Radio Mirror
THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

December
15¢

SEE INTIMATE COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOUR FAVORITES IN
AGAINST THE STORM · KITTY FOYLE · THE PARKER FAMILY

BETTY RHODES
Mutual Network
Singing Star
She blamed it on BAD LUCK... but others weren't so kind!

LUCY looked at the morning paper with disgust—another one of her "possibilities" married to somebody else! It was the same old story: every man she met took her out once or twice, then did the disappearing act: A phone call saying "he was working nights now", or "going to be out-of-town for several weeks", or "away on a vacation".

Superstitious soul that she was, Lucy put this down to bad luck and took her diminishing dates "catch as catch can". Anyone who knew her, however, could have told her that luck had nothing to do with their indifference.

* * *

A woman may be pretty and charming but if she has halitosis (bad breath) she may end up as a neglected Nellie—without even suspecting why. Bad breath doesn't always announce its presence to the victim. And once guilty of this offense you may be under suspicion always. The news gets around quickly, and there's the risk that people will avoid you.

How's Your Breath?

Isn't it just common sense to let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath—to make it sweeter, purer, less likely to offend? This delightful mouth wash is the standby of so many really fastidious, attractive people.

Before every date simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. How cooling, how refreshing it is! How delightfully clean it makes your mouth feel! What a sense of assurance it gives you as its antiseptic action begins!

You undoubtedly know that some authorities consider bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces to be a major cause of bad breath although the trouble may sometimes be of systemic origin. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors that it causes. When you want to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. Use it before every date.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
For Oral Hygiene
Here’s grand way that has helped improve complexions of thousands of women

If you’re blue and discouraged because of your complexion; if you think you’re doomed to go through life with an unsightly looking skin—this may be the most important message you’ve ever read.

Thousands of women who felt just as you do have been thrilled beyond words to see the noticeable improvement Noxzema has made in their complexions.

Why it does so much

One important reason for Noxzema’s benefits is this: Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream. It’s a soothing, medicated cream that not only quickly helps soften and smooth rough, dry skin—but also aids in healing externally-caused skin blemishes! And it has a mildly astringent action, too. Nurses were among the first to discover how grand it is as a complexion aid.

Try using this snow-white, greaseless cream for just 10 days. See if it doesn’t help make your skin softer, smoother, lovelier!

SPECIAL OFFER! For a limited time you can get the big 75¢ jar of Noxzema for only 49¢ (plus tax). Take advantage of this Special Anniversary Offer and give Noxzema a chance to help your complexion. Get a jar at any drug or department store today!
THE MOMENT HE'LL NEVER FORGET

LESTER HOPE (Bob Hope to you, and we shall call him that to avoid complications) was in the eighth grade of the Fairmont school in Cleveland, Ohio, when he read the note from his beautiful new teacher, and he was overcome with ecstatic awe. He was "going on fifteen" and of course he was in long pants, but, after all, he hadn't thought she would consider him sufficiently adult for a date. Apparently she did, though, in a manner of speaking. She had requested in the billet doux left on his desk shortly before school was out on Friday afternoon that he come to her house for Sunday night supper so they could talk over a course in practical civics she was planning for the class. Which meant she had singled him out to ask his advice about things.

Perhaps Bob's attitude of adulation toward his new teacher was unusual. The usual thing for a boy of that age is to consider his teacher something of a cross between a bore and a jailer. But this one (whom we shall call "Miss Martin", since Bob says she always was allergic to personal publicity and therefore wouldn't want her real name used) "How different from me!" he adds, blandly) was what was popularly described at the time as a "peach." "Lulu" would be the 1942 word for her, Bob says, but of course this wasn't 1942. She was small and blue-eyed and golden-haired and she wore feminine-looking clothes, not the austere, un-glamorous shirtwaist and skirt affected by most of the lady pedagogues at Fairmont. She had a sense of humor and her discipline was not the forty-whacks-on-the-hand-with-a-ruler variety, but a friendly, personal brand of discipline which you couldn't infringe upon without feeling like a heel.

Anyway, Miss Martin asked Bob to Sunday night supper and he almost gave his mother heart failure over the preparations he made for this Event. She simply wasn't used to having him hurry up and mow the lawn Saturday morning without being told to half a dozen times, so he could go downtown and spend his own money for a haircut. She wasn't used to his shining his shoes without being told, either. As for his decision, unsolicited, to take a bath Saturday night and again Sunday afternoon right after the noon-day dinner and his request, a little sheepish but nonetheless determined, that she "fix up" his fingernails a bit—those nails whose cuticles had never known manicure scissors and she had feared never would—well, it was almost too much!

Mrs. Hope rallied, though, as mothers can and do, and, by five o'clock Bob, polished and shining, wearing his brother Jack's new shirt and his father's best tie, set forth to Miss Martin's. On his way over, he practiced an offhand, "Hello, Peggy" —"Peggy" being what her fellow teachers called her. "How're you, Peggy?" he Continued on page 73

A Bride's Way to New Loveliness!

Go on the

CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

"The Camay Mild-Soap Diet has done thrilling things for my skin," says lovely Mrs. Remington. "I recommend Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet to my friends."

Without knowing it, improper cleansing may now be dulling your skin—or you may be using a soap not mild enough. Skin specialists, themselves, advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps! Change today to this Mild-Soap Diet—for 30 days! And radiant new loveliness may soon be yours.

Tonight—Go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Mrs. H. G. Remington of Chicago, Ill., says: "I can't praise the Camay Mild-Soap Diet enough."

Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water, then cold.

Then pore openings are free to function as nature intended. In the morning—one more quick session with Camay.
Dress Put Through 102 Launderings; Looks Like New

Linit-Starched Cottons Resist Laundering Wear; Have Linen-Like Finish

It will pay you to give your house-dresses Linit care. They'll serve you better—and stay smart, fresh, new looking longer. This different laundry starch penetrates the fabric, covers tiny fibres with protective coating. Linit-starched fabrics stay clean-looking longer, too. And iron easier.

Free! The helpful "Linit Laundry Chart". Write Corn Products Sales Company, 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y., Dept. LC-12.

ALL GROCERS SELL LINIT

LINIT
PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH

PENETRATES THE FABRIC
PROTECTS THE FIBRES

What's New from Coast

Al Jolson is back on the air, heading a new variety program over CBS Tuesday nights. And again his foil, below, is Patsy Krikus.

This housedress has had the equivalent of more than two full years' laundering ... Washed, Linit-starched, ironed 102 times, shows no sign of wear. (Tests by United States Testing Company, Inc., Test No. 24747, Feb. 3, 1942.)

That's Alice White, the little blonde ex-movie star, who has been playing "Blondie" on the air since the show returned after its summer vacation. Penny Singleton will be back as soon as she recovers from a visit from the stork—which should be any day now.

Barbara Luddy, First Nighter and Lonely Women dramatic star, is radio's newest bride. At a beautiful church ceremony in Chicago, she was married to Ned LeFevre, NBC announcer. On the air, Barbara has been "married" lots of times, but this is her first venture into real-life matrimony. Her matron of honor at the ceremony was Mrs. Joseph Ainsley, better known as Betty Lou Gerson.

Called to the colors: Nelson Case, who used to announce the Philip Morris programs—he's in the Naval Air Force now ... And the Jack Benny show has lost their secretary, Harry Baldwin, who has joined the Navy.

Credit Dave Driscoll, head of the war services department at WOR, the Mutual network's key station in New York, with thinking up a scheme that's bound to cause many a red face. As dreamed up by Dave and broadcast frequently by the station, the idea is called the Toot-et-Vie plan. It's simple enough. Every time a car passes you on the open road, going faster than thirty-five miles an hour, you blow three short blasts and one long one on your horn, as a reminder that victory depends on conserving rubber and gasoline.

Sort of nice to have Jack Pearl with us again, after such a long absence. Jack has been cured—but definitely—of that yen to be a dramatic actor, and will stick close to comedy on his Wednesday night Mutual network show.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Most of the stars of WSM's Grand Ole Opry have been on the show for years, but a recent arrival is Paul Howard, "The Arkansas Cotton Picker," who made his debut on the popular Saturday night program only a bare six months ago. In addition to the Opry, he's heard on three early-morning spots of his own, playing his guitar, banjo or violin, and singing the songs Tennesseans love to hear.

Paul is of mixed English, Irish, and Cherokee Indian descent, and was born in Arkansas on July 10, 1908. He always liked to sing and play, but he didn't get into radio until 1931, when he made his first microphone appearance over station KVO in Phoenix, Arizona. Since then, he's been on many radio stations throughout the south and southwest.

Paul has been married for six years...
to a Fort Worth girl. When he isn’t busy in the studio or making personal appearances in nearby cities with his radio company, you’ll probably find him either in the bleachers rooting for the home team or out in the woodlands with his dogs, indulging in his own favorite sport of hunting.

Baritone Conrad Thibault skipped one of his weekly broadcasts—for a very good reason. He flew to Miami and was married there to Miss Mary Clare West of Havana.

Uncle Sam wants us to do our Christmas shopping early—so here’s a tip if you have some children on your list—as who hasn’t? Nila Mack, director and writer of the famous Let’s Pretend show on CBS, has written a new book called “Animal Allies,” which is being published by Julius Messner of New York City. In picture and story, it’s intended to entertain the youngsters while it tells them why we’re fighting the war and why we must win it. All in all, it ought to be a fine Christmas gift.

The radio world’s saddest event of the month was the tragic death of Walter Paterson, who played Capt. Nicholas Lacey in One Man’s Family. Paterson was found dead in his automobile with a garden hose arranged to carry the exhaust fumes into the driver’s compartment. Probably the role of Nicky will not be recast with any other actor, but the character will be written out of the story entirely.

Announcer Fort Pearson and his wife expect Continued on page 6

Paul Howard and his guitar are two new additions to the Grand Ole Opry show heard Saturday nights on WSM.

December, 1942

“Man and Wife—no longer!”

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT RUINS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. Did he hate me... the husband I loved so much? I couldn’t guess what had changed our happiness to... this. Harsh words... frozen silences... loneliness...

2. One day, I spied my doctor’s car next door and hailed him... to ask for a sleeping powder. But, wise doctor! He went straight to the cause of my troubles. Then he explained. “Often a man can’t forgive one neglect... carelessness of feminine hygiene (intimate personal cleanliness).”

3. He recommended a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene... Lysol disinfectant. “You see, Lysol won’t harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions on the bottle,” he explained. “Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes, as well!”

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 and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R. M.-1218. Address: Lela & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.
A MESSAGE TO MEN'S HEARTS!

Whisper your allure...your gay enchantment...with April Showers Talc! Its luxurious perfume speaks a language that men understand...and remember. It's the fragrance that appeals to them. Let its allure-ment linger about you, always! Exquisite but not expensive.

April Showers Talc

CHERAMY perfumer
Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

One of radio's ideal couples has been separated for the duration: Frank Chapman and Gladys Swarthout. Frank has joined the Marines. Left, twenty-two-year-old Ponzi Pennington is station WBT's popular Gospel Singer.

their second child in January. Their first is a son, Fort, Jr., so they're hoping for a girl.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—The newest singing star at station WBT started out in life to be a mechanic—which just goes to show that you never know what your future holds.

Today, at the age of twenty-two, Ponzi Pennington is a very serious young man, and like no other singer you've ever met—that is, unless you happen to know Homer Rodeheaver, dean of American gospel singers; for it is to this well known evangelist that Ponzi owes his present radio success. Some of the credit could be given, though, to his deep, mature baritone voice, in which he sings hymns over WBT every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 A.M.

Ponzi was born in Birmingham, Alabama, and until he finished high school was just like any other youngster of the neighborhood. It was shortly after he graduated, while he was working in an auto repair store, that he began to feel discontented with his life. There was something unsatisfactory about it, but he didn't know what. Then, one day about six years ago, he heard Homer Rodeheaver give a recital of hymns. Young Ponzi was enthralled, and for days afterward the words and music of those hymns kept running through his mind.

This still didn't solve his problem, but perhaps it put his mind to work on the right track, because a few weeks later he realized that he wanted to study for the ministry. With the blessings of his parents, he enrolled at the Florida Bible Institute and Seminary, and it was here that he discovered, for the first time, that he could sing.

He toured through most of the United States with evangelistic groups, until friends in Charlotte persuaded him that it would be worth while to take an audition at WBT. The audition was a big success, and Ponzi is now established as one of the station's most popular stars.

Ponzi is a tall, conscientious, good looking young fellow whose deeply religious turn of mind has added to the attractiveness of his personality. He believes that people today are more religious than they ever were, and thinks there are still enough "good people" in the world to bring peace and contentment out of the present chaos. He's married, and expects to become a father soon.

At least sixty per cent of the regular bus boys, waitresses, and dish washers at the New York Stage Door Canteen are radio folks—take it on the authority of Helen Menken, head of the Theater Wing's radio division.

The war has separated, for the duration, one of radio's most devoted married couples—Frank Chapman...
and Gladys Swarthout. Until Frank reported late in September to the Marine base at Quantico, Virginia, they had never been apart for more than a week at a time in all the ten years of their marriage. It’s not the first military service for Frank—during the first world war he interrupted his studies at Princeton University to serve for two years with the Marines.

Because Anne Nichols, author of Abie’s Irish Rose, is dickering with motion picture companies interested in buying the story for the films, she has a new idea. She has recast the radio version with the idea of getting together a group of people who look like the characters of the play as well as sound like them. Then, if the picture sale goes through, she’ll take the whole gang out to Hollywood.

Gertrude Berg has received her first letter from Alfred Ryder, who used to play Sammy Goldberg, since he was inducted into the Army. He says that everything is fine except for one thing—he’s kept so busy every afternoon that he never has a chance to hear his favorite radio program.

BOSTON—At mention of the word “organist” the average person conjures up a vision of a dreamy, soulful, artistic individual who goes into trances at the keyboard. But that isn’t Frank Cronin, organ-playing star of the Yankee Network. Frank is a big, out-doorly sort of fellow, given to smoking big black cigars, and with a jaw and a pair of hands like those of a prize-fighter. All of which doesn’t alter the fact that he’s a musician who can play the organ like a man inspired.

Thousands of New Englanders have Frank’s program on their daily “must” list. He plays early in the morning, and they tune him in as soon as they get up. Not only does he play the things they like, but he keeps them aware of the passing time.

The Yankee Network is noted for the excellence of its organ programs, and Frank is largely responsible. In the studio of WNAC in Boston, Yankee’s key station, is the largest organ in radio. Frank designed it and supervised its construction. It towers three stories high, and has more than 2500 pipes and a hundred miles of wiring. In designing it, Frank concentrated on Continued on page 80

Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Rick of Palatine, Illinois,

They captured the gleam of an electric eye

Rick Twins discover Pepsodent Powder can make teeth far brighter to the naked eye, too!

Photoelectric eye proof of Pepsodent’s superior polishing ability convinced scientists. But not the Rick Twins. They wanted to see just how good Pepsodent was without scientific gadgets—when it was used in the practical way—the way anyone would brush teeth. So they tossed a coin to see who would use Pepsodent, and Margaret won. Marilyn chose to test another leading tooth powder.

People always had a hard time telling them apart...they were that alike. But that was before the test started. Then, admitted Marilyn, “Did I learn about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first...then amazed that Pepsodent made Peg’s teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it. Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!”

New Englanders get up early to hear Frank Cronin’s unusual organ programs over the Yankee network.

Pepsodent Powder can make your teeth far brighter, too!

...and the Rick Twins’ dentist says:

“Of course, I was skeptical. Pepsodent’s claims sounded just too good to be true. However, this Rick Twins’ test convinced me that the statement of The Pepsodent Company is accurate and truthful.”

Independent laboratory tests found no other dentifrice that could match the lustre produced by Pepsodent. By actual test, Pepsodent produces a lustre on teeth Twice as Bright as the average of all other leading brands!
Which Tampon Can I Trust?

FIBS—THE KOTEX TAMPON—merits your confidence! Enables you to wear shorts or slacks any day you wish! Worn internally, Fiba provide invisible sanitary protection. Easy to use...no pins, pad or belt...no chafing, no disposal problem.

FIBS—the Kotex* Tampon

HARRY JAMES, the sizzling trumpeter, must now be considered one of the nation's top dance band attractions, with only the two Dorsey bands and Kay Kyser challenging the James boys' newly won position.

His coveted appointment to the CBS cigarette series, vacated by Glenn Miller when the latter received an army captaincy, a weekly stint on the "Spotlight Bands" show, those important broadcasts from the Hotel Lincoln where he's set until New Year's, a pair of movie appearances, and a flock of best-selling records, have skyrocketed the former circus bandsman to the top ranks.

The James boys, now numbering twenty-nine people, including Helen Forrest, started to click when their recording of "You Made Me Love You" won public acclaim.

Incidentally, now that the famed Glenn Miller band has been dissolved, Glenn's singer Skip Nelson might try some baton waving of his own.

Horace Heidt has been ordered to rest by his physician and while Heidt is off the bandstand, his pianist, Frankie Carle, will substitute.

The big name band lineup for the New York Fall season includes all the familiar stand-bys with no newcomer crashing the big time. All have choice network wares. Here's the list:

Benny Goodman, followed by Woody Herman, at the New Yorker—Jimmy Dorsey at the Hotel Pennsylvania—Vaughn Monroe at the Commodore—Harry James at the Lincoln—Johnny Messner at the McAlpin—Tommy Tucker, followed by Sammy Kaye, at the Essex House—Alvin Rey at the Astor, Guy Lombardo at the Roosevelt.

Only the swank Waldorf's selection was undecided at press time. Its favorite, Eddy Duchin, is in the Navy, and Freddy Martin, the second choice, prefers to remain on the west coast.

To The Colors: Rudy Vallee is now a Coast Guard bandsman...Wayne King, like Glenn Miller, is an Army captain...Cliff Twins is in the Navy...Rhumba star Pancho is a private...The draft board is talking to Claude Thornhill.

Lang Thompson has dropped his band to take an engineering berth at the Bell Aircraft Corporation in Buffalo. Lang is a graduate engineer. Les Robinson, Jerry Wald's alto sax player, plans to organize his own band.

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Walter Perner is a part-time bandleader. His main job is general manager of the Arthur Murray dance studios in New York...Jo Napoleon, former bath-
ing beauty queen, is now singing with Vido Musso’s band. .. Peddy Terry is Griff Williams’ new canary. ..

“At Last,” one of the current top tunes, was almost discarded on the cutting room floor at 20th Century-Fox. It was left out of the film “Sun Valley Serenade” and was on the shelf until its composers, Mack Gordon and Harry Warren, persuaded movie moguls to put the tune in the new Glenn Miller film, “Orchestra Wives.”

Trend: Meadowbrook, mammoth New Jersey jitterbug haven, saw Sammy Kaye’s band crack the spot’s all-time record, established by Harry James.

The Winning Combination

On two separate occasions Dick Stabile almost let his band leading career crash as suddenly as a drummer’s cymbals. The breaks had gone against him. He could not claim one recording hit. Other bandleaders like Glenn Miller, Harry James, and Sammy Kaye had easily passed him in the popularity sweeps. Ringing in his ears came the words of warning passed on to him by the veteran Ben Bernie:

“As long as you’re going to be a bandleader, Dick, remember this: Be prepared to eat coffee and cake.”

The first time the handsome, husky saxophonist was ready to lay down his baton, Dick properly placed the blame for the public’s lack of interest on bad management.

The second time came after Dick had started over again, only to have Uncle Sam draft fourteen of his fifteen new bandmen.

But each time Dick’s determined young wife, talented songstress Gracie Barrie, urged him to carry on. She dropped her own successful solo career and joined her husband’s band. “It was Gracie who gave me the inspiration to keep going, and it was Billy Burton’s managerial ability that put us back in business,” Dick says.

Right now the band is on a lengthy

Continued on page 59

If babies were kept under glass they would be guarded against contact with many harmful germs in the air. Of course this is impossible. But, today, greatly increased protection for babies’ skin is provided by an improved antiseptic baby powder from the Mennen laboratories.

Speed camera registers baby’s motions, shows need for protection against constant friction of skin against skin, and clothing against skin. New Mennen Powder, made by special “hammerizing” process, is super-smooth, protects baby’s skin far better against friction.

NEW DISCOVERIES SHATTER OLD IDEAS ABOUT BABY POWDER

Until recently, baby powders have been regarded as little more than cosmetics ... have been bought by “smell” and “feel.” But now Mennen has perfected a new baby powder that keeps baby’s skin safer in two ways: (1) by definitely antiseptic action it helps protect baby’s skin against harmful germs; (2) by its superior anti-frictional qualities, it helps prevent chafing, irritation and the “breaks” in skin which may admit harmful germs. With these important protective qualities, new Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder—also improved by more delicate scent—offers mothers a valuable new baby health aid. Best for baby, it’s also best for you. Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco, Toronto.

3 out of 4 doctors stated in survey that baby powder should be antiseptic.

“Hammerizing” Process gives Mennen powder amazing new fineness. Photos above, taken through microscope, compare 3 leading baby powders. Mennen (extreme right) is (1) smoother, (2) finer, (3) more uniform in texture, protects baby’s skin better against chafing and friction.

Germ-killing tests of 3 leading powders show that new Mennen Powder (above, lower right) has definite antiseptic superiority. Center of each round plate contains a different baby powder. In pale areas, germs are thriving; but in dark area (note center of Mennen plate) germ growth has been prevented.

Seldom seen but often heard on the air is D’Artega, the orchestra leader who composed this month’s Radio Mirror song hit.

DECEMBER, 1942
Look Pretty
FOR UNCLE SAM

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

But we must not stop there. We also must consider and protect our morale on the home front, wherever we are, whatever we are doing. All of which brings us to the subject of cosmetics.

Breathes there a woman with soul so dead that her shoulders don't lift, her stride doesn't quicken, and her spirits don't rise when she is freshly bathed and dressed, when her skin is glowing from creams, her hair's waved, her face is smoothly powdered and rouged, her eyes are lovelier because of mascara and eyebrow pencil, her lips are bright, her hands are manicured, and perfume has been sprayed in her hair and dabbed in the hollows of her hands? The better we look the better we feel. Always! The better we feel the greater our energy. And the greater our energy the greater our productivity. Which is why we say:—Look pretty for Uncle Sam!

In the United States today hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of cosmetics and scents and permanent wave supplies sit on the shelves of shops and warehouses. To leave them there would be a stupid waste and an injustice upon the manufacturers and shopkeepers who have an investment in them. Uncle Sam doesn't expect women to stop buying cosmetics as long as they're on the market.

We need have no fear our make-up boxes will contain any substances needed in our war effort. Already the containers of many cosmetics have been changed. Chemists also have evolved new formulas for many cosmetics in which glycerine or some other ingredients affected by priorities were previously required. For the duration the government will take whatever it needs.

Therefore, let us forbear from turning into Droopy Dora's, from going around with our hair wispy, our noses blue and shiny, and our cheeks and lips pale and pallid. Let us forbear also from announcing that it is unpatriotic either to spend money on cosmetics or time when before a mirror. Actually it is patriotic and smart—both—to buy any cosmetic or perfume a shop offers for sale ... in order that we may feel our best and, in turn, think and work our best—for Victory!
First on your list of glamour aids!

SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR... EASIER TO ARRANGE!

New Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added
gives thrilling new beauty results! Leaves hair far
more manageable, more alluring, too!

Every beauty expert knows that lovely
hair, beautifully arranged, is any girl's
first step to glamour! So don't put off try-
ing our new, improved Special Drene
Shampoo! Because Special Drene now has
a wonderful hair conditioner in it, to
leave hair silker, smoother, and far easier
to arrange—right after shampooing! If
you haven't tried Drene lately you'll be
amazed at the difference!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!
Are you bothered about removal of ugly,
scaly dandruff? You won't be when you
shampoo with Special Drene. For Special
Drene removes that flaky dandruff the
very first time you use it—and besides does
something no soap shampoo can do, not
even those claiming to be special "dan-
druff removers". Special Drene reveals up
to 33% more lustre than even the finest
soaps or soap shampoos!

Be sure to ask for this wonderful im-
proved shampoo by its new name... Special Drene with Hair Conditioner
added. Or get a professional shampoo with
Special Drene at your
favorite beauty shop!

Special DRENE Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER added

This film illustrates how
all soaps and soap shampoos
dull lustre of hair!

All soaps—and liquid soap shampoos—
always combine with the minerals in
water, to form a sticky scum. (Bath-
tub ring.) This scum leaves
a film on
hair that dulls the natural lustre—and
clings stubbornly, no matter how thor-
oughly you rinse with clear water.

But Special Drene is different! It is
made by an exclusive, patented process.
Its action in water is different. Special
Drene does not combine with minerals
to form a scum—so it never leaves any
dulling film on hair. Instead, Special
Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre
than even the finest soaps or soap
shampoos!
Claudette Colbert STARRING IN "THE PALM BEACH STORY"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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

Color...lovely color that flatters the beauty of your skin...is the secret of this face powder created in original color harmony shades by Max Factor Hollywood.

Whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette, or redhead, there is a Color Harmony shade to individualize your type and give your skin a more beautiful, more youthful look.

Superfine in texture, Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder imparts a soft, satin-smooth appearance, and it clings perfectly, too, so that for hours your make-up looks fresh and lovely...One dollar.

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

What dark secret in her husband's past held the clue to his disappearance? Vainly, while she tried to still Uncle Caleb's suspicions, she searched for the answer.

I smiled with satisfaction at our little house, looking so warm, so friendly, nestled among the pine trees, its white paint and green shutters sparkling in the bright winter sunshine. A far cry, that house, from what it had been five years ago. Then its paint had been faded to a dull gray, cracked and blistered. Its shutters had hung crazily and weeds had grown lush and rank to the very door. But that was before Tod Brandon had come back to his home town of Midland to make a new life for himself—and, incidentally, for me.

I've always said that there's nothing so cozy, so homey, as a farm kitchen, and of course I like mine best of all. It seemed to smile a welcome to continued on page 57

Strange Heritage" by Doris McFerran, based on the original drama, "His Rightful Heritage," by Roger Quale Denny, first heard on Stars Over Hollywood, CBS on Saturdays at 12:30 P. M.
There was, you see, no one special. No one to whom I was ready to hand up my love on a shining platter and say, "Take it, I want you to have it for always." I was glad of that. Glad because I had freedom and gaiety, because I was living the life I wanted, with no entanglements of the heart, because I was living for myself and no one else. And I was going ahead in the theater, too. The part I had in the play wasn't large but the critics had been kind and I knew if I kept on that someday there'd be a Hollywood contract. The world was exhilarating and challenging, glittering with promise, and I had no reason to be afraid.

Even so, the knock at my dressing room door that night startled me. There was no logic to it, yet it was like a warning of trouble, as though the vibrations of that knocking were trying to say, "Careful, Sylvia, life can't always run smooth."

My hair, which is long and golden, streamed down over my shoulders while I ran a comb through it. I put the comb down and called out, "Yes? What is it?"

The door opened and I turned and saw a young man standing there. For one moment I didn't recognize him. He was a tall, lean-faced young man in uniform, with dark brown eyes which gazed down at me.

"Hello, Sylvia," he said. But of course I knew. It had been the uniform that upset me. I looked at him without replying, panic running through me, a rush of jumbled memories welling up. I drew in my breath quickly. The past I had dismissed as forgotten was daring

Maybe it was the magic of the wind, of being alone with him. I told Bill I loved him and that I'd marry him.

This love threatened the safety, the security of her life, and she fought desperately.
to come to life. It was here, in America—now.

It was a few seconds before I caught hold of myself and then I said in a tone that struck just the right note of polite, pleased surprise, "Bill Scott! But it's so good to see you again."

"I was out front," he said quietly. "I had to come back stage. I couldn't leave without — saying hello, at least."

The shock of seeing him was subsiding a little. I said, "I'm glad you stopped back. How did you like the show?"

He smiled. "You were — very lovely."

"Well—thank you."

He kept looking at me but I was afraid to meet his glance. I wanted this meeting to be perfectly casual and untouched by emotions. I was thinking that it must not happen again, that I must hold on to my heart, must not allow anything to interfere with me or my plans, my dreams of success. "Won't you sit down, Bill?" I invited. "I think there are cigarettes by the chair."

There was an awkward silence as he lighted the cigarette. His face was serious, unsmiling. I realized he wasn't quite the same man I had known. The uniform somehow changed him. There were deeper lines in the bronzed face and a sombre kind of strength.

It had been a long time ago, almost three years. I'd been in Melbourne, Australia, playing a small part in a play there. I'd met Bill Scott at a dinner party and it was one of those miracles which for the moment you think could never happen.

It may not have been love but it was close to love from the very first. We saw each other almost every night while I was playing in Melbourne. Bill, I learned, owned a ranch back in the interior. That was his home, because his parents had died the year before and he had to run the ranch himself.

ONE Sunday just before the show closed we went there for a picnic and he showed me those rolling, wind-swept fields. He took me in his arms and told me he loved me, wanted me to marry him and stay with him there.

Maybe it was the magic of the wind, of being alone with him. I told him I loved him and would marry him and stay there. I was younger then, you see, quick to act on impulse. Not until I returned to my hotel that evening did I realize how impossible it would be, for both of us.

We were from different worlds. His world of wilderness and hardship was foreign to me. I was no frontier woman, had no desire to be one. I could picture the future. It would be wonderful at first, a sort of lonely paradise. But as time went on love would sicken and finally die and we'd grow to hate each other and be miserable. Even then, panic gripped me at the thought of the wind-swept loneliness.

I couldn't tell him. I didn't want to quarrel. That night's performance was the final one and I was to meet him after the last curtain. But instead of that, I slipped away to my hotel, took my baggage and went down to the boat. I was going back to America—alone.

I don't say it was easy at first. But, sooner or later, I knew the pain would go. There would be someone else eventually, who would bring me happiness in the world I knew and wanted. The idea that you could love only once — that was a mere fancy of the story books.

And yet now, as I looked at Bill, I was remembering that past and some of the emotion I had known then seemed to stir within me, frightening me.

I ran the comb through my hair. I could feel Bill's eyes on me. At last he said, "Sylvia, why did you do it? Why did you run away like that, never writing, never sending word?"

He had no right to do this, I thought. No right to return and rake up old fires. Everything had been going easily. I was determined not to permit a foolish love to upset my life again.

"Bill," I said, trying to sound sophisticated and remote, "that's all over now. We were both young and rather silly and it's fortunate one of us realized it in time. But that's all past and it is fun to see you — all tricked out in that handsome uniform."

There was no humor in the crooked smile. "I suppose—it was wrong to see you?"

"I'm glad you did," I answered quickly. "Really I am. I'd have been angry if you hadn't. How long have you been here?"

"I arrived today," he said coldly. "Stationed over at the encampment. We'll be leaving soon, I imagine."

"Oh, the war is a nuisance," I complained. "Nobody seems to know where anybody will be. I do hope it ends soon." I smiled at him. "I suppose you haven't any real idea at all how long you'll be here?"

"A week or so."

against it—until the night when the world shook and terror rained down from the sky
"That's wonderful, Bill. Perhaps we'll be able to have cocktails some afternoon."

In the theater world, they call it the brush-off. I made my tone utterly unreal. I wanted him to know I was untouched, merely making conversation. The fright I had known, the sense of panic, had quite vanished.

After a long silence, Bill said, "Sylvia, couldn't we go out—tonight? Some place where we can talk, away from the theater and all that?"

But I shook my head. "Sorry, I've a date tonight with Paul Hayden, the press agent. It's business, you know, and—"

I COULDN'T look at him coolly now, feeling a strength within myself. There was no longer need to be afraid either of him or of myself. My world no longer was endangered. He was standing, his face a mask. "I was a fool, I guess," he said slowly.

I looked away from him, nodded. "Perhaps—perhaps you were, Bill."

It was cold and cutting and cruel but I was sure it was best. Bill just looked at me, not saying anything. Then he turned and walked from the room. He didn't say a word and I didn't look up. I heard the door close behind him.

I couldn't deny the pain that leaped suddenly, as I heard that door close. But it didn't matter, because I had ended it before it started, before I—or Bill either, for that matter—could be hurt again.

People change, of course. In those wonderful, unreal weeks in Melbourne, we'd both been carefree and full of laughter. It had all been a game, with the stakes as high as heaven itself.

We were both different now. He was more serious, almost grim, and the laughter was gone. I supposed it was the war. And I too had become more serious, more intent on my career. Most of all I was determined to keep my place in the world.

I knew and wanted. I'd been right to run away. It had been a fairy tale there in Australia, exciting and beautiful right up to where they marry and live happily ever after. But there the story changed—because we wouldn't have been happy. There on that ranch, away from the world I knew, I could see myself growing old and worn and tired. Love would fade away utterly, we wouldn't even be able to remember it. Perhaps it was my fault, perhaps I wanted too much, comfort and ease and even a few luxuries. But that was how it was and I had to face it.

As I started out to meet Paul Hayden, I knew I'd done the right thing tonight, too. Cut him out of my life quickly, before it might be too late, before any harm might be done.

That night and the next I went out with Paul Hayden. I tried to pretend, even to myself, that nothing in the world had happened. I tried to be particularly gay and witty, to impress Paul with the fact I was light-hearted and glad of it.

But it was a lie. All that night after I saw him and the next day my thoughts kept running off to Bill. All day I knew that strange warm pain in my breast and I was trying to rid myself of it and couldn't.

Paul was gay and artful and a match, but wrong. He went on as if Leeanne were his elbow, mocking me.

"What do you think?"

"The war isn't the only thing that makes me feel hopeless."

"Don't you?"

"The other thing?"

"All. It isn't just tonight."

I wanted to lie. I wanted to impress him with my gayness, my light-heartedness."

Paul tried to amuse me, did the same running on something.

"Knew what a friend meant now. He was finished. Unfortunately, it made me fight harder to prove there was nothing to worry about."

He took me home finally and said goodnight at the door. "Don't take

Adapted by Will Oursler from the original drama, "Appointment with Fate," by Kenneth Webb, first heard on the Armstrong Theater of Today, broadcast Saturdays, at 12:00 noon, over CBS.
it too seriously, Sylvia," he advised. "There's always tomorrow and someone else."

"Maybe I don't want tomorrow," I said, and ran up the steps.

I turned the key and opened the door into the apartment house lobby. Then, as I walked in, I saw Bill standing there, by the stairs, and I stopped short.

His face was drawn and tired but he smiled as I came in. "Hello," he said. "I've been waiting for you."

I was startled for a moment and then I said, "This is a surprise. Did you have to break in?"

"Janitor told me I could wait here," he explained. " Anything for the armed forces—even an Aussie."

"That was kind of him. But—why, Bill?"

"I had to see you, Sylvia. I had to know."

"To know—what?"

But I realized what he meant. I realized and didn't want to talk about it, didn't want to face the truth. And most particularly not then—not with Bill right there. "Whatever it is, Bill, couldn't it have waited until morning?"

"Sylvia," he said, "you know. You must. It's something too strong for either of us. I—I couldn't just rub you out of my heart like that. Not after seeing you again, knowing that no matter what you said, you must feel the same thing. It has to be—couldn't be anything else."

He was so much in earnest. We were standing inside the glass doors and I glanced away from him, out to the darkened streets of the California city, darker than usual now because of the fear of air raids.

"You think I'm in love with you?"

"Can you say you aren't?"

I didn't answer. Anger was surging up within me, anger that this was happening. I was being trapped, trapped into a love I didn't want, a love that could end only in unhappiness and disaster for both of us. I must fight him off.

All right, I was thinking, you love him. You love this man who stands before you. That's the truth, so don't deny it. Only—only don't let it ruin your life for you, Sylvia.

"Bill," I told him, "it doesn't matter, makes no difference if I love you or not. Because it would be all wrong and that—that's the end of it."

"You're afraid," he said. "Afraid because you might have to give up some of your precious ease, afraid because the life might be more difficult, because you wouldn't have any time just to be lovely—"

"Stop it!" I could feel the anger burning in my cheeks. "You come here, bring up the past, try to make it live again. You're a soldier, going off to fight in a war in which I have no part. And all that lies in the future, if there is any, is a ranch down in Australia. I'm supposed to toss up my life, every hope I ever had—"

I hadn't meant to say all that. I'd given free rein to the pent up feelings within me. I was sorry because I hadn't wanted to hurt him. But I knew I was right. I was being wise, smarter than most young women would be.

I could see how pale his face was, the taut line of his lips. "I'm sorry, Sylvia. I'm afraid I came to the wrong address."

ALMOST before I realized, he had opened the door and started down the steps. I called after him, "Bill, don't let's part this way. We might at least be friends."

He halted and turned. "Friends? How could we be friends?"

"How do you mean that?"

"Exactly the way it sounded. You, and others like you, caring only about yourself and your own petty comforts—"

"That's hardly fair, I—"

"It's what you are. You throw away what's decent in your life because it might interfere with your ease for your dream of fame. A soldier goes off to war, to do your fighting for you. But that's no concern of yours. You're no part of that. As long as you have your own selfish little job—"

"That's enough, Bill," I said. "Please go now."

"When I've finished. You won't understand this, Sylvia, but I want to tell you. The person I loved, the you I loved, is somebody else. I may never meet her. Maybe when I do she won't be lovely as you are."

"That's very considerate of you to say."

"But she won't be selfish and cold and completely centered on her own world. Maybe she'll even know that this struggle of ours is her struggle too. Not something to watch from some well-protected box seat."

"Is that quite all?" I could hardly speak. I put my fingers to my cheeks. "Don't say anything more, Bill. Just go."

His lips Continued on page 74
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I could imagine how Michael would look with a son in his arms—for it would be a son, of course. He'd grin his gay, lopsided grin, looking a wee bit foolish, and terribly, terribly proud. And happy.

Because he would be happy, now. Perhaps he'd been happy all these years without me—how could I tell? How could I tell, except to remember his face the night I had left him, remember big Michael, who was so strong, crying out like a frightened child, "Don't leave me, Norrie—you might as well kill me outright!"

But after that he'd been silent through the years between, except for impersonal little messages, Christmas cards, telegrams of congratulation, until today. Today, after five years, Michael had telephoned me, his voice sounding so familiar that it had not even startled me, my mind bridging the years as easily as his voice did the miles.

"Nora, I was going to send you a telegram tonight, congratulating you on your new show. But I thought I'd call you now, instead. I've been wanting to tell you, but somehow until today it didn't seem real enough—"

A small, questioning pause, then. "Yes, Michael?" I prompted, trying to keep my voice low, steady, even.

"Anne's at the hospital. Norrie, she's going to have a baby. Any minute now I'm going to be a father. Isn't that something?"

I clung to the phone as if it were the only tangible thing left in a rocking world, and my voice sounded high and false as I answered him. "Oh, Michael, I'm so glad for you, dear! Tell Anne that for me, too. And wire me as soon as you know, won't you?"

There seemed little to say, or too much, after that, and we hung up, a thousand things left unspoken in the air between us.

That had been this morning, and not for one moment since had I thought of anything but Michael and Anne and their baby. Even my new radio show, starting tonight, and the new contract, fatter than ever before, meant nothing. Now I sat, my carefully-tended hands folded in hard-held serenity in my lap, waiting for my cue. Somehow I'd got through the first half of the show; somehow I'd get through the second.

But that baby—it should have been mine, a voice inside me was crying. Mine, too, the joy in Michael's heart was my joy around me. I had traded the things that can't be bought for the things that can, traded Michael, and the hollow of his shoulder where I used to sleep dreamlessly all night, for a song and a microphone to sing it into!

Suddenly, startled, I got to my feet and walked with an outward semblance of calm to the microphone. The orchestra leader, throw-
Now her heart was crying—she had thrown away all the things that were meant for happiness, traded Michael and his love for a song and a microphone to sing it to Clinton Haven, our announcer, was staring at me instead of leading the audience in applause as he should have been. And in the theater there was quiet for one of those second-long pauses that seem like years. Then Clint raised his hands and the audience woke up with him. Applause roared at me, beat over the stage like waves. I knew, and they out there knew, that I had never before sung so well, that perhaps I would never sing like that again.

I went back to my little gilded chair, automatically arranging the swirl of my black velvet skirt about me, disciplining my hands into quiet on my lap. The show went on. Presently I sang again, and after that there was Clint's voice, "—next week at this same time, the laughter of Sherman Findlay, the music of Gregor Lavinin and his orchestra, the voice of our star of stars, lovely Nora Sully, brought to you by—"

The show was over, but there was still the aftermath—the congratulations, the people to shake my hand, to wish me luck.

But presently it was all over, and I could escape. On the way back to my apartment I hurried the taxi driver as if it were a matter of life and death. By now there would surely be a telegram from Michael, a gay, silly telegram that would break the spell of this strange, suspended feeling I had, that would snap the cord which seemed to be tightening around my throat and let me cry, as I wanted to cry, as I hadn't cried in years.

Letty, the maid, shook her woolly head in answer to the question I asked almost before she had the door open. "No'm. No telegram."

"You're sure?" I asked. "No message at all from Mr. Sully?"

"No'm—none a-tall."

I felt somehow cheated out of my tears. "All right, Letty. You can go to bed. I'll sit up for a while."

I crossed the little room swiftly and knelt down beside him. There was nothing I could do but try to comfort him a little.

ing me one swift, puzzled glance, swung smoothly into the introduction again, without a break. For the first time in my career I'd missed a cue!

Then I began to sing—the song which I had insisted on putting into the program at the last minute because I knew that Michael always listened to me, because I knew that it would please him. A lullaby, which I would never sing as it should be sung, to a child that was Michael's and mine:

"Baby's boat's a silver moon,
Sailing in the sky,
Sailing o'er the sea of sleep

While the clouds roll by.
Sail, baby, sail—"

Unconsciously, my arms came up. I knew how a baby would feel in them. And I could hear my own voice, singing, not to the people sitting before their radios all over the country, not to the rows of faces in the theater audience before me, but to the ghost of a little not-to-be boy who was cradled in my arms as I sang him a lullaby.

The last note throbbed away; the support of the music slipped from beneath me, and I stood still, feeling somehow that I had made a fool of myself. I looked about me. Clinton Haven, our announcer, was staring at me instead of leading the audience in applause as he should have been. And in the theater there was quiet for one of those second-long pauses that seem like years. Then Clint raised his hands and the audience woke up with him. Applause roared at me, beat over the stage like waves. I knew, and they out there knew, that I had never before sung so well, that perhaps I would never sing like that again.

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I WANT only you

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For the first time, my living room—it's pale green walls, its eggplant-colored carpet, its ivory-white piano, its deep and comfortable chairs—seemed cold to me. Even the L of windows in the corner, looking out over Manhattan at night, which I loved so much, seemed unfriendly. I pulled the heavy drapes across it.

Throwing myself into a chair, I stared idly at my hands. They were white and massaged to firmness, tipped with almond-shaped nails painted wine red. I knew that they looked exactly as I felt—exquisitely cared-for, and quite useless. My dark red hair was piled high on my head. Makeup covered the drift of freckles across my nose, which Michael had always said looked like bran on cream. Green eyeshadow above them made my eyes a deeper green. My body had been pummeled to perfection, and sheathed in black velvet which cost more than had been paid for all the clothes I had ever had in my life, until the time I left Michael.

I HADN'T looked like this in those days—those days when I had come to the little city of Castle, a farm girl tired of the farm, looking for a job. Then I had been frankly freckled, and my short-cropped hair had curled as it wanted to. My hands had been useful hands, with a trace of callous across the palms, with short-clipped, uncolored nails.

Heaven knows I wasn't trained to do anything but feed chickens and milk cows and wash clothes and cook. My only asset was my voice, and I hardly dared hope that it would bring me a job.

As a matter of fact, it didn't.

Michael Sully, who had only shortly before been granted his license for the hundred-watt radio station WNUX, wasn't looking for a singer and couldn't have afforded to hire one if he had been. What he wanted was a kind of maid-of-all-work for the station, a girl to answer the telephone, send out bills, keep books, write a few announcements—in short, do just about everything that Michael didn't do himself.

"But I can't do those things," I'd told him. "I can only type just a little, and I don't know a thing about bookkeeping, and—"

He smiled down at me from what seemed a tremendous height. "I'll teach you."

"But—" And then I stopped, realizing that I was trying to argue him out of hiring me. Honesty, however, prompted me to go on. "But why should you? I mean, you can get any number of trained girls—"

His smile reached his eyes and lighted blue sparks there. "But I don't want any number of girls. I want you."

I felt as if I were compelled to look at him, as if I couldn't turn my eyes away.

"Why?"

"Because you're my girl. I've been looking for you all of my life—you with your up-ended eyebrows and your impudent freckled nose, and your mouth made to smile with. You're my girl. D'you think, now that I've found you, I want to let you escape? Will you go to work for me?"

I stared at him, half joyous, half frightened. In all of my eighteen years I'd never met anyone like him, never even imagined that there could be anyone like him. And, of course, there can't. Michael is Michael, alone of all the world, rugged and gentle and infinitely dear. His thick, crisp dark hair lies close to his head as the feathers of a bird lie, above ears that are a little pointed, like a faun's. His eyes are the blue of deep water, steady, quick to meet yours and hold them.

His jaw is almost belligerently firm, so that the mouth which curves sweetly and tenderly above it does not seem too gentle for a man. His hands—oh, his hands are strong and fine, and—remembering Michael's hands, and the touch of them, I closed my eyes to shut out the sight of the possessions about me, the possessions for which I had traded Michael and his love.

So I had gone to work for WNUX, six years before, holding my breath, afraid I'd wake up to find it wasn't true. It wasn't until almost a week later that Michael said, "So you can sing, can you? Well, let's hear you, Norrie!"

He sat at the piano and played for me first, knowing that I was nervous. The music he brought out of that battered old upright was the kind the poets say you'll hear in heaven, for surely there's nothing on earth like it. There was magic in Michael's fingers, magic which could wrest beauty from anything.

Presently I sang the old lullaby about baby's boat for him. I sang through the two verses, and then Michael's hands crashed down on the keyboard, and he cried, "Oh, honey, honey!" That was all for a moment, while he looked at me with something new in his eyes. Then he said, quietly, "It needs training, but it's beautiful. I'll teach you all I know."

It wasn't strange that Michael and I were married so soon, because we had both known that it was inevitable from the very first moment. There wasn't time for a honeymoon, or money for one. There was just time to slip away from the station for a little while, to pledge to each other, with our hearts pounding in our throats. "I, Nora, take thee, Michael . . . I, Michael, take thee, Nora . . ." 

I SUPPOSE it's only normal to remember the good things, the pleasant things. As I sat that night in my chili, perfect living room, sat in the midst of all the things I had bought and paid for, I remembered best the good things, the dear things, the things that were written on my heart.

I remembered the pillow fights we'd had sometimes, tearing about the little room in which we lived, crying out to each other like children until the neighbors pounded on the walls to still our foolish laughter. I remember Michael, big, strong Michael, carrying me up the two flights of stairs to our room, after a long day at the station, as if I weighed no more than a feather. I remembered wakening one morning to find Michael already gone to the station, Continued on page 61.
It was a Hollywood party, which can best be described as a room full of people talking. As soon as Mary Martin came in she saw him—a tall, dark-haired young man sitting on a sofa with Jean Arthur, and apparently interested in nothing and nobody except Jean Arthur. His glance, leaving Jean's animated face for a moment, swept up and over Mary as lifelessly as if she'd been a picture on the wall.

"Just the same," Mary promised herself inwardly, "this time I'm going to meet Mr. Dick Halliday. And when I do—I'll tell him a few things!"

But when, half an hour or so later, they were introduced, she couldn't do anything but smile, and nod, and speak politely. Because Richard Halliday was absolutely the most charming man she'd ever met in all her life.

She hadn't expected this—certainly hadn't wanted it. For about two years now, the name and fame of Dick Halliday had been haunting her, invariably with unpleasant results. It would have been a positive pleasure to dislike him.

There was, for instance, her first sight of him, two years before. He had been sound asleep at the time. Mary was then tasting the heady wine of first success.

Clad in a short fur coat which showed her remarkable legs to excellent advantage, she was singing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" in the Broadway hit, "Leave It to Me"—and stopping the show cold every time she did it. Her number was the high spot of the evening, every evening.

But not on the night she first saw Dick. Half-way through the song, she glanced across the footlights and there he was, in an aisle seat, slumbering peacefully.

Let this be set down as an unbreakable rule. A perfect way to impress yourself on a singer is to sleep through her performance. She may think of you with loathing—but she'll remember you.

In Mary's case, the insult was made double effective because Dick had come to the theater with a party of her friends. She saw them, later that same night, at the Rain-
THAT was when she first heard the name that was to become so familiar to her ears. Dick Halliday.

"Poor Dick, he was simply exhausted," one of her friends said. "He wanted to come on here with us but he was too tired."

"I hope," Mary said, "it's not too bad."

"I know," Mary's mother said. "We were enthusiastic about the screen test."

The letters from Dick came, as he'd promised. Only—they weren't the kind of letters Mary had wanted. They were bright, gay, often nonsensical. Occasionally they went as far as to say, "Wish you were here for a fourth at bridge," but you couldn't honestly read into them the tiniest bit of sentiment. Worst of all, they were all typed by Dick's secretary.

Mary could take a hint. Her answers were bright, too, and gay and unsentimental, and they were typed by her secretary.

At last the tour was over, and Mary was on her way back to Hollywood. She sent Dick a telegram, and his answer read simply, "Will be happy to see you again."

Strange, what a difference one word can make! If the message had been, "Will be happy to see you again," it would have been curt, meaningless. The one word more, those two little letters spelling "so," set Mary's heart to singing. Then in spite of his impersonal letters, in spite of their brief and seemingly casual friendship, he had missed her!

PERVERSELY, she didn't wire ahead to tell him what plane she would be on. It was better that way, she thought. If he didn't know, he couldn't disappoint her by not being there to meet her.

Hollywood, she found when she got back, hadn't changed at all. It was still busy, busy with working and playing, and there never seemed to be time for two people to be alone. They went to a good many parties together, she and Dick—hostesses, by this time, appeared to take it for granted that they would come together—but it was two weeks after her return before they had a date all to themselves.

Dick called Continued on page 60
IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Against the Storm

Now you can see the people you hear in one of radio's distinguished serial dramas, broadcast over the NBC Network Monday through Friday, sponsored by Ivory Soap.

Against the Storm has been called one of the best propaganda shows on the air. Its fundamental message is the extreme urgency of united victory over fascism. From "somewhere in Denmark," comes the voice of Freedom Radio, broadcasting to the world the defiance of the Danish people to their Nazi enslavers. Even knowing that swift death would be their penalty if discovered, Torben Reimer and Ebba Fielding, helped by Nathan, bravely continue working for Denmark's underground movement.
KATHY REIMER came to America to seek refuge from the Nazis. In reply to the thoughtless remark that "Hitler has done a lot for Germany," she says, "I can tell you what he did for the German people! He held them up at the point of a gun, took their children from them, poured poison into the minds of the new generation, harnessed them all, the young and the old, to his insane machine of war. He put Germany into slavery, and he sent the slaves out to enslave others, and to war against everything decent and free in the whole wide world. That's what he did for his people, and never, never let anyone tell you anything else! Is the persecution of one human being not sufficient to condemn a man as a criminal? His Nazis have persecuted and murdered thousands, in cold blood. Suppose he had built the most wonderful national order ever conceived, would you say it was justified, if the ground of his nation were soaked with the blood of innocent people? And that maniac did not try to build a great nation. He built a slave state, whose one purpose is the destruction of all free states everywhere."

(Played by Charlotte Holland)
MARK SCOTT, English instructor at Harper University, answered a girl student's bitter question about the war, like this: "It's much easier to look at history and say, there's always been war, than it is to take a real look at history and figure out why the wars happened, how the wars were different, or how they were alike. There have been wars and wars. And no war for centuries has been founded on any spontaneous urge of one people to rise up and do battle with some other people. It has never been as easy, or as hopeless as that. Wars have happened for reasons that can be, and will be preventable in the future. When the United Nations have won this war with guns and blood, they'll do what we didn't do after the other war. They'll guarantee the victory by building a people's world in which the germs of war will be known and isolated. And war will not have to happen again. Just as surely as people do not have to die of diseases that used to be considered fatal. It'll take work, but no more work than war does."

(Played by Chester Stratton)

DR. REIMER, a scholar exiled by the Nazis, lives in New York. Over seventy, he has begun a new life without bitterness or despair. Of his feeling for America, he says: "The measure of my love for this land and this people is the love I had and I shall always have for the land and the people of my birth. At my age it is painful beyond words to be cast out of home and home-land; the hope I had of walking along the familiar streets again, of talking with old friends and sitting in remembered rooms again, is made less tenable by the fact of my years. Sometimes I could cry out with the horrible pain of homesickness. Surely the homesickness will never leave my heart. But as that is a longing for the good things, the beauty and the joy we once knew in our daily life, so it can and it does serve always to remind me that wherever there are people of good will, there can be beauty and joy even for the lonely."

(Played by Phil Clarke)
TORBEN REIMER is Dr. Reimer's grandson, and of course, Kathy Reimer's brother. They have known nothing of what happened to him since the day in 1938 when they were all suddenly arrested by the Nazis. He escaped from a Nazi work-crew in early Spring, 1940, and reached Copenhagen three days before the Nazis thundered into Denmark. Re-friended by a distinguished Copenhagen clergyman, Pastor Emeritus Erik Hansen, Torben operates a secret anti-Nazi freedom station. A real-life incident of tragic interest to "Against the Storm" listeners was recently in American newspapers: "The operator of a secret Copenhagen station shot the policeman sent to arrest him, and then killed himself."

(Played by Sam Wanamaker)

EBBA FIELDING, an American-Danish girl who attended the University of Copenhagen, entered the story when Kathy Reimer's brother, Torben, escaped to Denmark. They met on the Swedish ferry that brought them to Copenhagen . . . three days before the Nazi invasion. Ebba was returning to Denmark to marry Franz Holbein, a German who had been a fellow student of hers at the University. When Ebba discovered Franz is now a Nazi, she refused to marry him, but she did not return to America. She chose to stay in Copenhagen to work with Torben in the anti-Nazi underground. Ebba thinks she and Torben can use her old friendship for Franz as a shield for their anti-Nazi activities.

(Played by Lenore Kingston)
MANUEL SANDOVAL (left) is another refugee from Europe, who escaped with the help of the anti-Nazi German, Belgian and French underground. The memories that torture him are not of his own sufferings alone. Rather, he thinks of the comrades “who did not live to know again what it is to feel the sunshine of a quiet, peaceful day; to know again what it is to feel clean, washed, dressed in decent clothing.” He thinks of them every day, “when I eat good food, when I drink a glass of good clear water.” This is what Manuel wants to tell as many people as he can reach on his lecture tour: “Your brothers died so that people forever may have the right to eat good food, and drink clear water and work in peace. We must see that no one forgets. Every person who lives in a free nation today lives there by the grace of another human being’s courage and mortal sacrifice. Russian, British, Chinese, American, Dutch, all anti-Nazis everywhere . . . each day with their lives they buy a free future. How can we ever forget?”

(Played by Michael Ingram)

NATHAN, “before Hitler” was a genial warm-hearted young German, destined by nature for a happy and useful existence. He became one of the persecuted. His fiancee was killed by the Nazis. Like a few others in the world’s fantastic real-life drama of today, he was able to find his way to a place within the Nazi Machine. In the deadly precarious position of an assumed Nazi who tries to fight them from within their own ranks, he is in Copenhagen now as a Gestapo agent, on the trail of Torben’s secret station. His real purpose is to help the station. With tragic and terrible reason to hate, Nathan has still been guided by the words of an old friend, a Rabbi, who was later murdered. “Remember what one of the world’s greatest leaders said when they took His life . . . ‘Forgive them, for they know not what they do.’ You see? It is ignorance that makes men cruel. Turn your hatred into a relentless fight against ignorance and cruelty.”

(Played by Ian Martin)
Early on that birthday morning Peter woke me with a kiss. He gave me a bracelet he'd made of tiny shells.

Give me your heart

The lake was like a crimson jewel at my feet, caught in the glory of sunset. In another moment it would be opalescent with pale blues and pinks and lavenders that are a poet's dream and a painter's despair. The world was bathed in radiance—our white honeymoon cottage touched with pink, the roses in our garden red as heart's blood, the sandy beach where we bathed like rosy coral.

I looked at it all and thought wistfully that the neon lights of a smart night club would have been the most beautiful sight in the world to me at that moment. I'd seen that sun set a thousand times. Well—two hundred and sixty-four. I was tired of it. Nine months of the same old sun, the same old lake. Nine months of never going anywhere, never seeing anybody, of cooking and slaving. No people to see, no dances, no fun. And I was the one who had thought this would be romantic! But that was before Peter and I were married....

A year ago I hadn't known Peter Morris existed. Imagine. Living in the world twenty-two years and not knowing about Peter. But when we did meet, we made up for lost time.

It was at a country club dance, just outside Detroit where I lived with my father. The Joey Kellers had Peter as a guest, and introduced him to me. He was tall and wiry, with quick movements, and he had a keen, eager look in his eyes. My father used to go in for falconry, and something about Peter reminded me of a hawk—strong and poised ready to swoop. The minute I stepped into his arms to dance, I said to myself, "Ellen, honey, this is it!"

Peter felt the same way. By the time the evening was over, he was telling me things. About how he was a physicist—never can remember about those things—and was experimenting with some terribly important kind of war gas. How he'd worked his way through college and worked afterwards till he'd saved enough money to give all his time to the experiments, and how they were like mother, father, girls—everything he'd never had—to him. But he told me more important things, too—that my hair was like golden mist in the early sun, and my eyes the color of the deepest lake in the world. When it was time to go home, he'd gotten up the courage to ask me for a date. I say "gotten up the courage" because he was poor and I was rich, and Peter had a funny sort of pride about that—as I was to discover later.

Being poor was something I didn't know about then. I knew there were girls who had to go to public high school instead of an Eastern finishing school, and that they had to stay

Over and over she pictured her husband's eyes as she had last seen them—full of hatred because in her selfish passion she had destroyed the thing he loved...
in Detroit all winter instead of running down to Palm Beach for two months, and things like that. But I didn't know poor as Peter meant it.

We saw each other constantly for two months. And one day, eating hamburgers, he asked me to marry him. It popped out, without his thinking. He said later if he'd known what he was saying, he'd never have been able to do it.

"You don't know what you're letting yourself in for," he told me tenderly—but terribly seriously too. "You don't know what poverty's like. You'll have to learn to cook and scrub—"

"That will be fun!"

"You'll be lonely. I can't afford to take time from work to see people."

"I want to be just with you!"

"You'll live in an isolated place, with no one around but me."

"Wonderful!"

"You won't have any new clothes—"

"I'll be happy in rags with you, darling!"

He kissed me and it was like being on a cloud, above the world. And I thought it the most romantic thing in the world to be in a tiny cottage, shut off from everybody else, with Peter becoming a famous scientist and me one of those wonderful wives of great men you read about.

MY father tried to warn me. "I like Peter Morris," he said.

"He's got everything I want in a man for you. But he's going to have tough sledging—and so are you, baby. I've done the best I could to bring you up without a mother, but I'm afraid I've turned you into a spoiled little helpless kitten. You see it now as romantic. You're going to find it's grim. Do you honestly think you've the courage to take it?"

I laughed. "But I love him, Daddy, and he loves me. . . ."

He grinned, a little wryly, and pulled my ear. "Just remember, Ellen, life isn't like the movies."

We were married quietly in the garden at home and we went to live in the cottage on the shore of one of the many small lakes around that part of Michigan. Hardly anybody lives out there all year round, but Peter did because the house belonged to an older chemist who was interested in Peter's work, and rented it to him for almost nothing. There was one large room, fixed up as a laboratory with tanks of gases and all kinds of gadgets I couldn't understand; then there was a small living room, a tiny bedroom, a good-sized kitchen, and bath.

It was tacky—but for the first three months it was heaven, too. Peter had to teach me to cook, even to sweep, and we died laughing over the messes I served on the table and the messes I made trying to clean. It was winter, and there was adventure in driving the old jalopy into the village for our once-a-week marketing trip. Peter explained we could drive in only once a week, except for emergencies, on account of gas and money. I thought it was like pioneering, and sort of cute.

We skated on the lake and had snowball fights and made love to each other and it was paradise. Peter talked a lot about his work.

"It's vital not only to me, but to our country, Ellen. If I can work out a decontaminating gas, it will revolutionize chemical warfare. There won't be any more poor souls with their eyes blinded and their lungs eaten out. It will neutralize the enemy weapon—the sneak weapon."

"It's wonderful, darling. You're so smart. And then you'll be famous and we'll be rich."

He laughed. "No. But if I succeed, I'll be working for the government and we won't have to live off savings any more. Lord, if I can only get it! I've made mistakes—plenty of them—but this time I think I'm on the right track." He threw himself on the sofa beside me and thumbed impatiently through his notebook. "If I can only make this come out right!"

I looked over his shoulder at the hieroglyphics. "How long will it take?"

I'd go out and look at the sunset and think about the life I used to have. Now I was lonely and bored, for every day was the same.
"If I'm lucky—a year. If I'm not—" he shrugged. "But I'll keep on till I get it if it takes all my life... Look out, honey, you're tearing the notes. They're the only copy I have."

"Oh, pooh—forget the old notes. You've been working all day, and it's Friday night. Peter, you know what let's do? Let's take the train into town tomorrow and spend the weekend with Daddy and go dancing and see some people and have some fun. I'm tired of just cooking and skating and cleaning house."

He looked as if I'd suggested flying to the moon. "I can't do that, Ellen. I have to work."

"You don't have to work all the time," I pouted. "Please, Peter—I want to go into town."

"All the time, Ellen. I told you that before we were married. It's like being in the Army—in fact, that's why I'm not in the Army. I explained that. Besides, a little jaunt like you suggest would cost more than we can afford."

"But Daddy would pay for it. He'd like me to have some fun."

He threw the notes on the table and stood up. "We've been over that before. Once and for all, I will not accept a penny from your father. I'm no gigolo! You knew I was poor and you agreed to live on my money."

"But this is different. You're just being silly—"

That started it. It was the nearest to a quarrel we'd ever had. Oh, we made it up—with kisses and promises and self-condemning apologies. But though I forgot about the quarrel, I didn't forget about being lonely and bored.

Especially when the warm weather started. I was sick to death of learning to cook, and the underdone meat and burned vegetables with which I graced our mealtimes were no longer hilarious to either of us. Cleaning house made my hands rough, and there was more hard work than romance in keeping the place neat and shining. And spring—why, spring always meant a new wardrobe and I didn't even have a new hat. Not that that made much difference. We never saw anybody.

Looking back on it now, it seems impossible that I, Ellen Morris, could have held such thoughts. It's like remembering a girl you once knew and didn't like, a silly little person who valued all the wrong things. But that's because I've learned my values the hard way, with suffering, pain and toil—the only way, I suppose, one ever learns them.

I DIDN'T have enough to do. At first, I'd sat in the lab and watched Peter work. It amused me—he was so unlike my picture of a chemist who I'd always imagined as absent-minded and stoop-shouldered and smelling of horrid mixtures. Peter's shoulders were straight and powerful. He dashed about the lab like a commuter catching a train, with an intense concentration that locked him away from all except what was in front of him. That was why I got tired staying in there. What was the fun, when he took no more notice of me than of the air he breathed?

"Peter—I'm restless."

"Why don't you go weed the garden?"

The garden! Four rosebushes somebody had planted years ago. At first I'd weeded and watered them furiously. Now I was sick of them.

Or he'd say, "Why don't you go over and talk to Mrs. Fisher?"

She was our only neighbor, the farmer's wife from whom we bought milk and eggs. She was a good-natured, untutored soul and all she could talk about was canning and babies.

So I'd go out and look at the sunset and think about the life I used to have. Stuck way out here, with every day just like the last. When Peter got so impatient he started working even in the evenings, I thought I'd go crazy. Work, work, work. Nothing could be that important, I told him irritably.

That was when he suggested I spend a week in town with Daddy, alone. "I know this is hard on you, honey. You're used to people and excitement and all. Why don't you take a little vacation from it?"
So I did. It was luxurious to have breakfast in bed again, to be the petted baby of the household. I saw the Kellers and some old friends. But it wasn't as much fun as I'd thought it would be, without Peter. I thought about him all the time.

THINKING about him really made me buy the dress. It was such a heavenly blue, "the color of the deepest lake in the world," and once I'd tried it on I couldn't resist it. I wanted to look pretty for him. It was practical, too, because I could wear it anywhere and, I reasoned, awfully inexpensive. Only thirty-nine ninety-five. I had only about eight dollars with me—the "spending money" Peter had given me for the trip—so I charged it to Daddy.

When I told him, he looked at me quizzically. "That's all right with me, baby. You know that. But you'll have to work it out with Peter. His arrangement with me was that I wasn't to contribute a penny to your upkeep. Which seems eminently sensible, I must say.

"Oh, he'll love it when he sees it. He won't mind," I said airily.

Peter met me at the Village station in the jalopy and we were so glad to see each other. The vacation had done us each good, and we talked our heads off driving home. After I'd unpacked I put on the dress.

"Like it?" I said and pirouetted in front of him.

"It's a knockout. You're like a dream in it—the dream I used to have before I met you. I used to think it would never come true." He put his arms around me. "Not only the most beautiful wife in the world, but the smartest," he laughed. "Nobody else could have found a dress like that for the amount of money you had to spend."

I stood still in his arms. Men are usually blind about such things. It would be so easy to let him think it cost only eight dollars . . . But I couldn't, somehow. "Well—it cost a little more," I said easily. "You couldn't get a number like this that cheaply."

He stiffened. "How much more? How did you pay for it?"

"It was thirty-nine dollars, and I charged it to Daddy. Don't look like that, Peter. It was so lovely, and I just had to have something. Daddy didn't mind."

"Well, I mind! I won't have your father paying for things I can't afford to buy—and we certainly can't afford clothes like that. You'll have to send it back."

"Peter! I won't send it back. I'm tired of never having anything, never going any place—just because of your pride. If Daddy wants to give me this, there's no reason why I shouldn't have it. You'd rather see me go around in rags than give in one inch on this—this stiff-necked attitude of yours about money!"

"You'll never wear rags while I'm alive. We've got enough to feed and clothe us and keep a roof over our heads. Everything else is out—as I've explained to you time and time again."

Here we were, starting another quarrel on the very day of my homecoming. I couldn't stand it. I crushed back the angry retort I was about to make, and moved close to him again. I put my arms around him. "Please, honey. Please let me keep it—just this one little tiny thing would make me so happy. I can't afford it." And then I'd sulk and Peter would get impatient. He was harrassed about his work and that made it worse.

There were moments, of course, when we forgot everything except each other. But there were more when we'd flare out in bitter anger over small things that assumed terrific importance only because they had to do with money. If the chemical experiments had been going well instead of poorly right then, maybe everything would have been different. Or if I had been "brave and patient" as Peter asked me to be. As it was, the quarrels grew worse instead of better.

If we could see some people, instead of living like hermits! And then I got my idea. My birthday came on a Saturday early in September. Why not invite the Kellers down for the weekend? We had no guest room but by arranging a makeshift bed in the parlor for Pete and me, we could make out. Peter and Joey were college friends, and Wanda was a good sport. They wouldn't mind roughing it.

When he saw how much it meant to me, Peter said he thought it was a fine idea. He said he'd even knock off work while they were here, to make it a real celebration. Then I got my other bright idea.

After the Kellers accepted, I wrote the caterer in Detroit who had occasionally arranged dinner parties for my father. I ordered everything I could think of—champagne and caviar, whole chickens, pâté de foie gras, a Smithfield ham. I charged it to Daddy and asked that the things be delivered at the Village station Saturday afternoon. That way they wouldn't arrive at the house until after the Kellers were there, and Peter couldn't do a thing about it.

EARLY on that birthday morning Peter woke me with a kiss. He gave me a bracelet he'd made of tiny shells strung together on fine wire—all wrapped up in an old jeweler's box. It was terribly sweet and all that, but I was awfully disappointed. I wore it, though, and showed it off to the Kellers when they arrived.

They exclaimed over that and the cottage and the view and everything. Peter took Joey into the lab to show him around, and Wanda and I settled down to talk. I kept watching the clock. Mr. Fisher had promised to bring the caterer's stuff from the station in his truck about four, and I was anxious to put the champagne on ice and have the party really start.

Promptly at four the truck rattled up. Mr. Continued on page 77
A picnic with the kids seemed a brilliant idea at the time but when it came to cooking the hot dogs—well, read this gay adventure of radio's Parker Family.

The evening newspaper slid out of Walter Parker’s hands and the music coming from the radio made him forget, for the minute, his hatred of the Nazis and the Japs. The song that floated sweetly to his ears was "Down By The Old Mill Stream" and it carried him back to his youth in Weston. There was a lump in his throat and, through misty eyes, he gazed at the dear, sweet face of his wife, Helen.

Helen was watching their son, Richard, as he scattered photographs all over the living room, exclaiming and muttering. She was thinking of how much he looked like his father with his deep set, serious blue eyes and the shaggy, curly hair. And then, she thought, her heart suddenly growing tight, of other mothers with sons at war, sons not much older than Richard. She looked up at her husband and

Mr. Parker bustled back into the kitchen, knocking a dozen forks out of his son’s hand. "Why don’t you watch where I’m going?" he demanded.
saw the dreamy, sad look in his eyes and wondered whether he was thinking the same thoughts.

Her husband was not. The song had carried him to the height of nostalgia and he was thinking of a late Fall night, not unlike this one, and of the way a girl named Helen had looked in the light of a campfire on the old picnic grounds by the river. He smiled at his wife and said softly, "Those were the days, dear. I can almost smell that burning—"

**BURNING?** his wife started. "Do you smell anything burning, Walter?"

"Hot dog," Walter Parker said. "I watched you and let my hot dog burn to a crisp."

"Whatever are you talking about?" Helen Parker asked. "Walter, are you all right?"

"I'm fine, dear," Walter said. "It's nothing, I was just reminiscing."

"Oh," his wife said and smiled at him tenderly.

Their son's muttering and exclaiming became louder and they both watched him now as he picked up snapshots and dropped them and talked to himself. Richard Parker was in his own world. He was looking at photographs of a girl named Louise Preston. They had been taken at the lake the summer before and, in Richard's language, they were killer dillers. What a girl! He couldn't decide whether he liked the one where she was playfully hitting him on the head with a tennis racket better than the one where she was holding his hand as they gazed out over the water.

"What a girl!" he exclaimed aloud this time. "Lucky Richard!"

Mrs. Parker worried a little about her son talking to himself, and said, "What in the world are you doing, Richard?"

"Huh?" Richard said, looking up. "Oh, I'm just going over these pictures we took at the lake last year. Mom. I dug 'em out because Louise wants to show 'em to Honey."

Mr. Parker wanted to know who Honey was, but he regretted the question a second after he asked it. Richard began a long explanation which wound back to the time he had met Louise and finally ended with the information that Honey was a certain Honey Lou Drexel whom Louise had met last Christmas on a trip to Virginia. "Honey's comin' up to stay a few weeks with Louise," Richard went on. "Gosh, I wish we were up at the Lake. We could have a big wienie roast and get Honey Lou launched with a bang!"

Still thinking about the good old days, Mr. Parker suddenly sat up straight in his chair and said, "What's the matter with launching her at the old picnic grounds on the River Road?"

"Gee, Dad," Richard said, not without patriotism, "we don't want to wear out tires going to picnics."

"We don't have to," Mr. Parker rejoined. "By thunder, Helen, it's time we did something for these kids."

Helen Parker smiled understandingly. She, too, remembered the old picnic grounds and, while Richard sat there amazed, she and her husband talked of the leaves falling and the paths they had loved and the songs they had sung. It was very hard for Richard to think of his father, now almost forty-two years old, as once young and romantic. He made the mistake of hinting as much.

"I'll show you how to have a good time," his father said, a bit piqued, "a real good time, the way we did when I was your age." He beamed at his wife. "We ought to spend time with the kids," he continued, "even if we are busy with war work. It would do us good. I'll start the ball rolling. We'll have that picnic tomorrow night!"

Richard's eyes widened. A picnic on the river road was not exactly what he had had in mind. "That would be great, Dad," he said politely, "but—"

"No buts about it," Mr. Parker broke in. He got out of his chair and strod back and forth across the living room. "I'll rent that big hay wagon of Anderson's. We'll have a good old fashioned hay ride. We'll cook our own supper. I'll be a kid right along with the rest of you!"

Mrs. Parker did not say what she was thinking. Instead, she agreed with her husband. And the more Richard tried to throw cold water on the flame of youth which was now re-kindled in his father, the more Walter Parker enthused about the delights of picnicking. He escorted Richard to the phone and stood by while his son called his friends. He made elaborate plans for weekly picnics, he thought of himself as a leader among fathers in the back-the-old-days-movement. At twelve, an hour after his usual bedtime, he was still going strong. His wife practically had to push him upstairs to bed and, even to her observant eyes, he did look twenty years younger.

The next evening, the scene in the Parker kitchen an hour before the hay wagon was to arrive, was slightly chaotic. Mr. Parker, dashing around in his shirtsleeves, had his hands on everything. "Where's that potato salad?" he bawled. "Put it down just a minute ago and now it's gone!"

"It's right in front of you, dear," Mrs. Parker said. "And don't forget the paper plates."

"Should say not!" her husband shouted. "You women think we men are pretty helpless, don't you?" He paused. "Now what did I do with those danged paper plates?"

Mrs. Parker found the paper plates and the potato salad and Walter thought she never looked prettier and younger as she handed him things to pack in the big box on the kitchen floor. When he had the box all packed, he was dismayed to discover that there were still articles waiting on the floor. He accused Helen of giving him a box that was too small.

"It's plenty big enough," she answered. "Here, I'll pack it."

Her husband helped her take the food out of the box and then the sight of something on the bottom of it caused him to howl again. "Helen, what on earth is in the bottom of this thing! No wonder it won't hold everything!"

Mrs. Parker smiled and shook her head. "Why it's just a cushion and your sweater, dear," she said. The cushion is for you. You won't want to sit on the ground like the children and the sweater is so you won't catch cold."

"What do you think I am," he said, indignantly, "an old stick-in-the-mud?" He took the cushion and sweater out of the box and tossed them under the kitchen stove. "Now," he demanded, "where's that first aid kit?"

Mrs. Parker turned her face so that her husband wouldn't see that she was trying very hard not to laugh. "Good gracious, you won't need that, Walter!" she said.

"Never Continued on page 49"
The loneliness that had come to fill her empty heart after Bruce left was her excuse for this midnight escapade—that, and the pride that would not let her break her promise.

**THE STORY**

BRUCE MACDOUGALL and I had wanted to get married for several years, but his financial obligations to his younger brother had prevented us. Now Bruce was free of that responsibility, but soon he would be drafted—and rather than wait for that to happen he enlisted in the ground crew of the Air Corps. The first I knew of this decision was when he came into the office where I worked for Dr. Dale, radio's "Counsel of Common Sense," and announced that he had passed his physical examination and soon would be inducted.

In a panic at the thought that I might lose him forever, I begged him not to postpone our marriage any longer, and Bruce was upon the point of agreeing when Dr. Dale walked in. And after Bruce left the office, Dr. Dale advised me strongly not to rush into a marriage which could offer so few days of happiness. Dr. Dale was good at advising people; that was his profession on the air; and now he was able to present so many sound arguments against marrying a man who would soon be in the Army, that when I left him I was torn and confused.

Bruce sensed this confusion when we met that evening, but he didn't understand the reason for it. He didn't realize, any more than I did, that our long, frustrated love for each other had made us not quite sane. Whatever the reason, we quarreled that night, and parted in anger—jealous anger on Bruce's part because we'd happened to meet Ferenc Vildar, who worked in the short-wave department of the radio station, and Bruce thought—or chose to think—that I was more interested in Ferenc than I was in him. And I didn't hear from Bruce again until an afternoon three days later, when he called me at the office—just a moment, as it happened, after Ferenc Vildar had dropped in for a visit—to say he was at the station, ready to entrain within a few minutes for a camp in Illinois.

WHAT should I have done without Ferenc in that moment of sudden dreadful emptiness? I shall never forget the look of pain, almost, that twisted his lips in sympathy as he took the telephone from my cold hand and placed the steady support of his arm about my shaking shoulders.

I don't remember the words he said, but I do remember the infinite gentleness of his deep voice as he spoke to me, telling me what seemed the deep wisdom of one who has known it. But—

Some fatalistic I would have taught me. I had spent three years dreaming my dream and I would not have it torn from my heart with this drastic sudden violence. No, somehow I must build it up again.

"But you cannot," Ferenc said, his brown eyes velvet-dark in the dimness of the cool little bar where he
took me one day when he had dropped into my office at closing time. "If it is gone, then—" he shrugged, "it is gone."

"But maybe it isn't," I answered stubbornly. Across my mind were racing words that I would write to Bruce, to bring back the dream—passionate words of remorse and love and longing. Surely then Bruce would answer what was in his heart. "I have to know!" I said it aloud, urgently, so that Ferenc reached out his hand to cover mine on the smooth dark polished wood of the table.

"You will know," he told me gently, as if reassuring a child. Then softly, his brown eyes shining, "If you truly wish to know, you will receive a sign."

Those words came back to me when I had left him and was climbing the steps to my rooming house door. What sort of sign? Would it be in a letter from Bruce? That letter for which I had waited ten days? I felt the familiar choking suspense as I pushed the door open and ran toward the hall table. I was getting used to the sensation, and to the sickening slow deflation when I found no letter there.

But today was different. I saw the picture on the postcard, a colored photograph of a fighter plane. My hand went to it slowly, and stopped almost in dread of finding that it was for me. I did not want my first message from Bruce to be written on a picture postcard! But that was his round, uneven boyish writing on the back. I studied the address, telling myself his hand had written it, trying to get a thrill from the idea. But it was not there. My eyes went slowly to the message, hoping against hope for some kind of cryptic communication that would have some secret meaning for my eyes alone—a sign! But all I saw was, "Dear Jan: Sorry not to have written sooner but got swamped right away in seventeen-hour daily program. Swell stuff, but very very tough. Will write more when
The loneliness that had come to fill her empty heart after Bruce left was her excuse for this midnight escapade—that, and the pride that would not let her break her promise.

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I don't remember the words he said, but I do remember the infinite gentleness of his deep voice as he spoke to me, telling me what seemed the deep wisdom of one who has known suffering and learned to bear it. But I didn't want to learn!

Sometimes in the weeks that followed I rebelled against the quiet, fatalistic resignation that Ferenc would have taught me. I had spent three years dreaming my dream and I would not have it torn from my heart with this drastic sudden violence. No, somehow I must build it up again.

"But you cannot," Ferenc said, his brown eyes velvet-dark in the dimness of the cool little bar where he took me one day when he had dropped into my office at closing time. "If it is done, then—" he shrugged. "It is done."

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I remembered the times I had spent great care to match my accessories so that they would form exactly the right accents for my background costume, and then my disappointment when Bruce had merely said without a glance at anything but my face, “You’re looking great tonight, Jan.” And when I’d point out some of the tricks I’d managed to achieve on practically no money, he’d just laugh affectionately and say, “That’s just a lot of window dressing. It’s the merchandise I care about.” Of course the look he gave me then would be enough to make up for any lack in attention to my clothes. But now—I drew the card slowly out of the tiny envelope, dreading to learn what I knew already—that these flowers were not from Bruce. I knew before I saw it what the name would be, and it was: Ferenc.

The card dropped from my hand and I sank to the bed. I was suddenly weak, but not from disappointment, exactly. More from the shock of the crazy thought that had come to me. I told myself it was silly and false. It was disloyal even to let such an idea come into my mind. I tried to imagine the life Bruce was living, in which he was giving every ounce of his energy and spirit to the service of his country. How unworthy of me to blame him for not thinking up sweet nothings to soothe my heart which never would have needed it if it had been true and sure enough when he was here! Yet the question kept coming back to my mind. Was it a sign from fate that I received that card from Bruce and then these flowers—not from Bruce?

**THEY** were bad company, those flowers, their poignant fragrance filling the air around me that evening as I tried to read, tried to forget the lonely emptiness inside me.

Maybe that was why I was so glad to accept the invitation Ferenc brought me next day to dine with him and then go dancing.

What is the magic about getting into an evening dress that can lift a girl out of the lowest spirits? I had bought that printed white cotton a year ago and never worn it once, for Bruce and I never went to places where people dressed in formal clothes. I just had not been able to resist the glamour of it—the simple fitted bodice with the heart-shaped neckline, the swirling skirt with its ruffles of pleated organdy. I had seen myself in it and been lost to common sense. Now I was glad, for my neck looked smooth and golden-tan, my hair fell in russet shining softness, and I had never seen my eyes look so darkly gray and yet so bright. Standing before the mirror I was almost shocked to hear my own voice humming gaily.

Sometimes there is a little letdown, after the fun of preparation, when your date actually begins. But tonight, sitting beside Ferenc on the leather bench, sipping my drink and feeling a tiny spot of icy fire glow and spread inside me, I thought I had never seen a man as handsome as he was, with his black hair cleanly capping his well-shaped head, his skin dark above the frosty perfection of his white mess jacket. I looked around at the smart naval officers in all their gold braid and there was not one who had the distinction that Ferenc had. Nor one debutante who looked better than I did. A marvelous sense of luxury flowed through me. I felt as if I were taking part in a smart modern movie, and yet at the same time as if I had always been meant to live like this.

“Have you preferences, or any distastes?” Ferenc was asking me, and I looked down at the enormous menu card the waiter had placed before me. The French names—and the prices—bewildered me. “Or would you be content that I should order for you?”

I sighed in relief. “Oh, do, please. I like everything.”

I had only heard of green turtle soup before, but tonight I tasted it, with a glass of sherry whose flavor seemed just as new to me. “Like some special kind of spice,” I told him, savoring it.

“I had what you call the hunch,” Ferenc said, pleased, “that those lovely lips of yours would appreciate the real Amontillado.”

“It’s from Spain, then!” I asked, and when he nodded, I said, thinking aloud, “They used to tell us not to buy things that would help Franco.”
I had a sudden memory of how I had almost worshipped Bruce for his clear, unwavering principles. But then I saw that Ferenc was not smiling. Thinking my remark must have seemed ungrateful, I added quickly, "Of course, I guess it's too late now for those things—"

He shrugged. "It was always too late."

"What do you mean?" My sense of well-being was all gone now, though I could hardly have said why.

"I mean," he said almost sharply, "to combat the forces of destiny is always futile. Such waste, those lives lost for a romantic abstraction—"

"Romantic abstraction?" I stared at him. "Is that what you call freedom—democracy? Why, Ferenc, those Spanish boys were fighting our own fight against fascism, and they'd have won, too, if we'd seen in time and helped them instead of letting fascism get so much stronger before we tackled it—" I stopped, flushed and embarrassed with making such a speech, but meaning every word with all my heart.

He was smiling again, fondly, almost amused. "So earnest," he murmured and laid his hand on mine. "And so naive. Like a child, a charming child—"

"But Ferenc, listen," I persisted, almost unhearing. I had to get rid of that awful uneasiness that had suddenly come upon me. "Ferenc, you act as if this wasn't important. Why, it's the war we're fighting, the war you're in yourself! You're doing an important job in it. Don't you talk every day telling your own people how wrong it is to fight with the forces that are crushing freedom?"

His smile stayed on his face, but as if he had turned it on and forgotten to turn it off. He said, "I do my job. They say it is a good work. Is it not enough?" Then he drew a long breath and shook his head as if to shake out the thoughts that were in it. His hand tightened on mine. "Let us not discuss such ugly subjects. I shall order a white wine from California to give you no excuse to think about them."

I smiled, but it was not until I had nearly finished the next delicious dish that I quite lost my chilled, unhappy sense of doubt. But then I told myself that I had been stupid and unfeeling to talk of things that must stir such tragic associations in Ferenc's memory. I must remember that it was through suffering that he had learned to wear this mask of cynical fatalism. Surely he needed any protection he could find.

It was easy, after that, to enjoy the wonderful steak that followed, and then to watch Ferenc's brown, graceful fingers as he mixed a complicated salad dressing and tossed green Continued on page 52
I remembered the times I had spent growing up and having to match my accessories with my surroundings. I would never have thought of such a thing. I was not at ease until I saw the whole picture. My face, my hair, my clothes, my body, everything fit together in a harmonious way.

Sometimes there is a little letdown, after the fun of preparation, when your date actually arrives. But tonight, sitting beside Ferenc on the leather bench, sipping my drink and feeling a tiny spot of icy fire flow and spread inside me, I thought that I had never seen a man as handsome as he was, with his black hair clean and his long, well-shaped face. His skin dark above the frosted petticoat of his white mess jacket. I knew that Ferenc had. Not one debutante who looked better than I did. A marvelous sense of reality flowed through me. I felt as if I were taking part in a smart modern movie, and yet at the same time as if I had always been meant to live like this.

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I had only heard of green turtle soup before, but tonight I tasted it, and I was delighted. It was so satisfying, and so beautiful, that I could not help but think of the lovely lips of yours would appreciate the real Amontillado.

“It’s from Spain, then,” I asked, and when he nodded, I smiled, thinking aloud. “They used to tell us not to buy things that would help France... I nodded, my head turned away from him. Oh, wouldn’t be let me alone?”
IN THE BLUE OF EVENING

Chorus

Words by Tom Adair

Music by D'Artega

IN THE BLUE OF EVENING, when you appear

IN THE BLUE OF EVENING, when you appear

Close to me, dear one,

There in the dusk we'll

Share a dream reverly.

IN THE BLUE OF EVENING, While crickets call

And stars are falling,

There 'neath the midnight

sky

You'll come to me...

A new romantic ballad for soft autumn nights—composed by bandleader D'Artega of NBC's Saturday afternoon Pan-American Holiday program.

In the shadows of the night we'll stand, I'll touch your hand and then softly, as your lovely eyes entreat, our lips will meet again.

In the blue of evening,

Night winds above whispering "I love you."

There we will find romance, in the blue of evening.

EVEN-ING.

EVEN-ING.
PRESENTING Kitty Foyle

Here are the sweethearts of a best-selling novel, brought to life by radio on the daily CBS program, Stories America Loves, sponsored by Wheaties.
WYN STRAFFORD—handsome only son of a proud Philadelphia family—fell in love with and married his stenographer, Kitty Foyle, although he knew his family would not approve of the match. Their opposition was so bitter that Kitty fled to New York, and while Wyn would like to defy his parents and join her, he hasn't the courage to do so.

(Played by Clayton Collyer)

KITTY FOYLE, independent and honest, is from a family as poor as Wyn's is rich—and believes that Wyn would be a better person if he had not been born to wealth. Rather than let Wyn be dominated by his family, she is willing to give him up—and rather than have him return to her out of a sense of duty, she hasn't told him she is to have a baby.

(Played by Julie Stevens)
When Meat is Scarce -

JUST as sugar rationing proved to all of us that we can get along quite happily with limited portions of sweetening, I'm sure that meat rationing is going to spur us to further ingenuity to maintain the high standards of our meals. If we have to content ourselves with a curtailed supply we'll do so by stretching that supply as far as it will go, not wasting a single bite. If we have to rely on cuts that we have overlooked in the past, we'll do that too—and since we've been warned that we may have to do these very things, I'd like, this month, to consider how to make the very best use of the cuts and quantities that may be available to us.

Spareribs, I've been told by the packers, are likely to be plentiful even in the midst of the general shortage, because so much of their weight is bone, which makes them uneconomical to ship to our armed forces, and at the same time makes them an economical purchase for the housewife. They are delicious stuffed or barbecued.

Brazil Nut Stuffed Spareribs
4 lbs. spareribs
2 cups cracked wheat bread crumbs
½ cup sliced Brazil nuts
1 onion, minced
1 tbl. minced celery leaves
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/4 tsp. sage
1/2 cup boiling water
1/4 cup melted fat or drippings

Buy spareribs in two equal sized sheets. Wipe with damp cloth and place one sheet in bottom of shallow baking pan. Mix crumbs, Brazil nuts and other ingredients in order given and place dressing on spareribs in baking pan. Place remaining spareribs on top, skewer together and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until tender, 1½ to 2 hours. Serves four.

Barbecued Spareribs
Wipe spareribs with damp cloth, place on rack in roaster and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.), turning frequently to make sure that meat browns evenly on all sides. Remove from roaster, pour off fat (be sure to save it for use in the sauce) and return ribs to roaster without the rack. Pour on barbecue sauce and continue cooking at 350 degrees F., basting frequently with sauce, until done. Allow about 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 hours for browning, 1/2 to 1 1/4 hour additional cooking time after sauce is added.

DON'T let the shortage of meats lower the standard of your meals. There are many cuts you've probably overlooked in the past that will still be available: Spareribs, for instance. They are delicious either barbecued or stuffed, shown above.

Leftover cooked meat can be given a new lease on life if it is wrapped up in a blanket of pie or biscuit dough. Above, try this ham biscuit loaf.

Right, with pie dough and the ground-up remnants of last night's meat you'll have some tempting turnovers that will please the family.

Sauce:
4 tbls. fat
2 onions, minced
2 tbls. minced celery leaves
1/4 cup vinegar
2 tbls. New Orleans type molasses
grated rind of 1/2 lemon
1/4 tsp. dry mustard
1/4 tsp. ginger
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. chili powder
1 cup stock
1/4 cup tomato catsup
2 tsps. Worcestershire sauce
juice of half a lemon

Continued on page 66
THE SHADOW-IN PERSON...

The owner of that spine-chilling laugh you hear on the Mutual network every Sunday afternoon is an affable gentleman named Bill Johnstone, who just celebrated his fifth anniversary of being The Shadow. If you met him in a dark alley at midnight your heart wouldn’t skip a beat—you’d just be glad to have such friendly company.

Bill is handsome and gray-haired—prematurely so, since he is in his early thirties. His entry into the acting profession was entirely accidental. After his graduation from high school, he had time on his hands, and spent it watching workmen constructing the Guild Theater in New York. He was happily engrossed in this pastime when someone yelled at him, “Hey, you. Stop gawping and get in line with the rest.” Bill, knowing he had nothing to lose but time, got into line, and before he knew it he had been hired to carry a spear across the stage in the Theater Guild’s new play, “Cæsar and Cleopatra,” starring Helen Hayes. It was enough. Show business had captured his heart. He was in twenty-four other shows after that—mostly stage—and then turned to radio. He wouldn’t give it up for the lead role in the best stage play ever written, he says.

Bill has a beautiful wife, Georgia, a former ballet dancer, and one son. In the winter the family lives in New York, and in the summer on their 216-acre farm near Rhinebeck, N. Y. Before the war Bill liked to spend his leisure hours playing handball and watching polo; but now those activities are out completely, and he devotes all spare time to war-work—appearing at rallies and union meetings to promote the sale of bonds or driving a tractor on the farm.

He’s Scotch, but came to this country when he was three years old. His only Scotch trait, he says, is his love of bright colors in suits, ties and other items of wearing apparel. This, according to Bill, is because he was born in the town of Paisley, where those bright shaws come from.

The list of radio shows upon which Bill has appeared at one time or another reads like a short resume of Radio Marches On. He has been lent for more celebrations, perhaps, than any other actor. On Cavalcade of America alone he has played opposite Madeleine Carroll, Tallulah Bankhead and Henre d’Iberville. He won the part of the Shadow in competition with forty other actors. It was a tough assignment, but because his predecessor was Orson Welles, but Bill came through with flying colors.
### TUESDAY

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### FROM ENGINEER TO ACTOR...

There's a new and brilliant dramatic star on the 1600 WFTW Wednesday night program. Henry Hull, making his radio debut in the True Story Theater. Mutual network at 8:30, EWT. If you want some superlative acting, this is the show for you to tune in regularly.

It's a wonder radio hasn't been using Henry Hull's talents long before now. He's tried, and been very successful at, both other mediums of acting expression, the stage and the movies. On Broadway, the high spot of his career was the night he created the role of Jeeter Lester in "Tobacco Road." The critics all panned the play, but praised his acting. The public loved both play and acting, and "Tobacco Road" broke all records, although other men later succeeded Henry as Jeeter.

Henry comes from a theatrical family, but himself started out being an engineer. His father was a Louisville, Kentucky, actor, and both his brothers, Howard and Shelley, were actors. Henry, the youngest of the three boys, thought at first that two actors in a family was enough.

After a couple of years in the engineering profession, though, he noticed that both Howard and Shelley were making a good deal more money than he was—and so decided to be an actor too. He goes about the job of creating a new character for the stage or the microphone, however, excited, but he was having a problem in engineering. He analyzes the part, studies it, takes it to pieces and puts it together again. Before he began acting Jeeter Lester, he was doing engineering for a year.

There's not a great deal that can be told about Henry's private life. He always says what he thinks, and he thinks that what he eats for breakfast or what color pajamas he wears are matters which are his own business and no one else's. He is married and has two sons—Henry, Jr., who is a successful radio director but will shortly give up his career to enlist in some branch of the armed forces, and Shelley, who is in the Air Corps. He has a combined country home and farm at Lyne, Connecticut, which he operates in a very efficient and business-like manner. He has always been a good business man as well as a good actor, and has seldom appeared in plays that didn't run a long time and made money.

Right now he's getting ready to star in another stage play, as well as on the air. His part in the new show is that of a man eighty-four years old, which doesn't bother him a bit. He's a specialist at making up to look old and ugly—in fact, while he was in Hollywood most of his movie parts called for a whole kit-bag full of false hair, false teeth and even false eyes, which he wore over his real ones.

### WEDNESDAY

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### MOUNT YOUR NAVY!

When the ship's bells sound on a Friday night, it's time to "Mount Your Navy" on the Blue network where he's hasn't appeared at least once. He's been on the air a lot, too. A guest appearance with Rudy Vallee lengthened itself into twenty-eight straight weekly broadcasts and for the last three years he's been heard regularly on the National Barn Dance. Eddie doesn't have to confine himself to playing the banjo, either—he's equally proficient on about thirty other instruments.

An important part of Eddie's duties at the training station is providing entertainment to maintain the morale of the new recruits, those undergoing "boot training," as it's called.

Meet Your Navy has been on the Blue network almost a year now, first as a sustaining show but for the last five months sponsored by Hall Brothers, who make Hallmark Greeting Cards. The show is short, three weeks to the far corners of the world, and appreciated there too, as hundreds of letters from sailor graduates, now stationed abroad, prove. And one part of the program that overseas certainly do approve of is its oft-repeated plea to listeners to send something—cigarettes, candy, or letters—to service men as often as possible.
SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME

6:00 CBS The World Today
6:00 NBC News
6:15 NBC Dick Lowell
7:00 CBS Dick Powell
7:00 NBC Joelle Hertz
8:00 CBS Shad and Toots
8:00 NBC Shad and Toots
9:00 CBS Rhythm Ranch
9:00 NBC Rhythm Ranch
10:00 CBS Let's Dance
10:00 NBC Let's Dance
11:00 CBS Jack Benny
11:00 NBC Jack Benny
12:00 CBS The Real Story
12:00 NBC The Real Story

NATIONAL TIME

8:00 CBS News
8:00 NBC News
8:30 CBS The Great Colleen
8:30 NBC The Great Colleen
9:00 CBS Professor Hare
9:00 NBC Professor Hare
9:30 CBS This Is Your Life
9:30 NBC This Is Your Life
10:00 CBS The Rest of the Story
10:00 NBC The Rest of the Story
11:00 CBS Then He Kissed Her
11:00 NBC Then He Kissed Her
11:30 CBS The Mysterious Rider
11:30 NBC The Mysterious Rider
12:00 CBS The Racket
12:00 NBC The Racket

CENTRAL WAR TIME

8:00 CBS The World Today
8:00 NBC News
8:15 CBS Dick Lowell
8:15 NBC Dick Lowell
9:00 CBS Rhythm Ranch
9:00 NBC Rhythm Ranch
10:00 CBS Let's Dance
10:00 NBC Let's Dance
11:00 CBS Jack Benny
11:00 NBC Jack Benny
12:00 CBS The Real Story
12:00 NBC The Real Story

EASTERN WAR TIME

8:00 CBS The World Today
8:00 NBC News
8:15 CBS Dick Lowell
8:15 NBC Dick Lowell
9:00 CBS Rhythm Ranch
9:00 NBC Rhythm Ranch
10:00 CBS Let's Dance
10:00 NBC Let's Dance
11:00 CBS Jack Benny
11:00 NBC Jack Benny
12:00 CBS The Real Story
12:00 NBC The Real Story

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TRIPLE-THREAT STAR

BETTY RHODES, who decorates this month's cover, is a young lady who proves that you can be ambitious and interested in your career without resigning from the human race. Betty (she used to be Betty Jane, but dropped the middle name several months ago) has done right well for herself, becoming a star on the radio networks, on phonograph records, in television, and in the movies; but she's never let her career blind her to the fact that there are other things in life, too.

In a town—Hollywood, of course—overstocked with pretty girls, Betty is as pretty as the rest of them, and considerably more clever than many. Professionally, she stars on the Mutual Network's program, This is the Hour, which is heard coast-to-coast in the United States as well as in Canada and Great Britain; she's currently to be seen in the leading role of Paramount Pictures' "Priorities on Parade"; her phonograph records are best sellers; and she became "First Lady of Television" on WBGX, the Thomas S. Lee television station in Hollywood, in 1940.

Unprofessionally, she has as many interests as any other American girl. She enjoys the outdoors—swims like a mermaid, rides well, Western style, and plays golf and badminton. She loves to windowshop and go through the latest fashion magazines, although she hasn't much use for extreme styles, and prefers the simple, trim sort of clothes. She can sew, and frequently designs her own clothes and hats. Also, she is a better-than-fair amateur artist, specializing in watercolors.

Pets have always kept Betty pretty busy. If you visited her in her San Fernando Valley home, where she lives with her parents, you'd probably be told all about the various cats, dogs, ducks, owls and chickens that reside on the premises. She isn't much interested in fancy breeds, but just likes the animals for their own sakes.

Betty is vividly conscious of the fact that her country is at war. Her radio show, This is the Hour, came into being because she was anxious to do something that would help show America's unreserved co-operation in the war effort. On it, every week, she has R.A.F. cadets for guest stars and salutes different American military units. In addition, she helps on bond-selling drives, knits for the boys overseas, contributes to clothes-collecting campaigns, and opens her home to entertain men in uniform and girls in war production plants. The military forces appreciate all this, too. One crew of an armored regiment at Fort Knox christened their tank the "Betty Rhodes," and a group of men with the U.S. Army in northern Ireland have named her as their "Hollywood Colleen."

Just one more of her war activities is membership in "Bundles for Blue-jackets"—an organization whose uniform she's wearing in the picture above.

At home on the air, in television, or in the movies—that's Betty Rhodes, our cover girl.
can tell," Walter Parker said and a few minutes later he was scurrying upstairs to the bathroom to find the first aid kit. He bustled back into the picnic area at you forty four hand, knocking a handful of forks out of his son's hand. "Why on earth don't you watch where I'm going?" he exclaimed, and Richard, hands and knees, picked up forks. "Ouch!" he yelled, one knee pressing into a fork he had not seen.

**MAYBE, Mrs. Parker observed as she watched them, a first aid kit was not a bad idea. Again, she had to turn away her head, and Richard and Louise, hands and knees, picked up forks.**

Louise looked and saw Richard's father, surrounded by a bunch of fairly attentive boys and girls. Over the noise of the swing band she could hear his voice. She could make out only part of what he was saying, but it was something about the good old days and the time and somebody named Biff had dragged old Jenson's cow to the second floor of the good old Weston High School building. There was polite laughter which caused Mr. Parker to launch into stories about his first high school dance and Richard's mother.

In the middle of his tale, however, he turned and shouted to Louise and Richard, "Hey, there! This is an old-fashioned picnic. Nobody ever heard of portable radios in the days of hay rides. Turn it off!"

Richard frowned, Louise made a face, because Tommy Dorsey was playing her favorite song, but they turned off the radio. Now, there was only the moon to do the spell weaving.

"I did want Honey Lou to come," Louise said, teasingly, "I'm dying to have you meet her. Richard. She's terribly cute." Richard tightened his arm about Louise's slim waist. "What's the matter, Dream Babe," he grinned. "Could you be tired of me hanging around?"

Louise snuggled. "Don't be silly," she said and then even more softly, "Silly."

Richard put his cheek against hers, his heart welling up in his chest, and he said, "I'm glad she didn't come. It's much nicer with just you and me. It's such a swell night—its right out of Shakespeare." His forehead knotted as he began to quote. "On such a night like this—" he stopped. Now what was the rest of it?

Louise waited for a few seconds and then took up where Richard had left off. "When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees and they brown eyes looking up at him adoringly, "do you think your father's feelings were hurt because Honey Lou didn't come with us?"


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Mr. Parker protested again, saying that the burn was nothing, but soon yielded to Richard's and Louise's insistence. A second burn, it was something else. Louise was very upset about the burn and cried that it might be serious if not attended to and Mr. Parker decided, after all, that perhaps Richard had picked the right girl. His good humor was destroyed a few minutes later, however, when nobody could find the flashlight. He groped toward the wagon in the dark, bumping his shins against the logs and muttering unpleasant things about the good old picnic grounds.

As Mr. Parker gingerly felt his way toward the hay wagon, suddenly to his ears came sounds of sobbing. It was more than sobbing, it was soft insistent crying. He stopped, listened for the moment, and then said, his voice cracking, "Who's that?"

A slow, soft southern voice answered, "Mr. Honey Drexel. Come and get me."

Mr. Parker moved in the direction of the voice and then saw a dark outline on the grass. As soon as he discovered it, he realized that his shins against something hard as iron and said, "Drat!"

"Oh!" the voice said, "Don't step on the spokes! That's my bicycle. I fell off it."

Mr. Parker grunted. "Are you all right?" he asked.

"I—I guess so," the sniffles faded away and a drawl took their place. "Who are you?"

"My name's Parker," Mr. Parker said.

"O-ooh, Parker," the girl said, "you sound so mature! I don't think I can walk," the sob came back into her voice again, "my ankle hurts." She paused, to catch her breath, and said, "You'd better carry me, honey lamb."

Mr. Parker reached down and picked up the girl. His shins still hurt and Honey Lou was not exactly light, but he held on to her tightly and staggered in the direction of the fire Richard had started. His neck troubles had caused him to forget about the burn on his thumb.

Honey Lou was chattering. "I think the way you go is to come back and get me!" She paused and added, "My. I had no idea you were so tall!"

Richard flushed. "Why, we did stop for you," he said, "but Louise said you weren't coming along."

Honey Lou giggled and snuffled, which almost made Mr. Parker stum-

ble. "I reckon you Northern men don't understand girls very well," she said. "I thought you'd come back and get me—all alone."

"What!" Mr. Parker exclaimed. "Now don't be cross with me," Honey Lou said petulantly. "When you didn't come, I rode all the way out here on Leonardo's bicycle. And, she added pitifully, "I hurt my ankle, too."

"Well, we'll soon fix that," Mr. Parker said briskly. "Just as soon as we get back by the fire where we can see."

"Now you're getting all business-like and Northern again," Honey Lou pouted. There was a silence and Mr. Parker, perspiring now, plodded on toward the fire. As they approached the light, Honey Lou snuggled closer and said, "I'm not too heavy, am I?"

"No, no," Mr. Parker said, taking a tighter grip on the plump young body and wondering whether he could make it to the fire. "Just keep your arms tight around my neck, Honey."

"Walter Parker!"

Walter Parker stopped in the full light of the campfire. The voice was unmistakably that of Mrs. Parker and Parker's arms. "Put me down!" she said sharply and without a trace of affection. "I can walk." Then she giggled. "I thought you were Richard. I was so worried," she sobbed. "HoneyLou's face when her boy friend came walkin' in carryin' little old me."

Mr. Parker put Honey Lou Drexel down at once, and none too gently. He followed his wife over to the fire explaining and complaining. He sat her down, he said, and let his wife, who had found the first aid kit, bandage his burned thumb. Mrs. Parker was overly tender and sympathetic, and said the hamburgers were ready.

"I thought Dad was the cook," Mrs. Parker said slyly.

"Let's go home, Helen." "Say, Mom," Richard said, "Honey Lou is here. Thanks for bringing her out.

"Your mother didn't bring her," Mr. Parker said abruptly. "And let's not go into it."

"Well, anyway," Richard smiled, "have some supper, Dad."

"I'll have a bite at home," Mr. Parker said mournfully. "When a man's age be right here, I'm not going to be a kid he ought to have his head examined."

Richard struggled manfully and succeeded in stifling a grin. Then he shrugged his father on the back en-thusiastically. "Don't give me that, you're doing O. K.," he said. "Sure you are! You know what? The gang thought you were out of your mind, and the parents on a wing-ding every week."

Mr. Parker shuddered. He moved over toward the fire and gloomily ac-
ccepted the hamburgers his wife handed to him. As he munched it, he stared moodily into the flames. Then, as he sat there brooding, soft harmonizing young voices filled the night. They were singing "Down By the Old Mill Stream." Pleasant shivers went up Mr. Parker's spine and he half heart-
edly joined in. However, his voice became stronger and drowned out the harmony. As he paused to take a breath, he grinned sheepishly at his wife. He sneezed. Mrs. Parker went to the sweater.

Meet Judy and Jane whose transcribed story you hear on several West Coast stations. It may not be long before you're hearing them from coast to coast. Judy's real name is Marge Calvert and Jane's is Donna Reade.

his face grew the color of the fire. Mrs. Parker stepped out behind a group of boys and girls and looked at him in mock disapproval. Mr. Parker groaned inwardly and emitted a low, "Jumpin' cats!"

"Don't be such a wall!" Honey Lou wailed. She tightened her arms around Mr. Parker's neck.

"You—you, you're choking me!" Mr. Parker gasped. "Come over here, Helen," he cried. "This child hurt her ankle, and I was just—"

Mrs. Parker hurried to her husband's side. "Don't do that, Walter," she laughed. "Come on, Dad," Richard shouted, "everything is all set. "To the fire," Mr. Parker groaned. "Now, Helen, you can cer-
tainly understand it if I have to carry her over to the fire."

Mrs. Parker tried hard to look severe. "Did I say anything about not understanding it?"

"Now, Helen!" Mr. Parker said. Honey Lou was wriggling in Mr. Parker's arms. "Put me down!" she said sharply and without a trace of affection. "I can walk." Then she giggled. "I thought you were Richard. I was so worried," she sobbed. "HoneyLou's face when her boy friend came walkin' in carryin' little old me."

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SUNDAY morning after the picnic, Mr. Walter Parker sat in his favorite chair wrapped in his heaviest bath robe and covered with blankets. A hot lemonade and Mrs. Parker were by his side. If you could see through blankets, you would have discovered three bandages on Mr. Parker's face. He had discarded the newspaper, because it had been too difficult turning the pages with a bandaged thumb. He was conjuring a vision of a little, "that was some wing-ding last night, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Walter," Mrs. Parker said, "it was a real one."

"We're just as young as ever," Mr. Parker said, patting her head.

"Of course we are," Mrs. Parker said, indulgently.

"No, we aren't," Mr. Parker said bravely, "but we've got work to do that's more important than picnics. We've got to find out if the young ones get a chance to live their own lives." Mr. Parker's eyes became moist. That 'Down By the Old Mill Stream' was a nice song though.

"It was a lovely song," Mrs. Parker said and she leaned over and kissed her husband tenderly on the tip of his cold-inflamed nose.
HOPE BULKELEY of New York—another beautiful Pond’s Bride-to-Be—is engaged to Arthur Clarke Sutherland of Canada. Hope’s Ring (below) is set in platinum, a smaller diamond each side of the blue-white solitaire.

She’s Engaged!

He is going to sea—she is making the seas safer—Her deft fingers turn out miraculously sensitive aircraft instruments. Hope studied for a stage career—"But, I wanted to do something specific in this war," she said, "so I went to the U. S. Employment Service, and the next day started work. I’m thrilled by my job, and every little glass tube I handle, I think, 'this one may help Arthur.'"

Hope is typical of so many plucky, darling girls today who have given up all personal ambition so as to become “production soldiers” behind their fighting men.

"We like to feel we look feminine, even if we are doing a man-size job," she says, "so we tuck flowers and ribbons in our hair and try to keep our faces pretty as you please.

"My stage work taught me how awfully important a good cleansing cream is if you want a really lovely complexion. I use and love Pond’s Cold Cream because it’s such a splendid cleanser and softener. It’s a grand value, too. A great big jar of Pond’s costs you less than a small jar of many creams.”

Every night Hope smooths Pond’s Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats in. Then tissues off well. This is to soften and remove dirt and make-up. Then, she “rinses” with a second Pond’s creaming. Tissues off again—and "my skin feels angelic—so clean and so smooth," she says.

Do this yourself—at night, for daytime clean-ups, too. You’ll soon see why war-busy society women like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Victor du Pont, III, use Pond’s, why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

She’s Lovely! She uses Pond’s!

Hope and Arthur greet two R. A. F. friends at the Waldorf, before Arthur enlisted. With her adorable smile and flower-fresh look, it’s no wonder the boys can’t see anyone else.

It’s no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond’s!
If LOVE rules You-


Romatic Hollywood stars care for their lovely hands with Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1!

You see, Jergens helps protect the youth-like smoothness and adorable softness of a girl’s hands; helps prevent disillusioning roughness and chapping.

It’s like professional care for your hands. Blended in Jergens Lotion are 2 ingredients, so exceptional for helping rough skin regain delicious softness that many doctors use them. So—always use Jergens.

Wait for Tomorrow
Continued from page 39

leaves in a wooden bowl. Such a sight I had never seen, nor tasted such a salad.

The dessert was dark red cherries in a brandy sauce which the waiter set afire and poured flaming over ice cream. With it came a bottle set in a silver bucket of ice. Even as I watched, enchanted, while the champagne fizzed and bubbled into the shallow bowl of my goblet, Ferenc apologized: “It is not truly a good wine,” he said, “but it is festive, is it not?”

“It’s a real celebration,” I told him. “What are we celebrating?” I felt something dangerous about the question as I asked.

He said, his brown eyes warmly ardent, “It is better first to celebrate. Then it becomes easier to find the reason.”

I thought of that later while we danced. If I had meant only to have this one date with Ferenc, I should never have danced with him. Oh, I had got on well with Bruce, but this—well, it was more than dancing! Just as in food and drink and flowers, Ferenc put art into each step he took; he found his own graceful, original patterns for expressing the music which seemed to pulsate all through his body. The steps were not simple, and it took all my skill to follow him, but that was part of the thrill. I could feel my body relax and become more and more sensitive to every move he made, so that one current seemed to flow through us controlling our two bodies together without our conscious will. We danced until the two orchestras, one after another, began to put their instruments into their cases. But the glow of remembered rhythms lingered in all my nerves and muscles, and when I walked home with Ferenc through the darkened streets it seemed only natural that my hand stayed in his, our steps still matching, so that I seemed to float in an unreal world of enchantment.

At my door he put his hands on my two shoulders and studied me, his eyes dark shadows in the dimness. After a moment he said, “This evening, was it as good, for you, as for me?”

I tried to laugh, for the moment was charged with too much importance, so that I felt a little fear. “Now how would I know?” I asked him lightly. “How could I know how good it was for you?”

He said, “That is quite simple. I shall show you.” Then, very deliberately, he bent and kissed me on the mouth, gently, his lips soft and full but lingering until the blood began to beat through me with unexpected waves of heat. Before my mind could wake and protest, he lifted his head, touched my hand in a swift light caress, and said, “Now you know. Goodnight.” And he was gone, moving on quick feet down the stone steps.

In the morning, though, the enchantment was not there. I woke to a heavy sense of something not quite remembered. Slowly the evening came back to me in a series of pictures slightly blurred, their lack of clearness filling me with fear. What had I done? I turned my face to my pillow. I didn’t want to know.
Somewhere a clock was striking, and half-consciously I counted the strokes. Nine o'clock! I was all awake now, rushing and praying that Dr. Dale would not be in the office ahead of me.

But I had hardly sat down at my typewriter before I heard the door open to the inner office. Without looking up, I said, "I—I'm sorry. I overslept."

He laughed. At the cheerful sound I looked up in surprise. He said amiably, "Everyone should experience the luxury of oversleeping sometimes. If you'll pardon my interest, I rather thought when that young man invited you yesterday that you might have the sort of evening that leads to oversleeping."

"Did you?" I stared at him. His round pink face was beaming and there was not the slightest criticism on it. He approved! To my dark mood this was astonishing.

He nodded benignly. "He strikes me as the sort who would know how to make a lady's pass swifty."

"Oh, he does," I murmured, dazed.

If Dr. Dale was actually pleased to see me going out with Ferenc, why should I feel guilty?"

"Yes," Dr. Dale went on genially, "Intelligence is a quality women tend to underrate in the opposite sex. If they were wise enough to realize how much more lasting satisfaction they could get from masculine brain than from brawn, there would be more happiness in this world."

I told myself he was right. Why shouldn't I enjoy a pleasant evening with Ferenc? My queer feelings had been due to lack of sleep, perhaps even too much heavy food, too much unaccustomed wine. I'd feel better after lunch.

I didn't, though. If the emptiness of my life, now that Bruce was gone, had been hard to bear before, it was intolerable now. I went through that next evening in my room alone, and felt as if I would do anything to escape another. Nothing was ever so welcome as Ferenc's next invitation to go dancing. I spent a lunch hour—and more than a week's pay—buying a wonderful clinging black silk dinner dress. And at home the landlady brought me a square small box from the refrigerator; in it were three exotic green orchids and a card that read: "These have freckles but not such winsome ones as yours."

Who but Ferenc would have thought of saying that?

If Bruce had written more, perhaps it would not have been so easy to slip into the habit of spending my time with Ferenc. But Bruce only wrote brief terse descriptions of his days that hurt me worse than silence could have. And the wounds were constant—perpetuated by inquiries from friends of his in the studio. "What do you hear from MacDougall?" I learned to be good at ducking down corridors and into rest rooms to avoid these moments. It seemed to me that I never looked up without seeing Mick Callahan heading toward me with purpose on his round cheerful face. He worked in the control room, and Bruce and I had had a lot of good times with him and his wife Katie. But now I couldn't bear, somehow, to talk to him, much less go to his little apartment and see them so happy with their baby, Patricia. To see what we could have had, if Bruce hadn't been so stubborn with his...
principles and his ideals.

One day, though, Mick was right behind me in the line at the cafeteria across the street from the studio building. Without being out-and-out rude I couldn’t avoid asking him to bring his tray to my table. At first it wasn’t so bad, although our talk was carefully casual. Then Mick, finishing the last of his veal chop, remarked in one of those oh-by-the-way-I-almost-forgot—way, I knew that Mick and my work used your name as a reference—I hope you don’t mind?"

"A reference?" I asked. "You mean you’re trying to get another job?"

"Oh no. Not for myself. For—Well, it’s a little mixed up. As a matter of fact, I suggested to a Government investigator that he might see you about—Ferenc Vildar."

His eyes had been on his plate until now. Suddenly they came up, studying me keenly. But they could have seen nothing on my face just then, except bewilderment.

"Ferenc Vildar?" I asked. "But what in the world—? Why should the Government want to know about him? And why send the Government man to me?"

"One of those routine check-ups, I guess," he said uneasily. "You know—they have to make sure of every-one in the short-wave department. Remember how our correspondents in Berlin used to get their scripts okayed by the German censor and then, in reality, they’d reading it on the air, they’d use tricks of inflection to give us high signs that only Americans could understand? Well, the same thing could work the other way, just as easily."

Fury and—yes, a kind of fear—were mounting inside me. "Mick Callahan," I said as evenly as I could, "it’s ridiculous even to suggest that Ferenc could do anything like that. He wouldn’t!"

Mick just looked at me. Then he said, "Well, if you’re so sure of that, tell the FBI."

It was while we were eating our dessert that I remembered he hadn’t ever answered the second part of my question: “And why send the Government man to me?” I was rather glad he hadn’t.

After I went back to the office the encounter with Mick stayed in my mind, like the nagging irritation of a toothache that isn’t really an ache, but more a premonition of one. His guarded words, the gravity of his glance—these had been both warning and reproach. And I wished I hadn’t flown to Ferenc’s defense. There had been nothing in what Mick said to make a defense necessary.

But there wasn’t any use going over it and feeling foolish. It was done, and saying anything more to Mick would just make it look sillier. I put the incident out of my mind, buried myself in the rush of work that was always waiting. At three o’clock something happened, though, that made me forget both the conversation with Mick and my work itself.

I got a telegram from Bruce:

"HAVE TWO DAYS LEAVE FLYING PLEASE BE HOME SIX TOMORROW"

I was useless to Dr. Dale from then on. And the next day, while Bruce was driving East toward our meeting, I told two stores they were to take part in that week's broadcast, throwing all Dr. Dale’s carefree balancing of problems completely askew. I finally told him, "I just can’t concentrate today. I’ll be seeing Bruce in three hours—”

"Well, true, though I still couldn’t believe it. Bruce himself, his own tall body! I tried to picture him in his uniform.

"MacDougal?" Dr. Dale asked. I hardly noticed his frown. "Is he here, all the way from Illinois?"

"Yes," I breathed, glad to tell someone, to make it real to me. How could I have thought our love was dead, when he would travel all this way just to spend a few hours with me. "Dr. Dale, I asked, "could I get off now to go to the hairdresser?"

I had an awful moment when I thought he would refuse, his round eyes looked so surprised he smiled as if he’d changed his mind about disapproving and said, "Why, of course, my dear. It takes some time in those long lines of infernal torture, doesn’t it?"

"Yes," I babied happily, "and then they have to comb out the pin curls and fix the waves—and it’s running out the door by then, not waiting for the elevator, but flying down the stairs to the street."

Well, it was an all-out party job they did on me at Maurice's. When I looked in the mirror afterward I just stood there staring at myself, unblinking. The thick Wolfe of grey eyes looked infinitely deep and shone amazingly. My skin seemed almost luminous with an inner light of excitement. Everything about my looked expectant, from the curve of my red lips to the tenseness of my eyes, and then there was the effect of the bronze glinting hair making my forehead look broader and smoother than usual, and above the subtle makeup the gray eyes looked infinitely deep and shone amazingly. My skin seemed almost luminous with an inner light of excitement. Everything about my looked expectant, from the curve of my red lips to the tenseness of my eyes, and then there was the effect of the bronze glinting hair making my forehead look broader and smoother than usual, and above the subtle makeup the gray eyes looked infinitely deep and shone amazingly. My skin seemed almost luminous with an inner light of excitement. Everything about my looked expectant, from the curve of my red lips to the tenseness of my eyes, and then there was the effect of the bronze glinting hair making my forehead look broader and smoother than usual, and above the subtle makeup the gray eyes looked infinitely deep and shone amazingly. My skin seemed almost luminous with an inner light of excitement. Everything about my looked expectant, from the curve of my red lips to the tenseness of my eyes, and then there was the effect of the bronze glinting hair making my forehead look broader and smoother than usual, and above the subtle makeup the gray eyes looked infinitely deep and shone amazingly. My skin seemed almost luminous with an inner light of excitement. Everything about my looked expectant, from the curve of my red lips to the tenseness of my eyes, and then there was the effect of the bronze glinting hair making my forehead look broader and smoother than usual, and above the subtle makeup the gray eyes looked infinitely deep and shone amazingly. My skin seemed almost luminous with an inner light of excitement. Everything about my looked expectant, from the curve of my red lips to the tenseness of my eyes, and then there was the effect of the bronze glinting hair making my forehead look broader and smoother than usual, and above the subtle makeup the gray eyes looked infinitely deep and shone amazingly. My skin seemed almost luminous with an inner light of excitement. Everything about my looked expectant, from the curve of my red lips to the tenseness of my eyes, and then there was the effect of the bronze glinting hair making my forehead look broader and smoother than usual, and above the subtle makeup the gray eyes looked infinitely deep and shone amazingly. My skin seemed almost luminous with an inner light of excitement. Everything about my looked expectant, from the curve of my red lips to the tenseness of my eyes, and then there was the effect of the bronze glinting hair making my forehead look broader and smoother than usual, and above the subtle makeup the gray eyes looked infinitely deep and shone amazingly. My skin seemed almost luminous with an inner light of excitement. Everything about my looked expectant, from the curve of my red lips to the tenseness of my eyes, and then there was the effect of the bronze glinting hair making my forehead look broader and smoother than usual, and above the subtle makeup the gray eyes looked infinitely deep and shone amazingly. My skin seemed almost luminous with an inner light of excitement. Everything about my looked expectant, from the curve of my red lips to the tenseness of my eyes, and then there was the effect of the bronze glinting hair making my forehead look broader and smoother than usual, and above the subtle makeup the gray eyes looked infinitely deep and shone amazingly.
of my body under the snug bodice of my dress. I was breathless as the clock struck six and I lifted the bandeau of fresh gardenias out of the box and laid them in the soft wave that Maurice had made ready for them. Oh, no South Sea Island girl could ever take Bruce away from me after he had seen me tonight, in the print dress, with flowers in my hair!

The thrilled expectancy lasted minute through minute, sharpened by every sound, made unbearable by any ringing bell. But none of the bells was for me. When the minute hand of my alarm clock passed six-thirty, I began to wonder. What could be keeping him? Maybe he had decided to go to a hotel and get upick and span in fresh clothes before he saw me. Ideas I had been pushing to the back of my mind now wouldn’t stay put. I looked ahead and let myself think of the possibilities of this night before me. Our one night, with so much to tell each other, so much to explain, so many barriers to dissolve between us! Maybe there was only one way in which we could make this short time wipe those barriers out for good; one way to make sure of each other so that we need not suffer the doubts of these past weeks. Bruce and I had never been much for words, but this way we’d have little need for words. Surely it would not be wrong, with only one night given us, not to waste it? Surely the war had made it right to give this gift to the man I loved?

BUT now the clock said seven. I ran downstairs and telephoned the airport, asking if any planes from the west had been grounded. No, all on time, the weather perfect.

I told myself that he had stopped to buy me something, some very special thing that took longer than he expected. When he came I must be sure to give him full appreciation, not to begrudge the time.

But now it was close to seven-thirty. There couldn’t have been any misunderstanding— that would have kept him from me by this time, if he had wanted to see me.

If he had wanted to see me! For the first time doubt came to me—one of the dark sickening doubts which had hovered over me in those weeks before his telegram had come. But once the first one came, others swarmed to make a thick, dark, stifling shadow, black over my mind. Had he regretted his impulse to come? Perhaps he had been afraid of just that possibility that I had dreamed. Maybe he feared the physical attraction between us, resented the force that might hurt us too close, once we had come together again. He didn’t want to be bound!

But I didn’t know that, I mustn’t let myself think it. Suppose he had been in an accident, was lying hurt in a hospital while I accused him of failing me? I thought wildly of calling the police. But wait. Think sanely. Make every check I could first. Where else would he go, if not to me? My trembling hand was already dialing the broadcasting station.

The night operator’s voice came cold and casual over the wire. I could not talk to her. “Give me Jake, down at the door,” I told her. He would have been on duty since five, checking each person in and out.

“Jake, this is Janice Jones,” I told
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under the anaesthetic. Well, it was over. I had to accept the fact at last. There was nothing else to do.

Late in the afternoon the phone rang. It was Ferenc. I had not thought of him for — how long? Thirty-six hours? It seemed like years. He said, "I think it is time that we should drink more champagne together."

That, somehow, sounded exactly right. What better way to make a new beginning? "Fine," I told him. "When do we start?"

"Early," he said. "What do you wear now?"

"I've got on that gray linen suit," I told him. "It's tailored, rather-"

"I remember," he said. "It is good. I think we find it amusing to drink champagne in street clothes for this once?"

"Yes," I told him. It sounded crazy enough to suit my mood. And I was inordinately relieved to postpone going back to my room. I wished I never need go back there. Perhaps I should have been a little more careful what I wished.

The bottle was already sitting in its frosty bucket of ice when I came to the bench where Ferenc rose to let me in beside him. He poured the frothing champagne into my big shal-

low glass and held it to my lips so that I must swallow and feel the queer tingling warmth in my stomach before I could even speak.

I had eaten almost nothing for twenty-four hours. I had gone through an experience that had turned my life right over. I was now in a mood of still, almost uncanny calm. I am not trying to excuse what happened, but it is fair to make it clear just what the factors were that played their part in the inevitable climax of that night.

I can't describe it clearly, my memory is clouded, just as the evening itself seemed clouded as I lived it. I remember when Ferenc ordered the second bottle of champagne that he said again, "First we celebrate and then we find the reason."

Oh, we found it! And why not? What had I to lose? I told myself that I was free at last to enjoy the gaiety that Ferenc could provide so charmingly, free to look into his brown eyes and never think of other eyes—clear, terribly honest blue eyes. Why should I be cautious now, why should I try to figure out what was right? Hadn't I done that for three years, and what had it got me? Nothing, just nothing. Don't blame Ferenc. For one thing, he tried to make me eat while we drank that second bottle of champ-

agne. I remember he ordered with his usual care, but I think I laughed at him. I laughed at everything. Sometimes he laughed with me, and sometimes, though, he didn't. Sometimes his brown eyes would just look at me with that deep gaze and his voice would be very soft as he reached his hand to touch mine. "Darling Janice, a mouth to laugh with is a mouth to kiss.

I leaned across toward him, inviting his kiss. His lips met mine, over the table with all the dishes and glasses. Then he said,

"Promise me one thing. Sometimes the weeping follows too closely after laughter. Promise you will not weep tomorrow."

I said, "Don't worry, I shan't weep. That's what we're celebrating, Ferenc, didn't you know? I'm through with tears!"

"How can I know?" he asked, his eyes still dark and grave.

"I've told you," I said. "I guarantee it."

"Guarantee?" he asked. "What is that?"

"It's proof," I said. "I'll prove it any way you say!" I held up my glass to his, feeling a strange sort of satisfaction in the extravagant abandon of it.

"Any way?" His eyes never left my face. "You mean this, Janice?"

"I mean it," I told him.

"There is only one true way," he said slowly. "Do you know what that is?"

YES, I said. "Yes, Ferenc, I think I do."

Then I will make arrangements."

He spoke quietly and stood up. I saw his e
erect, slender body move resolu-

tely across the dim restaurant to the lighted sign marked "Telephone."

When he came back, he said, "It is done. Are you still sure?"

I nodded, even not knowing exactly what it was that I was sure of. But I was sure! I lifted my glass to my lips and said, "Here's to my proof." Ferenc drank with me but then he took my glass from my hand. This is too beautiful a celebration," he said tenderly, "to celebrate too much." Then he took my hand and led me to the car that was waiting outside at the curb. I was not surprised to find it there. It seemed quite natural, as natural as anything that had happened in this past twenty-four hours, to get inside the car and ride through miles of crowded

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JUNE LANG
Glamorous movie star, praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

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ROBERT STERLING
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A GUY A GIRL COULD LOVE

Hollywood’s latest rage is a regular fellow. Devoid of glamour, Van Heflin scores masculine “prettiness” hate to dress up and won’t have anything to do with the usual artifacts to which most actors resort. Wouldn’t you like to know more about this newcomer with the drawling voice and unexpected smile? You’ll want to read “A Guy A Girl Could Love”—a grand character study of a compelling young actor!

PLUS: A multitude of fascinating articles and features, pages spilling over with pictures and all you want to know about the movies in the new December

city, then more miles of dark country, with small dim villages flashing by infrequently. Perhaps I even slept, sitting there with my hand in his, my head resting on his shoulder. I knew I felt no fears, no doubts at all. It was all queerly serene, like the kind of dream in which everything is easy and takes place without thought or question.

Perhaps my first question came when we had left the dimmed-out darkness for the brilliant light of that smalltown living room with its brass chandeliers glaring over our heads. Maybe when the man in the striped shirt started to read out in uncouth tones the ceremony from the battered book in his unmanicured hands.

I tried to shut my eyes and ears as the repellent voice went on. Then it stopped, on an upward questioning note. For me to answer.

Ferenc whispered in my ear. “Don’t say this, my dear, if you do not wish it so. If you regret—”

BUT of course I didn’t regret. What sort of person would I be, to regret now, to back out of what I had begun? I spoke out loud, too loud, perhaps, so that my voice seemed to harsh. “I do!” And after another series of uncouth phrases, came Ferenc’s voice, deep and vibrant, “I will.”

It was all over, then. We could escape from this awful room. In Ferenc’s arms everything would be all right. It would be! It would be!

But what came as I rode through the night in his arms was not beauty. It was fear, and it was ugly. Deadly, utter horror. For the ceremony had lifted that strange curtain of unreality. I was aware now, of everything. I knew what I had done. And I knew what was yet before me.

Ferenc was murmuring. “The hotel is on the shore, my dear, where we can hear the waves against the sea wall. Shall you like that?”

Oh, I’d like the sound of the ocean waves—at least I always had before—but after this night would I ever hear the sound without sick shame? Oh, I couldn’t go through with this!

Close upon the heels of Janice’s folly has come the awakening. Can she salvage some measure of dignity and happiness from her loveless marriage to Ferenc? Be sure to read the conclusion of this dramatic serial in the January issue of Radio Mirror.

VICTORY LIMERICKS

A magician named Presto G. Slick
Said: “Money is turning the trick,
So let us all sock it
In Uncle Sam’s pocket
Buy War Stamps that Hitler can’t lick!”

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Photoplay-Movie Mirror
Facing the Music
Continued from page 9

Dick Stabile first came into the limelight singing, playing, and arranging for Ben Bernie. The Bernie band was then at its peak and the Newark, New Jersey-born Stabile was making $350 a week.

"I had no desire to lead my own band," Dick says. "I was happy and contented. But then they had to start painting those beautiful pictures and I got all excited."

The picture painters Dick refers to were the band bookers, ever on the lookout for new batoneers. Dick took all his savings, some $40,000, and organized his own band. However, the beautiful pictures became blurred when a succession of indifferent bookings, plus inability to win a recording contract, failed to get the band any important recognition.

After twelve months, Dick's net profits amounted to exactly two dollars.

Dejected and disgusted, Stabile junked his band. He decided to go back to playing in other people's orchestras, let them do the worrying. But Gracie Barrie pleaded with him to try again.

"Listen, honey," she said, "maybe if you make a fresh start, you will benefit from all those experiences. Let me join the band. Then at least we'll sink or swim together."

Dick knew what this decision meant to Gracie. She had a flattering commercial radio offer and a chance to go into Eddie Cantor's new musical show at $850 a week. But Gracie refused to listen to any counter-plans. Like any real Irish lass, Gracie meant to go down fighting.

The couple got Billy Burton, famed Jimmy Dorsey manager, to guide their band affairs. The old music library, worth some $20,000, was turned over to the Army. A new arranger, Gene Hammett, was hired and a batch of new arrangements were turned out. Only four of the original men in the band were kept in the new outfit. Gracie's buoyant enthusiasm was contagious and it circulated from the reeds to the brass section.

Just when the band got going, Uncle Sam stepped in and tapped fourteen of Dick's musicians. Dick's hopes and plans were quickly deflated by this unexpected situation but Gracie and manager Burton refused to let it discourage them. New men were quickly auditioned. And this time luck was with them. The new men were all improvements and the final crisis was averted.

THE thirty-year-old leader, christened Ricardo Stabile, is the son of an Italian-American musician who years ago realized that jazz music would become a definite part of our musical pattern. So, except for a brief excursion into prize fighting, where young Dick boxed under YMCA auspices—a career quickly terminated by a well aimed punch in the nose—the Jersey lad followed in his father's footsteps.

Dick first learned to play the piano but when he was fifteen his father bought him a shiny saxophone and he stayed up that entire night tooting it. After finishing school, Dick polished off six months of saxophone lessons, and was ready for his first musical job. He got his first real experience playing for George Olsen and in 1929 joined Ben Bernie.

Dick met Gracie Barrie for the first time backstage in an eastern vaudeville theater. Gracie was then only thirteen, trying very hard to look sixteen. Dick admired the enthusiastic kid singer, and knew she would develop into a big star.

They met again four years later, this time backstage in a Philadelphia theater. Dick suddenly realized that the little singer was now a handsome young woman and a full-fledged performer. They fell in love and were married soon after.

The Stabiles have been married four and a half years and now live in an attractive though small apartment in Forest Hills.

"Any old records today? Any kind will do," says Betty Winkler, star of CBS' Joyce Jordan. Along with many other radio stars, Betty has joined the drive to collect millions of old records for our fighting men.

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DeLong
BOB PINS
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Sing a Song of Love

Continued from page 22

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60
but his message, written with a warm finger, still traced on the thick frost which coated the room's one window—"Michael loves Nora." And beside it a lopsided heart drawn in the rime.

I remembered how Michael used to stir in his sleep and reach out an arm to gather me to him, how my head fitted into the hollow of his shoulder, how we would sleep out the night thus, his lips against my forehead. And with that memory came another—one—the memory of how, after I had gone away, I used to lie awake, breath held against the loneliness, terrified in the dark, remembering all that I had lost.

I remembered the late-night program Michael and I did. "Sweet Dreams," we had called it—I singing, Michael playing the absurd old parlor organ which had been borrowed from Mom Sully, Michael's step-mother. We sang everyone in town to sleep with "Sweet Dreams."

But there were bad things to remember, too. I had left the farm with high hopes and higher dreams, running away from poverty, from living with too many people in too few rooms, from the drudgery trying to make too little money to cover too many things. And, in marrying Michael, I had kissed my dreams goodbye, for with him life was as it had been on the farm. There was never enough money. There were staggering debts to be paid off, debts acquired in establishing the station. We lived in one tiny room which did duty as living and sleeping and eating quarters for us. I cooked our meals on a two-burner gas plate concealed behind a flimsy screen which likewise hid a washbowl which did double duty as a sink. The bathroom, down the hall, we shared with seven other people.

Always the station came first, even if the rent on our room was unpaid, even if we had to live on potatoes and bread. My old brown skirt got baggier and baggier; my old brown sweater got thinner and thinner at the elbows. Pennies and nickels and dimes which went into the little bank on the dresser, meant to accumulate for clothes or for the good time we both so badly needed, always were shaken out to help pay for a new tube or something else that WNUX had to have. Things like that can kill love more surely than infidelity, sometimes.

Perhaps if radio had been in my blood, I wouldn’t have minded. But to me, WNUX was just a collection of tubes and lines and meters and dials, things with names I didn’t bother to learn, mysteries I had no wish to penetrate. Later, when I could do it, because I wanted to, not because I had to, I learned those names, penetrated those mysteries, because it seemed to bring much happiness to Michael. But then I hated it. I hated every moment of it, except the times when I was actually singing into a microphone. All the rest of the time was drudgery, trying to do office work I was never meant to do, watching WNUX, like some big animal, swallowing all the things I wanted for myself—all of the money we made, all of Michael’s time, and I, sometimes feared, all of his affection.

Soon Michael and I were quarreling, more often than not, and when we
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DOUBLE OR NOTHING'S VICTORY QUIZ

Can you answer these questions about the United Nations which were first broadcast on the Double or Nothing Quiz program, Friday nights at 9:30 EWT, on the Mutual Network?

1. —What country manufactures Panama hats?
   —What is the official song of the U. S. Marine Corps?
2. —What kind of a boat did President Roosevelt give Queen Wilhelmina?
3. —Who is the head of the O.C.D. and what was his former job?
4. —Of what is nylon composed?
5. —What is the name of the container in which a soldier carries: Drinking water, Provisions, Revolver?
6. —What is carried on a caisson?
7. —Through what capitals do these rivers flow: Thames, Potomac?
8. —On what river is the capital of Pennsylvania?
9. —If someone were to make you a present of a samovar, what would you most likely use it for? Suppose the present was a samovar?

(Answers are on page 78)
He came to the little room while I was packing, and he didn't say a word. He just sat in the big, worn chair by the room's one window, as far away from me as possible, while I moved swiftly about, afraid to look at him, afraid that if I did I wouldn't have the courage to go. Only when I had put on my coat did he move. He got to his feet, walked heavily, as an old man walks, across the room to me. His face was like stone.

"I meant what I said, Norrie. If you go, it's final. If you can't share the hard times with me, I don't want to share the good times with you. If you go now, don't come back."

Automatically, I picked up my purse, my bag, still looking at its strange, cold, stiffened back while I looked, it crumpled and twisted, and the coldness drained away. And then he cried out, as a man cries who is too much by pain that he forgets his pride. "But Norrie—don't leave me, Norrie. You might as well kill me outright!" Big Michael, strong Michael, crying like a child. "Norrie—don't leave me!"

But I had to go. Something was making me go, telling me that if I didn't leave him now, while I still loved him, I would leave him soon in bitterness and hate, with the ruins of our love crashed in about our heads. So I fled, running down the dark, rickety stairs, his voice pursuing me out into the other world for which I was bound.

SITTING there in the quiet of my apartment, remembering that night and the agony of it, I had to remember the rest—the strange half-and-half life in which I found myself after I left Castle. Half of me then was given over to the exquisite pleasure of the new world I had gained, half to loneliness and heartache. For my letters to Michael went unanswered. The checks which I sent to him came back to me, the envelopes which held them unopened. There was nothing but silence from Castle. And presently pride stiffened my back as time began to dull the pain. Then there came the one letter from Michael—one letter in two years. It was brief. "I'm not meant to live alone. I need someone to share my work, my pleasures, my burdens. Come back, Norrie, or divorce me."

But I had that morning signed a new contract, a better contract. More money, more things. And I had spent so much; there was very little left on which to go back to bring a new era of prosperity to WNUX. And, having tasted the glories of luxury, I knew that, even for Michael, I couldn't face life in Castle as it had been. I couldn't go back just yet, and I wrote and told him so. The next word from Castle was the service, like a slap in the face, asking me to show cause why the bonds of matrimony existing between Michael Sean Sully, plaintiff, and Nora Bayliss Sully, defendant, should not be dissolved by the court. And then, after a nightmare of waiting, a long envelope, and a paper that chilled my hands as I read it.

"... Now, pursuant to said order and on motion of attorney for the plaintiff, it is hereby adjudged and it is hereby decreed that the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant be, and the same are hereby dissolved, and said parties absolutely divorced from each other."

After that, nothing from Castle but the brief announcement of the mar-

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I sat, having been lonely before, knowing that night the bitter depths of loneliness. All this that I had would pass away. The rooms, the clothes, the friends, were nothing. My voice would grow old, and fame and with it. For the first time I admitted to myself how much I still loved Michael, how I ached to feel his arms around me, how, having lost him, I had cut myself forever away from real happiness.

**Suddenly** I stood up, startled out of my memories by the knowledge of swiftly passing time. It was half past four! Why hadn't Michael telegraphed me? Surely he wouldn't forget? I had to find out what had happened in Castle, if Michael were a father, if Anne and the baby were all right. I took the phone, asked Long Distance for the Castle Hospital.

"I want to inquire about Mrs. Michael Sully, I told the answering voice. There was a long pause, a whispered consultation. Then the voice again, impersonal, almost brisk. "I am sorry, Mrs. Sully passed away 9:30 last evening. The baby is quite all right." Little words. Little, short sentences. "Passed away." Why couldn't they say that she had died, instead of using that antiquated euphemism? Anne was dead, and that was all—Anne was dead, and Michael's world had, for the second time, come crashing down in ruins.

I picked up the house phone, asked to have my car sent around. I tore off my evening dress, fumbled with the fastenings of a heavy suit, found my fur cape and threw it around my shoulders. I knew, as if I were another person sitting apart and watching myself, that tears were streaming, unheeded and unchecked, down my face. I couldn't have given myself a logico, I had stopped to think about it, but I knew that I had to get to Castle, to see Michael, to touch his hand, to tell him—oh, what could I tell him? But I had to see Michael.

Castle was bright with noonday sun as I drove up before the familiar little building which housed both station and transmitter of WNUX. But the small back office, Michael's "little hole," had called it, was bleak with an atmosphere of misery that was proof against the sun.

Michael seemed not the least surprised to see me. He only looked, dull-eyed, and said, "Norrie. I'm glad you came. I thought you would." Big Michael, with the devil gone from his eyes, the sureness dropped away from his shoulders. Michael, with general warning to show in the cap of hair which fitted his head so closely, with deep lines between his eyes, furrows in his cheeks from nose to mouth corners. Michael, with his spirit broken. Had Anne's death done all this to him, or was some of it done before, five years before? I listened the little room swiftly, knelt down beside him. There was nothing that I could do but try to comfort him a little, even though my heart was overflowing with all the things I wanted to say, for how can you tell a man whose wife has just died that you want to come back to him? How can you tell a man whose wife has just died that you want to take her place, which was rightfully your place all the time? So we stood, clinging to each other like lost children, neither of us knowing the way out of our separate agonies.

Next day I stood in the little chapel, watching the dull thing that was Michael's face, hearing as if some other person were singing, my own voice:

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide." When all helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me."

**After** the funeral, after I had looked, without daring to let myself really see, at Michael's son, I sat again, in silence at WNUX. There was nothing I could say, no move that I could make. I knew that I must get away before my heart loosened my tongue.

"I must be getting back, Michael. Dear, who is going to take care of the baby?"

"Mom."

"And what are you going to do?"
"Enlist."

Little short words were all he had now of the bright party, he of the foolish laughter! He took me by the arm, steered me quickly out to my car, as if he were afraid that I might say something, anything—something about my life, something in protest against his going into the army, something at last in sympathy, which might make things worse.

I got into my car, drove slowly out...
of Castle. This time there was nothing new ahead of me, no city of won-
derers to conquer, to dull the pain of parting. I went back to New York
which seemed to me like a city.

Before that trip to Castle my work, my life in New York, had been the
foremost things, the things I'd kept in the background. But that day Michael
had been the hidden thing, the hurt which I must shut away, the deep shame
which I must gloss over or be unable to bear. But after I came back from
the funeral, Michael filled my mind and heart. I knew that I must not
let that be, that I must fill them with something else. That day must be
a cup which overflowed, leaving no room for the pain, for the shame of
what I had done to Michael and to myself.

And so, when I got back to New York I went to work as I had never
worked before. Perhaps in the future, some time far in the future, I could
let myself think of Michael again. But not now. Now his hurt was too
new, and it had doubtless edge that made it all the sharper and more
resentful. He didn't want me. He didn't want me to see me. I knew that
without being told. So I must fill my time so that I would look as though
from wanting him past the point of bearing that want. Because, having
seen Michael once more, I knew that all the rest was compared to the
day of working side by side with him.

THERE was my program, of course—and that doesn't mean that I ap-
peared one night each week, and sang. I had to work. That week's expen-
ses that took up a good part of the week. And to fill the rest of it, I volunteered
my services to the U.S.O. for the shows they staged around nearby army camps.
Michael was a soldier now. He would
go away. He might not come back.
He would be lonely, tired, discouraged, sick sometimes. There were other
soldiers who perhaps were lonely and tired, too. Singing for them, I
was singing for Michael.

I filled my nights as full as the days seemed hardly to separate into distinct
periods, but to slide by, one into another And the weeks into months.
And the months into a year. Only once during that year had I heard
from Michael—a card, three months after his parents' funeral. "My affairs
at WNYC are all settled and I leave tomorrow. Good luck, honey. I'll let
you know what happens." But no word of his. Until now, it was going to,
no word of mine, after that.

The camp shows were fun. I've never in my life had so very appre-
ciable a time. The faces with the easier faces, with hands ready to ap-
plaud almost before I'd finished, with voices raised to cry for more. I
sang the songs that were in me, the songs of "Sweet Dreams"—old ones, simple
ones, songs to remember.

And everywhere I went, I saw Michael in uniform. There were many
big men, well-put-together men, with squared shoulders and high-held
heads. I knew how Michael would look in uniform. And that the
soldier was Michael himself.

My heart stopped, and before it raced on again something in my brain
cried out. "Be careful be careful!"

But my heart was only crying, "Oh, my darling, my darling!"

I crossed the little space between us, put my hand on his arm. "Michael."
And at that touch of relief I saw that some of the dullness was gone
from his face, from his eyes, that he looked, if not happy, at least alive
now.

"Norrie—honey—it's so good to see you! I was lonesome."

I looked at the station. "Are you coming back?"

"Going on furlough—going home to Castle."

"Now? Michael, take time to come up in my apartment, to talk to in
There so much to say, so many years to cover. Please, Michael!"

I was frantic, afraid that he would escape me, afraid he would go
away—away, his fingers pressed mine in a reassuring squeeze.

In the apartment he looked slowly around, in the big green chair by the fireplace, inspected the room piece by piece.

"You got everything you wanted, didn't you, honey?" he asked without
prejudice.

The words had been locked inside me too long And they spilled out,
incoherent, fumbling.

"Michael, no! Oh, I've been so lone-
ly. Michael, I meant to come home—I
wanted to see you. If even if you wouldn't take the money I sent you
for the station, I meant to come home with plenty of it—plenty to put on our
feet again. But I got caught in a pyramid of better jobs pined on better
jobs, more influential friends on more influential friends, harder work on
harder work, fame on fame! I thought for a while that it was important,
but it wasn't important at all. What's im-
portant is—is being not alone!"

HE nodded gravely. "Yes, I found
that out."

"Norrie, I loved Anne. I don't
want you ever to think that I didn't. I
loved her, but in a different way from the way you knew. I knew it.
I want you to know it."

His eyes moved away from mine, traveled slowly about the big room.
Then, as though on what he said
now somehow followed what he had
just finished saying. "This long fur-
lough means that we're probably going to see each other again. I've got
some time, little Mike—it may be a long time before I see him again."

I knew that I couldn't bear to have him think I was going to stay
away again. I couldn't bear it. This was Michael, big and gentle, and
ininitely dear to me. Whether he would have it so or not. But I believed him. I
would belong to him for the rest of my life. I had
to cling to him, to be with him. And
yet, still I couldn't offer myself to him, still I didn't cry, "Michael, take
me back!"

Instead, I said, "Michael, take me
with you to Castle. Look, I can drive you up."

"I'd like to see the baby too."

"Sure," he replied. "Sure, Norrie."

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with a lot of people. I have to hire a new

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manager for WNUX before I leave. The one who's there now is going to a bigger station.

I looked out the room, at the white piano, the L of glass in the corner, with dimmed-out Manhattan peering in. And I knew that I could say goodbye to all of this without a penny.

"Michael," I said, slowly, "my contract is up in two weeks. I'm supposed to sign the renewal tomorrow. But I wouldn't do it if I could get a better job."

He looked down at me, his eyebrows drawing together. "A better job? But honey, I thought you were just about at the top of the heap?"

"A different kind of job, then," I amended. "I'm tired of being—well, petty. Pretty voice, pretty face and pretty clothes, pretty everything. I'd like to be useful for a change."

It was there. It was in his eyes, the answer there. Expectant, yet hardly daring to hope. He did want me. Michael wanted me! My heart sang it.

But he needed cautious, as if he were determined not to hope for something that was not sure. "What—what kind of job did you have in mind?"

I put my hands into his. "A time- and-a-half job, Michael," I answered him. "As a radio station manager, full time. You see, I have some money to invest, and I want to keep an eye on my investment. And a part-time job taking care of a baby. And a new one for you, Michael. The job of waiting for you to come home."

It might have been yesterday that he had last kissed me, so familiar his arms, the feeling of his rough chin against mine.

"You're sure?" he cried, and again, as if he couldn't believe it, "You're sure? You're sure?"

I nodded, my throat too choked with happiness to let a word through.

"Oh, honey!" His voice was happier than I'd heard it so long. "Honey dear, it won't be too long that waiting? I'll be back. Nothing in heaven or on earth could keep me from coming back, now."

And he will come back. My love must serve as armor for him, wherever he is, whatever he is doing, to bring him safe home to me, to the work he loves—faced Michael, who likes "Baby's Boat" best of all the songs I sing to him.

When Meat Is Scarce— Continued from page 44

Sauté onion and celery leaves lightly in fat, reduce heat, add vinegar, molasses and lemon rind and stir until well blended. Combine stock, catsup, dry seasonings and Worcestershire sauce and pour into cooking mixture. Simmer, stirring frequently, for 20 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in lemon juice. This sauce is also fine for leftover meat—simply place sliced meat in sauce and heat.

Conservatively, leftover meat will become more essential than ever in these coming months, so instead of leaving bones and trimmings at the butcher shop, take them home and simmer them in barely enough cold water to cover (adding salt and pepper to taste, bay leaf and a little onion and celery) for about 2 hours. This makes a fine stock to add richness and flavor to soups, gravies and sauces such as the barbecue sauce above.

Leftover cooked meat can be given a new lease on life if it is wrapped up in pie or biscuit dough.

**Beef Turnovers**

3 cups ground cooked beef
1 tbl. tomato catsup
1 tbl. Worcestershire sauce
2 tbls. bacon
Grated cheese

Combine ground beef, catsup and Worcestershire sauce (adding salt and pepper to taste, if required). Roll dough as for pie and cut into rectangles about 6" by 3". Place a tablespoon of meat mixture on one end of each rectangle, fold the other end over and press edges tightly together. Prick edges. Brush with fork, brush lightly with milk and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) on buttered baking sheet about 15 minutes.

**Ham Biscuit Loaf**

1 tbl. minced onion
1 tbl. minced celery leaves
2 ftz. beef, well fat
1 1/2 cups chopped cooked potatoes
2 cups chopped cooked ham
2 eggs, beaten 1/2 cup milk
Salt and pepper
Pine salt or dry mustard
Biscuit dough

Sauté onion and celery in fat, combine with other ingredients, mix well, then form into loaf. Roll biscuit dough 1/2" thick, place sliced meat in sauce and heat.

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Strange Heritage
Continued from page 13

me that morning—the fat old range with its shiny black face, the big oval of the braided rug on the scrubbed white pine floor, the row of geraniums on the windowsill making a brave show in the sun, the incongruous modern whiteness of the electric refrigerator which had been Tod's day-1-asked-you-to-marry-me—anniversary gift.

I was as I stopped to pet the cat that I noticed the letter propped up against the cream jug on the table. Footman might have done the same while I was gone, I thought, as I reached out my hand for it. To my surprise, it was addressed to me, yes. That wasn't like Tod—not like Tod at all to open my mail. Then I noticed the return address on the envelope. "Caleb Brandon, San Luis Obispo, California." Why, the letter was from Tod's Uncle Caleb—but why on earth had he written to me and not to Tod?

I PULLED out the letter and hastily scanned its contents; it was short, brief to the point of brusqueness, just as I remembered Caleb Brandon himself as being. It was quite a shock not to see him since I was a little girl.

Dear Mary:

May an old man invite himself to share your Christmas? I am anxious to see both of you, and am at last writing to the company for Christmas. I love company. And I was certainly glad that we were going to have the opportunity of seeing people, to talk over what a wonderful job Tod had done in building up the farm.

Uncle Caleb had left Midland many years ago, but he had come back. Indeed, there'd been no reason for his return, for his only living relatives—Tod's mother and father—had also left the home town, and he had never seen the Brandons since Tod was eight. We'd heard, through Caleb—who was my father's friend and with whom he had corresponded now and then through the years—that Tod's parents had been killed in a automobile accident, which had never, nor had Uncle Caleb, appeared near. And Tod had become of Tod until he turned up in Midland, five years ago, to make the old Brandon farm into a home for himself—and for me.

Already, with the news of Uncle Caleb's arrival not two minutes old, I was in a state of additional things which must be done. Tod must wash the basin, although we hadn't planned to do it before the holidays. We must have toilet paper for the bathroom. And I must scrub and clean as I never had before. I remembered that Mother had always said that Caleb Brandon drove his poor wife to an early grave with his passion for cleanliness. Well, that wasn't going to happen to me with my Tod, but a great many folks liked to have her house at its best for a special and critical guest.

Suddenly I couldn't plan by myself any plans at all. We simply had to share the plans with Tod. I refastened my coat, rummaged in the closet for a pair of boots to protect my feet and legs against the snow which lay thick in the fields, and set out to find Tod.

He wasn't at the place where he'd been cutting wood lately, nor had he been there today. The snow, fresh last night, had not been trampled. Nor was Tod in the barn nor in any of the other buildings, nor in the house or on the farm. I wasn't too much troubled. True, I'd had the car, so he couldn't have driven off, but if he'd really wanted something in Midland he might have walked in, or hitched a ride. Or a neighbor, needing assistance for something, might have come over to us.

Feeling a bit deflated at not having anyone to talk with about the visitor, I took off my hat and coat. But I was soon singing more about getting the noonday meal—dinner, of course, on a farm. I made corn fritters, fried crisp slices of bacon, opened home-canned jars of tomatoes and applesauce, laid out plates of homemade bread and the doughnuts I'd fried before I went to town that morning. And all the time I was glooming at the thought of Christmas, less than a week away, and the reunion of Tod and his Uncle Caleb.

But Tod didn't come home to dinner. First it was twelve, and then twelve-thirty, and then one o'clock, and still no sign of him. As I watched the fritters get cold and sogden, the bacon congeal in cold fat, I was more annoyed than worried. Of course, if Tod had gone to another farm to help bring in the crop, he probably stay there for dinner, or if he'd found some reason to go to town he'd doubtless have dinner with my parents. But we were painting the party line—why didn't he call and let me know? It's just plain carelessness, I told myself as I slammed the dishes around, putting things away, and I stopped to laugh at myself, and remembered all those jokes about "the honeymoon is over."

But as the afternoon wore on without a sign or a sound from him I began to think that it was no laughing matter. Finally called my father, asking casually if Tod had been there—hastily adding "yet," so that I wouldn't have to confess that I didn't know where he was. But Dad hadn't seen Tod, and my father was quick to make the point that Tod didn't mind it. Then he asked me to write Tod—why didn't he call and let me know? It's just plain carelessness, I told myself as I slammed the dishes around, putting things away, and I stopped to laugh at myself, and remembered all those jokes about "the honeymoon is over."

Bounce looked and I looked, but not a sign of my husband did we find, and my heart was beginning to pound jerkily as I turned back to the house in the twilight. The brightly-lighted little house, smelling of good things, was suddenly a foreign, deserted place. Love had left the rooms, and laughter with it. The place was empty. I was panic-stricken. Thoughts of Tod hurt, dead, clamored

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in my mind. I ran out again, got into the car as if something were pursuing me, and drove into town, for the broad shoulders of my father on which to cast my trouble.

My face must have told him some- thing, for he got to his feet more rapidly than I've seen him move in years as I burst into his study.

"Mary, child, what's the matter?"

For a moment I could not say a word. I felt foolish, as if I were making a mountain of a molehill. Tod was probably already home, wondering where on earth his wife was. I thought of how Texas had talked about it for weeks. And then my panic returned, and I knew that I was lying to myself. It wasn't just Tod — it was Dad. I had some- thing to go miles out of his way to keep me from worrying about anything. If he were able to send me a message he'd have sent one before now.

Right then and there I lost any last pretensions to bravery. I flung myself into my father's arms, crying, "Daddy — something's happened to Tod!"

Mother heard me and came in from the kitchen. "What's the matter?" she demanded.

"Oh, dear, has Tod had an accident?"

Putting my fear into words pushed me to the very edge of hysteria, but it was the whole management of the letter from Uncle Caleb's letter, so surpris- ingly opened by Tod, to my hasty flight from the little house which had seemed like home without Tod Brandon there.

Characteristic, Dad disposed of things in the order in which they were presented to him—tongue—a picture of the whole story from Uncle Caleb's letter, so surpris- ingly opened by Tod, to my hasty flight from the little house which had seemed like home without Tod Brandon there.

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plenty of fresh air and plenty of fresh milk, looked that night like new-mixed putty. My eyes, usually bright because Tod had wished happiness into them so they were blindingly clear and shadowed and circled that they seemed to have been rubbed with a dirty finger. There were prophecies of eyes only the size of my own and at the corners of my nose. My mouth, with that hard white line about it, might never have known laughter, or, had known, would have forgotten it.

I called Bounce, and he, welcoming the unexpected privilege, curled up at the foot of the bed. Then, because I knew he was unhappy, I happened to catch out the light, pulled the covers up to my chin. Darkness closed in smotheringly; I felt like a small, lone island in a black sea.

I TRIED to put the thought down, but it persisted. Suppose Tod didn't come home? Suppose he had gone forever? Suppose there would be nothing left in my world but silence and fear and wondering? Suppose, oh suppose I were never to see his face again—his thin, hard, rough face, with its eyes and weather-darkened skin, its mouth, a shade too fine-drawn in repose but lighted magnificently when laughter or anger or dancing to set them dancing. Suppose I should never touch his hands again, hear his quiet, steady voice, know the wonderful oneness that being married to Tod had brought me. Suppose the other side of the big bed should remain empty forever?

I curled up, turned my face into the pillow. I put a hand to the consoling warmth of him as I cried, "Where's Tod? Bounce, where's Tod?"

Tod was asleep, he slid up the bed until he was close to me, and he whimpered as he sent out a rough tongue to lick my face for comfort.

The day wasn't quite so bad in the daytime, you see. I could at least keep busy. I was awake at five. I got up at once, because I knew that if I had been I should begin to think, and thinking was a dreadful, whirling chaos of unanswered questions and unanswerable doubts.

I've always kept looking that little house of ours in apple pie order, and of course you always work hard at this sort of thing. But I don't believe I've ever worked so hard as I did that Tuesday morning. I scrubbed until I thought I'd literally work my fingers to the bone, flying about from task to task, concentrating every ounce of energy I could muster on the work of the moment, never letting my mind wander, and unless it was to plan something new to take up the minute I finished the task I was doing.

So that evening I simply couldn't manufacture another excuse to keep myself busy. Dad had sent my brother Johnnie over to take care of the animals, and he was off for a few miles up the road. Inside the house, the guest room shone—and so did all the other rooms. There was no dust at all in the house, and I walked downstairs and out later tomorrow. Thursday Uncle Caleb would come, to challenge all my untried powers as an actress. Thursday, too, I would be busy with my bake and cookies for Christmas and Friday would be Christmas Eve.

Christmas Eve—without Tod! But I couldn't believe it. No matter what had happened, no matter what had made him go away without a word, he would surely be home for Christmas! That holiday meant even more to us than it does to most people, for we celebrated it like children, throwing ourselves wholeheartedly into the spirit of the day. Tod had told me, and I always kept, and alone, had all too few happy Christmases to old corn and branches from his childhood, and from our first Christmas together. I tried to make the holiday so festive that it would make up for the lonely, lost Christmases in the past.

Thinking of that, I thought of something else—what did I know of those past years of Tod's? Really know, I mean. I had never, or not so often, sat down and searched them for some hint, some clue which would explain how he, who loved me so much, whom I loved so dearly, could leave the small heaven we had made for each other and go away without a word, leave me without even a good-bye.

I remembered Tod as he had been five years before, when first he returned to Midland after having been away since childhood. Then he had been a little boy, and his face had been nearly as gray as his eyes. He'd had a tired, hurt look—almost a broken look—when he got off the train that day and came straight to father's office. I was there, too, helping Dad because Miss Henshaw was sick. I looked at him with lively curiosity as I asked, "Yes? Can I help you?"

"Id—I'd like to see Judge Evans." I nodded. "But he's busy right now. Will you wait?"

"Yes." His voice was low, rather hard to hear.

"May I ask your name?"

He hesitated for a moment, and when he answered his voice was louder, firmer than before. "Brandon—Tod Brandon."

MY childhood came rushing back to me with the mention of the name—memories of a tree house out on the farm, and overlooking the cattle pasture with Uncle Caleb whom we both loved and feared, of a first day at school when Tod had made it clear that he had no interest in life until there were girls of a day when we—he eight and I seven—had said goodbye, suddenly very shy, and I had stood and watched the car which carried him away from Midland drive down the dusty road and out of sight.

"Why," I cried, delighted, "why—I remember you. We used to play togethers!"

He smiled a slow smile that was somehow not at all happy. "Then you must be Big."

But the happiness that had been lacking then was soon to come. After Tod had explained to my father that he had decided to come back to Midland and farm the old Brandon place, after he had given Dad the papers showing title to the farm and other papers, and after Tod had walked home with me. We talked about old times—or, rather, I talked, and I talked so fast that I hardy touched on one before I skipped along to another. Tod, still grave, nodded and agreed, and somehow I managed to be grave, too. But even that day I began to give him something that was important to him, for the dullness
left his eyes and his voice, and he—
well, the point seems to escape me.

We were together a great deal after that. I drove out to the old farm every day to watch the progress of rejuvena-
tion. As it is with farmers the land came first, then the out-buildings, and the house last of all. It took nearly a year (and nearly all of Tod's slim capital as well) but on the day that he hung up his last green-painted shutter and filled the window boxes with petunia settings, he asked me to marry him.

"The farm's new again, Mary, and I've built a foundation for a new life here. But we need one thing to make us complete, the farm and I—we need you."

I could find no words adequate for an answer, but my eyes must have said "yes!" for he caught me to his breast against the joy of the scrubby little farm.

I have thought over and over again that happiness I had ever known before had been a poor thing indeed beside the happiness of seeing the years ahead, shared with Tod.

And after that, each day brought greater contentment, each week sharper pleasure, until the weeks melted into a pattern that made a glorious year. And, third, fourth, fifth, each surpassing the last in the happi-
ness of sharing a life with Tod, until just yesterday, when he had gone away from me without telling me why.

THAT was probably what had hurt me the most. I could have stood it, I told myself. I sat there in the darkening kitchen, if he had just talked to me, if he had come to me and said, "Honey, I've got to go away, and I can't tell you why. Will you wait for me and believe me when I come back?"

I would have understood, would have been content to wait for the rest of my life if neces-
sary.

Remembering those years of happi-
ness, the pure, distilled pleasure of them, it was hard to ferret out the tiny things that were only because if there were some. There was Tod's habit, apparently very hard to lose, of looking constantly back over his shoulder, of something or something which wasn't there. There was the time when Alice Carter, casting a Drama Society play, had asked Tod to play the umpire in the game, but he'd been so fierce that she could think you could be awfully tough if you tried! She had been laughing, meaning nothing, but Tod had flared, in voice that had an ugly quality to it, "Say Hello To—"

"Officer of the Day" on the Stage Door Canteen program, every Thursday night on CBS. Tod has been famous for years, of course, and in this year, he had been a star in silent movies, and was in one of the first successful "folk-
tales," one called "On Trial," before leaving Hollywood. He admits being for three years the most popular American picture star in "Tod and the Goons," a recent cartoon film.

TOD had in his own way contributed the reminder of Actors Equity Association and of the United Theatrical War Activities Committee, which secures talent for all big soldier shows, and on official in many other war-time theatrical enterprises. In most of them he serves without pay—as he does in this radio show.

BUT he must come back. He would come back for Christmas, for the opening of the tree. He knew the trimming of the tree, the carol singing, the mid-
night service at the little white church down the road. He would come home because he had come home, because he couldn't help it if he didn't come home. And at last I found my mind churning in prayer in time to the squeezing of the rocker — "Oh God, tend Tod home. Send him safe home for Christmas!"

Somehow, I found things to do the next day. I determined to go ahead in the belief that Tod would be home for Christmas, simply because I couldn't bear to let myself believe anything else. I went into town in the morning, and bought the wreaths and wrapp-
ings for the presents that were not yet done up, some new ornaments for the tree, a handsome holly wreath to decorate the front door, a poinessetia for the center of the dining room table. After a talk with Mother and Dad I went home, wrapped the presents and was just setting down to kill the big turkey for me. He brought with him a huge Christmas tree which he had cut, and the sight of it made me sick for Tod always cut our tree himself.

Somehow, time passed — passed in silence, without word from Tod, and I'd have to be believing that he thought you could be awfully tough if you tried! I hadn't been heard about that. "Snap-
shot?" I asked.

"I didn't fish about in his pocket, drew out a fat old wallet and from that, in turn, a picture. Then I remembered it—a snap Dad had taken of Tod and me holding hands in front of the huge sugar plum tree. We had grown that fall, laughing as he peered around the immense vege-
table.

"Tod certainly took to the farm quickly," I told Uncle Caleb. "Of course, he hadn't been on one since he was a child, but everything came so naturally to him, to know just how life for him—the earth must be in his blood."

"Farming's a right life enough for anybody," Uncle Caleb said. And then, "Right's right, and wrong's wrong," he added, as if we had been debating the issue. " Ain't no middle ground for him."

I shot him a curious side glance while my rolling pin slid smoothly over the pie crust, but I was too pre-

MANAGED to look him firmly in the eye while I explained that Tod had had to go up town to for a few days on business, that he would be home for Christmas, all the while steering Uncle Caleb to the car. And while I tucked the robe about my knees, keeping the conversation on the safe subject of old war-time and remarkable recovery, I remembered that the Uncle Caleb of the old days, through all his huffing and puffing, had always come away from Tod's pockets "for good little boys and girls." Remembering that, I wasn't quite as afraid of him as I had been.

"Well, it must have company. Uncle Caleb sat in the kitchen that afternoon while I made mince and pumpkin pies, rocking squarely in his old settee, drinking appreci-
tively the spicy smells, helping himself to cookies from the jar I had filled that morning before going to the station. "The right eye now and again he broke the silence with a com-
ment or a question, always blunt and direct. "You in love with Tod?"

"He's done a first-rate job on the farm, I must admit!"

"He tell you much about what he did before he came back to Midland?"

"It was your father really showed me how to look after myself, soon's I could."

Wrote me a couple of letters about how quick your husband had taken to farming and all the improvements he had made. "I thought everybody thought so well of him. And then, when the Judge sent me that snapshot, I decided it was time to come along and see what was with my own eyes."

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I shot him a curious side glance while my rolling pin slid smoothly over the pie crust, but I was too pre-
occupied with my own thoughts to wonder about the reason behind that. My mind was scurrying around in time to the rapid running of the roller, rushing in circles to ask the questions for which there were no answers. Where was Tod? What had he done? Why didn't he come home?

With the help of Uncle Caleb and my brother Johnnie, everything was ready by six o'clock on Christmas Eve. Uncle Caleb, conducted by Johnnie, had inspected every inch of the farm. In the kitchen there were three minece and three pumpkin pies, two fat jars of gaily decorated cookies, the turkey lying in solemn state ready for roasting in the morning, smelling festively of sage and thyme. The Tom and Jerry bowl and mugs were laid out on the dining room table, and the ingredients waited Tod's touch at mixing. In the living room a bright fire flickered on the evergreen-draped mantel above it. The tree stood in the bay window, and on the table beside it were the ornaments and lights. They were waiting for Tod, too, for we always trimmed the tree together. Mistletoe hung from the old-fashioned chandelier; holly and big pine cones and ropes of evergreen were everywhere and the room smelled fresh and clean and Christmas.

I touched a match to the red candles in the window, to light the Christ Child on His way by tradition, to light my husband home to me by my hopes. And then there was nothing to do but wait—wait in the room of flickering candle and firelight, the room which seemed to hold its breath in anticipation—for Tod. I knew that if he were ever coming home to me he would come tonight. And I was no longer afraid. He had to come, he would come, because there would be nothing left for me in all of the world if he didn't. I couldn't face tomorrow: I could never face Christmas again, nor the curious, pitying eyes of Midland, nor the small, everyday contentments which made up life on the farm.

Uncle Caleb, sitting in the big leather chair which had been his father's, got his pipe going. "Think he'll come?" The words were short, the voice sharp, but when I looked at him I saw that his eyes were less cold. He suspected, then, that something was wrong! He didn't believe me when I said that Tod was away on business, that he would be home. And he was sorry for me.

I looked him squarely in the eye. "Of course he'll come. He wouldn't miss Christmas at home for anything in the world. What on earth makes you ask that?"

He puffed slowly. " Might be lots of reasons. A man doesn't go away when he wants to be home, without a reason."

I was afraid to ask any more. I sat still and small in my chair, cold even though I was close to the fire. Bounce, happy at his promotion to house dog these days, curled up at my feet. Silence, heavy, tangible silence, filled the bright room, threatening to snuff out the brightness, to smother the beauty.

It wouldn't be long—two short hours at the most—before people would begin to come. There was always open house on our farm on Christmas Eve, and our friends came to toast the season in Tom and Jerry, to sing carols with us, gathered about the little parlor organ which had to belong to an older Mrs. Brandon. And finally as midnight approached, we would all go down the road to church for midnight service. Only tonight might be different. Tonight, perhaps, I would have to play those carols without hearing Tod's rich but none-too-true voice singing them. The tree might never be decorated. One of the visitors would have to ask to make the Tom and Jerry. I would have to sit alone in our pew at church, I would—oh, but I couldn't! I couldn't!

I leaned back in the chair, clenching my hands so tightly that the nails bit into the palms. I couldn't do it! There had to be Tod, or there was nothing! I couldn't act any more. He had to come, or I had to give up the whole farce of pretending he was coming, and run and hide away from the curious eyes, the sharp babble of voices, the I-don't-believe-its and the I-told-you-sos.

Bounce rumbled deep in his throat, and I opened my eyes. "Car," said Uncle Caleb. "Car in the yard."

A metal door slammed, and the car drove away again. A moment's silence, alive with expectancy, and then Bounce bounded to his feet, gave tongue in joyous welcome. The door opened before I could make my weighted legs come to life. Tod stepped inside, his face bright with cold, snow frosting his hat and his shoulders.

All the heaviness in me melted away. I flew across the room and was safe at last from all fears in the circle of his arms. He kissed me as if he had thought never to kiss me again.

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Lovely Eleanor Francis jumped all the way from Texas to prominence in New York (in “Polly Girl”) largely because she kept her composition an entrance of fresh, lively, and vivacious. But my admiration is clearly marked by the fact that she was one of the few feminine stars who have succeeded in film comedies by playing a girl coming from Texas. The public has always been enthusiastic over the Texas girl and Texas West. The reason is that it is a fact that the West is delightful. It is a land of wide open spaces, of fresh and clean air, of healthy activity. Texas is a land of clean, fresh air, and it is therefore a land where the people are healthy. The West is also a land of sunshine, and it is therefore a land where the people are happy. The West is a land of clean, fresh air, and it is therefore a land where the people are healthy. The West is also a land of sunshine, and it is therefore a land where the people are happy.

TOD pushed me gently into a chair. "Honey, I had to come home. It’s a small thing to say that I am sorry..." he said.

"I’ll tell her myself, if you please.

Questions tumbled from my mouth without being formulated first in my mind. "What do you mean by this? I said...

And all that really mattered was that Tod was here, here at home, where he belonged, with his arms around me.

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"Dancing, where have you been? Why?..." I managed to get out.

TOD pushed me gently into a chair. "Honey, I had to come home. It’s a small thing to say that I am sorry,..." he said. And then he looked across the room, over my head.

"Good evening, Mr. Brandon," he said.

Uncle Caleb nodded shortly. "Good evening — whatever your name is. Well, don’t just stand there! Shut the door!"

I looked from one to the other of them, not able to find words to ask what in heaven’s name they meant.

Tod still held in his arms, but his eyes were on the floor as he said, "I’m sorry, Missy."

"And why, pray, does Missy, as the name is written..." Uncle Caleb’s voice was raised.

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"Dancing, where have you been? Why?..." I managed to get out.

TOD pushed me gently into a chair. "Honey, I had to come home. It’s a small thing to say that I am sorry..." he said.

"I’ll tell her myself, if you please.

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The Moment He'll Never Forget

Continued from page 3

inquired of a telephone pole, in passing. But when she opened the door his good manners at once fled. He was lit-
terary he didn't even get the "Hello" out without stuttering.

Miss Martin was adept at putting people at their ease, however. She ushered him over to the sitting room sofa and asked him if he wouldn't like a piece of chewing gum. He said he would. He would have a stick and before he knew it they were sitting there talking as easily as you please about practical civics and how it would be a good idea to take the class on a tour of the city hall to see government in action. Of course, the rating on this very efficiently and had several good sug-
gestions to make, but all the while it was in the back of his mind to, after supper, suggest casually that they go to a movie. "The Merry Widow," silent version, was at one of the theat-
ers downtown, he knew. They might try it. Although personally, he was more in favor of seeing a certain Tom Mix film that was also showing. He'd let Miss Martin—Peggy decide.

But right about then the doorbell rang. And a minute later, while Bob's lovely house of cards tumbled quickly and completely about his ears, Miss Martin ushered in another eighth grade boy, Bill —, and two girls! That Mary S —, was always nervous. She knew everything about anything and was therefore invariably and nauseatingly teacher's pet, and that Alice L —, everybody called the goofy name of "Audie," and whose romantic advances he, Bob, had been avoiding since kind-
grade.

Bob remembered that he was sup-
posed to stand up when ladies came into the room. His mother had taught him manners all right. But kneeled over an stick and instantly he thought he was going to burst into tears. Finally, though, (how human courage does rally to an emergency!) he lifted a hand in a feeble but gallant gesture calculated to indicate welcome and no one seemed to notice anything amiss. Cer-
tainly not the amorous "Audie." She plumped herself down on the sofa beside him.

"Cheerio, kid," she chirped. She always said "Cheerio" to him. Appar-
tently she thought this subtle allusion to his British beginnings would flatter him. It merely infuriated him.

MASS MARTIN and the others had settled themselves by now. More chewing gum was passed around and discussion of the course in practical civics was resumed. And if Bob's enthusiasm over the subject had received a fatal stab in the back, he managed to keep it to himself.

Then, just as his insides were get-
ting themselves back into some kind of normalcy, although of course his spirits would never be the same, the doorbell rang again and this time it was a girl—a grown up guy whom Miss Martin tenderly called "Douglas" and whose hand she was still hanging onto as she brought him into the sitting room and introduced him.

"Children, this is Mr. McNair," she said. "He is going to have supper with us and then take us all to a movie! Won't it be fun?"

Fun? Oh, sure, children! Just dandy! Bob visualized the entire picture with prophetic clarity. It would be Miss Martin and this Mr. McNair bloke; Bill and Mary, who were already sort of ogling each other; he and "Audie!" And there was no way out. No way whatever. He would just have to do and die.

Which he did. He wasn't even al-
lowed to see the Tom Mix picture. They went "The Merry Widow." With Miss Martin and the McNair bloke seated down at one end of the room and himself helpless between them! "Audie" was the latter "oh-ing" and "ah-ing" over the love scenes and practically sitting in his lap in an effort to hold his hand.

Afterwards, at an ice cream parlor but not even a triple banana split, complete with pineapple sauce, chocolate sauce, ground nuts, whipped cream and a cherry, he made up for the blow he had suffered this day. Ah, wonderful dreams featuring him-
self and Miss Martin—Peggy! Ah, visions of bliss! Ah, romance!
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Now and Forever

Continued from page 17

parted as if to speak. He stopped and a kind of tenderness came into his
eyes, but only for an instant, before he
whirled and I heard his footsteps
echoing over the night.

I hid my face in my hands and the tears came for no reason at all
for them, for the relief they gave.

It was nearly three in the morning when I dropped off to sleep. Alon-
seemed to see his face, even in my
dreams, bitter and angry. And those
words—"The you I loved is somebody else . . . somebody I may never meet.
But Bio, she won't be selfish and
cold . . ."

I had no idea what awakened me
I lay there in the darkness and then I heard that wailing sound, grotesque
and out of place and shattering the
silence of night. But now my
was clearing and I realized it was the
sirens, the air raid sirens, and I leapt
out of bed.

A kind of panic swept over me.
This could only be the real thing.
Certainly it could be no test, not at
four in the morning. I hurried to
the window. In the darkness I could make out the lines of tanks moving
in their armbands, patrolling the streets.

Stay calm in case of air raid, the posters had said. But I couldn't stay
calm. There was an empty feeling in my
stomach. I could feel my body

Then even as I drew back from
the window, I heard it, the ghastly
drone of planes in the sky.

Enemy planes—enemy planes bent on destruction, enemy
planes that would drop down death in black.

I had no idea what I was doing. The
room was dark but the search-
lights that reached up like fingers in
the darkness cast a flickering light into it and I couldn't
find any place to hide, no place to be safe. The
droning grew louder, coming closer and
closer, like birds of prey. Then
I heard another sound, the batteries
of guns on the ground, sending up long
streaming lines of fire, burning into
the sky.

I couldn't stay there. Get some-
where. Where somewhere where bombs
can't hurt you, Sylvia. That beauti-
ful face is your fortune—managers of
theaters wouldn't like scared
actresses. The bombs were falling
closer and closer, the homes of the
people of the city flared into the sky. I
could hear the cries of people, trampled
and suffering. The voices of frightened
children, the screaming of women in
this horror.

I don't remember what I was think-
ing or reasoning. Only instinctively,
I knew I'd be safe with Bill. It wasn't a
thing to think about. It was a thing to

And I had to get out of that
apartment, that loneliness, I had to get out. I
remember that I wanted to laugh at
the same time I wanted to cry.

I ran down the stairs. I was thinking
half-consciously. Get to Bill. He'll keep you safe. Get to Bill.

Quickly. I would be safe with him.
He hurried out into the street, run-
ing to the far side. It was
he was going. Then I felt a hand grab me,
roughly, holding on to me with a firm, hard
grip. "Let me go, let me go," I cried out. "I've got to get to
him."

Maybe I wasn't hysterical. I
don't know. I remember that the warden

or both to your heart and slapped
me on the face. It was a sharp
stinging blow. And I heard his voice,
"There are people dying and you want

quickly, to waste our time on a crying jay."

The contempt in his voice was
plain, the most felt and apparent self.
And fear with something far too
strong, stark terror at this thing we were going
through. "I want to get where I'm safe," I managed to say.
"You mustn't stop me."

It didn't make sense, of course. I
wouldn't be any safer with Bill than anywhere else. It only seemed
that way to me at the time. It seemed
an act of emotion, of fear. I heard the warden's voice, "You'll have to
wait in the shelter. I'm sorry."

I hesitated. I was about to shelter
some yards away, in a specially-built, bomb-proof basement. It was crowded
with people, some in bathrooms and
night dress, others, blackened kids and
babies. A strange sight, poor people
rich, high and low, mingled there in
that shelter.

I still quivering as I stood there.
The others seemed to take it
good-naturedly. Some were laughing
and telling stories and one man stared
into the darkness, his face was
pale, he seemed to shatter my eardrums and
in his voice was filled with horror, that my
whole body was limp. Each time the
dreaded explosion, I would feel my heart
would cling to their parents and the
men would sit stone-faced and each one
I wanted to scream but I didn't. I
was trying to hold on, trying des-
perately.

A TREMENDOUS explosion came,
just outside. The entire shelter shook and people were thrown to the
floor. You felt as if the place would split to pieces. There were cries out-
sides. There was the sound of a bomb

I had said it meant nothing to me.
But it did mean something, it had to
mean something, because these were human beings. Human beings
who were

Then finally it was over. Over

scream was with a deathly silence more frightening
than the bombs. After some

ments, wardens appeared and told us
could leave, and we heard the all-
clear sirens whine across the sky.

To get to Bill. To get to him through
that debris of ruined houses, of flame
December, 1942

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You, too, may experience that strange mystical Power which comes from talking with God, and when you do, if there is poverty, unrest, unhappiness, or ill-health in your life, well—this same God-Power is able to do for you what it did for me. No matter how useless or helpless your life seems to be—all this can be changed. For this is not a human Power I am talking about—it is a God-Power. And there can be no limitations to the God-Power, can there? Of course not. You probably would like to know how you, too, may talk with God, so that this same Power which brought me these good things might come into your life, too. Well—just write a letter or a postcard to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. 75, Moscow, Idaho, and all particulars of this strange Teaching will be sent to you free of charge. But write now—while you are in the mood. It only costs one cent to find out, and this might easily be the most profitable one cent you have ever spent. It may sound unbelievable—but that's true, or I wouldn't tell you it was—Advt. Copyright, 1939, Frank B. Robinson.
But Bill was running and he caught up to us quickly and I had to stop. "They called me from the sentry booth," he gasped. Are you all right? But what—who—"

"He hasn't any home," I said hurriedly. "Parents in the hospital. I found him. I'll keep him till—till his parents come." My voice started to break and I stopped. He was looking at me. "Bill—Bill—you were so right. Tonight in that raid, I went wild with fear. I—I wasn't any good for anyone. I'm—I'm everything you said."

THERE was the ghost of a smile on his lips. "But, Sylvia, you couldn't be everything bad. Look at that—little boy here. You found him, didn't you? I'm sure we'll fix you up with a home. Why—you're wonderful!"

I shook my head. "No, Bill. That panic I knew. It was terrible. It was—"

But I couldn't tell him about it. I wanted only to run away from him. Bill grinned. "Sylvia, lots of us know panic when we first face danger. But we get over it when we get used to it. And sometimes—well, sometimes panic shows us things all in a flash. Shows us—what's real and what isn't."

In the light of the new sun we were looking into each others' eyes and I didn't want to look away any more. I wanted him to take me into his arms. I smiled at him and said, "I was angry last night, Bill. So were you. You were angry because—"

"Because you loved me."

I could only nod and Bill said, "Sylvia, this is sudden and crazy. But we've had orders. We're pulling out tomorrow night. Sylvia—would you—you marry me? There's just time. We make arrangements for the license and all. I'd—well—I'd be happy—"

I smiled at him. "You're sure I am turning you love? It isn't—"

"I said last night—somebody else?"

His dark eyes were grave. "It's somebody else, Sylvia. But the—"

And he didn't wait any longer for an answer. He simply reached out and drew me in his arms and I felt his heat and his strength.

I'd probably have to explain it to little Bob. But that would be later.

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Give Me Your Heart

Continued from page 32

Fisher got out with two small packages, and came to the door. "This here's a surprise, Miz Morris. Mr. Morris asked me to give chicken and a cake for your party—"

"Oh," I said, and took them. "But the things from the station—"

"Coming right up," he said.

He turned back to the truck. I put down the chicken and the cake. We wouldn't need them. "Bring this in the same right on back to the kitchen," I called.

Just then, Peter came striding out of the lab with Joey behind him. He looked fierce. Fisher unloading cartons. "Champagne! Say, what is this?"

"It's for the party. I ordered it from Mario's in Detroit. Be careful of that box, Mr. Fisher—it's caviar."

Peter stepped up beside me. His eyes were stormy. "You ordered it? How are you going to pay for it, Ellen?" His voice was loud and clear, and left a little silence trailing after it.

I CHARGED it to Father, if you must know," I said defiantly. Wanda and Joey had grown very quiet.

"After all I've said—Mr. Fisher, put that stuff back on the truck, take it to the station, and send it back to town!"

"Leave it where it is, Mr. Fisher!" I turned on Peter. "You got away with this once before, but you're not going to get away with it. You're not going to win my party!"

Mr. Fisher stood uncertainly, looking from Peter to me. Joey and Wanda withdrew tactfully into the bedroom.

"There will be party enough without this—this hundred dollars worth of stuff you ordered behind my back. It's going to be returned," Peter said evenly, "if I have to carry it every step of the way myself."

The farmer started putting the boxes back in the truck. "How dare you?" I cried. "How dare you humiliate me in front of people like this? How dare you make a scene? You and your stupid prides!"

"Look here, Ellen, I'm sorry to make a scene. But Joey is my oldest friend. He knows how I feel. You know how I feel. You can't say I couldn't see it—"

"Oh, I hate you!" I cried furiously. "I wish I'd never married you!"

Peter's face twitched with the effort to control his anger. He looked at me a moment. "I'm going back in there, and I said it really. When you've cooled off enough to stop acting like a spoiled child we'll go on with the party."

He started after his retreating back. Then the truck started up with a roar and somehow that sound tore away the last shred of self-possession I had left. Such a rage as I had never known filled me. Stronger than I, stronger than anything, it sent me blindly across the room after Peter. I thrust open the laboratory door. He was standing there with his notes in his hands. His eyes, still angry, met mine.

"You and your work," I screamed. "That's all you live for. That's all you love. I'll show you what I think of you and your work!"

I snatched notes from him. With a quick, savage gesture I tore them once across, then again. I flung them at his feet.

His face had gone dead white. He didn't move. He looked at the torn papers on the floor, then back at me. If there was ever a man with empty eyes, it was then. "My work," he said in a choked voice. "You've ruined my work. You—you—Get out! Get out of here before I do something—"

"Don't worry! I'll get out—for good!"

I ran out, slamming the door, and into the bedroom. Wanda and Joey

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I longed for Daddy, for a friendly face, and a kind word. But I ached for Peter. Over and over I remembered the quick, effortless movements, the way he looked when he was absorbed in work, his smile, his arms about me. And over and over I pictured the eyes of his as I had last seen them—filled with hatred of me. I couldn't go back to Peter. He hated me.

When I was laid down literally to my last seven cents, I got a job. It was in an automobile factory, recently converted to making tanks. Being unskilled and with no understanding of the work to keep me while I took one of their courses, I was put in the sorting department.

All day long, after day, I sorted different kinds of bolts and screws. It paid eight dollars a week. A year ago I'd thought no more of eight dollars than five cents. Now it was life itself.

I won't go into that next month of life, or the millions of sensations that swept me first one way and then another. I had never known what fear was—until I saw my small store of money vanish like snow in the sunshine while I tried to get a job. Detroit is a war-industry city, and there are countless jobs—but few for people who are women.

And I had never known what real determination was, either, until I resolved. I wouldn't go home and risk my mother and father finding out, costs money. Some granite-like streak inherited from Daddy kept me at it. Every time I weakened, every time I began to get on a bus, ride a few blocks, and be in luxury again, I was goaded by the memory of scornful words: you didn't have the guts to stay with yourself and go on to fill out the next questionnaire until I came to that inevitable question, "Previous experience?"

But the loneliness was the worst.

ANSWERS TO DOUBLE OR NOTH-ING'S VICTORY QUIZ

1. Ecuador
2. Hols of Montezuma
3. A steel submarine chaser
4. James M. Landis, formerly Dean of Har- vard Law School
5. Cool, air and water
6. Canteen, knapsack, holster
7. Mobile artillery
9. The Susquehanna River, Harrisburg is the capitol.

To cut expenses, I shared a room with Stella Brominski, a Polish girl married to a Polish-American now in the war industry. She worked in the welding department and she needed, desperately, to save money. I knew now how important money was, but at first I let many jobs slip by me, afraid to turn them down.

"Joe and me couldn't have got married without that..." She was about their only support, and Army pay isn't much.

"But why did he go in the Army if they're dependent on him? There are other boys to go, and if Joe had a good job—"


"But, Stella, don't you mind? Don't you mind doing without things? Sending a lot of money home to them."

"Sure, but it's the only way we could be together. Now we can be together when he gets leave and after the war we can be together all the time. This wouldn't be a lie, it's the only thing that matters."

The only thing that matters. Stella was a sturdy, simple girl of immi-grant stock, but that's what she taught me. She taught me a lot more, too. That cooking can be interesting, even when you do it over a gas plate in your room and you've got only a little piece of meat and a few vege- tables to make a stew. And how to be glad when Saturday and Sunday came because you could get out of teaching stock.
YOU’LL MARRY
THE ONE YOU LOVE!

"Certainly I still love Cynthia," Jerry murmured, "but it's you I need!"

It was an unspoken dream this man and woman shared—a wish more silent than a wintry calm, a hope more pounding than the walled-in sea. For as tempestuously as Jerry adored Frances, they both loved his wife Cynthia still more.

Thus one helpless woman taught two lovers the rich meaning of depth and constancy and patience... and she gallantly laid the foundation for her husband's second climb to the stars...

"You’ll Marry the One You Love" carries an everlasting message to sweethearts and lovers, and young and old honeymooners. You’ve seldom read a story more overflowing with romance, more breath-taking in drama. Don’t miss it in this month's issue!

DO DOCTORS’ BRIDES FIND HAPPINESS?

He barred her from his glistening white office, and even the grim instruments seemed to shout defiance at her love. Was this a prelude to banishment from his heart as well? Or could she find the man in the doctor she married? Learn the gripping answer in "If You Are a Doctor's Wife".

THERE’S MAGIC IN MY HEART!!

Be sure to meet this average American girl who searched desperately for romance, often made mistakes, but somehow came out victorious. Please try to understand her failings—and remember the crazy channels that true love follows. "There's Magic in My Heart" is this month's must!

Invitation for Thanksgiving — Honeymoon Wife — Counterfeit Youth — Gallant Youngster — and many more! Get your copy of this grand new issue today, a great value now at all newsstands for only 10c!

True Story
DECEMBER ISSUE ON SALE NOW
Continued from page 78

Peter was gone! It was too late.
I'd lost Peter through stubborn pride.
Tomorrow I'd go to my father. He'd help me find Peter. He'd want to,
now that I'd proved I was no longer a
spoiled baby. Tomorrow...

I hadn't slept that night.
I kept re-living those days of the past. How impossible I'd been as a wife, as
a human being!

Next morning I dressed hurriedly.
I just swallowing some coffee when there was a knock at
the door. I opened it—and there was
Peter.

It was like a dream.
All the strength drained out of my body, and
I fell into his arms. He held me
close, his lips on mine, and I tasted the
salt of tears—his or mine I didn't
know.

"You did get it then," I sobbed
incoherently. "The telegraph people
said you didn't. Oh, Peter—"

"Telegraph—what are you talking
about, darling? I didn't get any tele-
gram."

"But—but you came. How did
you know where to find me?"

"Your father told me."

"I can't believe it!"

For the first time Peter laughed—

a funny sort of sound close to a sob. "Honey, didn't you know he'd
had you in for a big surprise? Criminy, I've
never seen them before. I am the salt

of the earth."

"And you know?"

"Oh, Peter..."

"Keep it, Peter."

"Well, I'd never had it."

"So—at last you know?"

"You didn't miss me in spite of how bad I was and the notes and all? Oh, Peter, wait, they've haunted me. I can't tell you—"

"Hush. I was to blame too, honey.
I was too impatient. I asked too much
of you too quickly. And as for the
notes—let me tell you about that.

The next day I started piecing them
back together. I was still pretty sore
at you. There were some too badly
torn to be put together, and those
experiments, I thought, it would have
taken months to get on the right
track. This way—starting it over. I've
found it, and it looks good."

"FINISH?"

"I asked, half fear-
fully.

He shook his head. "Not for months
yet. But it will be. At first, I was
determined to wait until it was over
before I asked you to come back... if
you would come back. But then
I couldn't stand it any longer. Yes-

terday morning I came in, and talked
to your dad and he said he thought
it was time, too. So—here I am."

Oh, darling—take me back. Take
me back to the cottage. I want to
be with you when you find it, or
even if you don't. I don't want to make
a home and can vegetables and—do things.
And look at the sunset, and

love it because it's ours and I'm with
you. I don't care what happens as
long as we're together. That's all

that matters."

We clung together and this time in
his arms I knew never again would
I be far from them. We might still
have much to learn, but his arms
would be there for me always, and
I would be there for him.

After a long while, Peter said,
"Your father's waiting downstairs in
the car. He wants you to go..."

"We ran down the steps—hand in
hand, like children. My father was
smiling but there was something like


JOE WILL GET WELL. STICK-
NING NECK OUT AGAIN BUT
MEXICAN GUN. PETER. THANKS
FOR EVERYTHING.
This year thousands of our boys will be away from their homes during Thanksgiving and the Yuletide. May we suggest that you invite one or more of them to spend the holidays with you and your family. The boys will deeply appreciate the chance to "be home again"—if only for a day. So let us gladden the hearts of these men in service by sharing the warmth and the friendliness of our homes.

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