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The Week's Work

IN HIS article, How The Reds Snatched Wallace (p. 14), Louis Francis Budenz raises the Iron Curtain to reveal Communist intrigue to obtain "custody" of Mr. Wallace. These revelations will be incorporated in Mr. Budenz's new book, *Men Without Faces*.

Mr. Budenz, it will be recalled, is the former managing editor of *The Daily Worker*, and a member of the Communist National Committee, who publicly renounced Communism and returned to the "faith of my fathers, the Catholic Church."

Born in Indianapolis on July 17, 1891, fourth-generation American, Mr. Budenz attended Xavier University in Cincinnati, St. Mary College in Kansas, and was admitted to the Indiana bar in 1912. In 1915 he entered municipal and labor reform work, and in subsequent years, was arrested twenty-one times in labor disputes and acquitted twenty-one times, gaining himself quite a reputation for breaking down legal barriers to organization.

Joining the Communist party in 1935, Mr. Budenz did comradeship work till October 11, 1945, when he, his non-Catholic wife, and three daughters were received back into the fold at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, who has influenced Mr. Budenz considerably, received them.

After a "year of silence," teaching at Notre Dame, Mr. Budenz exposed Moscow agent Gerhard Eisler over the radio. Mr. Budenz is now professor of economics, teaching labor relations at Fordham University.

THE latest of a long line of charming stories of adolescence by Josephine Benthall is *She's a Big Girl Now* (p. 20). She explains:

"In writing of young people, I have relied almost wholly on the memory of my own youth, because I feel that the emotions of youth don't change much. Every experience encountered for the first time is likely to lift one to the heights, or dash one to the very depths.

"What I remember most vividly is the embarrassment I was continually enduring. Just about everything I said, did or wore seemed the wrong thing to say, do or wear. I was convinced anyone who witnessed any small blunder of mine would remember and talk

about it for the rest of his life. Imagining myself the center of the universe made life interesting, but difficult. And I am virtually sure, when I talk to young people today, that they are in the same dire but fascinating predicament."

THE new serial: Vera Caspary describes *Marriage '48*, beginning its romantic course on page 11, as the illegitimate child of a trip to Arizona, and a newspaper clipping. She and I. G. Goldsmith, a British scenarist who has made pictures of a couple of Caspary novels, drove through Yuma last year and were astonished by the billboards advertising Cozy Marriage Chapels, with Quick Bride & Groom Service. Goldsmith said there ought to be a story in this assembly-line matrimonial business.

A short time later Miss Caspary read that there was one divorce in every three marriages during the first year. This fitted in nicely with the *Marriage-an-Hour-Quick-Service* billboards—and so a story was born. Miss Caspary sat down and wrote the serial; while Mr. Goldsmith did a screen play for Warner's.

As for Miss Caspary, she says she's a graduate of the Cheese & Sausage Mail Order Business. "My first published work," she confesses, "was an ad entitled *Rat Bites Sleeping Child*. From that I progressed to milking machines, corsets, cosmetics and correspondence courses."

Later, she was editor of *The Fingerprint, The Dance*, and a Broadway throwaway. "Then after I had written my first novel and my first play had flopped," she says, "I settled down in Greenwich Village and kept writing.

"Like everyone else I had a Connecticut house and vowed I'd never live in Hollywood. So now I live on a Beverly Hills summit. I work in the studios about six weeks a year and cultivate my garden." (N.B. The three bride outfits illustrated on p. 11 were furnished by Russek's Fifth Avenue.)

This week's cover: Split Personality. The lovely drum majorette suspended in mid-air is Muriel Marshall, who is twenty-two, and attended the University of Miami. Muriel's married to Robert A. Marshall, is Florida State Baton Twirling Champ, and All America Majorette, was Orange Bowl Queen in '44, and Miss Florida in '43. Ardean Miller III made the shot in Florida. . . .

TED SHANE



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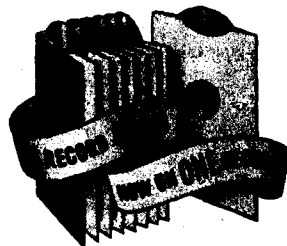
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Marriage '48

By VERA CASPARY

Beginning a new and significant novel of today in which the distinguished author of *Laura* describes the erratic and stormy course of three modern marriages, each conceived in love, faith, and shining hope—and all haunted by the bitter specter of divorce



NO MATTER how unsentimental you think you are, nor how sturdily you vow you'll not let it affect your heartbeat, when the day comes, you go hollow. Some say it's like butterflies in your stomach, but to Lilith it was more like scorpions. If this had been her first wedding there might have been excuse, but now, on the fifth of June in the year of Our Lord, 1948, she was sufficiently aged and ripened (or so she thought) to take a dispassionate view of marriage.

With a formal wedding there would have been a million details to absorb her anxieties. Her first had been a nightmare tangle of caterers, striped trousers, silver mayonnaise bowls and distant cousins. She had been eighteen then, her fear dewy-eyed. Today, with two marriages behind her, fear was the fleshless image of failure. The only thing that kept her from putting on her old slack suit and whisking off in the roadster was her faith in Henry Fowler. Lilith had once described him as having bowels; a