain is strong, too—to complain about taxes, about the limited quantities of rationed goods, or things that we'd like to have, but which are no longer on the market. That leads to another temptation—the temptation to avoid paying taxes, to get the goods we want through other than legitimate sources.

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I followed him silently up the stairs and into the big bare room, and stood there awkwardly on the threshold—as though the room meant nothing to me.

John took me by the hand and led me gently to my old place in that room—the chair under the north light. As he had once before, he stepped back and looked at me.

It hurt again, then, his looking at me. The hurt was coming back. I was alive again, and hating it. I put up my hands as if to ward off a physical blow.

"John, don't," I begged him. "Show me your picture, if you must—but don't look at me. I can't bear it."

There was only one picture in sight, on the giant easel, and it was covered with gauze. But then I recognized the antique gold frame, and the liner of deep blue. John was going to make me remember myself as I had been before half of me died. How could he?

I wouldn't look—he couldn't make me look! I buried my face in my hands when he pulled the gauze away, but he spoke to me, softly and urgently. "Look, Ellen. Please look."

The eager compulsion of his voice tore the protecting fingers away from my eyes. Through my tears the canvas looked just the same. But no—something had been changed.

John had repainted my face. It was my new face on the canvas now. The scars were there—ugly, twisting gashes. But the girl in the picture was beautiful. In her eyes shown the light of my last summer's dream. Faintly gold, the aura sat like a halo about her heavy amber hair. But there was something more, something above mere beauty in the picture. That girl had courage. She was not afraid.

"John—John—" I faltered. He was beside me then, and his hand, tipping my face up to meet his eyes, was gentle and strong at once. His eyes when I saw them, were full of all that I had read in them that day on the bridge—a short few months, a long lifetime ago.

"Didn't you know, Ellen," he said at last, "that I fell in love with a woman—not with a pretty face? Didn't you know that I loved you for your honesty and your courage and your clear, far-seeing young eyes?"

What was he telling me? Something I had heard before. Something I had heard—it seemed so long ago, now—from my father. It was only a little over a year ago, actually, that Dad had driven me to State College.

Happiness is inside you, he had told me. Don't reach out too far. Don't run too hard.

"Thank you, Dad," I whispered. And aloud I added, "Thank you, John. Thank you for making me want to live!"

And one day, I knew—after I had learned to look inside—perhaps I would want to love. Perhaps I could find love to match the love in John's eyes as he looked at me now.

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Put Love Away

Continued from page 27

a festering sore inside me.

In the spring, it was at my mother's urging that I accepted Aunt Harriet's invitation to visit her in Carroll. It would be good for me, she was sure, to live with people who weren't too close, to have to be responsive when I might have shut myself up in brooding silence. Furthermore, in Carroll no one but Aunt Harriet's family would know about Don. There would be no sympathetic glances wherever I went; to the town, at least, I would be no different from my cousin Cora, or any other young girl.

If it was good for me, I wasn't aware of it. I liked brisk, kindly Aunt Harriet, and gruff little Uncle Louis, and my blonde gentle cousin, but I wasn't aware of much of anything until the night I sat through two hours of torture at Cora's graduation ceremony, feeling the wound in my soul flicked raw.

THAT was also the night I met Lincoln Rafferty. It happened this way: Cora was having a party at the house for a few of her friends before they went on to the graduation dance. I was invited, and Cora had told me that Tom, the lanky youth who was her constant escort, was bringing a date for me, a soldier at the Fort outside Carroll, whom Tom had met and liked. I refused the date, and was determined to stay out of the party as much as possible. I didn't dress for it; after the ceremony was over and we were back at the house, I went straight out to the kitchen with Aunt Harriet and stayed there, helping her mix the fruit punch, cutting cake, and flinching at the sound of music and laughter that rose like a threatening wave when Cora and friends came in. I lingered over my tasks until Aunt Harriet thrust a plate of sandwiches into my hand. "You'd better take these in, Helen. They'll be needing refills."

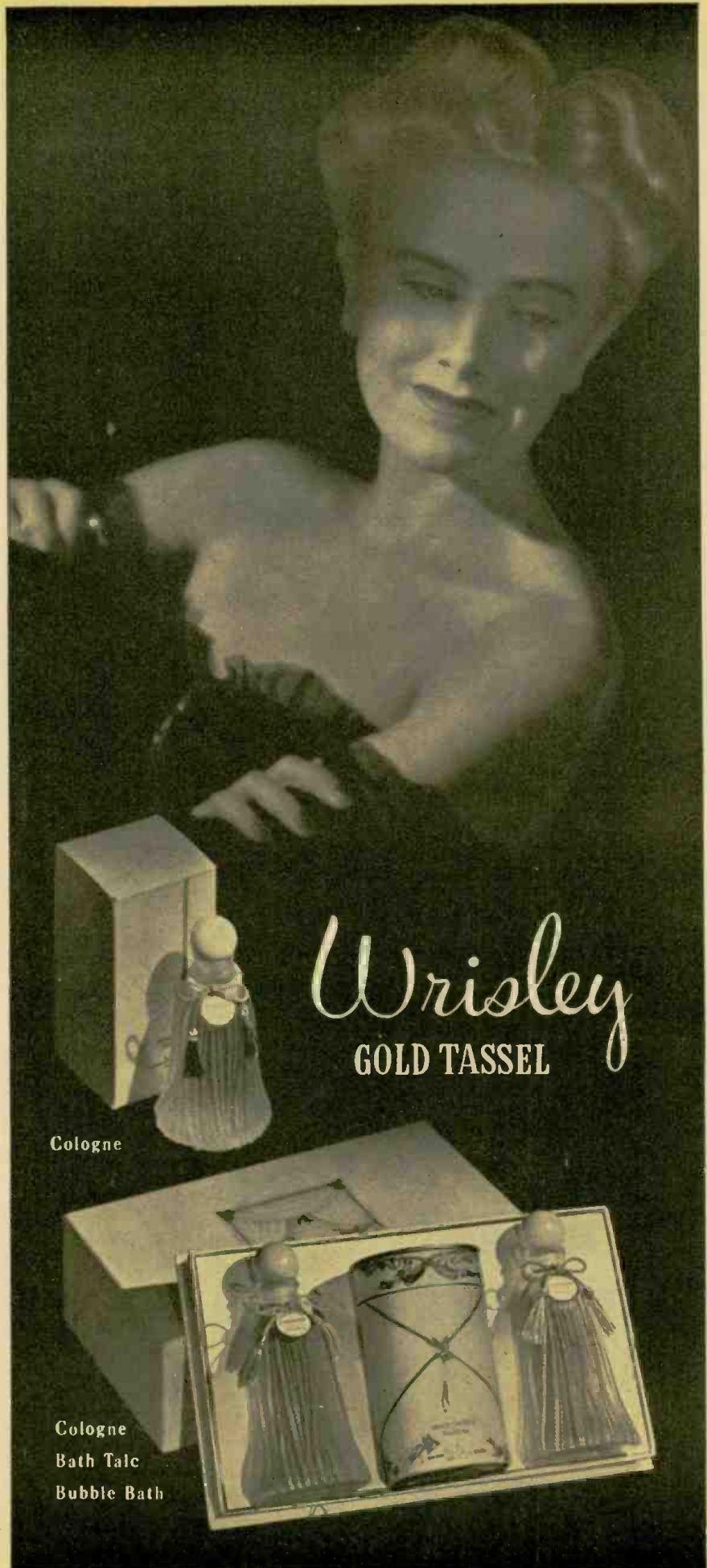
I'd hardly stepped into the dining room when the plate was taken from me and a laughing voice said, "You're Helen. I'm Link Rafferty. Cora's been looking for you. We thought you'd got lost."

I looked up, and the evasive speech I'd prepared died unspoken. He couldn't have been more than twenty-two or three, and yet he was—well, the *keenest*-looking person I'd ever seen. He was whip slim; his hair was very fine and black against bronze skin; the lines of brow and eyes, of narrow nose and clean-cut mouth were as fine and as definite as an ink drawing. Instinctively I knew I couldn't lie to him; instinctively I trusted him, too, for a strength that had nothing to do with force.

"I wasn't lost," I said with what firmness I could muster. "I was helping—" I was conscious of my plain gray suit, and I felt that he was translating "helping" correctly into "hiding."

"But Cora said you were to look after me," he told me gravely. "That makes me one of your responsibilities—"

I had to smile at the thought of this self-assured young man's being anyone's responsibility but his own, and the ice was broken. In a few minutes we were sitting on the lower landing of the stairs, talking. I told him what



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little I dared to speak of about myself; Link told me about his home in the East, about how he'd been working his way through a great University before he'd enlisted. "Medicine," he said, "I'd just got started on it—"

He didn't finish, and I sensed that he must have been deeply disappointed over leaving school. "But couldn't you have stayed?" I asked. "I understand they exempt medical students—"

He gave me an odd look. "You don't think I would have stayed, do you? I wasn't far enough along to be of any real service for years—"

I didn't answer. I was following my own thoughts, and they had a bitterness so strong I could taste it. "I hate the war," I said. It was the first time I'd spoken it aloud, and the words fell like drops of acid.

"Everyone does," Link began, and then he stopped. "Do you mean," he asked slowly, "that you believe it's for no good at all? Do you think—"

"It's murder," I said shortly, and stood up. "Let's not talk about it."

Then Cora was coming over to us. "Helen, we're going now. You're coming with us, aren't you? Please—"

Link, too, had risen, and although his eyes were still puzzled they were ready to laugh again. "Of course she is." He turned to me with a little bow, crooked his arm in exaggerated courtliness. "Leave us be off—"

I HESITATED, sure that I didn't want to go, but stirred by an almost unbelievable impulse—an impulse to have this slim, assured man see me in a long dress, with my hair loose from its prim roll, a copper cloud on my shoulders. I was amazed to hear myself saying in a queer, breathless voice, "I'll go, but first—first I must change my clothes."

I saw the sun rise the next morning, and it rose on new hope for me. Link and Tom had brought Cora and me home around one o'clock, and in the hours between then and dawn I lay wide-eyed, reviewing the miracle that had happened. I'd heard music again—really heard it, so that the tunes lilted in my heart and the rhythm tugged at my feet. I'd danced again, and laughed again, and I'd felt the admiration in a man's eyes. Yes, and there'd been more than admiration in the way that Link had looked at me, but that wasn't important—not then. What was important was that I'd felt it at all.

I knew then that I was going to stay in Carroll. When, in a week or two, Cora went to work in her father's factory, I would go with her. I could work well with my hands, and Uncle Louis had more than once hinted that he could use me. Maplewood still held everything I cared about, but in memory only—and I was too young to live on memories. I'd found out tonight that I was still alive, and responsive to life.

After that I went out with Link whenever he had a free evening. Tom and Cora always came with us, and the time we shared was as light and gay as the tunes we danced to. There was only one instance in the dozen odd evenings we were out together that was even faintly disagreeable. We were at the Pavilion, a large, open-air dance hall that featured name bands and catered to a young crowd, when a soldier passing our table recognized Link and stopped to talk. Link introduced him as Gordie Watson and invited him to sit down. He accepted quickly. He was a homely, freckle-faced boy with an engaging grin and a snub nose, and he was obviously



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alone and lonely.

"Link," he drawled. "the whole Fort's been wonderin' about your time off lately, and when I tell 'em the reason—" He shook his head in a mock threat. Link laughed with the rest of us, but a little frown appeared between his brows, and it deepened as the minutes passed and Gordie stayed.

"I," he said when at last Gordie left and we got up to dance, "am the world's biggest fool. I might have known that lad would take a mile if given an inch."

"But, Link, he was nice—"

"Sure he is. Most of the fellows at the Fort are, individually. But they're away from home, and lonesome, and they take liberties they wouldn't in civil life. You noticed, that after he found out you were staying with Cora, he was very careful to make sure of her last name. He'll be calling you up."

I laughed. "What of it? I certainly don't have to go out with him."

"It could be annoying," said Link seriously. "Remember, Helen, the Fort's a training ground, but it's primarily a transfer point. If your number got passed around out there, you'd have an endless succession of Joes calling you—"

"WELL," I said comfortably, "you can always see that it doesn't get passed around—"

"That's just it," said Link. "I can't. Tomorrow's my last day. I just found out this afternoon, or I'd have made arrangements to see you alone tonight. Helen—"

Then the music stopped, and he was leading me out on the porch. I followed, and there was a queer constriction in my throat. "You'll be going—into action?" I asked tightly.

He looked down at me searchingly. "Do you care?"

I couldn't answer. I was seeing the lake at home again, and the green horizon, and the black shadow that lay beyond, seeing all of the bright youth, the fine, clean boys like Don—and Link—being spilled into it like so many sheep.

"No," Link was saying, "I haven't got my ticket, yet. I've a few more months of training in the South. But—I'll be leaving you—"

Then his arms were around me, and his lips were on mine in a kiss that was sweet and hurtful, and poignant with parting. When he released me, there were unashamed tears in his eyes. "Helen," he said wonderingly, "I never thought I could love a woman so much. I had no room for one in my life—there was school, and the bigger, more important job than school. But now—Helen, I know you don't care, not the way I do—but promise me you'll think about me, and try to care."

There were tears in my own eyes, and I was trembling, shaken by his emotion. I knew that the outburst wasn't like him, that he was a cool man, who ordinarily guarded his emotions well. I was all the more touched, and I wished passionately that I could care as much as he cared for me—about anything. I almost told him, then, why I had no heart to give a man, but something stopped me. I wasn't yet ready to talk about Don.

"I won't forget you, Link," I promised. "And of course I'll write—"

It seems incredible now that I could forget my promise, that I could forget Lincoln Rafferty himself. Perhaps, in a way, it was a deliberate forgetting, one I wasn't aware of accomplishing—

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because I'd suffered one loss, an unconscious part of me was guarding against another.

I missed him terribly at first—or I thought I did. Both Cora and I had gone to work for Uncle Louis, Cora in the office, and I in the factory, in small parts assembly, but even my new job didn't seem to be enough to fill my time. It was exacting work, work that had to be done fast and precisely and that easily became nerve-racking after a few hours, and yet I found myself dissatisfied and restless after a long day at the factory, waiting, wanting something to happen. I thought that I missed Link, but as his letters began to arrive, I knew that it wasn't true. The letters brought no satisfaction; I answered them dutifully, as warmly as I could—but I didn't look forward to receiving them. Lincoln Rafferty in person had been a stimulating reality, but written words failed to recall him vividly to my numbed mind and heart.

Cora and Tom got me dates once in a while on weekends, but I didn't enjoy them as I'd enjoyed being with Link. The boys were my own age, but they seemed painfully young; they seemed to sense, too, that I was in some way set apart from them; they deferred to me a little, and I felt like a chaperon.

THEN one night when the family was out and I was alone in the house, the telephone rang. I knew a tingle of anticipation when a voice inquired, not for Cora, but for me—and then it faded as I recognized the drawl. It was Gordie, of the grin and the freckles. "I hope you don't mind my callin'," he said, "but I thought if you weren't busy this evenin'—"

I didn't know what to answer; then the silence of the house decided me. "No," I said, "I'm not busy—"

That was the beginning, and there was no hint, in the innocent fun of the evening, as to what the end would be. We went out to the Pavilion, and from the moment Gordie guided me out on the dance floor, I knew that this was what I'd been missing. Music and movement and laughter—as long as I had those, I could forget all of the things I couldn't bear to remember. When Gordie took me to the door that night, he asked if he could see me the following Saturday, and I accepted.

On Saturday we were part of a foursome, with a soldier named Johnny and a girl named Rose. The boys apologized for being able to afford only a juke-joint instead of the comparative splendor of the Pavilion, but we had a good time just the same—or most of it was good. The place was filled with soldiers; they crowded around our booth, and Gordie was proud to show me off. "You can look, but musn't touch," he kept repeating. "She's my girl."

These attentions, and the evening, ended abruptly and dramatically. One man, a civilian in a too-green suit, and with beetle-brows that met above his nose, had been watching us since we came in, but had made no attempt to talk to us. Then, when Gordie was dancing with Rose and Johnny was dancing with me, a green-clad arm and shoulder inserted itself between Johnny and me, and I found myself the partner of the beetle-browed civilian.

For a second I didn't realize what had happened, and then I flamed with anger and loathing. The man's big



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hands pressed me revoltingly close; his breath was hot on my neck. I acted without thinking. I snatched my hands from his and pushed at his shoulders—hard. Caught off balance, he went down with a crash.

The dancers stopped, stared, and then a laugh went up that drowned out the blare of the juke box. I caught sight of Gordie and Rose, and they were laughing, too. "Gordie," I commanded sharply, "I want to go home."

WE left immediately. My cheeks were flaming, and I was sick with shame over the scene. but Gordie was still smiling. "I'm sorry, Helen," he apologized, "but you gave that guy what we've been wanting to give him for a long time. He's a wolf of the first water—hangs around and makes a play for our girls whenever he can. He's a nuisance, but no one wants to brush him off, exactly, because he—well, he does us favors once in a while. If there's a party, and we run short of liquor, he can always get it for us, even if it's after hours. He rents us the cars we drive, and sometimes, if he knows us real well, he's good for a loan. We owe you a vote of thanks."

I didn't feel honored, and I shuddered at the recollection of the look of pure hate the man on the floor had given me. Gordie dropped Johnny off at Rose's house, then drove me home. As he turned off the motor, his arm settled on my shoulders. I moved away, reached for the door handle. "Please, Gordie—"

"What's the matter? Are you still mad about what happened?"

"No," I answered, not quite truthfully. After all, it hadn't been Gordie's fault.

"Still got Rafferty on your mind?"

"No." That was completely truthful. I hadn't thought once of Link that evening.

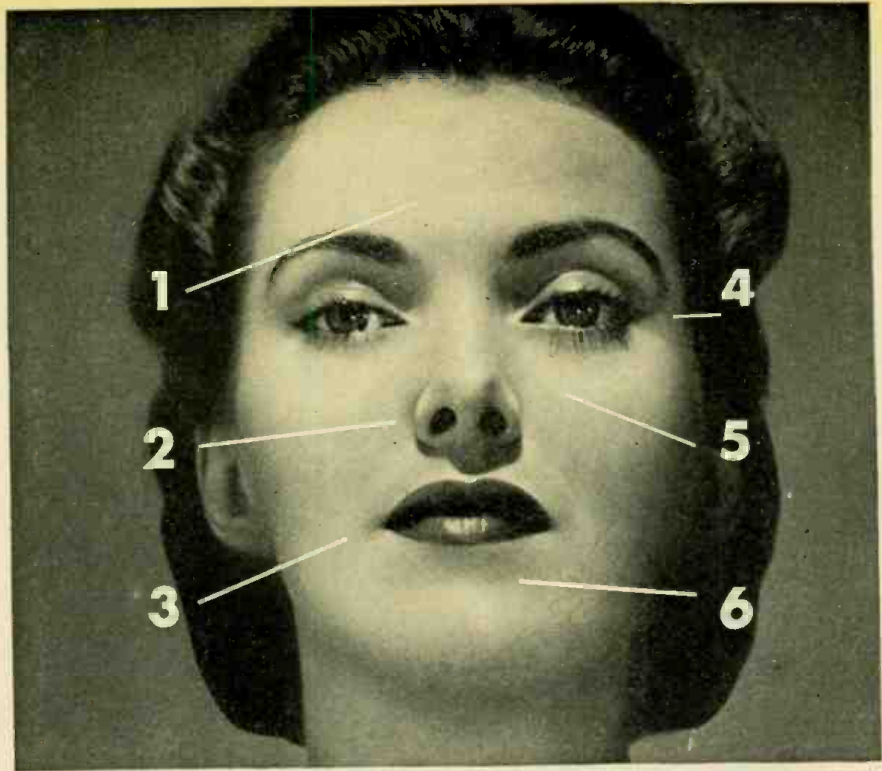
"Then," asked Gordie, "what are you saving your kisses for?"

The question fell like a blow. I'd had no experience in giving evasive answers to questions of that sort—and I hadn't a truthful one. Why should I save my kisses? Not for my own sake, when everything I'd lived for was gone. Why should I withhold them from boys like Link, and Gordie, boys who were marching toward the green horizon into the shadow that had swallowed Don?

Apparently Gordie didn't expect an answer. He reached for me again, and that time I didn't evade him—not until his arms held me too tightly, and then I pushed him away, and ran into the house.

I saw Gordie a half-dozen times in the next two weeks, and then he, too, left the Fort. He left on a Thursday. On Friday the telephone rang as usual after dinner. A boy named Mac was calling. He was a friend of Gordie's; I must remember meeting him. . . .

I went out with a great many boys in the next few months. There was Mac, and Jim Carter, and Lester Horn, and—yes, boys whose names I don't even remember. I realized, sometimes, that I was going out too much, but I couldn't seem to stop. An evening with the family was uncomfortable. Cora and I were no longer as close as we had been; Uncle Louis and Aunt Harriet sat in a kind of doubting silence. Their first pleasure that I was getting out and having a good time had changed to disapproval when it became evident that they could expect two or three different boys in khaki to call at the house in a week. Now I



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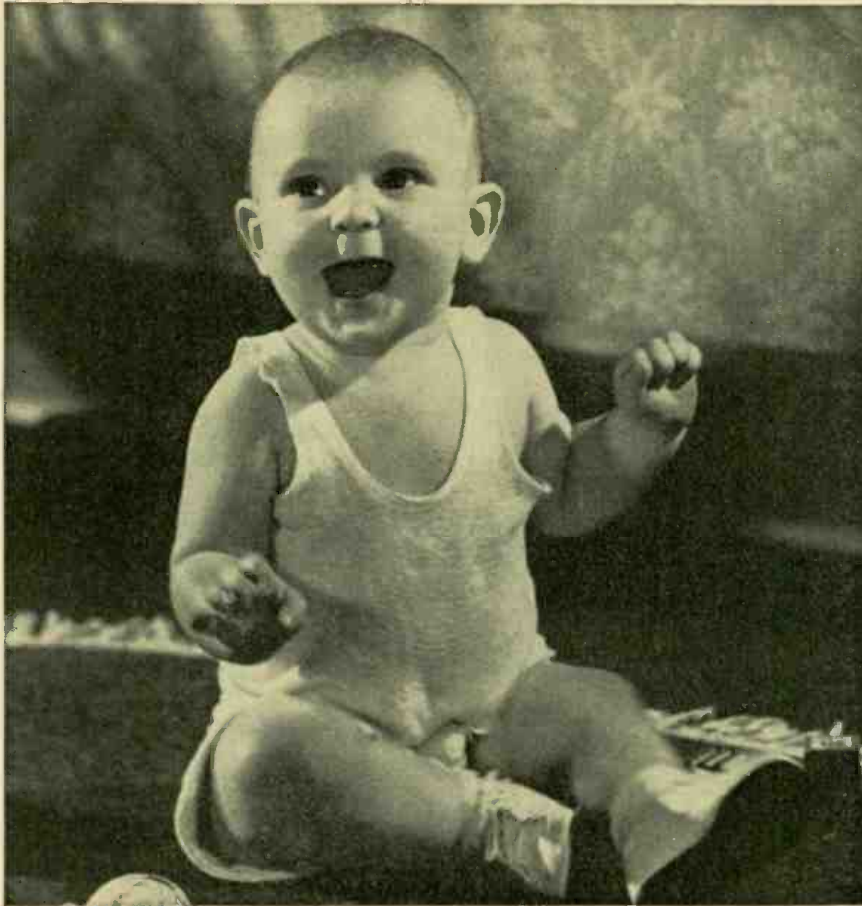
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knew that they were waiting, putting off speaking to me, hoping that I'd settle down of my own accord.

An evening by myself was unbearable. A band or a juke-box, moving from one partner to another on the dance floor, riding from one place to another in someone's car—these things had become drugs, necessary to me.

NOW, remembering that summer, I think it was most like one of those turn-tables in amusement park fun houses, that revolve slowly when you first step up on them, and then spin faster and faster, until you are dizzy and powerless to get off by yourself and must wait until you are thrown off.

Voices reached out to help me, but they didn't speak my language. Cora tried to warn me. She and Tom had heard gossip about me in town; they didn't believe it, of course, but they thought I ought to put myself beyond the reach of scandal-mongers. . . . I paid no attention to her.

Uncle Louis called me into his office at the factory one day and told me, with a brusque kindness that failed to conceal real impatience and concern, that my production record had slumped. I ought to get more rest, he suggested; I couldn't expect to work well when I was over-tired. I listened in stony silence, but inwardly I was seething, wishing I'd never come to work for him. I'd never liked to think of the things he manufactured—intricate parts for weapons of destruction, and now, when he spoke of the factory, of the efficient job it was doing, and of how I must help keep up production, I almost hated him. The factory didn't belong to Uncle Louis, really, I told myself, but to the war. If it hadn't been for the war, Uncle Louis would still be running a small machine shop. There would have been no neat new building, no important conferences with Army officials, none of the things that had made life easier for him and for Aunt Harriet in the past two years. Uncle Louis and his generation were safe; they were profiting by the war while my generation paid the price.

I went back to the assembly room furious at him, childishly resolved to pull my record up to its former peak for a week or two, just to show him—and then quit. Uncle Louis would regret it—even at my worst I was as good as the other girls in Assembly.

But it didn't work out that way. I went dancing at the Pavilion that night, and we had a flat tire on the way home. I didn't get in until after four, and I slept right through the alarm. Uncle Louis and Cora had gone to work when I woke up. I told Aunt Harriet that I didn't feel well rather than admit that I'd overslept. She said nothing, but drew the shades and let me alone. I slept, and when I awoke again, it was dark. The hands of the illuminated clock on my bureau pointed to eight-thirty.

Eight-thirty! I had a date at nine—Never had I wanted less to go out. I was relaxed and sleepy—and I knew very well that if I went out tonight after having claimed illness all day, the storm impending would break over my head in earnest. But I'd promised the boy, and I hated to disappoint him. To them, an evening out more often than not meant a worked-for pass, carefully saved Army pay. And he was picking me up at nine; it would be awkward to turn him away at the

doorstep.

The house was still. As I bathed and dressed, I listened, and decided thankfully that the family must have gone out for the evening. There would be trouble when they came in and found me gone—but at least, I wouldn't have to meet it until the next day.

I WAS going down the stairs to the front hall when a voice from the living room stopped me. "Helen!"

Uncle Louis. I descended a step or two, saw that he was reading by a single lamp on the living room table. "Yes, Uncle Louis—"

"Come in here. I want to talk to you."

I felt trapped. He must have let Aunt Harriet and Cora go out without him, have deliberately waited for me. I tried to sound casual. "I haven't time, Uncle Louis. I've got a date, and—"

There was a moment of incredulous silence. Then he came into the hall, paper in hand. "You—what?" he demanded.

My heart was pounding with fear, or excitement, but I answered. "I'm going out. I'm being picked up in a few minutes—"

"You are not!" He stopped, swallowed, went on with more control. "Helen, I forbid you to leave this house tonight. Your aunt thinks we shouldn't speak to you—that we should write to your parents or some such nonsense first—but you're my niece, too, and I tell you right now that I won't be responsible for you to your mother and father unless you begin to show some sense. You're staying right here until—"

Responsible! That did it. I wasn't frightened any more. I was just mad clear through, and I had a lot to get off my chest. "Responsible!" I exploded. "I won't have you responsible for me, any way, ever! A lot you feel responsible for anything! You sit and plan ways of manufacturing things to kill people—while others get killed! You—" Out of the corner of my eye through the hall window, I caught a flash of light from the street. My date couldn't have picked a worse moment to drive up. I raced on, completely incoherent now, hoping to keep my uncle's attention off the door, hoping for a chance to slip out before a stranger walked in on this scene. "You're safe enough!" I flung at him. "None of your family is going to get hurt. All the war means to you is a chance to make money—"

I was waiting, praying for a knock on the door. I was fairly close to it now, and I was thoroughly frightened of Uncle Louis again. He turned deep red, then white, and when he found his voice, it was a bellow. "Helen! To think that I've had you living in my house, with my own daughter. Running around with every Tom, Dick and Harry, out all night and every night, and then daring to tell me—" His voice broke with fury; he took a step toward me—and then the knock came.

I opened the door, and stood staring. Not my date for the evening, but Link, stood on the threshold.

What has Link heard of that heated quarrel between Helen and her Uncle? And how would he interpret it? Helen learns a bitter lesson in the exciting second chapter of "Put Love Away" in the October issue of *Radio Mirror Magazine*, which goes on sale Friday, September 8th.



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Let's Begin Again

Continued from page 39

"Yes, he wrote me—"

Talk, say something—say anything to keep away the silence, that lies so close, from engulfing us, talk, tell all the simple gossip of the town while you eat; smile when Ted praises the dinner, and tell Ted to go sit on the porch while you do the dishes. Then, for a little you can be quiet. But, talk, find something to say as soon as you join him; if you don't the silence will sweep in, the silence which brings thoughts of all the things you don't want to face.

And Ted wouldn't help me, or perhaps, he couldn't. Once I said:

"You're very quiet, dear."

"I just like sitting here—it's so peaceful. You don't know how peaceful." He leaned toward me and placed his hand over mine. His face was a white blur in the soft, star-dusted night, and my fingers turned and closed over his. "I don't want to remember, or tell you what I've seen—not yet, anyway. This is so marvellous. Do you understand, Ann?"

YES, I understand." Quick pity and pain filled me. I'm giving you so little, Ted, on your home coming, so terribly little. You're so patient, Ted; I almost wish you wouldn't be so patient.

And pity was tugging at my heart, all through that night, keeping sleep from my aching eyes, as memory painted scene after scene before me in the darkness. Afternoon sunlight, like a path of gold, over which Ted and I drove, a little over three years before. We had been close together in his car, my arm against his. His hands had been firm on the steering wheel; I had liked to watch them, because they were strong and sensitive. He had laughed, glancing toward me, saying:

"You're Mrs. Hollis, now. How do you like that, Ann?"

"It's wonderful—"

"And, always will be—just think, dear—always—as long as we live—"

As long as we live! We were living, now, and nothing was wonderful. How quiet Ted was! I couldn't hear a sound through the open door. Was he asleep, or was he, even as I, staring at nothing, asking how the change had come, how it had happened? I turned my head on the pillow, shutting my eyes, but I couldn't shut away the picture of the room we had had, there in that small Inn, close to the sea. The sound of the waves breaking on the shore had risen through the open window, as Ted had crossed the room to me; then, there had been no sound, in all the world, except Ted's voice, speaking my name, nothing in all the world but my singing blood, and joy and rapture, as his lips had found mine.

I turned again on the pillow, burying my head deeper. I mustn't remember, I mustn't! For it hadn't lasted, neither joy nor rapture had lasted, not even understanding of the other had remained. If only something big had occurred, I might understand why in a year—less than a year, really—I had grown impatient, irritated, and Ted was no longer the laughing, gay boy he had been—the boy I had loved. All little things—his tracking mud onto my clean kitchen floor, or his burying himself in the paper, or listening to the radio in the evening, when I wanted to talk. He'd had a habit of dropping things

on my dressing table—little things like a forgotten necktie, or one of his brushes left beside mine.

He had laughed at first, when I'd objected, and he'd kissed me, and said, "But honey, what difference does it make? You're sharing a room with your husband, after all—"

But he hadn't laughed, later, when I'd been really irritated, and cried, "Don't ever do this again, Ted! After all, you have the dresser to put your things on—"

"All right!" His voice, curt, cut me off. He turned to the door and stopped there, to say slowly, "Sometimes, Ann, I think you're really an old maid—a picky, fault-finding, holier-than-thou old maid, in spite of being married." And he had walked out of the room and closed the door sharply behind him.

Little things . . . little, unimportant things, but building up into a wall between us. The wall had been built before he went away; the long period of his being gone had not destroyed it. He was home now, and the wall was there still.

I HEARD Ted turn in his bed, in the other room; I sat up, calling, softly: "Can't you sleep, Ted?"

"Not yet—I will."

"Are you in pain?"

"Oh, a little. It's worse at night, my side and leg. It'll go. I'm all right—"

I dropped back on my pillows. All right . . . Nothing is all right, I wanted to cry out. Nothing, nothing!

I said it over and over in my mind in the days that followed—days when I couldn't decide whether the hours spent at the parties and receptions for Ted or the hours spent at home, alone with him, were worse. Nothing would ever be right again, and the really wrong thing was to keep on with this—this dreadful pretending.

Most of all I thought about it as I watched Ted with my sister Delia. Between them, I thought, there is no wall—no wall that has made lovers into strangers. They are simply friends, and they can talk to each other naturally and simply.

Delia had greeted Ted, the first time she saw him after he came home, with a frank happiness which had made my own welcome to him seem woefully lacking. She had hurried through the front door, coming home from work, calling, "Hello—where's the conquering hero?"

And Ted, stepping out of the living room, had grinned at her. "If you refer to me, madam, I am here!"

Delia had given him a gay and friendly kiss. "And I'd hug you, too," she told him, "only I'm not sure which parts of you should be marked 'fragile!'"

I stood in the kitchen door, watching them. The very atmosphere of the house had changed, grown brighter.

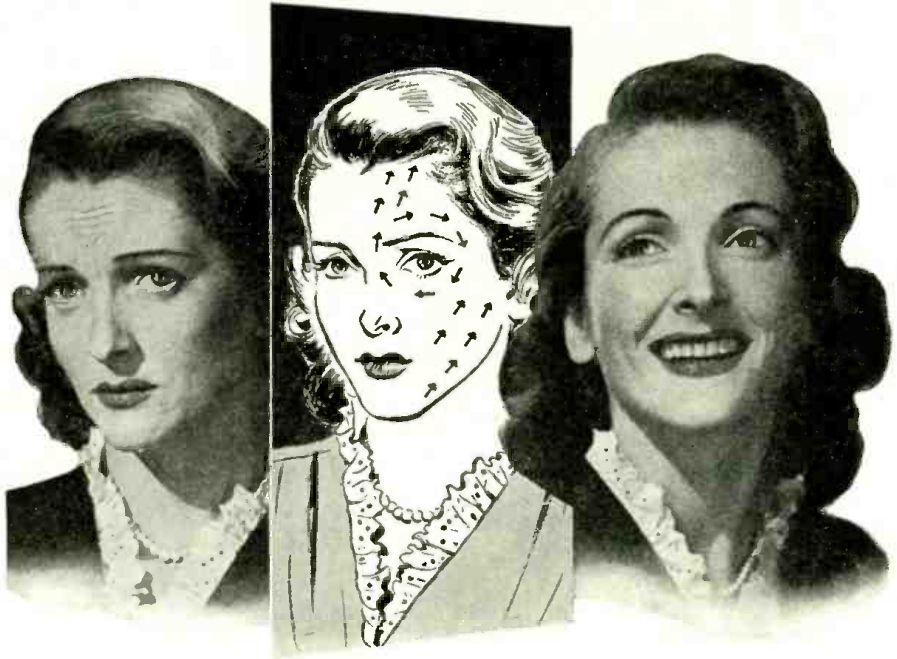
"I rushed home to get dinner," Delia went on, pulling off her hat, "so you and Ann could be together. Where's my apron, Ann?"

So Ted and I could be together! After the long day in which we had tried to find things to talk about, the long day when Ted pretended to sleep part of the time so we wouldn't have to talk!

"Oh, no," I told her hurriedly. I'm fixing something special for Ted—you talk to him, and dinner will be ready—you entertain him—"

That she had done, for I heard her light, eager voice floating in the kitchen window from the porch, where

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they had gone. And I heard Ted answering; I even heard him laugh. And she continued it, too, so that it became a habit for Delia and Ted to talk after she got home, while I finished dinner. On Sunday, she ordered him out into the garden.

“Come on out into the sunshine,” she said. “It'll be good for you. I don't expect you to do any of the digging, but you can see what I plant so that after I've gone you'll know what to weed up and what to leave.”

We were standing on the back steps, the three of us—Ted just below me, Delia beside him with a rake and trowel in her gloved hands. Ted smiled, as he told her, “Most likely I'll pull up the peas and beans, not the weeds—Ann told me that I did, the summer before I went away.”

Delia laughed. “I bet you both did—but that's the way to learn. Come on—” The sunlight glinted on her black curls, as she started across the yard, a slim, softly rounded figure in her working slacks and sweater. Ted followed, and I called:

“Be with you in a minute—” I turned back into the house, my cheeks hot with color. It almost looked as if I had done nothing but find fault and complain, in the past. Oh, surely, I hadn't been that most awful of beings, a nagging wife? Ted had become quiet, fumbling, uncertain of himself; I had hated the change in him; I had flared out because he was different. What fault there had been was in him, not in me.

And, somehow, everything I said or did seemed wrong, day after day, as one week dragged on into another. It

was only when Delia was home, or friends dropped in to see Ted, that the tension between us lifted. Only then was I natural, only then did Ted talk without restraint. *This is intolerable, impossible, I said over and over to myself; we're like two ghosts in a place that was once a home. I must speak to Ted; I must tell him we can't go on. He's stronger, now, and anyway, I haven't made his homecoming happy. This is the time to say what has to be said between us, I would repeat; and, somehow, I couldn't find the courage. Not even when he went into the hall one morning, and picking up his hat said:*

“Think I'll go see Mr. Hancock today.”

“About work?” I lifted some dishes from the breakfast table to carry them to the sink.

“Yes.”
“Are you strong enough? Hadn't you better wait?”

Tell him, now; this is as good a time as any. Tell him, now, so he can make his plans.

I THINK I am. And—I don't want to wait—sitting around the house—doing nothing—just thinking—no, I'd better get to work.”

Swift remorse stabbed at me. Sitting around the house, doing nothing, just thinking . . . had he expected his homecoming to be different? Had he planned and dreamed that life would be as it had been when we were first married?

“All right,” I said. “If you're sure you're well enough.”

I found that I was waiting for something, and in a second of shocked sur-

prise I realized what I was waiting for—for Ted to kiss me goodbye. But you don't want him to, my mind cried out in amazement to my heart. You don't want him to kiss you—except that somehow, you know that he wants to, and you're sorry for him.

Ted was at the door now, his hat in his hand. "Wish me luck," he said. There was something of his old, careless jauntiness in his voice, and he pulled his hat to a defiant angle as he walked down the path.

Strangely, I heard myself calling after him, "Good luck, Ted—dear." Just for that one little moment the barrier between us fell.

I watched him go, limping a little, and found that my throat was tight. He hadn't kissed me. Perhaps, after all, he hadn't wanted to. I remembered again what I sometimes lost sight of—that Ted still loved me, that, although he knew that something had gone wrong with our marriage, he didn't know that I wanted to end it. Yes, of course Ted still loved me—and yet there were his silence, his uncertainty of word and action. Perhaps—was he pretending, too?

There was none of that uncertainty, none of the long silences, when Ted and Delia were together. When he was with her, you could glimpse flashes of Ted's old, gay self—the Ted I had loved. Here, I thought suddenly, is a way out—a way that will hurt none of us. Delia makes him happy; you don't. You thought it was just the old liking between them, but it might be more. Yes, it could be more, perhaps. A satisfactory way out. Ted and Delia.

A satisfactory way out. Why, then, did I feel tired, old, a little sick, as I turned back to the kitchen to wash the

dishes? Why didn't I feel relieved?

With sharpened eyes and sharpened heart, I watched Ted and Delia as we three sat on the porch that evening. The air was warm and filled with the fragrance of the first flowers, and the stars seemed caught in the branches of the trees as they swayed in the vagrant breeze. Ted sighed and leaned his head against the back of his chair.

"Tired?" Delia's voice was warm, sympathetic.

"A little. But that wasn't why I sighed. It's lovely here . . ."

I started to speak, but Delia was quicker than I. "I suppose it must seem lovelier than ever before to you now, Ted. But you are tired—I saw it in your face at dinner. You shouldn't have gone downtown so soon. Mr. Hancock was right, telling you to wait. You need to be taken care of—doing such a foolish thing."

She leaned toward him, and patted his knee. Ted laughed; his hand went out and touched hers gently.

"They say men never grow up, Delia. We haven't much sense. Don't scold."

"I WON'T." She laughed with him, and I sat very still. Ted had been amused when Delia told him he'd been foolish; he wouldn't have been if I had said the same thing. Ordinary words, but much might lie behind them. I stared at the stars, twinkling through the tree tops, and heard the soft breeze in the leaves. It was hard to sit there with those two who were so close to each other, forcing me to feel I was an unwanted third. I rose to my feet.

"I'm going to bed," I said, surprised at the quietness of my voice, "I have a headache."

"Oh, I'm sorry." They spoke almost

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together.

I went slowly up the stairs, and as slowly undressed, and crept into bed; but couldn't stay there. Restless, uneasy, irritated, I pushed back the sheets and stood up. I pulled a wrapper around me, and went to the window.

"But, why do you have to go?" The breeze had grown stronger; it carried Ted's voice to my ears. "Don't go, Delia. It'll be impossible without you here."

"But, Ted, Ann and you—" The breeze sank; I could not hear the rest of her sentence. But it rose again, so that I heard his hard, tight laugh, and his voice, saying:

"We won't talk about Ann and me—"

I stole back to my bed, and sat on its edge. I could hear the sound of Ted's voice, coming from the porch below, talking to my sister, and it was once again eager, vital, alive. You should be glad, I told myself, for you don't want Ted to suffer. Then there was silence; I strained my ears for some sound, heard nothing, and jumped as my door was pushed open. It was Delia, not Ted. She shut the door very quietly behind her, walked over until she stood before me; when she spoke her voice was low, hurried.

"I'd like to shake you," she said, "and shake you until you got some sense. What are you doing to your life, and what are you doing to Ted?"

"What do you mean?" I sat up straight, angry, amazed.

"You know what I mean. Ted's one in a million. I shouldn't say you'd been a loving wife since he came home."

"What business is it of yours?" I stared up at her in the dim light.

"I could make it mine—if I wanted to." She walked to the window.

I repeated, my voice rising: "What

do you mean?" Those seemed the only words I could find to say.

"Hush." She moved quickly back, to stand before me once more. "He's on the porch, he mustn't hear us. Ted's human, he's a man—that's what I mean—he's lonely, he's been through so much; he needs love, companionship, and someone with confidence in him, and you give him nothing—and it's wicked, cruel—"

"If you feel that way about him—if he loves you—"

DON'T be a fool, or talk like one, Ann! He doesn't love me; I don't want him to." Her words cut, they were sharp edged. "Oh, Ann, Ann—didn't you ever realize that the success of your marriage depended on you as much as on him—"

"Don't," I whispered, "don't."

I had never seen my sister like this. She had never spoken to me as she was speaking now. "You've no right—"

"Perhaps not, but I don't care. I've been watching, waiting, until I can't stand it any longer. I like Ted—I can't stand seeing him hurt. If you don't love him, tell him, cut it clean, give him a chance to start again. Do you expect him to live forever like this, sleeping in another room, a stranger in his own house? Ann, Ann, it's time you were a woman."

I jumped up, and faced her. "Will you go?"

"All right—" Delia walked to the door, and her hand on the knob, looked back at me. "Think about it," she said.

The door opened, closed behind her, and I was alone, but her words were still ringing in my ears, and in my heart. I dropped down on the bed, and, my face buried in the pillows, lay stiff and rigid, not sobbing, not crying.

Suddenly a strange, new thought came to me, as clearly as if it were written in light on the darkness of the bedroom wall. Life isn't a dream—it's finer than that. Romance wears thin, so that two may find the core of love, lasting love, beneath. I was filled with longing, then, for the Ted who once had laughed with me, and kissed me, and loved me, the strong man's arms which had held me close, the lips on mine which had demanded that I respond to a full love—a man's love.

If you don't love him, tell him—give him a chance to start again. Delia had said that, and she was right. The Ted I loved was lost to me. It was too late for anything for either of us but freedom and a fresh start. Well, that was what I had been intending to do all along—to give Ted his freedom, his chance to start again, to look for love again. Yes, it was only fair to tell him now, and I would. I'd tell Ted in the morning that he was free.

And then at last tears came, and I cried for my dead love as a woman must weep for her dead child—tears of hopelessness and misery and loneliness.

I sank into an exhausted sleep toward dawn; it was late in the morning when I awoke. I dressed, my fingers all thumbs, and stole down the stairs on leaden feet. The bright sunlight stung my heavy eyes. I caught a glimpse of myself in the hall mirror and turned swiftly away. The lovely, delicate beauty which Ted had once adored was vanished. No wild rose color—he had called it that—in my face, and my lips were a tight, thin line. What had he said of them? Red ripe for kissing . . . Oh, why, why must I remember things like that now? The foolish little things,

the loving little things? Now I should be happy, because my mind was made up, and I could do the thing I had wanted so long to do.

TED was on the porch. Hearing me, he turned and came into the hall. Tell him now. Tell him now, and have it done with. Make the cut clean and swift. It will take only a moment, and then it will be over.

"You're late, Ann," Ted was saying. "Delia and I had breakfast. She squeezed orange juice for you—it's in the refrigerator—and fresh coffee's ready to have the water poured through. I'll have a cup with you." He sounded strange, nervous, hurried, somehow.

I'll tell him over coffee, I thought. That will be sensible—no hysterics, no recriminations. Just talk it over, completely friendly and normal. I turned and followed him into the kitchen.

"Here, I'll make the coffee and put on the toast," Ted said. "You look white and shaky, Ann."

"No toast for me," I told him. "Just coffee."

"Hasn't your headache gone?" "Yes, but I didn't sleep well." Oh, how could we talk like this, calmly and sensibly, when in a moment I would put a match to the charge that would blast our lives apart?

"Too bad," Ted said, as he poured boiling water into the dripolator. "I didn't sleep well myself—I was thinking too hard. I want to talk to you, Ann, after you've had your coffee." And then he put the coffee pot down. "No—not after coffee. Now, Ann!"

I got to my feet as if pulled by strings, and so we stood, facing each other. Ted's voice was quiet.

(Continued on page 89)



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Yes, it's tough, but your postwar job is *worth it*.



(Continued from page 87)

"Please let me say this all at once Ann, and get it over. Don't interrupt me until I'm through—it's—it's hard to say. But Ann, my coming home hasn't been what I hoped it might be. You've tried, Ann—but you don't love me. Our marriage broke up, really, before I went away. It's Delia who made me see things as they really are. She told me last night that she was leaving here, to take an apartment by herself, and the idea of being alone here with you, the way we were before I went away—"

My voice, high and thin—not really my voice at all, cried, "Ted, are you trying to tell me that you're in love with Delia?"

He took a swift step toward me, and his arms came involuntarily up and then dropped again to his sides. "Oh, no, Ann. No, I don't love Delia. I don't love anyone—but you. Not you as you are now, but the you I married—the Ann I loved enough to want to live with all the rest of my life. Somehow, somewhere, she's gone. It's not your fault—I'm not blaming you. These things happen to some people—all marriages don't succeed. And when they fail, it's foolish—criminal—to try to keep them going. That's why I want to tell you this, Ann—to tell you that I think it's time we set each other free."

I stood very still, dulled and stupid. The smell of the dripping coffee was strong; sunlight made a pattern of brightness and shadow on the blue-and-white linoleum; outside, a dog barked sharply in warning and changed the bark abruptly to a happy whine of recognition.

"Oh, no!" My voice cried it, but it was not my mind speaking—not my mind, already made up to say these very things to Ted. My mind, already made up to tell him that we should have our freedom, to tell him that I no longer loved the person he was now as I had loved the man he had been when we were married. I felt wild laughter struggling within me. I was going to tell Ted that he was free—and now he had told me that I was.

Suddenly I wanted the sun to stop shining, the dog outside to stop his happy crying, the coffee to stay its homey, simple fragrance. I wanted the world to stand still. There was suffering everywhere, in every corner of the earth, I knew, but I felt horribly, unaccountably, as if it were all here in my heart. I had to have something to lash out at, someone to cry out against—and I couldn't turn my fierce, un-named passion against Ted, for he had

OCTOBER RADIO MIRROR ON SALE Friday, September 8th

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 October will go on sale Friday, September 8th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. So please be patient!

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only spoken the words I was waiting to say to him.

"All right," I cried, "you're free! Go to Delia if you want to. Go and—"

Ted's voice cut mine off sharply, and his hands were like leaden weights on my shoulders. "Listen to me—Ann, as God's my judge, this has nothing to do with Delia. I don't care anything about her, except that she showed me once again what laughter was like, and easy talk, and companionship. This has to do only with you and me—with you and me alone."

And I knew that it was true. I knew, in that moment, a great deal of truth, more truth than I had ever let myself know in all of my life before. A great truth was this: I loved Ted. And a greater one was this: I had been at fault, terribly, dreadfully, shamefully at fault. I had not kept myself the woman that Ted had loved enough to marry. I had let laughter die, and tenderness go begging; I had cared more for a clean kitchen floor and a neat dressing table and a set of unbroken dishes and a neatly weeded garden than I had for love.

A WOMAN'S pride is a terrible thing, sometimes. It keeps her, sometimes, from saying the things that she must say, doing the things that she must do. But sometimes a woman's pride is a wonderful thing, for, when pride has brought her low, she becomes too proud to be proud. I was like that, then.

I put my hand out to Ted, and I said, "I love you. The fault is all mine. I've not been what you wanted me to be—I've not been what I should have been to keep my own happiness and yours. But I'd like another chance—Ted, please give me another chance!"

It was like watching all the dawns in the world—the light coming into Ted's eyes. It was like hearing all the world's laughter—seeing the tenderness, the wonder, the joy in his face. It was like coming home after a long journey—feeling his mouth seeking mine, knowing the blessing of his kiss. It was like finding heaven—hearing him say, "Will you marry me again, Ann? Will you be the wife I want, and let me be to you the husband you want me to be? Shall we try again?"

The smell of the coffee was hot and strong and good; the sun was bright as love itself on the blue-and-white linoleum; outside, the dog barked joyously, playing with the children. I felt made-over, whole again, born anew.

"We'll try again, and we'll succeed," I told him.

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Uncertain Heart

Continued from page 31

girl would say, lovely, frank, passionate things. But now I can't reach you. Don't you still want to marry me, darling?"

Impulsively I moved into his arms. "Hold me close, Jack." I begged. "Don't ever let me go." It was a little-girl cry for safety, not the surrender of the woman Jack thought me to be. And while his arms closed around me with all the strength of his hard young body, tears forced themselves against my eyelids. I knew what I had to do.

So when he let me go I was ready, smiling. "I haven't withdrawn from you, Jack. It's just that our personal relationship has to have a chance to catch up to our letters. We've missed so much of our courtship—things you can't put in letters. I want a little time, darling, to get acquainted with Jack Ferrar in person." It was an evasion and he knew it; I think it drove his hurt deeper.

He shrugged and gave my shoulder a little shake. "Okay—if that's the way you want it." And strode away, his back stiff with reproach.

It wasn't what I wanted. I had acted on impulse, but back of that impulse was a sure, growing conviction that ours was no longer a simple matter of boy-and-girl in love. Other people, other factors were coming between us. Jack's face had come between us.

THE feeling that I was doing the right thing didn't keep me from spending a sleepless, anguished night, sobbing into a crumpled pillow.

There, in the dark, lonely night, I made my decision.

If I needed any confirmation that I was being fair to Jack in postponing our wedding, it was more than justified during the next few days.

When I saw him the next evening he had changed. His manner was strained and diffident. He started to tell me something about having been swimming in Laird's Creek with Theo and some of our friends and then abruptly switched the subject to—of all things!—ask me if I had ridden to work with Sandy Tilburn that day. I was astonished but I put it down to a sudden reluctance on his part to discuss Theo with me.

While I worked during the day, Jack, on doctor's orders, had nothing to do but rest and renew old friendships. I knew that it wasn't his fault that everywhere he went he ran into Theo. And if he were unaware that this was a deliberate maneuver on her part, he had a man's intuition that she was offering him more than casual companionship. It showed itself in the way he spoke of her—at first, so openly, then as the days went on, with embarrassment, and finally in an effort not to speak of her at all. And between us there was a steadily-mounting barrier which neither could tear down.

For me it was pain and torture. I had to let him find out for himself, without any help from me, whether he really cared for me. Only—if it had to be someone else—not Theo! The thought of Jack married to her was like a hand squeezing my heart, twisting it into little pieces. I knew that Theo could create love and excite love—but she wasn't worthy of love. Not Jack's love. It made me want to fight for him, to hold him to his



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promise of marriage at any cost. But pride held me back. A marriage based on tricks was no marriage at all.

It hurt me that he hadn't tried harder to probe my reasons for not marrying him right away. He seemed satisfied to let things go on as they were—not asking any questions. Did that mean he was getting ready to seek his freedom—and Theo? My heart touched the depths of despair.

Sandy noticed the change in me. "You look like a ghost." He said bluntly one day while we were coasting our bicycles homeward down a slope. "What's happened to the light in your eyes and all the fun there used to be in you, Jill? Something wrong between you and Jack?"

"I look just the same as I always did—and that wasn't anything to brag about," I answered crossly. And in Sandy's eyes I saw a look of surprise—and then a slow acceptance of my own words, of my own evaluation of myself. It gave me a shock to see it there so plainly. Had it always been that way, with other people? Had it been my own insistence on my unattractiveness that made them pass me by? And by the same token, was it the assurance and confidence in myself in my letters to Jack that had brought forth his ardent response? Sandy had often tossed compliments my way—but I knew he never would again. He would never see a girl with roses in her cheeks and lights in her eyes. He would see a girl who was nothing to brag about.

CAN you stop by for a minute, Jill? Marcia's been wanting to meet you and this may be the last chance she'll have for a while because she has to go South to see her mother for a few weeks." He seemed to take it for granted that I would follow him, as he turned off into his road.

I thought with dismay of my work-stained slacks . . . my hair pinned up in a bandanna . . . my hands that needed a fresh manicure. To have to meet the lovely Marcia looking like that!

She met us at the door. "Hello, darling." His voice was husky with tenderness as he bent to kiss her. "This is Jill Dundee, my pedal-pal. I want you two girls to know each other. This is my wife, Marcia, Jill."

His wife! Marcia—the beautiful, glamorous Marcia? Even while I shook hands and made the proper response, I was trying to readjust my mental picture of her to fit this woman in front of me. Not by any standard could the real Marcia be called beautiful. Her hair was prematurely gray, her figure thin to the point of being angular, her mouth was too large and her eyes too deep-set.

But a closer inspection showed me something else. There was sweetness and humor and understanding and a valiant spirit in Marcia Tilburn that made you forget entirely what she looked like. And in Sandy's eyes I saw the truth. To him she really was the most beautiful woman in the world.

When I left them and was slowly riding towards the village I kept trying to remember something—something important, something insistent, that this incident recalled. I groped for a while, wondering who or of what that look in Sandy's eyes had reminded me. And then it came.

Of me! Of me when Jack had begged

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me to think of the possibilities of his being scarred for life. There had never been a moment's hesitation in my heart. I knew that I loved Jack and nothing could change that love—nothing to do with his outward appearance. That, too, was Sandy's love. He was the most popular man in the plant but he never looked at another girl besides Marcia.

Slowly the picture revolved and I drove... forced myself, relentlessly, to look on the other side of it. If this were true, by what right had I arbitrarily decided that Jack's love could not be taken at his word? What right had I to believe that it was of lesser quality than mine? So mean and petty that it could be swayed or changed or altered by his own good-looks or the looks of others? He had come to me with outstretched arms, with his heart as a gift—and all I could see was his handsome face.

I was staggered with the shock of revelation. Had I done Jack a terrible injustice? Was it too late?

He had loved me. He must care for me still—or he wouldn't keep coming to see me, doggedly, evening after evening, when he could have been sure of a much pleasanter reception from Theo. Some spark—some memory of what we'd been to each other in our letters—still remained. But when I thought of the difficulties of trying to recapture the clear and flamelike honesty of that love, I tasted the first bitter fruits of my own defeat.

And that night Jack didn't come. It was the next morning that Theo called. Her voice was sleepy, as though she wasn't used to getting out of bed so early in the morning.

JILL... darling... I want to be sure to reach you before you left for work. Would your mind—would you think it presumptuous of me if I gave a party for Jack tomorrow night? I know you're so busy and working so hard, but it does seem a shame we can't give him a homecoming party."

I felt a little dizzy, standing there holding the telephone, knowing somehow that the struggle was reaching a climax. But I managed to say I thought it was a fine idea.

"That's sweet of you, dear," she cooed. "I told Jack last night about the party and he said he'd be around to pick you up at seven. We've been talking it over and I feel it's important that he begin to know some of the new people in town. The party will give him a chance to make some good business contacts—he'll be looking for a job soon and I want him to—"

There was more but I didn't wait to hear the rest. Slowly I replaced the telephone on the table—my hand clenched around it to keep from hurling it against the wall! For the first time the humiliation I would ordinarily have felt over her words was replaced by a mounting, furious tide of anger. How did she dare!—to flaunt her possessiveness of Jack like that—arranging his life—planning his future! Without me, of course.

Well, I had weapons too. From the sweet-scented cedar-press came the dress—the filmy, cloudy-blue tulle bouffant that was part of my trousseau. A dress that I had scrimped for and saved for and dreamed of wearing on my honeymoon. I had greater need of it now. Perhaps when Jack saw me in it—?

The night of Theo's party was one

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of those flawless, magical mid-summer evenings when the trees, like slender minarets, are overlaid with a quick-silver sheen from the new moon; when the air is filled with the heady perfume of honeysuckle mingling with the cool, immaculate fragrance of mignonette.

But the enchantment of the night was wasted on me. Although Jack walked beside me he was careful to avoid touching me. Not by word or look had he noticed my dress. Our talk was strained and polite. This from the man who once had written me: "Darling, I find I can say things to you I'd never dare to say to anyone else. It must be because you're inside of me, where my heart used to be before I gave it to you" . . . ! Oh, what had I done!

THEO was waiting for us when we entered the smart, ultra-modern hall of the house her indulgent father had remodeled for her when Mrs. Steen died two years ago. Gleaming black floors and oyster-white walls and too many cheap reproductions of splashy pictures. I'd never liked that house, but I noticed that Jack seemed quite at home in it. And it was a perfect setting for Theo in her tight-fitting cloth-of-gold dress.

"Darlings—" Theo greeted us, "I'm so glad you're early. We aren't going to be the least bit formal—" *Imagine anyone being formal in our little village where nearly everyone knew everyone else by their first name!*—"but since Jack is the guest of honor I think he should help me greet our guests when they first come in. It won't be long and then I'll return him to you, Jill." She smiled gayly.

Before I could protest, Jack spoke. His face was clouded with a dark annoyance, the ill-concealed masculine stubbornness that a man feels when he is the center of feminine intrigue.

"Jill stays with me. I want her," he said, flatly.

My heart went out to him in a rush of gratitude and love. I could see Theo biting her lip in irritation. With a quick, petulant gesture she slid the twin bracelets up and down her arm. They were curious—those bracelets—heavy, hammered, golden in color, shaped like slave collars with sharp, jagged points along their rims.

My triumph was short-lived. As guests crowded in through the door, Theo kept her hand on Jack's arm, possessively, even when the people were old friends of his and needed no introduction. I was left out. And when the last guest had come and the party had moved into the living room, I was too timid to force my way into the center of the group where Theo and Jack stood, surrounded by laughter and gay talk. I sought a chair near the wall where I would be inconspicuous.

But tonight there was no refuge for me, no retreat. To sit there in miserable, self-conscious, self-pitying silence would be to acknowledge that Theo had won. Rebellion was growing in my spirit.

I couldn't force my way into that group. Or, worse yet, take my place on the fringes, forced to listen to Theo's proprietary words as she hung on Jack's arm. Several times I saw him glance over the tops of others' heads as though he were searching for me. But each time Theo drew his attention back to herself.

I turned to speak to the man who sat near me. Even now, I have no clear



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memory of what he looked like. He was just a face and a voice, someone to talk to. At first it was an ordeal, this forcing of myself out of the shell that was my protective coloring, to appear relaxed and at ease, to talk and be interesting. The fact that he was a stranger and grateful to me, helped. Gradually the effort lessened. Others joined us. We were a circle and I—Jill Dundee—was the center of it. I grew animated and gay, reckless—waiting, hoping for the moment when Jack might saunter over and find me like that.

I should have known that success doesn't come that easily. So interested were we in our conversation that we failed to notice that the room had grown very quiet. I looked up, startled by the silence, to see that people were helping themselves from the long buffet table in the dining room. From outside on the lawn, where card tables had been set up under paper lanterns strung through the trees, I could hear voices, indicating that the rest of the party were already out there and enjoying their supper.

I WALKED slowly out. I felt tired, defeated. What had seemed to be a real triumph over my shyness had turned into a silly, ridiculous bid for attention. Theo had won again—she would always win.

Near the side door, I came upon them, Jack and Theo, sitting side by side on a small bench beneath the syringa bush.

"We wanted you to come with us, Jill," Theo said, on a false note of injury, "but you were so absorbed in your conversation we couldn't get your attention. We tried, didn't we, Jack?" She turned to him for confirmation. But Jack's face was withdrawn, remote, his forehead knotted in a frown. What made him look at me that way? I found myself trembling with a despair so profound I felt sick. Frantically I looked around for a place to sit down and escape the stares of everyone.

With the air of a much-put-upon hostess, Theo rose. "Here, Jill, I'll find a chair for you."

I moved and so did she. For a second our shoulders brushed. I felt something sharp dig itself into my waist. My eyes were following Theo's and I saw a quick flicker of inspiration, cruel and fantastic, spring to life in the shallow depths of her eyes—in the same instant that we were both aware that her bracelets had caught in the gauzy tulle of my waist.

Did I imagine it—or was there the merest breath of hesitation on her part? I grabbed for her arm—but I was too late! No hesitation now!—with a sharp, sideways, twisting movement of her hand and body—the heavy, golden bracelets, their jagged points gleaming, flashed once in the moonlight—curved themselves around the soft folds of tulle—there was a tearing, slashing, slithering sound—and my dress was ripped from waist to hem!

Only the silken sheath beneath saved me from complete disgrace. From the lawn I heard the quick intake of breath, and then, smothered, shocked laughter from some of the guests. A hot tide of humiliation flowed over me.

It was no accident. I knew that and Theo knew I knew it. Even while she was gasping her apologies and fluttering around to gather the folds together, our eyes had met—like crossed swords.



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The message in hers was plain to read:

I'm giving you your chance. You can go home now—no one can say you're a quitter. They can't expect you to stay when your dress is ruined. Leave while you still have your pride. He's mine now—but you don't have to stay here and be humiliated. Go home!

There was nothing of that hard ruthlessness in her voice when she spoke. "You poor dear! I'm so sorry—" she said contritely, "—and I haven't a single dress that would fit you, either."

To run away—to hide—how many times I'd done it in the past! Theo knew that. She was counting on that.

I almost did. Then, like a flash of illumination, I saw what would happen if I left. It would mean much more than just leaving a party because my dress was torn and I was ashamed to stay. It would mean that I had given up. To Theo, to Jack, to everyone, it would signify that I was leaving the field to my rival. In Jack's face I saw a strange, waiting look—a demand that I couldn't quite fathom.

I drew a long, shaky breath and my shoulders straightened. When I could speak I found, oddly enough, that my voice was light and casual. "It doesn't matter, Theo," I said. *You can't drive me away, my eyes told her baffled baby-blue stare. "Fortunately I have my long cape with me—I can just wrap it around me for the rest of the evening. Don't feel badly, Theo—I know how these accidents do happen. Please go on with your supper—" I told the others, smiling—"I'll be back and join you in a moment."*

I started to go and then turned back. There was something more I had to do.

"I'd like you to come with me, Jack." My voice was steady. I looked for a long moment, freighted with decision, deep into his eyes. I offered no reason.

I felt, rather than saw, the startled tenseness of Theo's body. Cat-like, as if she were about to spring. She knew, too, that a word, a look, a sound, could tip the scales in this moment. Jack's face was unreadable. We stood there, motionless, for what seemed eternity.

Then he was walking by my side into the house. The victory had been so quick, so easy, it left me shaking.

He got my cloak from the hall closet; wrapped it around me. All in inscrutable silence. I had to break that silence and the words stuck in my throat.

"Jack—" I began,—"this isn't easy for me and for all I know you may have already made up your mind to marry Theo. Even if you have, I want you to know the truth. I've hurt you and I've hurt myself. . . ."

At that he caught me suddenly, savagely by the shoulders and pulled me close to him. There was bewilderment and anger and accusation in the hard glance he bent upon me.

"You've hurt me! Well, that's a nice, simple way to put it! I'd rather be back facing shellfire and bullets than the kind of hell you've put me through. I believed you when you wrote you

loved me. The funny part of it is that when you wrote those letters you *were* in love—but not with me. Theo said it was Sandy Tilburn. But it wasn't Sandy—it wasn't anyone. You were in love with love. With romance. What you didn't want was love's reality. I didn't know what happened, but I knew it was a shock to you when I came home. I wasn't what you expected so you held me off—hoping I'd find someone else, I guess."

I let him speak. It was a punishment I deserved.

And then I told him the truth. And in telling it I had the sensation of being stripped of all defences, of holding my love in my two hands, cleanly, starkly, for him to see.

"I do love you. I always have. Everything in my letters I meant from my very heart. The wedding in the little stone church, our days together—and our nights—the house we would build, the children who would live in that house—they are as precious to me now as when I wrote them. I held you off when you came home because I was afraid. I thought that being so handsome would change you. I thought you would be sorry if I held you to your promises."

My voice broke.

"Go on!" he said tersely. There was a tense expectancy in his face.

"I loved, Jack—but I didn't know about loving. I wanted to *give* but I didn't know that part of love is *taking*, too. That it was selfishness to want to lavish my love on you, but be unwilling to accept your right to love me in return. I wanted to be a martyr, Jack, and then you spoiled my gesture by coming back to me a well man.

"I'm not noble any more, darling." He might despise me but I had to say it. "I can't bear to think of you marrying Theo. If there was anything I could do to fight her now, I would."

Up till now there had been no change in Jack's expression. But at my last words I saw it happen. The relief that came into his eyes. The tiny smile that began there in the depths, turned into a twinkle, and spread to the corners of his lips. My heart turned over. We were standing so close together I could almost feel the coldness drop from his face and the warm tenderness steal slowly back. For a second I didn't dare breathe. Then—

Then I was in his arms. His mouth was laid on mine—at first with an almost grudging giving, and then his arms tightened and the pressure of his lips was a hard, profoundly, stirring, deeply-seeking wildness. And I gave to that kiss all the breathless rapture within me and took, in exchange, the full measure of love he had to give.

Much later he said, "Never stop fighting for our love, Jill. It's one of the things really worth fighting for." And, bending to still with his lips the tiny pulse that throbbled in my neck, he murmured, "It will be worth it, darling. I promise you that."

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