

HEARTBREAK HONEYMOON *by Watkins & Wright*

Two American Girls, Both Lovely, Battle For The Love Of Henry Pell

Chapter One Honeymoon Begins

THE door of Drawing Room A closed softly. The Silver Comet, the railroad's crack, streamlined express train sped on into the night.

And Henry and Luella were alone.

All the thrill and excitement of a church wedding in a not so large town was over. The music, the fragrance, the color, the flowers, the cheesecloth tacked down over the red velvet carpet, and Miss Winnie Williamson singing "Oh, Promise Me," were all things of the past.

Luella was Henry's. Henry was Luella's. Until death did them part!

"Gosh, but you're beautiful, Mrs. Pell!" said Henry.

"Thank you, sir," said Luella. "You're not half bad yourself. . . . You must have an awful time convincing people that you're not Robert Taylor."

"No need laying it on that thick, my darling," Henry grinned as he shook rice from his coat collar. "All set to take the blither with the better, as Jane Ace would put it?" he asked.

"Yes, all set," said Luella. "But still a bit dazed over your marrying me instead of a glamour girl like Marie."

"That," said Henry, "is a heck of a thing to say. And on your honeymoon, too!"

"I suppose it is," said Luella thoughtfully. She stood looking at her very new husband, adoring him, feeling all choked up inside as she realized that he now belonged to her and to her alone.

"Oh, Henry, dearest, do love you. It's simply wonderful being married to you."

"I bet you say that all your husbands!" Henry laughed. He held out his arms. "Come here, Mrs. Henry Randolph Pell. Don't be shy—no one's looking."

"Precious idiot!" Luella said.

She went to Henry, snuggled close, held him tightly against her. What a blessed, blessed relief not to be afraid any more. Gone was the uncertainty, the fear that maybe Henry didn't love her after all, didn't want her for his wife. No more terrible nights of lying awake, wondering if in the end Marie would become Mrs. Henry Randolph Pell.

No, it was all settled now. Henry had married her, Luella May Brown, the girl with the old-

fashioned name and the old-fashioned ideas about marriage, and not Marie Mason, the girl who was going places in the world of the radio.

"How about a kiss?" said Henry. He put his finger under Luella's chin and lifted her face. "What's the idea, hiding down there among my lapels?"

Luella closed her eyes and held her breath. She always did this when Henry kissed her.

"Mine forever and forever," said Henry.

"Yours in this world," said Luella, "and in all the worlds to come."

They stood silent for a time, very close, very much in love. And then a voice outside brought them back to realization of where they really were—in a Pullman car speeding north.

"Las call for dinnah!" said the voice. "Las call for dinnah! . . . Dinah! car in the rear."

Henry held Luella off a ways, smiled down into the misty grayness of her eyes.

Faraway Reno

"HOW about eating?" he said.

"Maybe I'm being unromantic or something to think of food at a time like this, but, honestly, honey, I'm starved."

"So am I," said Luella.

"Gosh, sweetness," said Henry. "You're a girl after my own heart! You can be romantic, and look romantic—and yet you still enjoy eating."

"I adore eating in a diner," said Luella. "It makes me feel so luxurious and important."

"And speaking of eating," Luella went on, "I certainly didn't have time for much at the reception. You know, getting out of my veil and wedding gown, and this smart-looking traveling ensemble!" She took a step backward, ran her slender hands down her hips and thighs. "It is a smart ensemble, Mr. Pell, just in case you didn't know."

Luella Brown Pell, you'd look grand in me in sack-cloth and ashes," said Henry. "Only don't take me too literally and start wearing 'em. We've got things to live up to when we reach our destination, so my wife must stay smart-looking. He flicked a grain of rice from Luella's red-gold hair. "Now," he said, "you look like a very adorable young woman who's gotten used to being married and likes it."

"I do like being married," said Luella. "But I don't want to look too much that way." She glanced into a mirror. "I don't, do I?"

"Well, you had a honeymoon, didn't you?" said the flashily

"Oh, no! Not more than a couple of husbands ditched out in Reno," Henry said. Then when he saw Luella shudder, he asked: "Did I say something I hadn't oughter?"

"No, Henry. . . . Only—well—I just don't like even to think of Reno. I never did think divorce was a joking matter."

"You silly, serious kid!" said Henry, mixing his adjectives. "There's one thing we can know—you and I—and that's this: divorce will always be a joke, so far as we're concerned. . . . And as for Reno—well, honey, that's as remote as—as—the pot of gold at the rainbow's end."

Luella looked up at him.

"You're sure of that," she said.

"Of course I am!" Henry said with emphasis. "You're an old-fashioned girl, especially where marrying comes in, and I know darn well you'll not let me get away!" He chuckled. "Now, let's go eat. . . . I don't look too groomish, do I?"

"No, darling. You look like a settled married man. Only there is a sort of pleased expression on that handsome mug of yours."

"And why shouldn't there be?" Henry retorted. "Didn't I marry myself the loveliest girl in my old hometown? And didn't I—"

"No, you didn't," said Luella.

"Marie was the loveliest girl in your old hometown. Don't you remember—the voting in high school, and how Marie got almost twice as many votes as any other girl, and how she—"

"Nonsense!" said Henry. "And don't interrupt. I repeat: didn't I marry myself the loveliest girl in my old hometown, and am I not speeding toward New York to take over a swell job? Gosh, Luella, I've got a right to look pleased. I feel downright smug."

Luella slipped her hand into his.

"Anyways, Henry Pell," she said, "you make me feel terribly happy—talking like that."

"Making you happy," said Henry, "is my lifework from now on."

A man eyed them over the top of a newspaper. "They look like something right out of Hollywood," he thought, losing interest entirely in the war news he had been reading.

"They're bride and groom," said another man. "I saw them get on at a little jerk-water town back in North Carolina." He shrugged wearily. "Some men have all the luck."

"Well, you had a honeymoon, didn't you?" said the flashily

dressed woman who shared the Pullman section with him.

"Yep! Sure I did—such as it was. Only the woman I married had more love for my cash than for me."

"Really?" The woman laughed mirthlessly. "Well, you certainly didn't think I was marrying you for your looks, did you?"

An elderly woman looked up from her knitting as Henry and Luella passed, leaving some stray grains of rice behind them. "What lovely children a couple like that will have," she sighed. And her eyes filled with tears as she thought of the children she had dreamed about—the boy and the girl who had never been born.

While Luella and Henry, all unconscious of the various impressions they were making, went on toward the diner.

About Marie

THEY reached it at last, and were given a table for two. As they sat down, Luella again thought of Marie Mason.

She visualized Marie sitting as she now sat, facing Henry Pell. For Marie had sat like that once upon a time.

It was when she was going up to New York to try for a radio engagement, and when Henry had been called to New York for an



The Pells were unconscious of the impression they made.

important interview. The two of them had gone directly to the diner upon boarding the train.

Luella could see them, as she stood upon the lonely station platform watching the long line of Pullman cars slide past.

And no one would ever know the ache that had been in her heart on that unforgettable evening. Marie, looking so radiant, and Henry, looking so proud.

"Why, they are just like a honeymoon couple!" she had thought. Two successful people going out into the world together, one having been a hit over a small broadcasting station, and the other having made an impression on the head office way up in Manhattan.

And she, who had never done anything but keep house for a maiden aunt, and love Henry Randolph Pell with all her passionate nature, was left behind. It had been horrible, and Luella would never forget the lost feeling she had experienced—the feeling that had gripped her.

Suppose Henry didn't come back. . . . Suppose he decided that it was Marie whom he loved after all. . . . Suppose that once he and Marie were together in New York, Henry would begin to feel that Marie was the girl who was best suited to become the wife of an up-and-coming business man. . . .

Luella had watched her go. To be continued

8 MBS; 9:45 NBC; 10 MBS; 11:55 CBS; 12:55 p. m., NBC-Blue; 2:25 NBC-Red; 2:45 CBS-NBC-Blue.

Some short waves: GSC GSD GSL London 2:45 news; HAT4 Budapest 4:30 Soldier songs; TGWA Guatemala 7 radio theater; GSC GSD GSL London 7:15 world affairs.

Base Thief
Tulsa, Okla. (AP)—In this southwestern baseball center the cops go after fellows who steal bases. They're hunting the guy who filched the first, second and third base sacks from the Dawson semi-pro team between games.

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of the Nazarene, Holly at First, despite heavy rain. The speaker's topic was "What I Saw in European War Torn Capitals."

Mr. Schwab said, "I saw Germany feverishly preparing for her international war exploitations."

"Hitler," said the speaker, "gained his power by creating jobs for the hungry people of his Nazi reign; by creating jobs through the many munition factories. Having sold himself to them, thus, he turned around and demanded of them a loyalty that involved the risk of their lives in his military conquests."

Answering the question, "who is going to win the war?" the Evangelist said, "It will not be Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, or Churchill. Instead, every prophetic utterance of the Bible points to a culmination of the present conflict in the battle of Armageddon, in which God Himself will be the victor."

The speaker declared America "with all of her God-forgottenness, will not go without some of the punishment that is fall-

ing on other Godless nations."

Tonight Rev. Schwab will speak on "A Nameless Woman in a Half-Forgotten Age." Tomorrow night is youth night, when a beautiful volume entitled "Leaves of Gold" will be presented. The public is cordially invited.

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Radio Highlights

By Associated Press
(Time is Pacific Standard)

Tonight, the war—4:30 MBS; 4:55 CBS; 5:30 NBC-Blue; 6 MBS; 6:30 NBC-Blue; 6:45 CBS; 8 NBC CBS; 8:30 MBS.

Talks—NBC-Blue 4:45 John T. Flynn on "America and Russo-German War"; NBC 6 Sec. lectures from Hartford.

NBC-Red—8:30 Good Neighbors, Brazil.

NBC-Blue—6:45 Red Cross program, Mrs. August Belmont and Dr. Thomas Parran.

Friday, the War—4 a.m., NBC

CBS; 4:55 NBC-Blue; 5 NBC-Red; 6 NBC-Blue MBS; 7 MBS;

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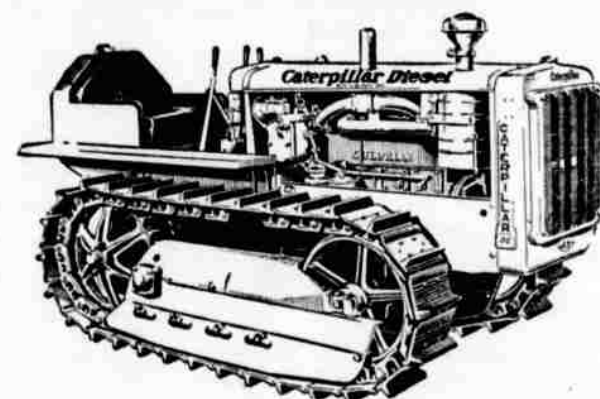
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