

HEARTBREAK HONEYMOON

By WATKINS E. WRIGHT

YESTERDAY: It was too good to last. Luella and Henry Pell have just been married, and just as they were settling into their new home, a heart-breaking twist of fate has struck. Henry, who had been a very good boy, and then Marie Mason came along, and she was just what Henry needed. But now, after a brief honeymoon, Henry is back in the arms of Marie, and Luella is left wondering what she has done wrong.

Chapter Six Sixty-Five Floors Up

MARIE kissed Luella, and she kissed Henry, while a lot of people looked on with amused interest.

"Gosh, Marie," said Henry in a breathless fashion, "you were great! Boy, was I proud of you!"

"So was I," said Luella. "But I kept thinking about the time you sang a solo in the Methodist church choir and forgot your words. Remember?"

"Yes, I remember," said Marie. "But there's no time for reminiscing."

"And the time," said Luella, "when you forgot to take off your apron, and there it was when you got up to sing!"

Marie frowned. She turned to Tommy.

"Oh, Tommy, darling, I'm sorry!" she said, catching his hand. "Luella, Henry, this is Tommy. She laughed. 'Formally speaking, Mr. and Mrs. Pell, this is Mr. McIntyre.'"

"Hello, Luella! Howdy, Henry!" said Tommy.

"Howdy, yourself," said Henry. Then, grinning, he looked at Luella, and said, "Say, 'howdy' to Tommy, honey."

"Howdy, Tommy!" said Luella. Marie let her lovely eyes move over the three people gathered about her.

"This is one of the happiest moments of my life," she said. "My three dearest, and best friends all here with me at one time! Now, let's get the elevator for the Rainbow Room. We're going to celebrate."

Tommy took Luella's arm, and Henry took Marie's, as they entered a car that shot them up toward the stars.

Sixty-five floors above the sidewalks of Manhattan, Marie demanded a table near the dance floor—and got it.

"Yes, Miss Mason," said the dignified man who met them. "Yes, Miss Mason. Right this way."

When they were seated, Tommy looked at Marie and smiled. "Just like that!" he said. "And she gets what she wants."

"Like rubbing Aladdin's lamp," said Luella.

Marie shrugged. "In New York, my dear," she said, "one has to be demanding—or one gets lost under foot."

"Champagne cocktails for all of us," Tommy said then. "My treat—for old home week."

He turned to Luella. "Oh," he said, "maybe you'd prefer something else. Luella, Marie always takes champagne cocktails, and so—"

"I've never tasted one," said Luella, "but I'm dying to."

"Then champagne cocktails it shall be!"

The waiter went away. General conversation began.

Luella could feel Tommy McIntyre's gaze upon her now and then.

He had a sort of puzzled, surprised look. "Probably expected to see a dumpy little country gal," she thought. She smiled to herself, rather liking the taste of the champagne, a beverage she had seen only in the movies.

"And so you really liked me?" Marie was saying to Henry.

"You were swell, Marie," said Henry—and Luella, hearing, had the feeling that she had heard Henry say those words at least a dozen times. "And while I watched you and listened, I kept remembering how you looked beside the river on the night when you told me you wanted a career more than anything else in the whole world. Remember?"

"Do I?" said Marie. "Of course I do."

Looking Back

AS IF she hadn't been remembering every moment of that night from the first glimpse she had got of Henry waiting for her there in New York's tall building. So handsome, so sure of himself, with his football shoulders, his narrow hips, his long straight legs, and the smile she would never forget if she lived to be a hundred and one years old.

She had dreaded meeting her two old friends in a public place, not that she expected them to be bores with hayseed in their hair, but fearful lest they be—well—not just quite right; small-townish, maybe small-townish trying to look sophisticated.

But it hadn't been that way at all. Henry was perfect, and even Luella looked a little like Park Avenue. Henry... Luella... but especially Henry.

"It was pretty decent of you, too," Henry was saying. "To use that old song of mine, I certainly never expected to hear it sung over the radio."

"I thought you'd be pleased," said Marie. "It goes over well, too."

"Careful, Marie," Tommy warned good-naturedly. "Henry will be demanding royalties."

"Not Henry," said Marie. "He's willing for me to use it for the sake of old times. Aren't you, Henry?"

"You bet I am!" said Henry. He was flushed with excitement. "How about another round of cocktails?"

"Suits me," said Marie. "I've been a good little girl for a long time."

"I'm willing," said Tommy.

Moonshine Crop

Memphis, Tenn. (AP)—Pete Zarzoli scoffed last year at the prognostications of Professor Cotton Whitaker, an unofficial weather prophet of note who believes crops planted in the dark of the moon have greater yields than those planted in the light of the moon. A gardening con-

"I'll have another one too, Henry," said Luella.

Henry looked at her. "Listen, honey," he said, "don't dangle me by landing under the table."

Luella didn't like that remark. "You watch your own likker, my darling," she retorted. "I'll take care of mine."

Tommy laughed. "Attagirl, Luella!" he cheered. "Never let a husband get the idea he can push you around."

"I'll remember that," said Marie. "In case I ever decide to marry you, Tommy, my lamb."

"There I go," said Tommy, "putting my foot in it again."

"Speaking of that song of mine," said Henry to Marie. "I've got some others. I used to write them during odd times. Maybe we can make some of them go over like the one you sang."

"We'll keep them in mind," said Marie. "I've got big plans for my radio career, and maybe some day I'll be coming to you for material."

"Say, I'd love that!" said Henry. "Maybe I can be a song writer on the side." He grinned. "You know, write songs in between selling real estate."

Tommy smiled at Luella. "Come on," he said, "let's dance."

"I'd love it," said Luella.

She would show Henry Pell he couldn't treat her like a child. She would show him she was a grown-up. She would show him she was a woman. She would show him she was a woman who could take care of herself.

She went to Tommy McIntyre's arms.

She was oddly lighthearted, and she liked the feeling.

They moved out upon the shining floor—she and Tommy.

"You Southern gals are jest natchul, bawn dancers, honey chile," said Tommy.

"Thank you, said Luella. "You Yankee boys aren't so bad yourselves. Ah likes dancing with you-all."

"Oh, us Yankees aren't so terrible once you get to know us," Tommy chuckled. "Although I hear that way down South you folks still think we have horns and forked tails."

"Yes," said Luella. "But that's way, way down South."

New Friend

AND somehow she began to feel that Tommy McIntyre was a very real person—sincere, sympathetic, understanding—and that in him she had found a genuine friend. She hoped so, for she had a pretty definite idea that she was going to need friends—good, solid ones.

Henry, coming in daily contact with important people down at his office, was steadily widening his circle of friends and acquaintances. But not so easy, staying alone in the apartment. And although Henry had referred to the wives of his business associates as women whom she would meet, be entertained by, and entertain, none of them had so far bothered to look her up.

Yes, she was going to need friends, and Tommy was a fine beginning.

"Why so silent, Luella?" Tommy asked. "I've always thought that you Southern girls never lacked for anything to say, that you always had a line."

"Just another false report about us," Luella replied. "Like the one about Southerners being lazy." She smiled up at him. "I was just doing some very, very feminine thinking. It wouldn't interest you in the least."

"Let me be the judge of that," he said. "There's no use."

"All right, lady. But I am interested in seeing more of the Pells—and often. Do you mind?"

"Goodness, gracious no!" said Luella. "I'll feel terribly if you don't see a lot of us. In fact, I'm already planning to have you and Marie up for dinner."

"One you cooked yourself?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Oh, Marie told me about you. She said you were a little homebody, and loved to cook."

"Really?" said Luella. "Not a very flattering picture. I must say. Now I understand why you looked at me so queerly this evening."

"Did I look at you queerly?"

"You certainly did. You were probably looking for a flour smudge on my nose."

"Wrong!" said Tommy. "I was looking at you—intently but so quietly—because I was so delighted to discover a young woman who was able to cook a good meal, and yet look like something out of Vogue when she stepped out in the evening to be gay."

Luella laughed happily.

"Tommy McIntyre, you've done me a peck of good saying that!" she said. "You've made my stock rise fifty percent—in my own estimation at least."

She glanced over her shoulder, saw Marie talking earnestly to Henry, while Henry listened with all that was in him, a sort of rapt expression on his good-looking face. "Let's go back to the others now," she said, not caring for the way Henry's and Marie's cheeks almost touched. "You really should dance with Marie, you know."

"All right, if you think so," said Tommy. He too glanced at the couple at the table. "However, Marie seems to be quite content with things as they are."

And he was right. Marie was content. That is she was content to have Henry there with her. She could not keep her feelings from showing in her eyes, nor the heartbeats from quickening when Henry's hand touched hers. Henry, seeing, understanding, did some wondering. "Good Lord," he thought, "does she still love me a little? Could I—even now—take her in my arms and kiss her?"

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJH, 1090, Seattle; KNX, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 550, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 950, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time shown is PST

Wednesday
5:00 p. m.—Millions for Defense, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Southernaires, KGO, KJH; Summer Serenade, KEX; Playhouse News, KOMO.
5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KJH, KEX; Concert Favorites, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Concert Music, KGW.
6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Authors' Playhouse, KGO, KEX; Kay Kyser's Musical Quiz, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJH.
6:30 p. m.—Ray Kinney's Orch., KEX, KJH; Jack Arvin, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Richings in Brass, KGO.
7:00 p. m.—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX, KJH; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
7:30 p. m.—Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dr. Christian, KPA, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Manhattan at Night, KGO, KJH, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Quizzer Baseball, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJH; Alvino Ray's Orch., News, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Dick Shelton's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Chuck Foster's Orch., KGO, KJH; Baseball Game, KEX.
9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Music in the Night, KGO, KJH; Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Sunnyside Folks, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Don Kaye's Orch., KGO; Five Edwards, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KJH, Variety, KEX, KOIN.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dick Jurgens's Orch., KSL, KNX; Jay Burnett, KJH, KEX; Musical Baseball, KGO; News, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Hemphshire Review, KJH; Ozie Nelson's Orch., KGO, KGW, KOMO; Reid Tanner's Orch., KSL; Concert Hall, KPO; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Eyes of the World, KJH.
11:00 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KPO, KOMO; This Moving World, KEX; Nightcap Yarns, KSL, KOIN; News, KGW, KGO; Knox Manning, KNX; Fishing News, KJH.

Thursday
5:00 p. m.—Music Hall, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJH.

5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KJH, KEX.
6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Cugat Rumba Revue, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee's Prgm., KGO, KEX, KJH.
6:30 p. m.—Richard Himber's Orch., KPO; Montreal symphony Concerts, KGO, KJH; Organ Musings, KEX; Quite a Two Cities, KOMO.
7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Elizabeth Russell, KGO, KEX; Concert Trio, KJH.
7:30 p. m.—Your Marriage Club, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Clark Dennis, KJH, KEX; Coffee Time, KPO, KOMO; Dinner at Omar's, KGO.

8:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJH; News, Tony Pastor's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
8:30 p. m.—Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Chuck Foster's Orch., KJH; Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fellow Sportsmen, KGO; Baseball Game, KEX.
9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Comedy, Musical Potpourri, KPO; The World's Best, KGO; Faithful Stradiavari, KGW; Musical Quintella, KOMO; Saltair Orch., KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Neil Bonduh's Orch., KOMO; Dancing With Clancy, KGO; By the Way, KNX, KOIN; News, KJH, KSL; Good Neighbors, KGW.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Marine Band, KGO.

WORKOUT

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GUYS WILLIAMS

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