

# BOY CRAZY

by GRACE PERKINS

## Chapter 22 WEEK-END ADVENTURE

JUDY lit a cigarette and frowned with deep thought.

She had a date herself that week-end—a precious date with Tom Post—the guy you couldn't suck a lemon in front of when he worked. But Judy never even mentioned the date.

She planned to go visit her Aunt Meg in Boston—and Hope was to accompany her. They'd fix it with Judy's and Hope's families, and fix it with Aunt Meg, who remembered her handkerchief-flirtatious youth, and adored to help Judy in any adventure that smacked of romance.

The flippancy with which Hope expressed her thanks was deliberately used between them and deeply understood. Judy could understand the pale determination in Hope's thinning face, but Hope could never understand what it cost Judy to forego her own week-end. But the sacrifice was worth it, for Hope seemed slightly more able to face the grueling routine of winter, with Judy's lie to protect her when the time came.

In February—because Charlie had an opportunity to go to Europe—Goody and Charlie Rand were married. And many's the ship that has been launched with far less excitement and cost than the wedding of the elder daughter of John Howard Ross.

Hope steeled herself, trying not to feel scalded and poisoned at the sight of Goody's joy. Trying to throw herself into the preparations, and running herself ragged in her effort to show Goody that she didn't resent, and that she did wish Goody all the happiness she had missed for herself. Endless were Hope's activities until at last Mama Ross, touched and comforted, turned the bulk of the details into Hope's surprisingly capable hands. The more Hope worked and planned for Goody's wedding, the closer she felt to her sister, for the first time in her life. Yet each day, the sadder and more lonely she felt for herself, until she verged on self-pity that required newer and greater devotions to forestall what she termed "sloppy sentimentality."

But the strain was great. And nobody was more relieved than Hope—not even the bride herself—when at last the wedding was accomplished. Church and ivory satin, flowing lace veil that swept into a train, organ music that made your heart bulge against your ribs, choral voices and misty eyes, sonorous words spoken by the minister and listened to by a soupy-eyed churchful, reporters and cameramen, Charlie damp and whitely nonchalant, Goody serene and transformed by her costume into a symbol of all womanly bliss. . . .

While Hope stood behind her, in peach chiffon, a huge blue-flowered picture hat on her golden head, her eyes fixed on the pearls that rode up and down, up and down, on Goody's chest as she breathed. . . . Hope, with a sweet smile and tender eyes, never once showing the white feather, never once giving sign of her innermost thoughts.

"I should have been standing there," pouted her head, "dressed like that, with Dickey by my side. And then he wouldn't have had to leave me, because I wouldn't have been disinterested at all. And I wouldn't care if he loved me just for my money as long as he loved me. . . . Only what's the use of a man like that? I'm better off without him. God knows I can't find a man to be a man, I'll go to my grave an old maid. If that organ doesn't quit, I'll go crazy. . . . Gee, now we'll have a big reception. And Goody'll get dressed and sail tonight on the big boat, and have a swell honeymoon, and she's got enough presents to keep her for life.

"Charlie is a nice boy, but heaven forbid I'd ever fall for anybody like him. If I could find somebody just like Dickey, only a real red-blooded man like he seemed to be—a man who'd put up a fight for you and face the music. . . . Oh hell, they don't make men like that, I suppose. . . . Maybe I'll go out and get a job as a nice little shop-girl or in an office somewhere and not give my name. And see what kind of men I'd meet, and what kind of men care for a girl just for herself and not for what she's got. . . ."

"Look at Goody! She'll burst with happiness. Look at Mother; she's

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Riding Toward Adventure!



## 'SMATTER POP—It Could Be Done



## BOUND TO WIN—Jonathan Tells The News!



## THE NEBBS—Here's How!



## MUTT AND JEFF—He's Making A Dotted Line



## BRINGING UP FATHER



**SPEARS POSITIVELY STAYING AT OREGON**

EUGENE, Ore., March 25.—(AP)—Dr. Clarence W. Spears, football coach at University of Oregon, stated positively today that he has definitely ended negotiations with University of Wisconsin alumni who had asked him to accept a coaching position at that school.

At no time, Dr. Spears said, has he been in communication with University of Wisconsin officials since he announced early two weeks ago that he will stay at Oregon.

Portland—M. L. Roberts, who was awarded contract to complete Hill Military Academy drive, to start operations immediately.

**BROKEN BACK FATAL FOR HIGH DIVE STAR**

MIAMI, Fla., March 25.—(AP)—Anne Booker, 22, diving star whose back was broken in a high dive at Vienna three years ago, died in a hospital today.

The girl's bravery, despite a broken back, attracted surgeons and bone specialists to study her case.

Accepts La Grande Call.

LA GRANDE, Ore., March 25.—(AP)—Rev. Clarence Kopp, of Ellensburg, Wash., has accepted a call from St. Peter's Episcopal church in La Grande and will take up his duties here beginning April 3.

Aloha—New Orange hall to be constructed here.