

HEARTBREAK HONEYMOON

By WATKINS & WRIGHT

YESTERDAY, Henry Pell is determined he is going places in New York, and that his young wife Luella is going with him. But it worries Luella that Henry spends so much time trying to write songs for Marie Mason to sing on the air, and that so much of this work seems to be done with Marie close by. Now the Pells are getting ready to go for a weekend cruise on Malcolm Rector's yacht—and Marie is so glad that invitation for them, too.

Chapter 11 The Bounding Main

HENRY walked over to where Luella was working with a suitcase and kissed the top of her head. "Remember, Mrs. Henry Randolph Pell, that you are Mrs. Henry Randolph Pell, and that Mr. Pell expects you to keep right along beside him, through thick and thin."

"Yes, Henry," said Luella solemnly. "I do want to keep right along beside you. You know that, don't you?"

"Of course I do!" Henry chuckled. "So far you've not had too much of the 'bitter,' have you?"

"No," said Luella, rapping the foot of the bed.

"What's that for?" Henry asked. "Knocking wood—just in case."

"You and your superstitions!" Henry said. "Oh, yes, and don't forget our bathing suits."

"We may not have a chance to swim, but we'd better be prepared. I'm glad I bought those new trunks, so I won't have to wear that old-fashioned suit I brought up with me."

"And what a fine chance you'll have to show off that torso of yours!" Luella teased.

"Anything wrong with my torso?"

"Heavens, no! It's just about perfect. I adore it." Luella was thoughtful for a moment. "There's no need of my taking along a suit, really. I sunburn so easily, and I swim badly."

"Take it along anyway. You look cute in it. You can be a land bather. Rector may put in at one of the Long Island or Connecticut resorts, where a lot of folks like to lounge under umbrellas."

"Just as you say, darling!" said Luella.

The next day, which was Saturday, turned out to be an uncommonly fine day. Cloudless blue sky, the feel of summer in the air, and down by the river sea gulls wheeling gracefully above the many boats.

"Say, I wonder if that could be Rector's yacht!" said Henry.

"Goodness, gracious," said Luella, "not that young Queen Mary!"

"Yep. The flag it's flying has an R on it. Boy, that's a regular sea-going liner!"

Luella laughed. "I'm afraid my white organdie is going to look a little silly on a boat as huge as that one."

Before Henry could make any sort of retort, Marie and Tommy arrived.

After they had all greeted each other, Tommy peered up at the sky.

"We should drink a toast to the Weather Man," he said. "He has certainly done himself proud."

"Right!" said Henry. "I feel all pepped up!"

"So do I," said Tommy. "And I need a trip like this, after all my hard work."

Marie and Luella were talking commonplace things. But each was carefully studying the other. Luella thought: "She looks like a million dollars even in this strong sunlight, and those nautical touches to her sport ensemble seem to be just the thing. Marie thought: 'Sweet little thing, but still has a touch of the small town sticking to her. No hayseed in her hair, but still not quite smart.'"

Henry turned to her. "Is that large yacht Rector's?" he asked.

"Yes," said Marie. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"Magnificent!" said Henry. "Awe-inspiring, I'd say," Tommy remarked.

"There certainly must be money in radio, all right," Henry commented.

"But Malcolm Rector didn't make his fortune that way," Marie told them. "His father used to own part interest in every copper mine under the shining heavens. Malcolm inherited a fortune, and is now just getting into radio."

"I see," said Henry. "Another son with everything in his favor. Not a self-made man."

"Like you and me," said Tommy.

Henry smiled at him. He liked Tommy—liked him a lot.

Stepping Out

THE small boat which Luella and Henry had seen was now coming to a stop in the yacht basin. A man jumped out, tied up the boat, and came toward the quartette there on the dock. He saluted.

"Captain Rector's guests. I believe," he said.

"Yes," said Marie, "we are." And as they were assisted into the boat, and while their weekend luggage was being properly placed, Henry leaned toward Luella.

"He's a 'Captain' now," he said. Luella laughed softly. "I wonder if we're supposed to call him that while he's on the water?"

The engine started. The little boat moved off. And soon it was approaching the yacht, which was white, palatial, and to Luella at least, like something one saw in

a dream. Malcolm Rector was on deck to welcome them.

"Right on the dot!" he said. "Good! We'll put out right away. And a little later Henry, Luella, Marie and Tommy were meeting the other guests. They were a Mr. and Mrs. Porter Everett, and a Miss Alma Latham.

"Mr. Everett is also in radio," Rector explained. "In fact, he's interested in that program I've been talking about."

"And I'm looking forward to hearing you sing in person, Miss Mason," said Everett.

"We've heard you on the air many times," said his wife. "But I think it's always exciting to see radio people in the flesh."

Alma Latham, who was tall and attractive in a stately sort of way, looked at Marie. "It must be nerve-racking having to sing in front of one of those silly looking make things," she said.

"Oh, one gets accustomed to it," said Marie lightly.

Luella and Henry stood a little to one side, feeling a bit out of it. Tommy saw them and smiled.

"Mr. Pell here," he said. "Is going to give Miss Mason some swell song material. He and Mrs. Pell are from the South, and they know what's what when it comes to negro songs."

"Which reminds me," said Rector, "you didn't forget to bring the songs along, did you?"

"Hardly!" laughed Henry. "The musical settings are lovely."

"I'm sure I shall," said Rector. "We'll hear them this evening. That is, we'll have our concert, so to speak, and then tomorrow we loaf. I thought we might put in somewhere if the weather is warm enough and have a swim."

"Fine!" said Henry. "I'd like that."

"So would I," said Marie. "After this disgustingly late spring with all the cold rain and cloudiness, I feel as though I could lie in the sun for hours, and bake."

"If I did that," laughed Luella, "someone would come along and mistake me for a boiled lobster."

A man came out just then with a tray of drinks. They all found seats underneath the blue and white awning that covered the main deck. There was drinking and much chatter. The yacht began to move down stream.

Luella saw Marie go over and sit upon the arm of Henry's chair. She saw her lean very close to him, and say something that made him smile, as only Henry could smile. Then she frowned and thought "Honey-moon for three."

She was still thinking that way about the matter when Alma Latham moved her chair closer to hers.

Tip From Alma

"ARE you in radio also, Mrs. Pell?" Alma asked.

"Oh, no," said Luella. "I'm what might be called a housewife. Not very romantic-sounding, is it?"

"No," said Alma. "But a very worthy occupation."

"I imagine you do something terribly interesting in the world," said Luella. "So many women up here in New York do."

"I've been in the business world for some time," said Alma. "Not especially exciting, but satisfying in a way. Just now I'm turning to the writing game, free-lancing radio scripts. I hope to get on Malcolm's program, if he puts it over."

"You know, doing a radio sketch a week, and helping cast it."

"You'd prefer that to business?"

"Yes, I think so. It carries with it such exciting contacts, and it's creative." Alma paused a moment, watching Henry and Marie. Then she turned back to Luella and said: "Do you know what I have concluded, Mrs. Pell?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Luella.

"I've concluded that you're really quite a remarkable young woman."

Luella looked her amazement. "Why, what on earth do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"Trusting that amazingly good-looking husband of yours with the glamorous Miss Mason," said Alma. She smiled a slow, rather odd sort of smile. "Are you really so sure of him?"

"Yes," Luella said. "I am. I'm just that sort of a wife."

Alma Latham eyed her with increasing interest. "I don't quite understand what you mean by 'just that sort of wife,'" she said, "but I still think you're quite a remarkable young woman."

That evening after dinner as the yacht steamed along the Sound, everyone gathered in the beautifully appointed saloon to hear Marie sing.

"You'll have to play my accompaniments for me, Henry," Marie said. She looked around at the others and smiled. "Mr. Pell, Mrs. Pell, and I are all from the same little Southern town, and Mr. Pell used to play for me down there when I sang at parties."

"I'm probably as rusty as all git-out," said Henry. "But I'll have a try at it."

"Let's try this one about the negro woman in the cotton fields," Marie suggested, as Henry ran his fingers over the keys. "I like it better than any of the others."

Henry struck an opening chord, minor and a bit mournful.

Alma Latham glanced at Luella. "So you're all from the same town?" she said. "Interesting. The career girl and the girl who stayed at home. I might use that idea in one of my sketches some time."

"It's not a very original idea, is it?" asked Luella.

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; KJR, 1000, Seattle; KNL, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 950, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time Shown is PST

Tuesday
8:00 p. m.—Speaking of Glamour, KGW; Steamline Journal, KGO, KJR, KEX; Styles in Music, KPO; Second Husband, KNX, KOIN; Arboretum Talk, KOMO; Bible Quiz, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Nap Hazard Show, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Lewisham Stadium Concert, KSL, KNX, KOIN.
9:00 p. m.—A Date With Judy, KPO, KOMO, KGW; New American Music, KGO, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.
9:30 p. m.—New American Music, KGO, KJR, KEX; College Humor, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Juan Arvizu, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
10:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Grand Central Station, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Johnny Presents, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Information Please, KO, KEX, KJR; Court of Missing Heirs, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:00 p. m.—We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Adventures of the Thin Man, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
8:30 p. m.—Concert by Kalash, KGO, KJR; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Dick Jurgens' Orch., KSL; Hollywood Showcase, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX.
9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Don Kaye's Orch., KGO, KJR; Barrel of Fun, KPO; Pathetic Strangers, KGW; Miam and Matchem, KOMO; Staircase Orch., KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGW; Musical Potpourri, KPO; Jimmy Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR, KSL; Old Times, KOMO.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO; Neil Bonduch's Orch., KO, KJR; Dick Jurgens' Orch., KNX; News, KGO, KOIN; Freddie Nagel's Orch.

10:30 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR; Army Band, KGO, KJR; Concert Hall, KPO; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX.
11:00 p. m.—News, KGO; Bob Saunders' Orch., KPO, KOMO; Nightcap Yarns, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGW; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

Wednesday
8:00 p. m.—Treasure Hour, KNX, KSL; Southernaires, KGO, KJR; Summer Serenade, KEX; Studio, KOIN; Playground News, KOMO.
8:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KJR, KEX; Concert Favorites, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Concert Music, KGW.
9:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Author's Playhouse, KGO, KEX; Kay Kyser's Musical Quiz, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.
9:30 p. m.—Ray Kinney's Orch., KEX, KJR; Juan Arvizu, KSL, KOIN; Etchings in Brass, KGO; All Around Town, KNX.
10:00 p. m.—Quis Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; News, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
10:30 p. m.—Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dr. Christian, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KJR, KEX.
11:00 p. m.—Quiszer Baseball, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, Alvinio Rey's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Dick Shelton's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Chuck Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR; Baseball Game, KEX.
9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Music in the Night, KGO, KJR; Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Sunnyvale Folks, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Don Kaye's Orch.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY WAS DOWN TWO TRICKS BEFORE HE DISCOVERED THAT THEY WERE PLAYING THE HAND AT FOUR SPADES INSTEAD OF THREE NO-TRUMPS, BECAUSE SITTING BY THE OPEN WINDOW JUST AS AN EXPRESS WENT BY, HE HADN'T HEARD HIS PARTNER'S LAST BID

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

LIL' ABNER—One Way Voyage



TAILSPIN TOMMY—They've Got To Prove It!



THE NEBBS—Look Who's Here!



KGO: Five Edwards, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KJR, KSL; Variety Prgm., KOIN.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dick Jurgens' Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN; Jay Burnett, KJR, KEX; Musical Baseball, KGO.
10:30 p. m.—Hemisphere Revue, KJR; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGO, KGW, KOMO; Reid Tanners Orch., KSL; Concert Hall, KPO; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KGO, KOMO; News, KGO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX; Nightcap Yarns, KSL, KOIN; Fishing News, KGW; Knox Manning, KNX.
Moscow, July 8.—(P)—The soviet supreme council decreed two to five years' imprisonment today for dissemination of false rumors likely to alarm the populace.
Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Privates Are "Sargents"
Camp Barkley, Tex. (UP)—Three privates in the 45th division are sargents. No, that is not a misspelling or a typographical error. The men in question are Charles W. Sargent, Eldon V. Sargent and Elvord Sargent. Private Sargent (Charles) is from Oklahoma City and Privates Sargent (Eldon and Elvord) are from Haworth, Okla.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



BEDSPREAD WITH 2980 RINGS TATTED TOGETHER... IT TOOK MRS. LELIA EBER, Baltimore, 745 HOURS TO MAKE IT!

TELEPHONE TEACHER—ROBERT ISAACSON, Chicago, TEACHES PEOPLE TO DEVELOP A "TELEPHONE PERSONALITY"! IN 22 YEARS HE HAS TRAINED 150,000...

12 SIDED STONE
A race of great builders inhabited Peru before the Incas and were among the world's greatest engineers. The individual blocks of their stonework were fitted so perfectly that it is usually impossible to insert a knife blade between them... even though they are entirely joined without mortar!
VAUDEVILLE
The word vaudeville comes from a French town, Vau-de-Vire, where there originated a certain type of satirical song. Even today a popular song of a topical nature is correctly termed a "vaudeville".
Tomorrow: A is for "Eagle"!

By AL CAPP



By HAL FORREST



By SOL HESS



GIRLS RUN AFTER MEN THAT WEAR
Barkers
GOOD-LOOKING SUMMER SUITS

Athlete To Army
Fort Lewis, July 8.—(P)—Jay MacDowell, the University of Washington end who made just about everybody's all-American at some time during a three year football career which ended last fall, is in the army now.
Dust Explodes
Vancouver, Wash., July 8.—(P)—A dust explosion in the new storage annex of the Western Mailing company plant here today frightened two workmen but caused no damage.