

# CLICK

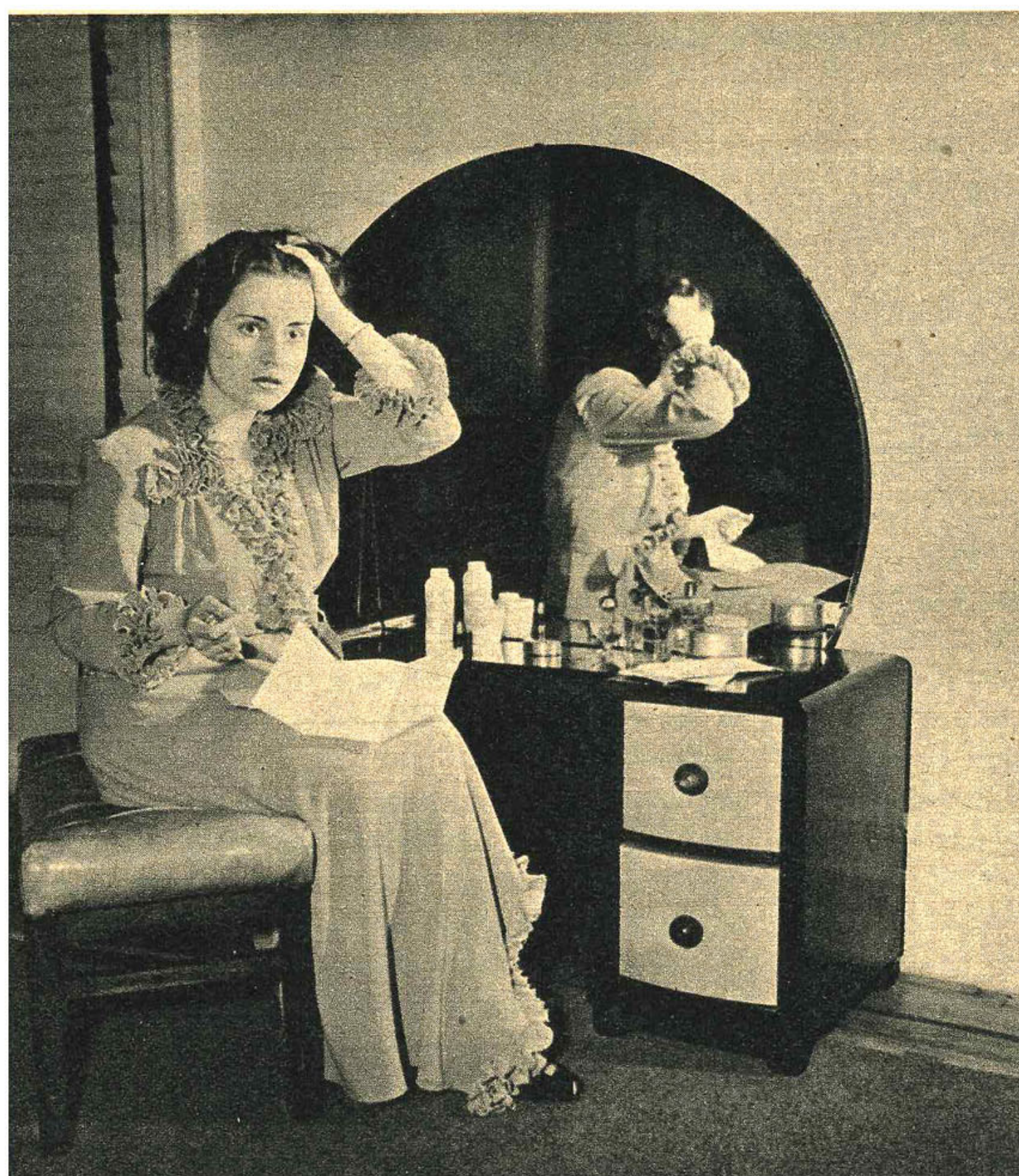
JANUARY, 1944: p. 34

## “—KNOW THERE’S A WAR ON?”

Jane Grey’s battle with war-nerves points out an important war-time lesson!

By Barry Sinclair

**Y**OU may not know it, but you probably have *war-nerves!* Nothing that’ll make you call a doctor. Just something that makes you short-tempered, touchy. Chief symptom is a tendency to blurt irritably, “*Don’t you know there’s a war on?*”—and to hit the roof when someone says it to you! Unfortunately the disease is contagious. So now when we’re all working harder, sacrificing, suffering—when we should be more courteous, more considerate of each other—*war-nerves* often make us perform bad-tempered acts that we regret. For example, a day in the life of a normal American girl, Jane Grey . . .



**WAR-NERVES START WORKING ON JANE GREY** when a letter in the morning mail contains bad news. Upset, jittery, she sets out anyhow for her war plant desk. In ordinary times she’d stay at home, but like millions of other Americans, Jane won’t lay down on a war job.

“Jane Grey” is played by Nan Merriman, talented singer. Has her own NBC program. Won National Federation of Music Clubs 1943 Award. Sang with Toscanini. Promising future in opera, concert, radio.



# WAR NERVES



**CROWDED BUS IS IDEAL BREEDING-GROUND** for the war-nerves germ. Jane snaps at inoffensive citizen crowding against her, "Watch out with that bundle!" He picks up the challenge and replies angrily, "Do you want the bus all to yourself? Don't you know there's a war on?"



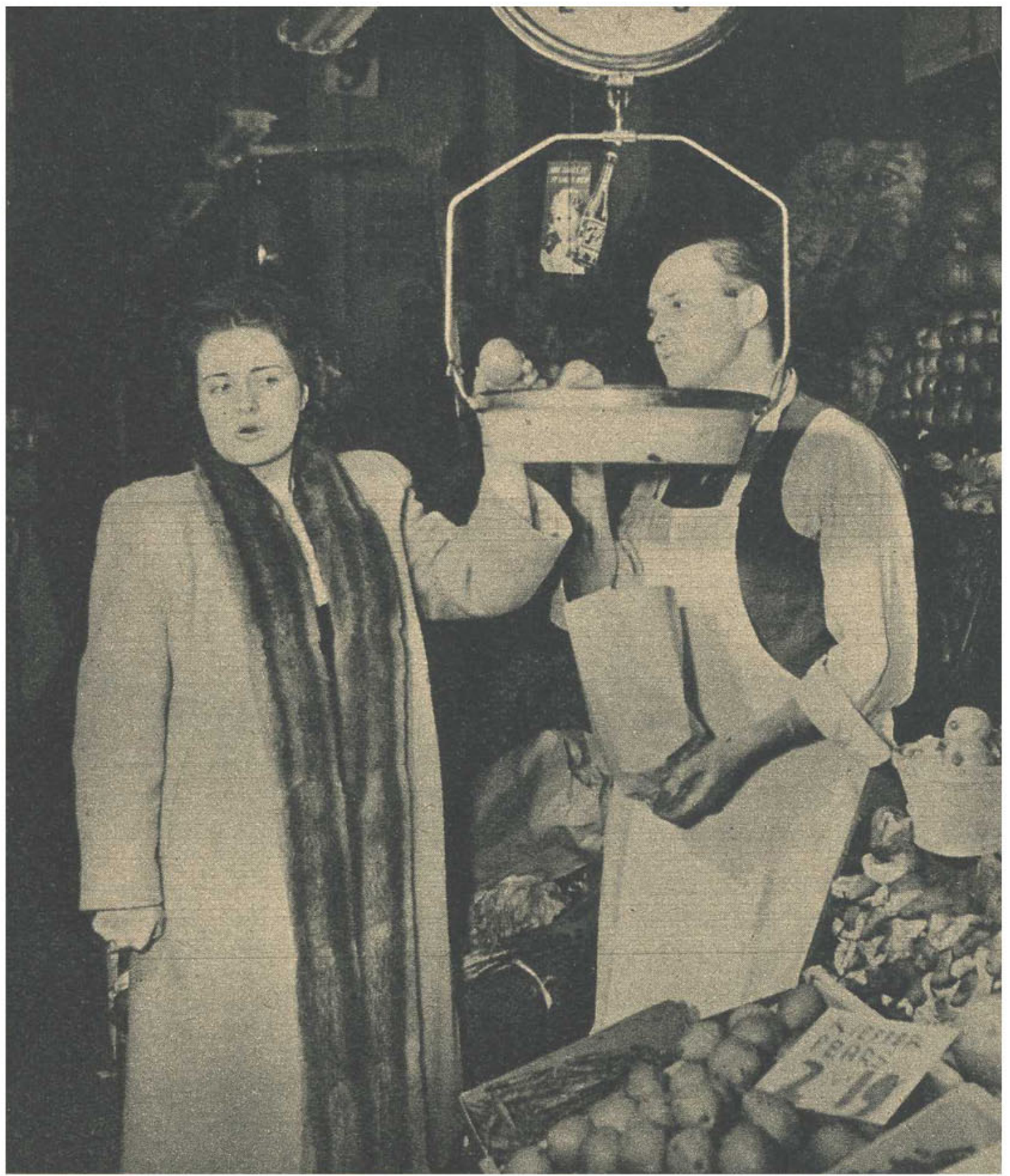
**WAR-NERVES GERM THRIVES ON WARTIME DELAYS.** A vital shipment, holding back the production finally arrives. Jane asks the truckman, "Couldn't you get here sooner?" He answers unpleasantly, "I can't run my truck 48 hours a day, lady! Don't you know there's a war on?"



# WAR NERVES



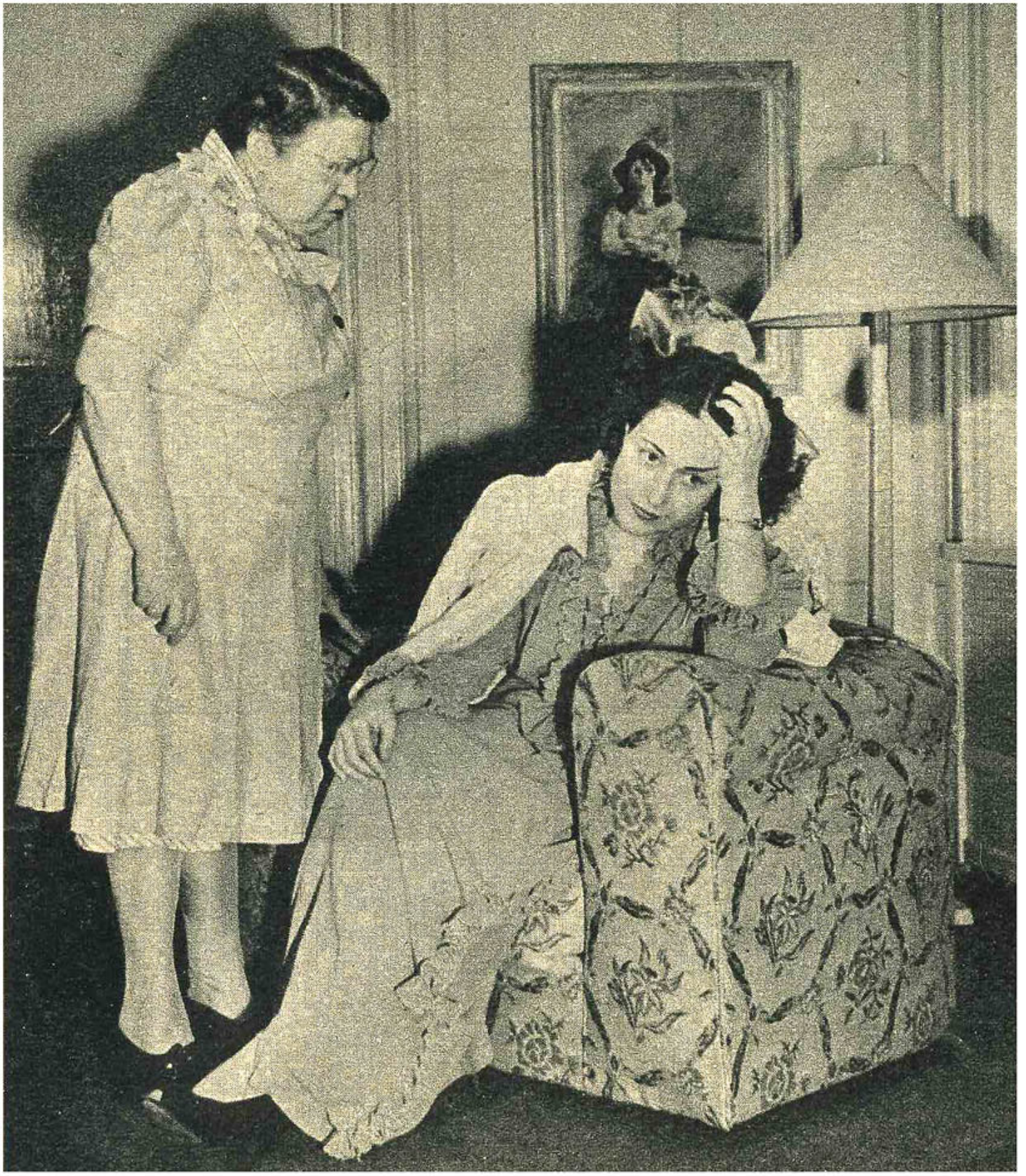
**WAR-NERVES DON'T TAKE TIME OFF FOR LUNCH . . .** they follow Jane into crowded restaurant. Jane takes a sip of coffee and complains, "My goodness, this is ice-cold!" Waitress retorts, "Look, I've got eight tables and only two arms. Don't you know there's a war on?"



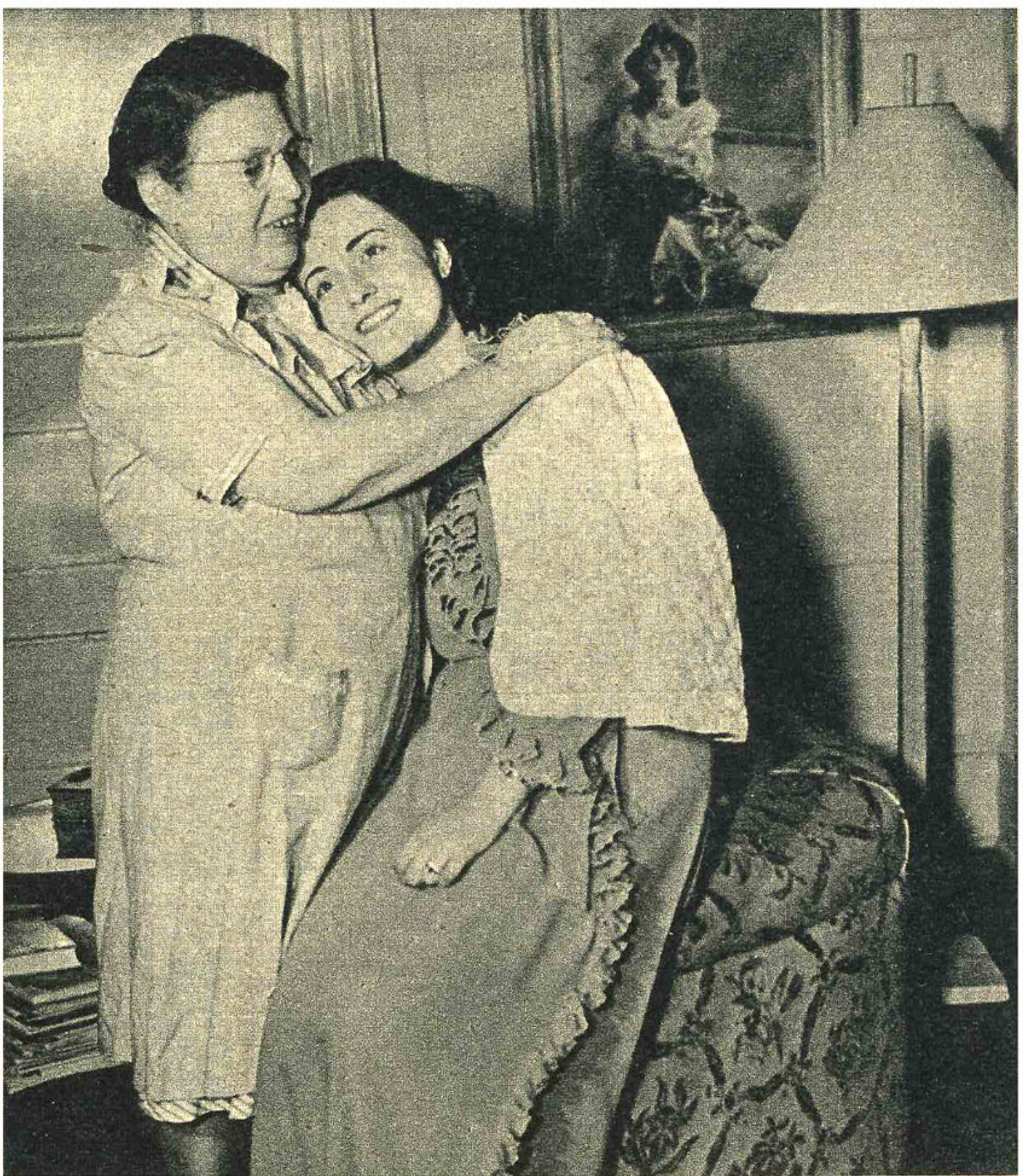
**WARTIME SHORTAGES BUILD UP WAR-NERVES** to fever pitch. At grocer, Jane frowns, "Those tomatoes look awfully soft!" Worn out by hard day, clerk replies sharply, "You're lucky to get anything. Don't you know there's a war on?" Again two people are unhappy.



# WAR NERVES



**COLD ROOMS MAKE RED HOT WAR-NERVES!** Jane asks her work-weary landlady for more heat and hears: "Don't you know there's a war on?" Unable to stand anything more, Jane collapses, tells astonished landlady about letter which arrived. On verge of real hysterics, Jane sobs—



**"YES, I KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON . . .** the letter says my husband is missing in action." Landlady soothes her. If you're tempted to snap, "Don't you know there's a war on?" say something pleasant instead. Remember others know there's a war on, are fighting on *your* side!

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