

"TELL BILL GOODBYE"

By Marie Blizard

SYNOPSIS

THE CHARACTERS:
FABIENNE SEYMOUR, rich, young and beautiful.
NICKY BARTLETT, wealthy and in love with Fabienne.
ELEEN CHAPMAN, young and capable mistress of Willoughby house.
DR. BILL MALLORY, close friend of Ellen's.
YESTERDAY: Fabienne finds herself anticipating her next meeting at the settlement house with Dr. Mallory.

CHAPTER NINE

FABIENNE WAS having a bath and trying to enjoy it when the telephone rang. It was the kind of bath that should bring a girl to her senses. It was foaming and fragrant with bath salts that had cost as much as a poor doctor's wife pays for six pairs of stockings. There was a rubber pillow at the head of the tub and great, fluffy towels warming for her. Outside it was sleeting and the wind howled across the park. But in that room it was warm and luxurious and bright with lights.

The wife of a poor doctor would live in a walk-up and be lucky to have a cake of soap, she told herself angrily, and picked up the phone.

Camilla Morse was at the other end of the wire.

"Hello, darling. . . Will you serve on my committee for the Velvet ball?" she wanted to know.

"No," Fabienne bit off the word. "How many times have I told you, Camilla, that I simply won't serve on ANY committees."

"But, darling, I thought since you'd got so charitable, doing all that settlement work and that . . . why . . . I . . ."

"I'm fed to the teeth with charitable work, Cam. Sorry."

"But, look, darling, we never see you. What about dinner a week from Thursday? I've a fascinating man who wants to meet you."

Fabienne said, "Hold the wire." She nudged her woolly robe closer to her wet figure and stretched across the bed to reach her engagement pad. She thumbed through it hastily and picked up the telephone:

"Can't make it then, Camilla. I'm booked solid for two weeks."

"Anything exciting?"

"Terribly," Fabienne said bitterly. "Theater tonight, Marcia's dinner tomorrow night, Ned Webster's opening the next night. The hockey game at the Garden the next night. The Grainger's shindig the next. Shall I go on? It's all pretty much the same."

She could hear Camilla gasp at the other end. "How do you do it? Ye gods, Fab, why do you persist in doing the Big Sister act for eight hours a day? I'm dead if I stay up until midnight, and I hear you're doing the town up night after night."

Fabienne smiled wryly. "I'm unique," she said. She might have said she was desperate.

She might have said that she had to go out where there were lights—bright lights and music—loud music—and people and more people, so that she wouldn't think, so that she could sleep when she got home.

It was true that she was unhappy, but it was also true that Fabienne had brains and wit.

It was not thwarted love that made her mentally ill; it was disappointment and frustration. For the first time in her life she had seen something that she thought she wanted and found she couldn't have, and she was wise enough to call it frustration and only that.

She was not sick with the pangs of love at all. It was true, and she knew it. But she knew, as well, that with the abrupt end of her anticipation the flavor of life had grown tasteless. The meaning of days was gone when she compared these days since the night that Ellen Chapman had tucked her



"Forget it, Ken. I'm not really in love," she told him.

bow into Bill Mallory's—Dr. J. W. Mallory's.

Now, because she had known something else briefly, she knew boredom for what it was.

The night Ned Webster's club opened and Rose O'Day took New York by storm with her torch singing, Fabienne was there with Ken Hemingway.

Rose O'Day had magic in her voice and she was singing from her heart. Her voice was like a palpitating heart held in your hand.

The mask was off Fabienne's cool face as she listened.

Ken said softly, "I give up."

Fabienne drew her brows together questioningly.

"Some other guy has got your heart. It's all over your face, baby. Who's the lucky guy?"

It was Rose O'Day's singing that did it. She played on Fabienne's emotions. Fabienne bubbled over. At least it was bubbling over for Fabienne. She said, "I met that man that a girl meets once in a lifetime—or, at least, he looked like that kind of a man—but when I went to collect him, I found I'd be poaching."

"Married?"

She shook her head.

"Engaged?"

"I don't think so."

"Then what's stopping you? All's fair in love and—"

She stopped him. "There's no use talking about it. It's just out as far as I'm concerned." There was no point in trying to tell Ken why she couldn't cut in on Ellen. She didn't know why exactly herself. Other girls she had known were not above prating when it came to men, but Ellen wasn't like any other girl she had known. Ellen had offered her real friendship. It was more than that. Ellen gave her something to live up to, demanded as much as she gave. Ellen would never do that to her. Fabienne had her code, too. She played opponents' rules in fair games.

She said, "Forget it, Ken. I'm not really in love. I haven't had a chance to be. I'm the kid who wanted a doll that Santa Claus brought to another kid."

"What's he like?"

That was bad stuff. She couldn't tell him what Bill Mallory was like. She didn't know. All she had had to go on was her instinct. She couldn't say, "Oh, he's a doctor and he's handsome and I wanted him to

take me in his arms because I know that life could hold nothing else like it."

So she said, "He's poor and he sings in church choir."

Ken said, "My God! And you a sybarite! Well, if it isn't love that's getting you thin around the edges, it must be work. Why don't you give it up for a while?"

She hadn't thought of that. She'd only thought how long the days and nights were, and that every week she'd have to arrange her schedule to be away from Willoughby house when Bill Mallory

was to be at the clinic, that she was finding it more and more difficult to evade Ellen Chapman's invitations. They had spent a great many evenings together in the three months she had been at the settlement house.

Three months! Her three months were up, she realized suddenly.

The next day she made two long distance calls: One to Nicky to ask him if it was gay in Maryland, and the other to her Uncle Mark to say that she was coming down.

To Ellen Chapman she said, "Well, Ellen, have I or haven't I lived up to what you expected of me?"

Ellen said, "You have, and I expected a lot, Fab. You've done wonderful work here and the girls adore you."

Fabienne looked brittle and gay and impervious to flattery. She said, "I always live up to my bargains. It's been three months. Remember?"

"It's gone quickly," Ellen said, perplexity in her eyes.

"Sometimes. Not always. But it has been interesting and I'll always remember you, Ellen."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm leaving," Fabienne said, as if she expected the other girl to understand. "I said I'd work for three months, now I'm through. I'm leaving for Maryland Saturday."

"Fabienne!" Fabienne wished that Ellen wouldn't look as if she were hurt. "But what about the children's play? You can't just leave things in mid-air."

"Sorry. They can do the play without me. Goodbye, Ellen."

The two girls shook hands, but Ellen would not say goodby.

Fabienne left Willoughby house with never a backward glance.

(To Be Continued)

U.S. Woman On Western Front



Mrs. Charles Grey of Florida smiles from behind wheel of the rolling dispensary in her charge on France's Western Front. This is the first picture of an American woman with the Allied forces.

(Central Press)

Kuhn's "Golden Angel" on Stand



Mrs. Florence Camp, West Coast blonde, is pictured in New York court after testifying as a state witness against Fritz Kuhn, Bund leader on trial for larceny. Recipient of many love letters from Kuhn, she identified a diamond ring as one he gave her.

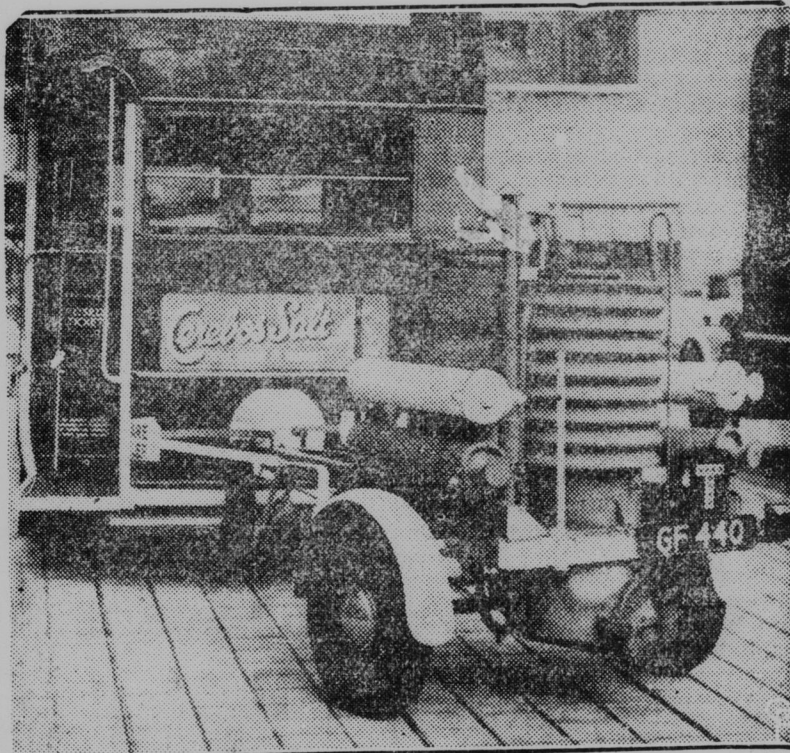
(Central Press)

When Sub Sank British Steamer



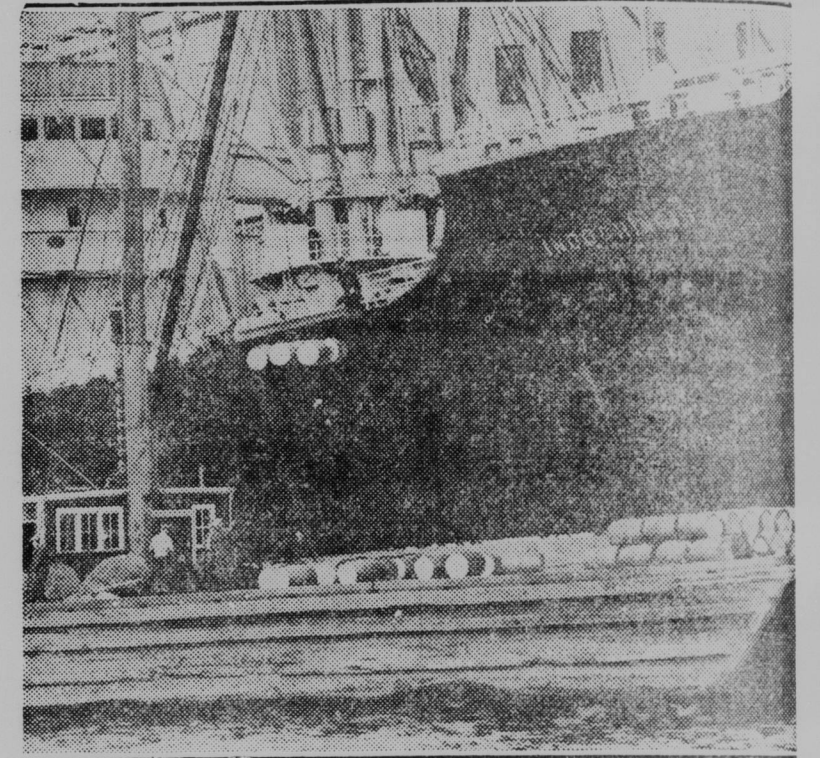
The above three photos are the dramatic sea rescue of members of the crew of British steamer *Inverliefey* by Standard Oil tanker *R. G. Stewart*. Left, top: *Inverliefey* seamen (arrow) whose lifeboat was swamped, climb on the sub. Left, bottom: A lifeboat from the *Stewart*, with the rescued men, pulls toward the tanker. In background, smoke from the sinking ship. Right: Safe.

Ersatz Drives British Bus



Imitating Germany's ersatz campaign of using substitutes, and to conserve Britain's relatively scarce gasoline supply, British scientists evolved a special gas producer which converts low grade coal. The producer is shown mounted on a special trailer as it supplies gas to run a London bus.

Cash-Carry Cargo for France



At the French Line pier in New York City, the French freighter *Indochinois* takes on a cargo of gasoline, oil and airplanes for the warring Allies before heading out into the Atlantic to run the Nazi submarine blockade. Under the new neutrality law, war materials can be obtained by belligerents on a cash-and-carry basis.

(Central Press)

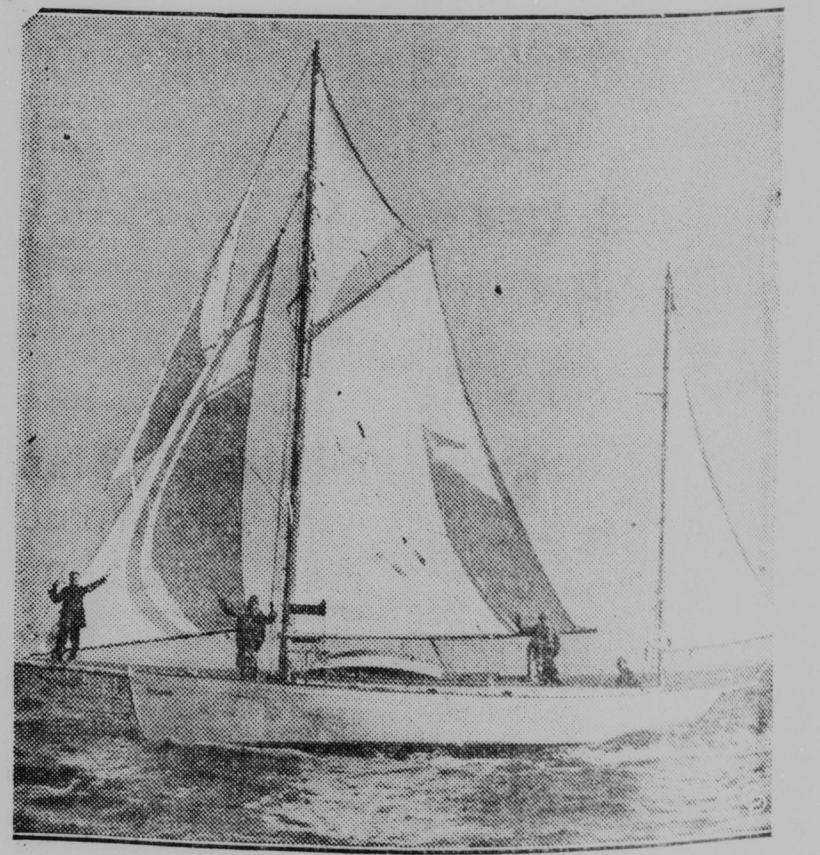
How Nazis Ration Clothing

DEC. 1939	1940						
JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG.
TWO PAIRS OF SOCKS	ONE SHIRT						
TWO HANDKERCHIEFS	TWO COLLARS						
ONE MUFLER	ONE PAIR GLOVES						
ONE PAIR GLOVES	ONE SUIT OF UNDERWEAR						

It looks like a cold winter for the Germans under the new Nazi rationing plan. Each item of clothing is valued in units, and ration cards containing 100 units must last a year. A man is permitted two pairs of socks, two handkerchiefs and a pair of gloves between December 1 and April 1. Between then and September 1 he can buy one suit, two collars and a suit of underwear. If he buys more than two pairs of socks, he must forego something else. A shirt counts 20 units, an overcoat 60 units.

(Central Press)

Conquers Stormy Atlantic



The 36-foot yawl *Iris*, is shown in Sheepshead Bay, New York, after its owner, Captain John Martucci, his wife and a crew of three successfully completed a 10,000-mile round trip to Italy. The yawl, which is gaff rigged, has a ten foot three inch beam. It has a small gasoline engine for auxiliary power.

Bankhead, Warren See Institute Building.



The State's whole Congressional delegation will come to Chapel Hill November 29-30 to take part in the formal opening of the Institute of Government's new \$50,000 governmental laboratory, headed by Speaker William B. Bankhead (left) who will make the principal address. Speaker Bankhead is shown with Congressman Lindsay Warren of the First District looking at a picture of the Institute's new home, which is said to be the first laboratory of its kind in America. Several hundred city, county and state officials and local leaders of both the Democratic and Republican parties are expected for the program, which will get under way Wednesday afternoon. Speaker Bankhead's address and reception will climax the program Wednesday night. The officials will hold joint meetings Thursday morning by congressional districts, presided over by their respective Congressman. These will terminate in time for Thanksgiving dinner and the Carolina-Virginia football game that afternoon.

SALLY'S SALLIES

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A novelty in women's hats would be one shaped like a hat.