

HEARTBREAK HONEYMOON

By WATKINS & WRIGHT

YESTERDAY: It could have been a perfect weekend aboard Malcolm Rector's yacht for the young Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pell. Henry is playing while Marie is singing, and Luella can see quite clearly that Henry's interest in Marie is visible to everybody else in the magnificent saloon of the yacht. And she does not like it.

Chapter 12 Tommy Proposes

BEFORE Alma could reply, Marie began singing. Everyone settled back to listen. Luella closed her eyes. She could see the cotton fields down home, and hear the darkies singing. She could almost feel the burning sun, and the touch of white bursting pods. She was hoping that the others felt the same way about it, when the song came to an end.

There was a round of applause, and Henry reached for another score. He and Marie went through all the songs. There were five of them, and they made Luella terribly homesick.

Again she wished that Henry had kept his job down home, that they were down there with their own sort, instead of up here on a yacht with a lot of worldly people—and that Latham woman looking at her as though she were something under glass, or that ought to be there.

Tommy winked at her, and went over to where Marie was standing. He laid his hand upon her arm. Marie excused herself to the others, and went out with him.

"What a glorious night!" she said when they were standing where the moonlight spilled over them. "What is it you wanted to tell me, Tommy? You sounded urgent just now when you asked me to come out with you."

"I wanted to tell you that I love you," said Tommy. "That I want you to marry me—now—right away."

"Is that all?" said Marie. "Listen, darling, Tommy went on, sinking down about to one knee. 'I love you, I want you for my wife. I'm perfectly willing for you to go on with your career, if that's what you want, but I want you.'"

"Do get up off your knee, Tommy," said Marie. "Someone might see you. You look too silly."

"Do!" said Tommy, crestfallen. "I should say so," Marie replied. "Tommy, you're sweet, and I'm fond of you, but—"

"I've heard you say that to half a dozen men," Tommy cut in. "I want you to love me, Marie, marry me. It's time we were married and settled in our own home."

Marie gazed at him. "Try not to be cross, Tommy," she begged. "Try to understand, please. I couldn't bear not having you understand what I'm trying to say."

"What is it you are trying to say, Tommy? You seem to know."

"What I mean, is—well—I'm so sort of all mixed up."

"How do you mean?"

"About you—Henry—Luella—myself. But it's about Henry mostly. Marie hesitated, took a deep breath, and said: "You see, Tommy, I—I think I'm still in love with him."

Tommy stared at her, the girl there beside him, the girl in crimson chiffon over which the moonlight was pouring a coat of purest silver.

"You're talking utter drivel," he said presently. "You know that Henry is happily married to Luella, and that you've no right to butt in."

"I'm not so sure about Henry being happily married to Luella," said Marie. "Nor am I so sure I haven't the right to interfere."

"Listen, Marie," said Tommy quietly, trying to keep the anger he felt out of his voice, "don't get the idea you are up against a misunderstood husband, or anything like that. Henry Pell knew perfectly well what he was doing when he married Luella instead of you. So keep out of his life, don't meddle with his private affairs. Forget Henry, and marry me. I'll help you forget him. I think it's only a sort of hang-over from a school crush anyway."

Failure

"I WONDER," said Marie sadly. And then: "I want more time to think, Tommy, before talking marriage. Let's leave things as they are until we see how this program goes over. I'll be pretty busy for awhile, working with Mr. Rector, and Henry, and—"

"You mean you're going on working with Henry, now the songs are done?" said Tommy.

"Why, yes, of course. Henry's terribly interested in radio, you know, and I need him to coach me. He knows just how I should sing the songs, and he's got a sort of—of—radio ear. Didn't you hear Mr. Rector at dinner, when he said the radio would need men like Henry?"

"Yes, I heard," said Tommy. "But Henry came up here to work with a big realty company. And I think a good old reliable realty company is a better gamble for him than radio—if you ask me."

"Well, I didn't ask you," said Marie crossly. "Come on, let's go back inside."

"But, Marie, listen, please," Tommy pleaded. "I want—"

Marie ignored him, and hurried along the deck. Tommy followed her, feeling low and defeated.

"It didn't work," he was telling Luella a few moments later. "I only went down on one knee, but Marie wasn't impressed. She thought I looked silly. She would probably have died laughing, if I'd gone down on both knees."

"I'm sorry," said Luella. "I saw you go out with her, and went right to praying. I reckon my prayers are just no good."

"Of course they are," said Tommy. "And so are you. You're a grand girl, Luella, and with the slightest encouragement I could fall in love with you."

"On the rebound, so to speak," said Luella.

"Nothing of the sort," said Tommy with considerable feeling. "Maybe it's you I'm falling in love with, after all—and not Marie."

Malcolm Rector called to them to say that Henry's mint juleps were ready. They walked over to a table about which the other guests were grouped.

"To the success of our program!" said Mr. Everett. He nodded toward Henry. "Here's hoping you'll think matters over, Pell, and come in with us if we can find a good opening."

"Thanks!" said Henry, beaming like a happy kid. "I think I'd like that."

Mr. Everett smiled upon them all. "I think this is turning out to be one of the nicest parties I've ever attended," he said. "I want all of you to come out to our place one week-end soon."

"Why not stop off there tomorrow?" Mr. Everett suggested. "We've got a dock, as you know, Rector—and a good stretch of bathing beach."

"Fine!" said Rector. "Everyone agreeable?" said Marie, Tommy, and Alma in unison.

"I think it's a great idea," said Henry. He glanced at Luella. "You do too, don't you, honey?"

"Yes," said Luella. "It ought to be fun."

Again she saw Alma Latham eyeing her, and felt uncomfortable. The tall young woman was like a sort of female menace, stalking, stalking, looking as though she was just waiting for something dramatic to happen, something even tragic.

Home Again

BUT stopping off at the Everett place was not to be. A violent storm blew up early Sunday morning. It raged on and on until mid-afternoon. It was impossible to put in anywhere.

"It looks," said Mr. Rector, "as though we'll have to put back to New York."

Everyone expressed regret and disappointment—everyone but Luella. She was glad that the trip was to end. She was tired of the party. Henry hadn't been at all like himself all day. First he had been terribly afraid he was going to be seasick.

Then when he discovered that he was a pretty good sailor after all, he gave all his attention to Marie, who wasn't such a good sailor. Tommy looked unhappy. Luella thought, and felt sorry for him. Mrs. Everett lost her lunch.

Alma Latham said a lot of things that had double-meanings, when she wasn't hanging on to Malcolm Rector's arm and saying things to him under her breath. The party was a washout so far as Luella was concerned, in spite of the fact that it had started out rather well.

It was late when they found themselves again in the yacht basin at Seventy-ninth Street. The Everetts' car was parked where they had left it the day before, so they drove off in that. Malcolm Rector said he would remain on the yacht over night, and Alma said she would stay with him for the evening meal. Tommy suggested to Henry that he and Luella join him and Marie for dinner some place nearby.

"I think I'd prefer going home," said Luella. "I feel a little shaky—not yet gotten my land legs."

Henry glanced at her. It was easy to see that he was disappointed. Marie shrugged.

"There's more work to do on that cotton field song," she said. "So you'd better come over to my place tomorrow night. Henry, so we can get it in shape."

"Right!" said Henry. "The change from the minor is a bit too sudden. You might see what the composer can do about that."

Marie said: "But we can work on the places where the meter isn't quite right."

It was when Luella and Henry were alone in their own home that Henry said: "Weren't you a bit abrupt in replying to Tommy's suggestion that we go some place for dinner?"

"No," said Luella. "Anyway, I didn't mean to be. Henry, I was tired. Not being able to feel really at ease was trying. I got me down. Frankly, I got a little bored after the first few hours."

"Bored?" said Henry. "With all those people who are doing things in the world?"

"Maybe that's why I was bored. If Tommy hadn't taken pity on my now and then I certainly would have been the forgotten woman."

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, 830, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time shown is PST

Wednesday

8:00 p. m.—Treasury Hour, KNX, KSL, Southernaires, KGO, KJR, Summer Serenade, KEX, Studio, KOIN; Playgroup 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.—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL, New, KPO, KOMO, KEX.
10:30 p. m.—Plantation Party, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Dr. Christian, KNX.

KSL, KOIN; Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Quizzer Baseball, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, Alvino Ray's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KW; 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, KGO, KJR; Baseball Game, KEX.

9:30 p. m.—Don Kaye's Orch., 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., KPO, KOMO; News, KGO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX; Nightcap Yarns, KSL, KOIN; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

Thursday
8:00 p. m.—Music Hall, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Major Bowes, KNX.

KSL, KOIN; Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KJR, KEX.

9:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Cugat Rumba Revue, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Valley, KEX, KJR, KGO.

9:30 p. m.—Richard Himber's Orch., KPO; Diane Courtney, KGO, KJR; Quis of Two Cities, KGW, KOMO; Organ Musings, KEX.

10:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring in Pleasure Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Elizabeth Russell, KGO, KEX; Concert Trio, KJR.

10:30 p. m.—Your Marriage Club, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Clark Dennis, KJR, KEX; Paddy Brice, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Dinner at Omar's, KGO.

8:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; N. A. KSL; Hollywood Smarty Party, KNX, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:30 p. m.—Tommy Rigg and Betty Lou, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Chuck Foster's Orch., KJR; Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fellow Sportsmen, KGO; Baseball Game, KEX.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Comedy, KPO; Emile Pettit's Orch., KJR; The World's Best, KGO; Faithful Stradivari, KGW; Musical Quintilla, KOMO; Salsair Orch., KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Neil Bondshu's Orch., KOMO; Dancing With Clancy, KGO.

PEACEMAKER

By THOMAS WILLIAMS

7-9

UNCLE WHO IMAGINES HE HAS A WAY WITH CHILDREN, TELLS NEPHEWS THAT IF THEY STOP BICKERING HE'LL TELL THEM A STORY

7-9

UNCLE LETS THEM CHOOSE WHAT STORY THEY WANT WHICH GETS THEM OFF ON AN ARGUMENT CONDUCTED ENTIRELY IN SHOUTS

7-9

STORY ENDS AS STANLEY DECIDES IT'S HIS TURN TO SIT IN UNCLE'S LAP AND TRIES TO OUST JUNIOR

7-9

UNCLE LIES DOWN TO REST, OBSERVING THAT NEPHEWS HAVE GONE OFF ARM IN ARM TO PLAY HAPPILY TOGETHER

7-9

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

L'L ABNER—Tender Hearts

7-9

THE BIG OAF IS UNCONSCIOUS—HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!!

7-9

HE'S A HEAVY LAD—AND THAT'S A 35-STORY DROP TO A CONCRETE SIDEWALK! THERE'S GOING TO BE A TERRIBLE CRASH!!

7-9

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Walls Have Ears!

7-9

WHILE TOMMY AND SKEETS ARE SECRETLY PLANNING TO RETURN TO BOLANDO AND SEARCH FOR THEIR CAMERA WITH ITS VALUABLE FILM...LET'S GO AHEAD OF THEM AND LEARN WHAT MANUEL AND SLADE ARE DOING!

7-9-41

THEY ESCAPED, SENOR, SLADE!

7-9

ENOUGH OF BORKA! THE YANKEE FLYERS...DID THEY??

7-9

BORKA WAS ATTACKED BY A STRANGE AEROPLANE AND SHOT DOWN!

7-9

WELL, CAPTAIN PANTHER?

7-9

THEY GO BACK TO THE CASMETTO PLANTATION...FIND OUT IF THEY HAVE PROCURED PHOTOGRAPHS

7-9

BEHIND A THIN WALL JOSE, EL CONDOR'S SPY, IS LISTENING TENSELY!

7-9

THE NEBBS—Pleased to Meet You?

7-9

HELLO, GORGEOUS, YOU CERTAINLY ARE FOOD FOR HUNGRY EYES

7-9

YES?

7-9

I'M GOING TO INVITE MYSELF TO PAL AROUND WITH YOU WHILE I'M HERE. WONT THAT BE KEEN?

7-9

YES?

7-9

I HAVEN'T JUST MADE UP MY MIND IF I WANT TO TAKE CARE OF A SPOILED CHILD—I DETEST NURSING. WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO MOMMY WITH FACE TAG AND END UP WITH

7-9

BEAN BAG IT'S A RIOTOUS GAME!

7-9

BY SOL HESS

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