

Love Without Music

by Helen Welshimer

SYNOPSIS

THE CHARACTERS:
LINDA AVERY, receptionist at a New York mobile agency, starts to re-build her romance with
RONALD STAFFORD, her childhood sweetheart, who has "swung his way to fame on a trumpet," but
SARAH MARKLEY, wealthy "dancer girl," is trying to capture Ronald for herself. Meanwhile
ROBERT BARTON, young engineer living in the apartment above Linda in an unconventional manner.
YESTERDAY: Linda invites Robert to go with her to a party given by Sarah Markley for Ronald.

CHAPTER THREE

IMPULSIVELY as she had asked Robert Barton, the young engineer from the apartment above hers, to accompany her to Sarah Markley's party, Linda's voice had been cool, no huskier than usual.

"That isn't a favor," Robert answered. "You're putting me in your debt again. White tie or black?"

"Black, I guess. It's been a glorious evening."

Once that night Linda's telephone rang. She picked it up quickly. It would be Ronald, thinking of her somewhere across the rainy city.

But it wasn't Ronald. It was a woman who wanted an all-night delicatessen and had dialed the wrong number.

But he did call at 12 the next day, as she sat at the white desk in the silver and white reception room of the Bagley agency.

"Linda?"

"Yes, Ronnie."

"Then you haven't forgotten my telephone voice?"

"No, nor the cleft in your chin or the cowlick in your hair," she thought, as she replied, "I have a memory for voices."

"Are you hungry?"

"Starved!"

"How soon may I pick you up?"

"That will be fine."

"I'll be five minutes early."

He was, too, and he slipped her hand through his quite as though it weren't an April moon on Fifth avenue, with the sun shining and people everywhere.

He took her to a quiet restaurant, where the music was muted and not many people came. It was expensive, though, Linda knew.

They picked up the thread of events where they had dropped it. They talked of this boy and that girl; of the people who had bought the two old southern mansions which once had been so exclusively theirs; of the mocking birds, and Hamilton's shabby old railroad station. Finally Ronald said:

"Can you understand someone's keeping a dream, expecting it to wait safely, being a little ashamed to write because success was a laggard?"

"I can now," she answered softly. He opened his wallet and from it he took out a snapshot. It was a younger Linda, but the eyes were as wise and dark and eager, the curls as tumbling.

"Remember the day we won the doubles? That's a tennis racket in your hand—I mean the handle of it made the picture." He replaced the picture carefully. His eyes were very young but very steady as he leaned across the table. "I'm glad I found you, Linda honey. I was afraid I wouldn't."

He took her back to the entrance of her building when the lunch was over, and Linda was aware of the glances of the girls who passed as they pushed in the lobby.

"You're coming tonight, aren't you, Lin?" he asked. "I'm not keen to play—I feel like a trained seal performing—but it's part of the game. I'll call for you, but there's a dinner party first. I could shake that Markley's girl's shoulders for leaving you out, but I guess she had her list made out. There'll be a couple of hundred people milling



"Can you understand someone keeping a dream?"

around at the party afterward. But I'll be taking you home."

"Is Sarah Markley nice?" Linda asked suddenly. "As nice as she is beautiful?"

His eyes were teasing, adoring. "Not half so nice as you are, honey. But nice, definitely."

"Goop! And, Ronnie, I've got a young man bringing me to the party. I was commanded to get one. Remember?"

He was silent a moment. "Known him long?" he asked, and there was a thread of worry in his voice.

"Not very." Some time she would explain the man's mysterious entrance into her life.

"Like him?"

"Sort of, but not the way I like you," she answered laughingly. The sun was laying bright fingers of light across the avenue, a peedler was passing with a tray of violets and gardenias, some place a hurdy-gurdy played a gay, new song. And Ronald had come back.

The afternoon went swiftly and the hours from the time Linda arrived at home until nine o'clock passed even more quickly. At eight o'clock a florist's cool green box arrived. She opened it to find an orchid corsage. Three flowers, the same delicate green as the box in which they had come, waited for her to fasten them at her shoulder.

There was an envelope with them and she opened it with slim fingers that trembled a little. Ronald or Robert Barton? Which would it be?

If the blossoms came from Robert it would be a charming gesture. But if they came from Ronnie it would be springtime in heaven with a dream half-true.

She opened the note.

"I'll be watching for you, Ronnie."

With winged hands she turned on the water in the shower, brushed her shining hair and coaxed the curls into a coronet which she bound with a silver ribbon that matched the silver bracelets set with amethysts which she had inherited from her grandmother. She had intended to wear a slim black frock which one of the models had found for her at a bargain price when a famous couturier had a sale. It was chic and smart. Now she discarded it. With the coming of the flowers, she did not want to

be svelte and sophisticated. She wanted to be gay, happy, colorful.

She removed a violet chiffon evening frock from the covered hanger and slipped into it. It molded her slim body, but the skirt swept away into billowing flounces. The giraffe was wide and a silver thread glided through its darker purple. She had worn this dress with Ronnie twice before he went away. She had had a happy time in it. Maybe the luck still held. Perhaps he would remember it. Not likely, though, for he must have seen so many dresses—yellow, orange, green, rose, blue.

Her evening sandals were the same silver-threaded material as the giraffe. She touched her lips with rouge, brightened her cheeks, dusted powder gently across her nose and face, put on the corsage.

There was a knock at her door—a gay knock, a knock that laughed at itself. That would be Robert. For a few hours she had forgotten him.

The young engineer from upstairs was a handsome figure in his evening clothes, one that made Linda glance at him appreciatively. His eyes approved the violet frock, the shining eyes. But when he had chatted a moment, he said:

"By the way, is this Sarah Markley, who is giving the shindig this evening, the producer's yellow-haired daughter? For if she is, I've two aunts and three cousins who've been wanting me to get in touch with her. I'm from the west coast, you see, and sort of strange around here."

"It's the same girl." Some of the loveliness of the night was going. Robert's eyes were so quizzical.

"Known her long?"

"Since yesterday. We exchanged about seven sentences."

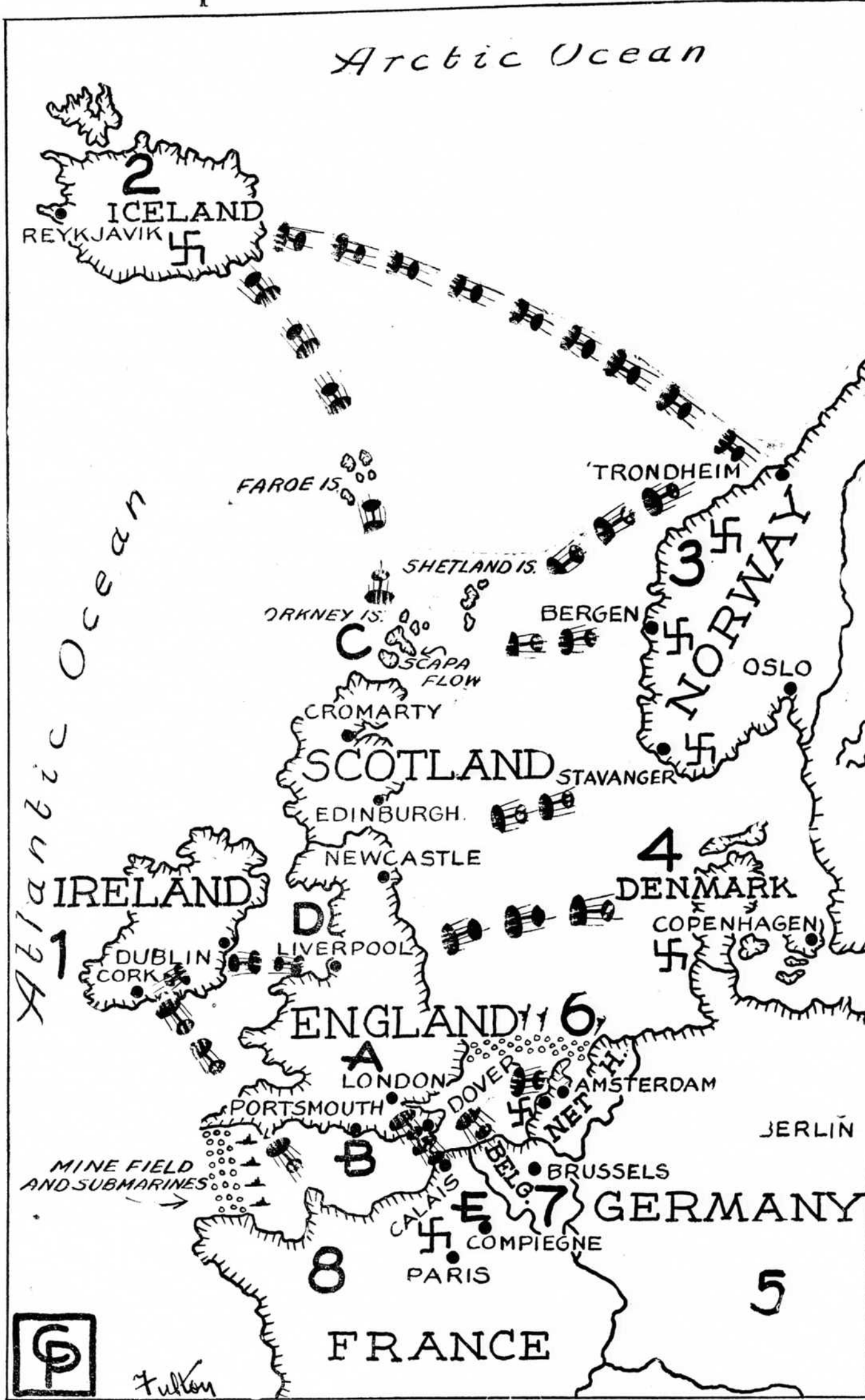
"She's a heart breaker, I've heard. I know a couple of the victims. I've never liked her type. She made a gossip column in tonight's paper."

"With whom?" Linda asked. But she knew before he answered. Sarah's slow, confident words came back. Bring any nice young man you want to . . .

So Sarah wanted to annex Ronnie, too, did she? This time the yellow-haired glamor queen would have a harder time!

(To Be Continued)

Hitler Prepares Invasion of Britain as France Falls



Britain grimly prepares to repel invasion from the sea and air as she continues to breathe defiance at the conquering legions of Hitler and Mussolini, despite the fall of her ally, France. Forced to withdraw from French soil as the Petain government capitulated, Britain took the initiative in the "Battle of England," sending raiding parties, supported by warships and bombers, across the Channel to attack German forces occupying the French coast. Both Britain and Germany engaged in series of major bombing raids on enemy objectives.

Strategy which Hitler may employ in his attack on England is shown on this map. First, establish air bases in Ireland (1) and Iceland (2), the latter held by meager British forces. Second, subject Britain to a merciless crossfire of bombings from all directions, with planes also taking off from Norway (3), Denmark (4), Germany (5), Holland (6), Belgium (7) and France (8). Dive bombers would concentrate on such vital spots as London (A), the capital; the great naval bases at Portsmouth (B), and Scapa Flow (C) and west coast shipping centers like Liverpool (D).

Third, heavy guns would be set up all along the east coast of the Channel to bombard all British shipping out of that body of water and to blast England's east coast defenses. Bombers would supplement the attack on supply ships. Channel entrances would be blocked with mine fields. Fourth, the fingers of starvation would be allowed to tighten around England, which must import two-thirds of all she eats, while the Nazi-Fascist forces were concentrated on the Channel banks opposite her.

Fourth, under cover of waves of bombers and fighters, troops, arms and supplies would be transported to England itself, moving in all types of ships, barges and transport planes.

Immediate inception of this campaign was foreseen, following the French surrender. France had been at war with Germany 9 months 21 days; with Italy, 14 days. Terms of the armistice with Germany, signed at Compiègne (E), in effect turned France into an advanced base for the war on England. More than half of France is to be occupied; all French naval, military and air forces are to be demobilized, except police troops; Germany may demand all arms and war implements; all naval and merchant marine units are to be recalled to France and placed under German and Italian control, except those necessary to guard the French empire. Britain withdrew recognition from the French government at Bordeaux that accepted these terms and threw its support behind the French National Committee formed in London to carry on the war, with the aid of French colonies which pledged continuance of the battle.

Terms of the Italian armistice, signed in a villa near Rome provide for occupation of only that small section of France that was taken by Italian arms. Italy gained control of Djibouti in Africa and demilitarized zones were established between France and Italy and French and Italian possessions in Africa. French naval bases in the Mediterranean are to be demilitarized.

Final peace terms await conclusion of the war with Britain, which Hitler declares will be at most only a matter of a few months.

Lefty's First



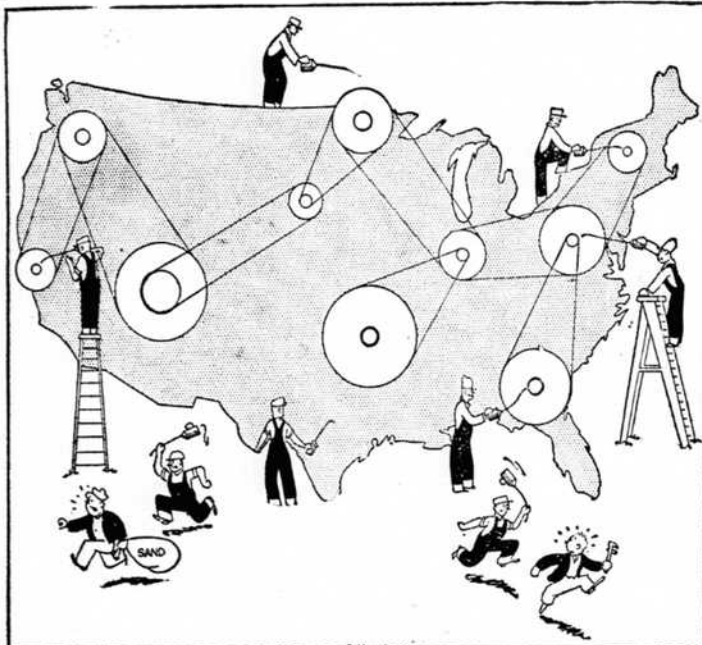
Mrs. Vernon (Lefty) Gomez, wife of the famed New York Yankee pitcher, poses proudly with their first born, a girl, at Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital. Mrs. Gomez is the former showgirl, June O'Day, of Lexington, Mass.

Wife Preservers



For home-made nut butter, put nuts through food chopper two or three times—as may be necessary—using the finest knife or nut-butter plate. When nuts are ground as fine as butter, add one tablespoon bland table oil (olive oil if you like) and one-half teaspoon salt to two cups blanched and roasted nuts.

We Need Oilers, Not Fellows Throwing Sand in Gears, Declares W. S. Knudsen



The above drawing is one of several being used in the July issue of GM Folks, monthly pictorial magazine for all General Motors employees, to illustrate a recent address by William S. Knudsen.

"I want to make a plea to everybody who works, be he on a machine, on a stool, in an office or a manager—let us see if there is not some way whereby the proper understanding can be given to all of us so that the industrial machine, which all have helped to create in our country, can be kept running smoothly, efficiently and with the minimum amount of shutdown for repairs."

This was the plea uttered recently in an address by William S. Knudsen, President of General

Motors, a short time before he was appointed to supervise industrial production in the national defense program.

"Let us have the proper number of oilers, rather than fellows throwing sand in the gears," Mr. Knudsen continued. "We all love our country, and the differences which appear at times are mostly based on different approaches to the problem. But with a clear understanding of these problems by the parties involved there is generally one right way of doing the job."

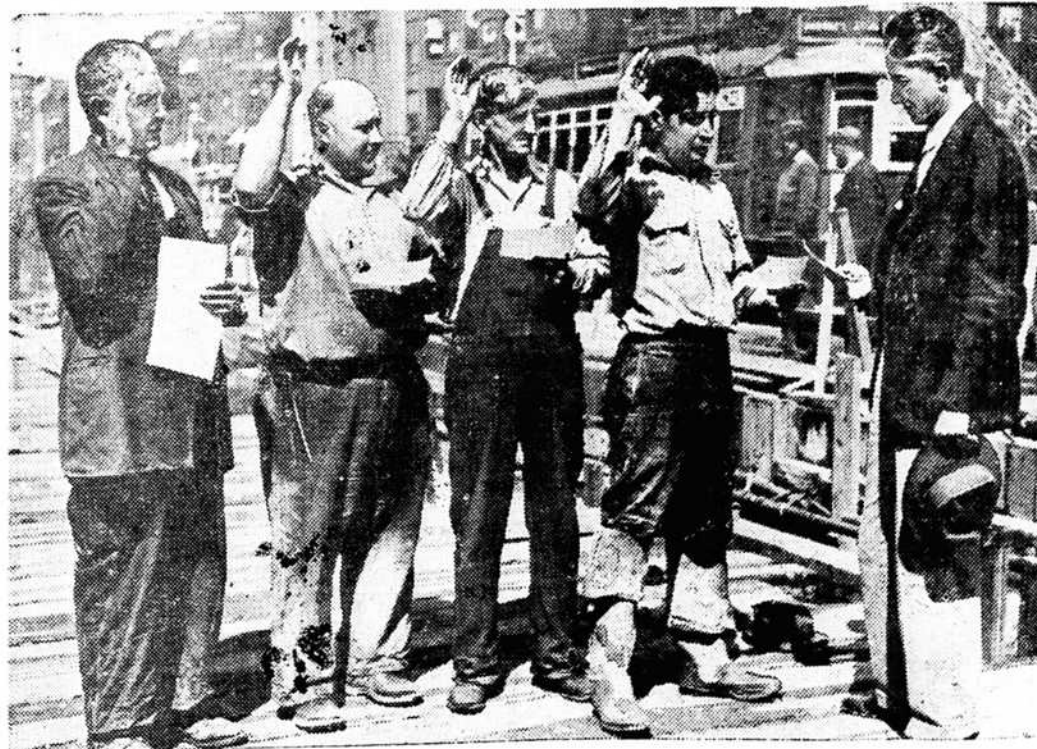
Old Story to Her



Mrs. Benjamin Harrison

An inveterate attendant at Republican national conventions, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, widow of the late President, is shown as she attended the latest G.O.P. conclave, in Philadelphia.

Time Out for the Oath of Allegiance



WPA workers Daniel P. Sullivan, Ernest Verrier, Albert Lindsey and Frank Oselo take time out from work on a new Boston subway to swear allegiance to the United States. George C. Lawlor, head time-keeper, reads the oath. The workers signed affidavits declaring their citizenship and denying any affiliation with the Communist party or the German-American Bund, members of which are being dropped from WPA payrolls. Workers found to have falsely denied membership face prison terms.

(Central Press)