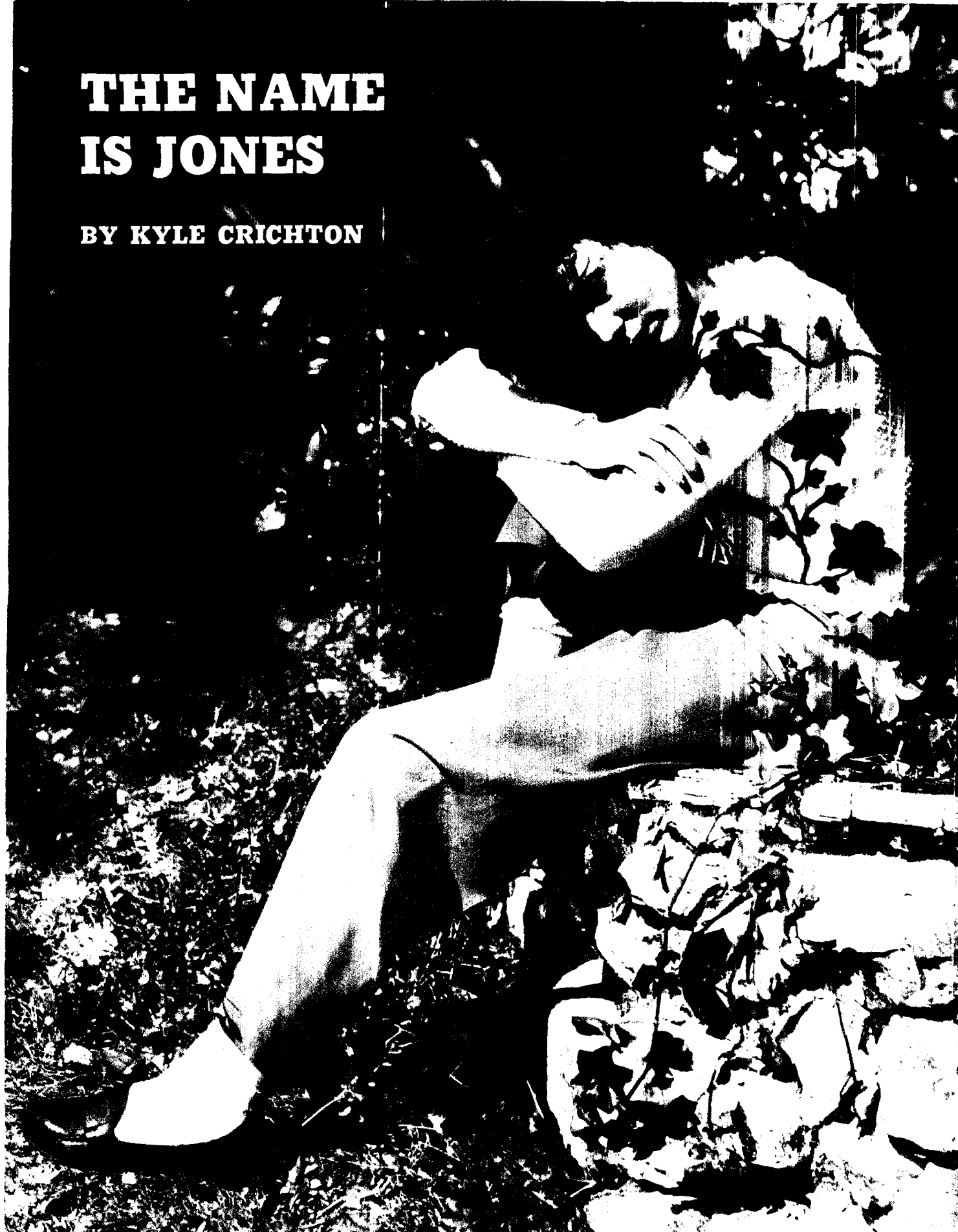


THE NAME IS JONES

BY KYLE CRICHTON



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

But for purposes of further identification, it is well to add the word Jennifer. When you have done that, you have named the lady who boo-hoed her way into Hollywood's juiciest role of the year

THE truth seems to be that the business of renaming Hollywood actresses has never been organized. As a consequence, the procedure is haphazard and often amazing. When, for example, you address a certain lady as "Miss Jones," she is more than likely to look at you blankly. If you say "Miss Jennifer Jones," her reflexes will astonish you by their briskness. "Oh!" she will say, with bright recognition.

The fear that Miss Jones will repudiate all this and return to her original name of Phyllis Isley is rather remote because, as Miss Jennifer Jones, she has copped the juiciest role of the year, the part of the young girl in *The Song of Bernadette*.

We must confess that we have been annoyed by the legend of Miss Jennifer Jones. Not only has she acquired this charming name and the best acting part of the year, but it seems that she was discovered by Mr. David Selznick in a peculiarly revolting manner.

As the tale runs, the whilom Miss Isley entered the office of the story editor for Selznick in New York, for the purpose of getting the name part in the screen version of *Claudia*. Crossed in her ambition, Miss Isley put on an act composed of boo-hoo, screams, imprecations and importunities.

At this juncture, the great Selznick himself, returning from lunch pleasantly suffused with food, heard the hubbub, cocked

an ear that has long been attuned to drama, gave a delicate burp of appreciation—and went in and hired the girl.

Assiduous investigation and long hours of thwacking the principals over the head with a rubber truncheon have not sufficed to break them down. They persist in the story; they glory in it. We have promised them immunity if they would confess; we have warned them that the world would look at them askance for such corniness, but they are not moved. Miss Isley bawled; Mr. Selznick overheard; the papers were signed.

Even without this story, the history of Jennifer Jones would have been a sufficient miracle. Whatever experience as an actress she has had was acquired in the tent shows of Oklahoma. The general theory is that the second-worst actors in the world are to be found in tent shows; the worst work in showboats. Miss Jones does not subscribe to this doctrine; she

feels that tent shows are great stuff for a budding mime.

"Variety," she says. "Lots of variety."

It may also be loyalty on her part because her father, now a theater owner in Texas, once had his own tent shows, the Isley Stock Company, which trouped through the West, playing pieces like *East Lynne* and *The Old Homestead*.

The Isley girl, an only child, was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and eventually graduated from Edgemere School as class president and May queen. During the summers, she had hung around Papa's show, and it was easy enough for her to act down the other Tulsa aspirants for school dramas. They might have ambitions but she knew stage tricks and had no hesitation about showing herself in public.

After attending Monte Cassino Junior College in Tulsa, she joined up with Richard Mansfield Dickinson, who operated the Mansfield Players.

"A very high-class outfit," says Jennifer proudly. "We sometimes played in regular theaters—the second half of a double bill."

After that, she worked with the Ted North Players and the Harley Sadler Company. Anybody casting snide remarks at these outfits would have a fight on his hands in the Middle West, where they've been beating their way up and down the back roads almost since the days of the Lincoln-Douglas debates.

Sex is Taboo

She started as the ingénue in these companies but eventually attained such a place of eminence that the villain was chasing her exclusively. The emotions were elemental, and the audiences wanted their problems straight. Love was all right, but sex was taboo. Occasionally they fooled the more worldly and lured their kopecks (ten cents general admission; twenty cents for reserved seats) by something entitled *This Thing Called Love*, which turned out to have all the sex lure of a lawn fete.

What the paying multitude wanted was slapstick and good old-fashioned pathos. When the village bum is reformed at the bedside of his dying daughter, the sobs of the woman and the stentorian nose-blowings of the men should be enough to loosen the tent pegs.

"We put it on a little thick," says Jennifer, "not wanting anybody to be under a misapprehension."

Just how she ever pulled herself away from this fascinating life is a mystery, but she is next heard of at Northwestern University in the dramatic department. That was good for the winter, and in the summers she could always come back to the tent shows. They worked on the policy of milking a community dry—pitching their tent on the outskirts of town and withdrawing reluctantly only after the last flowing dime had been collared.

Jennifer lived in boardinghouses close to the tent and never had trouble with fresh guys. The worst she had to face were the bloods who escorted her to the village bloat shop, stuffed her with a banana split and said, "You looked mighty prutty up there tonight, Miss Isley."

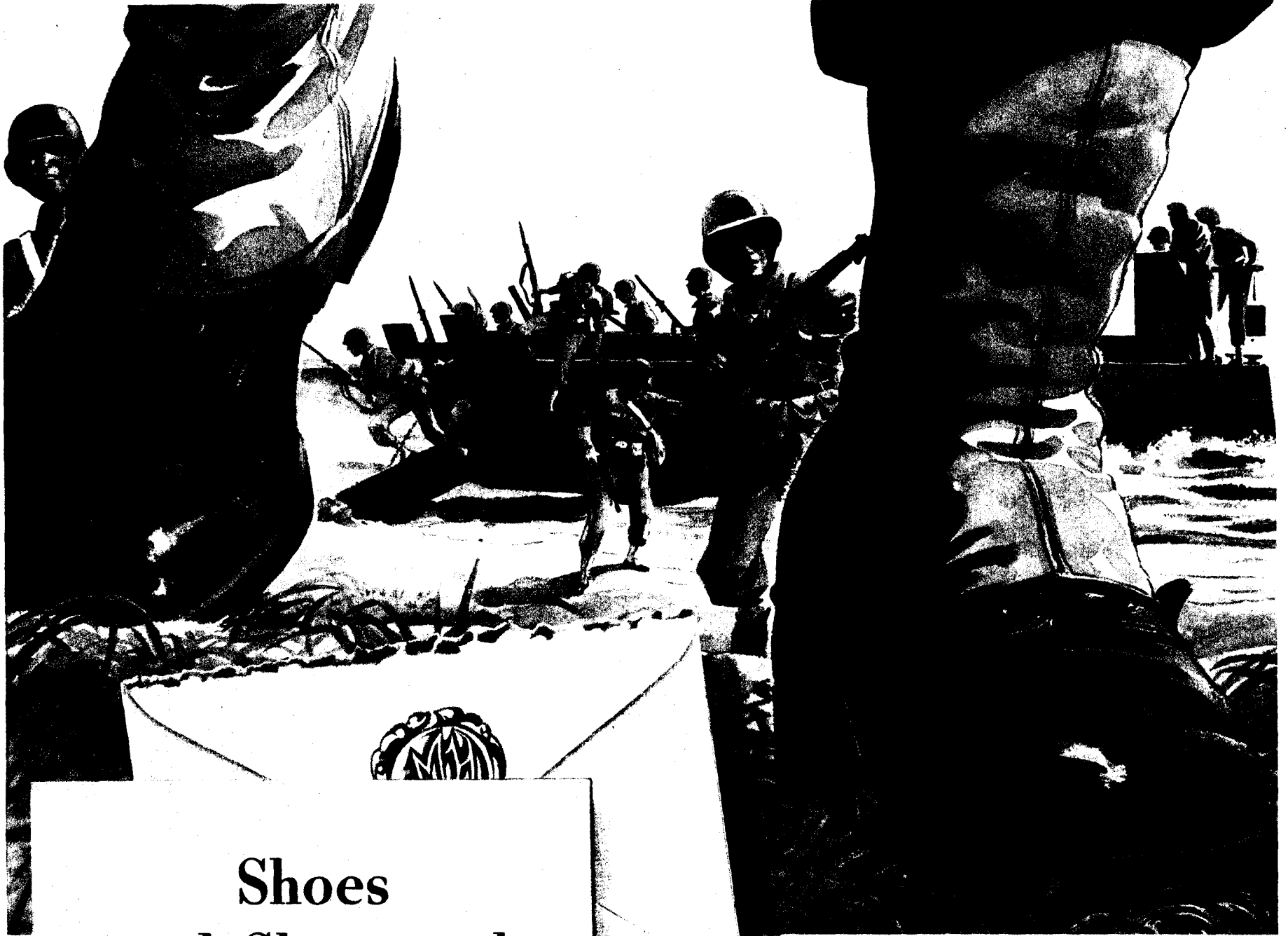
After Northwestern came a year at the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City. There was something of a crisis in the family at this moment because her father had acquired decided views about the future of the theater and tried to steer her away from it. "If you want to act," he said explosively, "get in the movies. That's where the money is."

This was natural, coming from a movie-theater manager, but Jennifer had sense enough to know that even a letter from Papa to a Hollywood producer wouldn't necessarily get her a Hollywood contract.

That was one reason why she wanted to get back to New York. The other two

(Continued on page 81)

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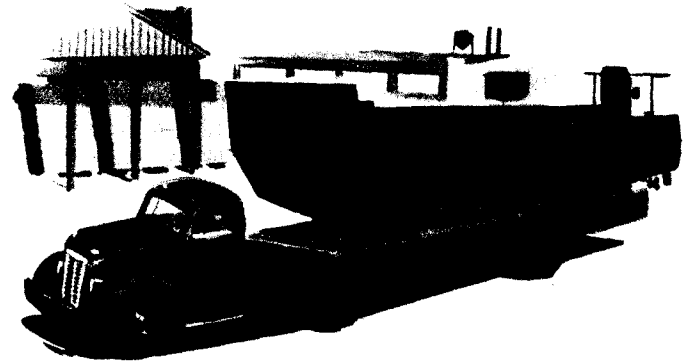


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Fan—As in Fanatic

Continued from page 16



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When it happens to you, be gentle with your stomach... take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

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Don't add to the upset of an upset stomach by taking overdoses of antacids or harsh physics!

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This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating over irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

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of people at the game when they let the women in free," she says scornfully. "Those dames yell like a lot of wild Indians no matter if it's a hit or a plain out. They're crazy. I like scientific rooting, something that helps the home boys win and makes the other guys sore. I figure if I really work on 'em, I can knock a lot of them pitchers out of the box in three innings."

Runner-up to Mrs. Ott in the lungs-and-laryngitis league is Mr. Bruce S. McAllister of Pittsburgh, who stands up on his hind legs and screeches. Mr. McAllister's unholy squeals are so perpetual and penetrating that he once caused a crisis in the affairs of two great industries.

Although the broadcasting booth at Forbes Field is the highest in the major leagues, Mr. McAllister's screams carried so clearly that the radio audience thought it was an endorsement or an indictment of the sponsor, who was advertising a food product. The Pittsburgh management offered McAllister a season pass if he'd keep his mouth shut. The alternative was the bum's rush every time he uttered a squeal. Mr. McAllister indignantly spurned the proposal. The ultimatum lent a challenging piquancy to his inalienable right to hoot and holler whenever the spirit moved him, which was constantly.

The All-America Earache

A serious contender of Mrs. Ott and Mr. McAllister was Detroit's Patsy O'Toole, although he was just a flash in the pan. After only twenty-five years of bellowing for the Tigers, O'Toole succumbed to the dreaded occupational hazard of all baseball nuts. He required a throat operation that reduced his voice to a refined roar and stripped him of his trade-mark. But when he had it, the O'Toole was right up there battling all comers as the All-America earache.

O'Toole's technique wasn't spectacular, but it was steady. His rallying cry, usually delivered from the roof of the home club's dugout, was: "Boy, oh boy, oh boy! Keep cool wit' O'Toole!" Ceaseless repetition threatened to raise the incidence of insanity in Detroit to an alarming, all-time high. A simple, forthright fellow, O'Toole had one standard insult and compliment: "Joe McCarthy, you're a faker! Joe Cronin, you're a faker!" Or, "Mickey Cochran, you're a great guy! Hank Greenberg, you're a great guy! Boy, oh boy, oh boy! Keep cool wit' O'Toole!"

The giddy peak of artistry, a source of inspiration for all future wacks, was achieved by O'Toole during the World Series of 1933 between the Giants and the Senators. In the third game, he sat a few rows behind President Roosevelt. At O'Toole's first blast, the President's ears quivered violently. O'Toole inhaled deeply and let loose with another bellow that made the boys in the distant bleachers blanch. The President turned to a Secret Service man and gave a terse order. The Secret Service man hurried away, but returned in a few moments and tapped O'Toole on the shoulder.

"O'Toole," the man said, "I know you're a great guy and I'm sure you wouldn't mind doing a favor for the President. He wants you to move to the other side of the field. Mr. Griffith has made the necessary arrangements."

The O'Toole now is in semiretirement, but the brotherhood will keep his memory forevermore. He annoyed the President of the United States!

The strenuous competition offered by the other inmates of the huge, outdoor psychopathic ward that is Ebbets Field makes it obvious that Miss Howling Hilda

Chester and Mr. Jack Pierce are possessed of great talents. Miss Chester, a middle-aged doll who peddles newspapers and song sheets in downtown Brooklyn when the Dodgers are not playing at home or at the Polo Grounds, comes by her nickname quite naturally. She howls and rings a cowbell continuously during the ball game.

Mr. Pierce is a nut from a more exotic tree. He arrives at Ebbets Field for his daily demonstration of devotion to the Dodgers, burdened by two large boxes of balloons, a hydrogen tank, a banner, a couple of bottles of liquid refreshment, and ten tickets for an entire box abaft the visitors' dugout. Pierce owns two thriving restaurants in Brooklyn and a prosperous contracting company and he needs them, for he is not a man given to small conceits.

It costs him \$41.65 a day to put on his elaborate show. The breakdown of the figures is as follows:

| | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| Box seats, 10 at \$2.20 | \$22.00 |
| "Cookie" balloons, one gross | 3.06 |
| "Ducky" balloons, 1/2 gross | 2.59 |
| Taxicab | 1.50 |
| Taxicab, for balloons & tank | 1.50 |
| Scotch | 7.00 |
| Mineral water, ice, tips | 4.00 |

\$41.65

Pierce follows a rigid ritual at every home game the Dodgers play. After fortifying himself with a stimulant to prepare for the rigors of the afternoon, he spreads his big blue and gray banner, emblazoned with the word "Cookie," on top of the dugout. Pierce is of the unalterable opinion that Cookie Lavagetto, the former Dodger third baseman, is the greatest ball-player who ever lived.

A Fan Who Isn't Fickle

Lavagetto enlisted in the Air Corps soon after Pearl Harbor and did not play at all last season, but Mr. Pierce is not a fickle admirer. Lavagetto still was his boy last year. Refreshing himself with another or several belts at the stimulant, Pierce proceeds to go to work. He inflates his balloons furiously, screams "C-o-o-k-i-e" incessantly and punctuates the tribute by bursting the balloon. For a change of pace, he gives out with an occasional bleat and balloon for Joe Medwick. It is very trying indeed.

The word "fan" is derived from fanatic and it's not hard to believe it after seeing Cincinnati's Harry Thobe, the self-advertised Rabid Redland Rooter. Thobe, who is seventy-two years old, can—and will—dance a solemn little jig on the ball field for hours without interruption. A brick-layer out of Oxford, Ohio, he wears a white suit with red stripes down the trousers, one red and one white shoe, a straw

hat with a red band, and he carries a dainty red and white parasol.

For years Thobe jigged, walked an imaginary tightrope and circled the bases at a dogtrot, finishing with a creaking slide into home plate. The depressing act palled upon the customers in time and he was ordered to stay off the field or have his pass canceled. Thobe obeyed sadly, but he could not be restrained when the Reds in 1939 won their first pennant in twenty years. The gaffer danced his macabre jig, flashing his twelve gold teeth at the photographers, for two hours before each World Series game and he has repeated the noncommand performance at every subsequent World Series.

But the abusive artistry of the Kessler brothers, Bull and Eddie, never has been approached. They were hucksters, they had awe-inspiring voices and they did not hesitate to use them. The brothers always sat on opposite sides of the grandstand and conducted what practically amounted to a private conversation across the diamond.

For some obscure reason, the Kesslers dedicated each shining hour to driving Jimmy Dykes crazy when he was playing third base for the Athletics. Connie Mack tried to bribe them with a season pass, and when that didn't work, he took them to court. It was a waste of time. Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes himself couldn't have piped down the Kesslers with a mallet and a bottle of chloroform.

The Phillies got such a rough ride from the fans last year that amiable Hans Lobert, the manager, finally took the law and a ball bat into his hands, and went after an unidentified tormentor in the stands. Judge Landis summoned Lobert and sternly demanded an explanation. Lobert said the no-good tramp had accused the Phillies of throwing the last series of the season with the Cardinals.

That series with the Phillies, who finished a cool 62 1/2 games out of first place, undoubtedly was the toughest of the year for the Cards, who went into Shibe Park fresh from winning three straight from the Dodgers and wound up fighting for their lives and the pennant. Although the eventual world champions won three out of four games from the dreadful tail-enders, every one was a tremendous struggle.

Judge Landis listened gravely to Lobert and studied the facts in the case. Suddenly, he transfixed Lobert with a steely stare.

"When was the accusation first made?" he demanded.

"As soon as we went on the field for batting practice," Lobert answered.

"And you didn't go after that obscenity until the game was over!" the judge shrieked. "What kept you so long?"

THE END



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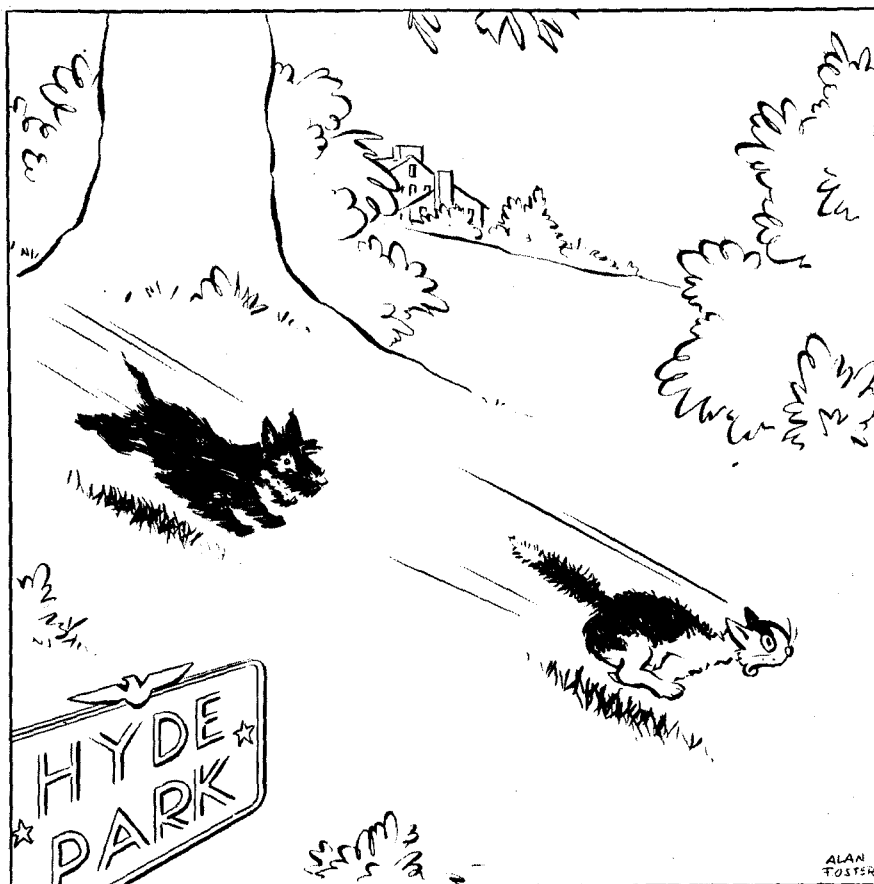
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MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S

"We go to Hyde Park primarily to relax"

The Name is Jones

Continued from page 78

were: (a) she had saved up money enough from the radio show, and (b) having been married for several years to Mr. Walker, then of radio and now under contract to M-G-M in Hollywood, who was sitting in an apartment on Sixth Avenue showing signs of exasperation at her absence.

Miss Jones made the usual rounds of theatrical booking offices, with the usual success—to wit, none. At best, she had little to recommend her, since she could refer only to her year at the Academy and she had agents all over Radio City terrified by mention of her years with the Harley Sadler Company.

Picked Out of Thin Air

How she got to see the story editor at Selznick's is not clear, but any lady passing the Selznick office is immediately suspected of being another Vivian Leigh and often has to run for her life. The difference between Vivian Leigh and Jennifer Jones is that Miss Leigh had a full career abroad in the theater before dropping into *Gone With the Wind*, while Miss Jones had nothing. She was unknown; she had never appeared on Broadway or on the screen; she had no professional or social connections. It all comes down to the fact that David Selznick must be something of a genius. He really picked that Jones girl out of thin air.

Once picked, the New York press was invited in to examine the new acting animal. They found a tall girl who walked with a long stride, was partial to tailored suits, and had a curious air of being entirely self-possessed while obviously half scared to death.

In the year that was to follow, Jennifer grew a little weary of herself. She has never complained, but it is possible that she began to have qualms about Mr. Selznick. He started her through a course of sprouts in New York, more dramatic

coaching, voice coaching, how to walk, how to talk, how not to ask for more money—everything; but though he had announced her for the role of Nora in *The Keys of the Kingdom*, he never got around to making it. He bought new plays, new books; he announced plans for production—but there was no production.

Jennifer was under the excellent dramatic care of Sanford Meisner, late of the Group Theater, and she had a part in a short-lived Saroyan play, but nobody dragged her carriage through the streets and, in truth, she had to walk home from the theater.

Eventually, she was brought out to Hollywood where complications really set in. Among other things, it was discovered that there were two children in the Walker household. The press department at Selznick received this blow with something approaching terror.

But everything was going to be all right because Selznick was about to put her into *The Song of Bernadette*, and just when that seemed settled, Selznick turned over his screen properties to Twentieth Century-Fox, and competition for the role she had thought was hers was thrown open to the world. Any young actress in town would have given an ear for the part; and tests were made of everybody. This was a tough time for Jennifer, but by the time the dust had settled, she had the part.

We have only to add that Jennifer is an intelligent and independent young lady who will handle Hollywood without the slightest difficulty. We are still slightly worried about that story of how Selznick discovered her, but will say no more about it unless we see a news dispatch in the future to the effect that Miss Jennifer Jones has been robbed of her valuable collection of the late czarina's emeralds during a blackout on the West Coast. In that event, we shall have to take the matter up again.

THE END



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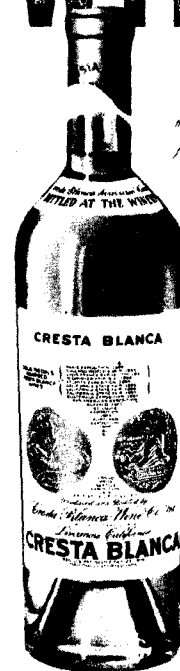
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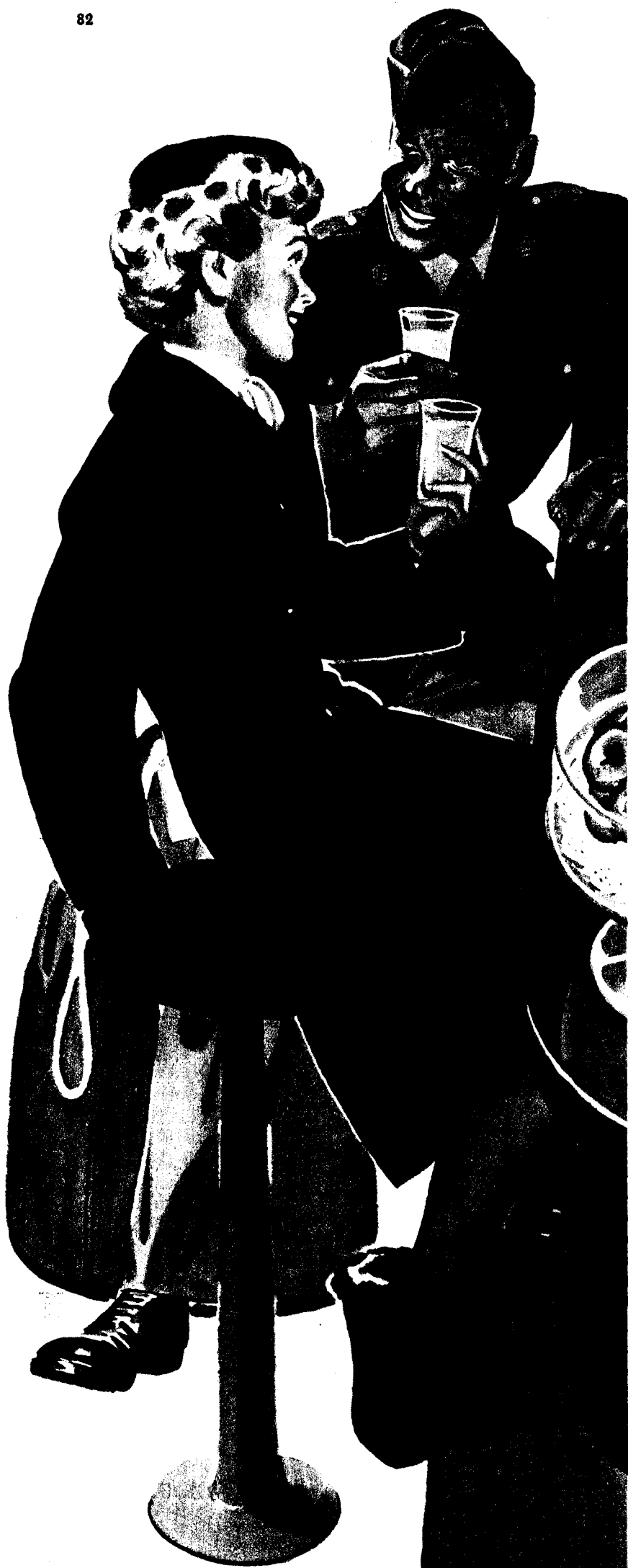
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BETTER THAN NOTHING

By Hugh Mac Nair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN



"You're buying this drink for her, aren't you?" Milly asked. Joe nodded. "She'll like that when I tell her," Milly said. "You think she will?" He was eager about it

A SHORT
SHORT STORY
COMPLETE
ON THIS PAGE

MILLY knew it wasn't any use, but something made her keep on trying. Maybe it was the telegram, crumpled up and lying by the wastebasket. "It would mean an awful lot to Joe," she said.

Jean only pulled her mouth a little flatter and went on working on her lower lip.

"And I don't think it's asking so much, either," Milly went on. "Only a few minutes, between trains."

Jean laughed past the lipstick, a short, hard little sound. "Skip it," she said. "If you think I'm going to stand the major up, the first time he's ever asked me out, just to go down and hang around a railroad station to say goodbye to a big, stupid lug I don't even like—"

"I'll bet the major'd understand," Milly said. "He's here for the duration. There'll be lots of nights for him to take you dancing. And this is Joe's only chance to see you before he—" she stopped. "Before he goes over. I'll bet the major would drive you down to the station himself, if you put it up to him. You could go on and have your party afterward."

Jean laughed again and ran a comb through the new feather bob. A motor horn, down in the street, began beeping. Jean jumped up. She ran for the door, sliding into the new short fur jacket. Milly's shoulders sagged a little as she crossed the room to shut the door. She heard another one slam downstairs and, farther away, the sound of a motor in a hurry to be on its way. She picked up Jean's clothes, scattered over the chairs and the two studio beds, and put them away. She picked up the telegram, too, and read it over two or three times, slowly.

It made a picture in her mind of Joe, sweating over its dozen words, chewing his pencil, mussing up his hair, with his rawboned face looking the way it always did when he saw Jean or talked about her or thought about her.

Suddenly the sag went out of Milly's shoulders. She folded the telegram and put it into her bag. She went over to the closet and got out Jean's coat with the beaver collar, and the beaver pill-box and the fur-topped galoshes. They didn't make her look much like Jean, but they helped a little. She fluffed her hair into something like Jean's bob, and managed to hold her mouth steady while she used one of Jean's lipsticks on it.

SHE was at the station in plenty of time, so she stopped at the newsstand to buy a carton of the cigarettes Joe always smoked; and still she was the first one at the rope barrier in front of the train gate.

It was quite a while before she saw Joe, two or three steps ahead of the other uniforms on the platform, running awkwardly but fast, in spite of the big duffel bag over his shoulder. She had her mouth pulled into the wide, crooked, good-old-Milly smile by the time he was near enough to see her, and she kept it smiling even when she watched the excited hopefulness drain out of his face. She ran around the end of the barrier to meet him. She had luck with her voice. It sounded about the way she knew he'd be expecting it to sound:

"Jean couldn't make it, Joe. Your wire didn't come till she was just starting for work. She's on the swing shift now, with a big crew under her, and she simply had to go. It just about killed her to think of your getting here and not finding anybody waiting for you. But all she could do was to ask me to come down here and give you all her love and—"

She stopped. Some of the excitedness had come back into his look. She pushed the cigarettes into his hands.

"She said to be sure and get you this kind. I tried to tell her you only liked Angoras, but—"

"No. I only smoke these." He held the carton gingerly, as if it might break. "She—she remembered!" His voice had dropped a little as if he were talking to himself. "What do you know about that?"

He swung the duffel bag over his shoulder.

"Come on. Let's go some place where we can talk."

He didn't have to say what they were going to talk about. They went over to the soft-drink bar and sat on high stools. Without asking Milly what she wanted, Joe ordered two orangeades.

"You remember a few things yourself, don't you?" Milly said. "About her always taking orangeade, for instance. You're buying this one for her, aren't you?"

Joe nodded. He looked sheepish, guilty.

"She'll like that when I tell her," Milly said.

"You think she will?" He was eager about it.

"Honest." She crossed her heart. "And, Joe, she said be sure and tell you . . ."

MILLY had never been any good at telling lies, but all at once it wasn't any trouble to make up things for Joe. About how important Jean's new defense job was and how hard she worked at it and how many hours of overtime she put in—so many that there just wasn't time for private, selfish things like writing letters.

Maybe Milly didn't do it very well. Maybe Joe wouldn't have been fooled if he hadn't been so desperately eager to believe her. Or maybe it was because . . .

But reasons didn't matter as long as the shining look in his eyes kept begging her to go on. It was still there when the loud-speaker called his train and they went out into the big echoing rotunda.

There were a lot of other people there, saying goodbye—men in uniform, with women standing close to them. Milly could see that Joe didn't want to look at those others. He went by them quickly, his eyes straight ahead, lines showing around his mouth. At the gate, when he stopped and turned, Milly knew that all he wanted now was to get away from her—to get away from any body who wasn't Jean.

But she didn't let him. She stood close to him the way the other women were standing close to their men. She reached up and pulled his head down and kissed him on the mouth. Not hard softly. It was a strange thing, her knowing that he'd have wanted Jean to kiss him just exactly that way. For a second, his arms were tight. Then they dropped to his sides.

"That wasn't me, Joe." She said it quickly. "That was Jean. She said it would be better than nothing."

He didn't say anything but she knew what he was thinking.

"I know you don't feel that way about it, Joe. You're a man, and it's everything or nothing with you. But girls are different. When we can't have what we want, we take what we can get. No matter how little it is, we always think it's better than—better than nothing."

He shook his head. "It isn't. But if she think it is . . . Does she, Mill? Honest?"

Milly wasn't sure of her voice. But she could cross her heart again and nod and keep her eyes straight and steady and honest.

"Then give her this one from me," Joe said.

It wasn't much like the one she'd given him. Anybody else could fool him, Milly thought, but he couldn't fool himself. Not about this, anyway. When he let her go, he shook his head again and there was something stiff about his grin.

"Well, so long, Mill. Thanks for coming."

He swung the duffel bag over his shoulder and went through the gate. Milly watched him till he got on the train. He didn't look back but she waved to him anyway.

There were lots of other women in the rotunda who weren't doing anything about lips that trembled and cheeks that were wet. Milly didn't do anything about hers, either. Even a shaky mouth and wet cheeks were something. And anything, if it was all you could have, was . . .

"Better than nothing!" She said it under her breath and then she said it again, out loud. "It was! It was. It—is!"