

**TORRANCE NOTES**

Mrs. W. B. Smith of Los Angeles was a visitor in Torrance Monday. The Smiths were formerly of Torrance, more recently of Pismo Beach.

F. H. Clark and son Harwood, of Andro avenue, A. L. Clark of Ingewood, and Clifford Stoner of Beverly Hills are enjoying a week's fishing at Big Rock.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Webb and sons Everett and Robert, of Pasadena, visited Edward Friebl of Los Angeles, who is a patient in the Torrance hospital.

Guests Sunday at the L. J. Aeree and E. N. Tomkins homes on Gramercy avenue were Miss Wona Wimmer and Sydney Smith, of Burbank; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Downer and son, of Glendale; Mrs. Eunice Henderson, of Los Angeles; and Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds Dexter and son, of Hollywood.

# The One who forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

PETER LYSTER loses his memory from shell shock in France. Upon his return to London he fails to recognize NAN MARRABY, the girl to whom he became engaged before he went away. Nan, heart-broken, has returned to her home and is caring for her three motherless stepbrothers. She has been in constant communication with JOAN ENDICOTT, in London, but fails to follow Joan's advice to forget Peter and make up to his fellow officer and friend, JOHN ARNOTT, with whom he has been resting at the home of Arnett's widowed sister, near the Marraby estate. Instead Nan has become desperate, and has agreed to marry the man she hates most in the world, HARLEY SEFTON, a money lender, who holds her father's notes for great sums of money and also says that Peter owes him considerable in loans made before he was injured.

you've forgotten things," she said in perplexity, "how is it you can talk about Nan now? Oh, I don't understand."

"A man named Arnett introduced her to me in town a few weeks ago—"

"But," said Joan—"but . . . oh, if you've forgotten all about Nan, what is the good of going back to her now? You—oh, surely you can't really care for her—if you've forgotten her?"

Peter looked away; he could not explain his own feelings; he did not know what he felt; he tried to think of Nan, but his thoughts were confused; he was relieved when the stopping of the cab put an end to the conversation for the moment; he followed Joan eagerly into the station.

"I'll come back with you to Leavenend—I can explain there; and I must talk to you—there are so many things you've got to tell me."

"But—but I don't know if I ought to," Joan was almost in tears. "Nan made me swear never to speak of you again—never to tell anyone what had happened—and I swore I never would—and now look what I've done now . . ."

"Everything is different—it's a life or death to me . . . I beg of you . . ."

She looked at him sympathetically. "Very well," she said at last.

I think it was, and she had to go home to look after the little boys at Leavenend, and she's been there ever since."

"And—and . . . she never wished me to be told—?" Peter asked huskily.

"She wouldn't hear of it, I know Mr. Arnett wanted to tell you, but Nan said she would never forgive him if he did. She made us all promise."

Peter looked up.

"Do you know that she is engaged to another man now?" he asked suddenly.

Joan stared; then she laughed. "Nan engaged to another man! Rubbish!" she said. "Why—why, she was ever so much too fond of you to ever look at anyone else. She just lived for the time when you would come back. She had made all her clothes to be married in. She was so happy. Why, you were to have been married when you got your next leave!" she added thoughtlessly.

Peter flushed to the roots of his hair. It was an intolerable situation.

"She is engaged to another man, all the same," he said constrainedly. "A man named Harley Sefton. He has plenty of money and a fine place down at Gadsden."

Joan smiled incredulously. "Somebody has just made it up and told you," she said scornfully. "Nan would never do such a thing. I know."

He sat staring down at the dusty floor of the carriage; Joan watched him intently.

She was not quite sure of him yet; it all seemed strange and unbelievable to her.

Suddenly she moved a little along the seat towards Peter.

"What are you going to do?" she asked gently. "What do you want me to do?"

He raised his unhappy eyes to hers.

"What can I do?" he asked. "It's all so impossible."

Joan considered for a moment. "I should like to help you," she said frankly. "I should like to help Nan, too—if there is anything I can do—anything—I will, I promise you."

"Thank you—I am sure you will. And there is something—will you find out why she is going to marry that fellow Sefton?"

"If I can—and if you are sure that she is. But Nan is so reserved when she wants to be; perhaps she won't tell me. And, Mr. Lyster—may I ask you a question?"

Her voice was a little shy and uncertain.

"Please," said Peter.

"Well—perhaps I shouldn't ask, but Nan is my best friend—and so you see—what I mean is—supposing she—she was free today, would you . . . would you . . . would you . . . not liking to continue, but her meaning was obvious.

Peter did not look up.

(To Be Continued)

# TORRANCE NEWSLETS

Mrs. Hellen E. Webb was the guest of Mrs. Annabel Webb at the Pasision Play last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Stanberry of San Marino were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Hann of 903 Portola avenue.

Mrs. W. C. Von Hagen of Gramercy avenue was a Los Angeles visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Clark of Andro avenue were guests of friends at Hollywood Bowl Friday evening.

Mrs. M. L. Acree of Gramercy avenue left Monday with Mrs. C. J. Dexter for the latter's home in Artesia, N. M. Mrs. Acree will remain for a two-months' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Casper were business visitors in Paso Robles last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Brandon of Gramercy avenue were guests Thursday of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Madden of Rose street, Lomita.

Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Hess and daughters, of Lomita, were entertained Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Weaver.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Sullivan of Los Angeles were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Jackson of South Normandie avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson of Alhambra spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stanberry of Andro avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Ioggi of Spurlin Court were dinner guests of Los Angeles friends Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowe are new arrivals at the Edison substation on Western avenue.

Mrs. Rose Bell of Alhambra and Mrs. S. F. Webb were guests of Mrs. Ada Parks of Los Angeles last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Larrimer and son, of Gardena, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Young of Gramercy avenue.

Mrs. Frank Cook of Arlington avenue was a recent visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Madden of Lomita.

Miss Harriet Steffensen of Riverside is a guest of her aunts, Misses Helma and Ruth Greenlund.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson are moving from the local substation to Redondo Beach, where Mr. Hudson will be associated with the Edison force.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bradley of El Centro are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Scott of Sierra avenue.

Mrs. A. P. Stevenson and Miss Carolyn Strohe spent last week at Catalina.

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En route his companion speaks of going to Nan, and by careful prompting he elicits the information that he is the man who is breaking Nan's heart. As the taxi arrives at the station Peter turns to the young woman beside him.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

"I DON'T know in the least who you are," Peter said rapidly, "and I dare say you will think I am mad when I ask you—when I beg of you—to let me speak to you for a moment. Please don't be afraid," he broke out agitatedly as Joan shrank back from him in evident alarm. "I'm not going to hurt you or frighten you; I just want you to help me—I just beg of you to be kind and help me."

It was impossible not to believe in his agitation; Joan stared at him with fascinated eyes.

"But—but I don't even know who you are," she said in a frightened voice. "I've never seen you until today—ah . . . oh, I don't know who you are," she said again.

Then he told her; he blurted out the truth with the desperation of necessity.

"I'm Peter Lyster."

"Peter Lyster?" She echoed his name with a little cry—the color rushed to her face. "Peter!—then . . . then . . . oh, I don't believe it," she said indignantly.

"It's the truth—I swear it's the truth . . . look—I can show you half a dozen letters to prove it." He searched through his tunic pocket agitatedly. "I am Peter Lyster—you—you've done me the greatest kindness one human being could have done to another by telling me what—what you did just now. But I want to know more—I must know all the truth . . . I've been down at Leavenend—I only came up to town this morning—it was Fate that threw us together. I can't leave you like this—I've got to know more . . . Surely you can have a little pity—a little sympathy . . ."

"But—but I'm—I'm full of it," Joan told him; her pretty eyes were round and amazed; she stared at him as if he were some extraordinary specimen of manhood whom she had never seen before.

"I—I've always longed to see you—Nan will tell you that. But it's all so strange—I just can't believe it . . ."

Her brows puckered. "If



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"Nan wrote to you for months from my flat."

"But if Nan knows she will kill me, that's all."

"She never will know—at least, not yet. I don't want her to know yet—"

For a moment his heart seemed to stand still as he thought of Nan's engagement.

Had she done this because of him?

The train started slowly out of the station.

"Tell me who you are," Peter said.

She smiled.

"I'm Joan Endicott. Nan and I have lived together for ever so long—ever since you and Tim went to the war; she must have told you about me—she wrote to you for months from my flat—"

"Did she?" said Peter; his voice sounded humiliated. "I can't remember having any letters . . . I can't remember your name, or ever writing to a woman at all . . . He brought his clenched fist down on his knee heavily. "My God, it's hard," he said, with sudden passion. "It's not fair—I ought to have been told—I ought to have been stopped from hurting anyone as—as I must have hurt her."

"It nearly broke her heart," Joan said. She was enjoying herself now; this was better than all the novels she had read—she meant to let Peter know exactly what Nan had suffered.

He moved restlessly.

"Go on—tell me about it . . ."

"There isn't much to tell . . . it was after you were wounded. Nan had been so patient and plucky—they told her she must expect any letters from you as you were not well enough to write; and she said she didn't mind, that she was content to wait. And then—one evening Mr. Arnett came to the flat—neither of us knew him, but Nan had had a letter from him once in France—he wrote to her when you were wounded and told her all about it . . . He was very kind—he told her that you were in town, but that you had lost your memory, and could not remember her, or anything about her—or that you were engaged, or—or—anything. Nan wouldn't believe it—she laughed at him; she said that she was sure that you could never forget her. She went with him, back to the hotel where you were staying; she said she must see you for herself—she said that she was sure when you saw her it would be all right . . ."

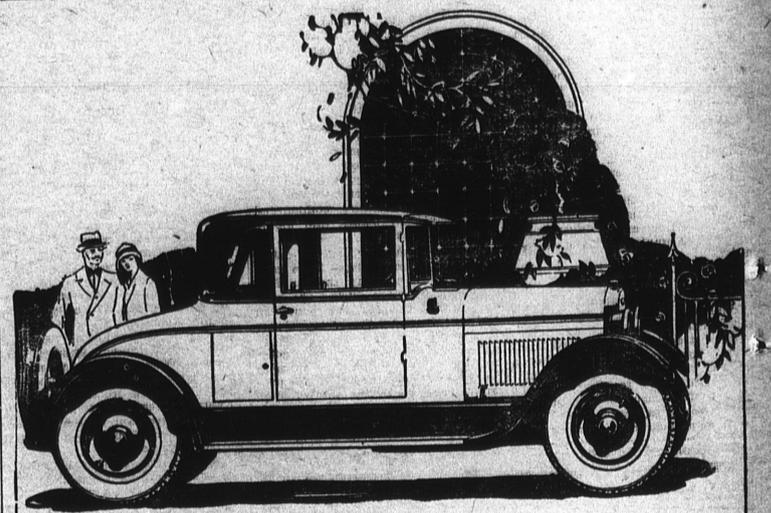
She stopped with sudden tragic memory of how Nan had looked that night when she came back.

"Yes—go on, please."

"She wasn't gone very long," Joan said sorrowfully. "She came back quite soon. She didn't say much, but I just knew by her face that nothing would ever be right again. She told me afterwards that she walked into the room where you were and that you didn't know her, that you looked at her as if you had never seen her in all your life before . . . Oh, poor, poor Nan!" she added.

There was a bitter silence.

"And I think that's—" she said. "Her stepmother died the day after,



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