

CAMPUS SWEETHEART

BY KYLE CRICHTON

It's Lana Turner, to whom college youth of America out their hearts. But Lana wrapped up in her career anyway, there's Artie

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAM

IF THE parents of this country knew what their sons in college were doing there would be a scandal that would stink up the nation. Are they drinking? Are they carousing? Are they carrying on? No! Are they studying? Also, no! What they are doing, the young whippersnappers, is writing letters to Lana Turner.

Instead of struggling with their differential calculus, they sit grimly at a desk and bite the end of a pen and write sappy words to a young lady they have never even met socially.

"Dear Miss Turner (they write, the simpletons): We fellows of the Phi Goofa Gamma house saw you in Glamor Girls and you were certainly swell; then we saw you in Dancing Co-Ed and we thought you were the berries. We are having a dance on May 15th and last night we held a meeting of the chapter and decided it would be swell if you could be Queen of the Ball or something. You could also be Sweetheart of Phi Goofa Gamma. Just tell us when you're coming and we'll meet the train and every Goofa Gamma who can walk will be right down there. Enclosed find twenty-five cents in stamps for your picture. If you could sign it 'To Dear Jake,' it would make all the other fellows jealous and it would make me feel swell. Ha-ha-ha! JAKE BLOTZ, '42."

What this proves about the younger generation is not clear, but it definitely means that Lana Turner is now a screen personality. The letters come from such widely diversified locations as Wabash College and Harvard, and the writing and sentiments vary only slightly.

The effect of all this upon little Lana is probably slight, because the letters are answered by her mother, who thinks they are quite cute. In any event, it is the price one must pay for fame.

Fame, in the instance of Lana, came almost too easily for any use. The story has been told three million times by now, but by some coincidence it happens to be true. She was a student at Hollywood High, she went across the street to a drugstore for a soda, Billy Wilkerson of the Hollywood Reporter saw her and asked her if she wanted a screen test. She said she saw no objection but would call her mother, who was working in a beauty parlor.

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Best Man's Gift

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The smartest thing you can do for some women is to open their eyes to a realization of what they've got

ORRIN ABBOTT, tall, easygoing, slouched idly in the narrow doorway of the camp, watching the northwest wind sweep across the bay. He had bet with himself the last shot of whisky left in the pint bottle that the motorboat he had heard out there was his partner's. If he lost, he would have to look at that bottle until Grant Foster returned. If he won—he could kill it now.

When the bow of the fast boat cleared Strout Island, a quarter mile down the bay, Orrin smiled and started to turn into the camp to collect. But at that moment he noticed that there was somebody else in the boat beside Grant. At that distance it looked like a woman. But that was imagination—or wishful thinking. Grant would never bring a woman to the camp.

The idea that it might be a woman stirred him. For five days now he had been alone on the Point, waiting for Grant to return from town. Five silent days, working in the early fall sun—

hauling his lobster traps when he felt like it—digging clams if he was hungry—loafing in the long twilight—and wishing he had saved enough money to go to Bangor on a real bust. For the moment he forgot the whisky and stood there watching the figure in the boat.

He let the sun soak into his long-boned body. He thought, feeling the heat of noon on him, smelling the baked sweetness of spruce needles, that it would be pretty good if Grant did have a woman with him. Or at least another bottle of whisky.

ORRIN hooked the thumbs of his big-fingered hands into his belt. He was very tall, and his muscles were long—the flesh of his forearm valleyed between long ridges. He wore an old pair of moccasin slippers, washed blue denim pants and a clean, tight-fitting undershirt which cut into the tan skin of his shoulders. He was twenty-five, looked thirty, and moved like an old man until you saw him in a boat—or on Hancock

Street in Bangor on Saturday night. His expression was easygoing, and you'd think of him as good old Orrin; but young women saw something else in his slow-lifting eyes, felt another tone in his low, hoarse voice.

The motorboat had already left Half-tide Ledge and was skimming over the middle grounds—wide open.

"Now, who in hell's he got with him?" Orrin spoke aloud, as men do who are alone a good deal of the time.

Then he saw that it was a woman. She stood close to Grant, holding his yellow slicker coat across her shoulders. She kept glancing up toward the camp.

Orrin stepped from the doorway onto the peat path which led to the landing. The girl must have seen him then, for she waved, her arm held high—her hand bent at the wrist, the way women wave.

He smiled at the gesture and walked several feet down the path. Then he looked at the girl standing there beside Grant Foster.

As the engine idled and the boat

glided up to the mooring, the girl pressed against the gunwale and studied the camp. There was something vaguely familiar about her, the way her slick-shaped body moved—so smoothly and yet so fully aware of itself. When she slid off the yellow coat and turned her face into the sun, he knew who she was.

She was Anza Cole from Upson Bay. Anza Cole, one of the few good girls of the town, who had something more to her than just being good. She had a pretty, broad face, with wide-set brown eyes. She walked as if she knew what she was made of. You had to admire her—the way she danced, the way her body swung to the music in Upson District Hall.

Orrin wondered what the hell Anza Cole was doing down here at the fishing camp with Grant Foster.

Then, as he watched Grant's quick, catlike scampering, as he stowed away his stuff, covered the engine and transferred the grub box and a shiny new suitcase to the skiff—the answer came, positively, accurately:

Grant Foster had married Anza Cole. Nothing else would have brought her here. Grant, a good catch in these days when so many men were out of work, had been caught by the best-looking girl in the township. Grant had gone to Upson Bay to get grub, coal oil and new fishing gear. He had come back with a wife.

ORRIN hitched his belt, stuck his hands into his pockets. He watched every move the girl made. He saw her climb over the boat's side and drop lightly into the skiff. He saw her smooth her skirt under her as she sat down on the stern thwart. Then he turned quickly and walked back to the camp.

The clock was ticking loudly on the shelf above the bunk. The stove was dead. Two flies droned sadly in the hot air of the little room. Sun spotlighted the pint whisky bottle on the window ledge.

He looked at it. He decided then to save it—a toast to the bride.

For a year now he and Grant had shared that camp, as they shared their fishing gear, their grub, their luck. Lobstering wasn't what it used to be, but it was still a solid business and paid a living if you were willing to work at it. Always, little, quick-witted Grant led the way—with better ideas, with smarter tactics, with a faster boat, with more money. Orrin followed, rowing his old slab-sided pea pot, standing up, facing the bow, moving slowly from trap buoy to trap buoy—easing into the new ways, never hurrying, seldom keeping up—but always accepting Grant's barking orders as a tall ship accepts the noisy way of a puffing tug.

Orrin looked around the place, shrugged his shoulders and went to work. He smoothed out the gray blankets on the bunk, awkwardly, as a man makes a bed. He kicked aside rope, cigarette stubs, a ball of tarred twine and a clam hoe. From the shelf on the wall he removed two battered detective-story magazines and tenderly laid them on a backless chair. He took down his clothes from the hooks in the corner, and piled them on a chair. These, his boots, a pipe, two cans of tobacco and a sailor's sea bag, he carried through a door in the rear of the camp into a built-on, shed-roofed room. He dumped his load onto a spring cot, and stood there regarding that room, which from then on would be his, with an ironical, amused smile.

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Anza turned to him. "What are you going to do this winter, Orrin? Are you just going to cruise around?"