

● SERIAL STORY

BRIDE FROM THE SKY

BY HELEN WELSHIMER

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In that journal about waistlines and beauty creams. I prefer the sky."

"I know..." She had knocked around the stars with Sandy. Never on a rainy night, though.



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Never when there was no shining web to catch a sleepy moon. But there was no time for remembrances now. In a few seconds Sandy would swing long legs over the door and hop down the runway.

"Judy, sweet, I'll send you a card from the Municipal airport, but I'll probably get back before it does," he said. "And by the way, my darling, you are in love with me, even if you won't admit it. Otherwise why would you draw a perfectly nice pair of eyebrows together? See you one week from today. Is it a date?"

"Of course it's a date, silly. I'll bring a folding chair and sit by the runway and everybody will say, 'Oh, that's a foolish maiden who put her stock in oil!'"

"You won't lose, Judy." His arms were strong around her, his kiss was cool, hard, swift. "I love you," he murmured.

Then he was gone, a fleet ship running down the apron, circling as it left the field, starting westward. Judy waved though she knew he could not see her.

She was silent for a moment, leaning against the wind, looking high. Under the green flowers on her sailor, russet curls, glistening in the shining night, took on a new-penny luster.

But her eyes were somber. When you loved a man you might as well admit it, at least to yourself, she was thinking. No fun keeping a secret there. Anyway, Sandy knew her heart did acrobatics when he came around. Not always—just nearly always. But marriage was something else. How could a girl marry a man who wandered... to Spain... to China... any place that intrigued him? What if his shoulders were broader than other shoulders, and his rough, bright hair wouldn't stay combed? What if he had come through Harvard with honors in science?

If she could transfer her feeling for Sandy to someone else, Philip Rogers, for instance. And why couldn't she, she wondered, as she came back to the waiting room. Philip was good-looking, too. Not carelessly attractive as Sandy was. More polished, though. There were at least 14 girls around the office who would buy a new perfume and a dinner frock worth five times its price in silk or lace, for the sake of a date with Phil.

The courtiour was not on the ship. With a small, weary sigh Judy realized that she would have to hunt up another designer for her column's interview. She had half a dozen names of stylists who swung the fashion pendulum. She would make an appointment with one of them tomorrow.

She turned her low gray roadster toward the spires of Manhattan. As usual she caught her breath at the shining turrets that marched so high. Sandy was far above them. Free from columns and interviews and not caring that there was a patterned world below him—a world where people moved on green lights, stopped for red, and earned their daily bread by regular routine. Sandy was flying high with his dreams—and his new parachute.

For a moment her eyes were misty, violet now. Sandy's parachute was the best of all parachute inventions, several aeronautic officials had said. Yet no company had tried to buy it. She herself had seen Sandy make several perfect landings since the days when he had flown into her life. Some day he probably would break his neck. Some day after he had flown to Bali, Guatemala, the East Indies and a few other places.

And then she could settle down quite comfortably at her flat-topped mahogany desk at the publishing company where she was an associate editor on Under Twenty. She could have a career. She could dress beautifully because the magazine preferred its editors to be slightly glamorous. She could go to dinner, to see the Lunts and Helen Hayes, to hear the symphony, and watch the Russian Ballet.

Yet, all the time she knew in a windy corner of her heart that nothing ever could be fun without Sandy. She was telling herself that two mornings later as she stood on the southwest corner of Washington Square, waiting for a lumbering green bus to take her to work.

Children were rolling hoops in the wide paths of the park. Here and there a game of marbles was in progress. The trees in the square were turning green, and a hurdy gurdy was playing a song carried into a new April from an older spring. A flower vendor pushed a cart of blossoms down the street, and Judy found a coin in her round rose bag and bought a bunch of violets.

Pinning them to the silver fox cape she had worn that morning—the editors preferred the staff to look well-dressed on the days that people who were "names" were being interviewed or photographed—she bought a morning newspaper.

Always after that she was to remember the warm happiness of that moment, the way the sunlight threw gold rugs across the street, and her own reflection in the mirrored entrance of a store—the rose hat, tilted on the back of her curls like a huge parakeet.

She had no premonition of

New Show at the Indian Starting Today



Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard top all the fun they gave you in "The Ghost Breakers," in their newest comedy, "Nothing But the Truth."

Far East Preparations For War Continue

(Continued from page 1)

dies newspaper Javabode declared:

"We hope Tokyo is not yet too blind to understand this warning."

Thailand Also Astir.

Dispatches from Bangkok, the Thai capital, said reports of warlike preparations on all sides of Thailand caused deepening anxiety there, and officials expressed surprise at a statement circulated by the Japanese news agency (presumably Domei) asserting: "Even a Japanese attack on Thailand is not expected to lead to war between Japan and the United States."

Thailand has repeatedly warned Japan as well as other nations that she would resist any attempt at invasion.

In Washington, Secretary of the Navy Knox told newsmen that the United States had been informed in advance of Britain's fleet reinforcements at Singapore—headed by the new 35,000-ton battleship Prince of Wales.

Significantly, the Tokyo press splashed headlines and pictures on the arrival of the Prince of Wales at Singapore and heightened its clamorous protest that the "ABCD" powers—America, Britain, China and Dutch Indies—were making military preparations to thwart Japan's purposes. Crisis Awaiting Head.

Washington official circles viewed with undiminished gravity today the situation in the Pacific, characterized by Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ralph A. Bard as "a tinderbox waiting for a spark that will explode all over the eastern quarter of the globe."

Bard warned that if trouble came in the Pacific it would not be minor, and said the United States navy was not making the mistake of under-estimating Japan's power.

Informed diplomatic quarters in Washington expressed belief

danger when she opened the newspaper. She intended to scan the headlines, then concentrate on the name for her interview.

The next moment the world revolved around a one-column news story, a story not four inches long. If there hadn't been an active congress and new strikes... Oh, what did it matter that two or three years ago it would have carried a headline? There were too many other things happening today for anyone to care what luck anybody had or didn't have! Especially a gay young aviator who let himself streak across the sky on an oil that wasn't oily!

Maybe she was going to be very ill on the Fifth avenue bus. Maybe she was going to die. But first she must read those lines. After that, nothing would matter.

(To Be Continued.)

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